

The Globe Edition

COMPLETE WORKS

OF

EDMUND SPENSER

EDITED FROM THE ORIGINAL EDITIONS AND MANUSCRIPTS

BY

R MORRIS

MEMBER OF THE COUNCIL OF THE PHILOLOGICAL SOCIETY

WITH A MEMOIR

BY

J. W. HALES, M.A.

LATE FELLOW OF CHRIST'S COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE

MEMBER OF THE COUNCIL OF THE PHILOLOGICAL SOCIETY



NEW EDITION

London

MACMILLAN AND CO.

AND NEW YORK

1890

First Edition, 1869

***Reprinted, 1871, 1873, 1876, 1879, 1883,
1886, 1890***

PREFACE.

IN the present edition of Edmund Spenser's works no attempt has been made either to modernize the Poet's language or to furnish the reader with an eclectic text. I have been simply content to reprint the earliest known editions of Spenser's various poems, correcting here and there some few errors that have crept into them, by a careful collation with subsequent editions, most of which were published in the lifetime of the poet. For an account of these with their dates of publication the reader is referred to the Biographical Memoir. Appendix L, at the end of this volume, contains all the most important variations from the original editions, and will enable the critical reader to judge favourably or otherwise of this part of my work, in which I have received some assistance from the previous labours of Church, Jortin, Warton, and Todd, as well as from the excellent editions of Professor Child and Mr. J. P. Collier. This present edition is the only modern one that contains a faithful reprint of the first edition of the *Daphnaida*, by means of which I have been enabled to present a text free at least from one error that appears in every edition after 1591 *

The prose Treatise on Ireland, as printed by Sir James Ware, and followed by all recent editors, was found on examination to be very inaccurate and incomplete † It seemed scarcely fair to Spenser's memory to let this single piece of prose remain in so unsatisfactory a state. I have therefore re-edited it from three manuscripts belonging to the library of the British Museum.

* The edition of 1596 and all subsequent ones read—

'I will withdraw me to some darksome place,
Or some *deere* cave'

Some editors have proposed to read *dreere* for *deere*, but *deepe*, the lection of the first edition, is intelligible enough

† The *title* itself as given by Ware is incorrectly stated All the manuscripts, as well as the entry on the books of the Stationers' Company, read 'A View of the PRESENT State of Ireland,' but, curiously enough, the word 'present' is omitted in all editions that I have seen

The text itself is from the Additional Manuscript, 22022, the oldest of the three manuscripts, and, according to Sir James Ware's account of some of the best manuscripts seen by him, the Ad MS is evidently a very good one. Harleian MS, 1932, which very closely resembles, even in its omissions, Ware's text, and Harleian MS 7988, are very fair manuscripts, and have been collated throughout with the Additional Manuscript and Ware's text.

In compiling the Glossary I have endeavoured to make it as complete as possible, and thus, it is hoped, will in some measure compensate for the absence of notes, for which no space could be found in the present volume. I have made free use of the labours of previous editors; Todd's Index, Professor Child's Notes, and the glossaries of Mr J. P. Collier and Mr Kitchin, have been consulted, and have facilitated and lightened my glossarial work.

In Appendix II. will be found Spenser's Letters to Gabriel Harvey, reprinted from the edition of 1580. They are also to be found, but in a very inaccurate form, in the Folio Edition, 1679, of Spenser's works.

R. M.

August, 1869

CONTENTS.

	PAGE		PAGE
EDMUND SPENSER	xi	THE THIRDE BOOKE OF THE FAERIE	
A LETTER OF THE AUTHORS	3	QUEENE, CONTAYNING THE LEGEND OF	
VERSES ADDRESSED TO THE AUTHOR	5	BRITOMARTIS, OR OF CHASTITY	155
VERSES ADDRESSED, BY THE AUTHOR		CANTO I	155
OF THE FAERIE QUEEN, TO VARIOUS		" II	163
NOBLEMEN, ETC	7	" III	168
THE FIRST BOOK OF THE FAERIE		" IV. . . .	175
QUEENE, CONTAYNING THE LEGEND OF THE		" V	182
KNIQHT OF THE RED CROSSE, OR OF HOLI-		" VI	188
NESSI	11	" VII	194
CANTO I	11	" VIII	200
" II	17	" IX	206
" III	22	" X. . . .	211
" IV	27	" XI	218
" V	32	" XII. . . .	224
" VI	38	THE FOURTH BOOKE OF THE FAERIE	
" VII	43	QUEENE, CONTAYNING THE LEGEND OF	
" VIII	49	CAMBEL AND TRIAMOND, OR OF FRIEND-	
" IX. . . .	54	SHIP	229
" X	60	CANTO I	229
" XI	68	" II. . . .	235
" XII	74	" III	241
THE SECOND BOOK OF THE FAERIE		" IV	247
QUEENE, CONTAYNING THE LEGEND OF SIR		" V	252
GUYON, OR OF TEMPERAUNCE	79	" VI	257
CANTO I	80	" VII. . . .	262
" II	86	" VIII. . . .	267
" III	91	" IX	274
" IV	96	" X	279
" V	102	" XI	285
" VI. . . .	106	" XII	291
" VII	112	THE FIFTH BOOKE OF THE FAERIE	
" VIII	119	QUEENE, CONTAYNING THE LEGEND OF	
" IX	125	ARTEGALL, OR OF JUSTICE	295
" X	131	CANTO I	296
" XI	139	" II	300
" XII	145	" III	306

	PAGE		PAGE
CANTO IV	310	THE VISIONS OF BELLAY	52
" V	316	THE VISIONS OF PETRARCH	54
" VI	322	DAPHNAIDA	54
" VII	327	COLIN CLOUTS COME HOME AGAIN	54
" VIII	332	ASTROPHEL	55
" IX	337	THE DOLEFULL LAY OF CLORINDA	56
" X	343	THE MOURNING MUSE OF THESTYLIS	56
" XI	347	A PASTORAL AEGLOGUE ON THE DEATH OF SIR PHILIP SIDNEY, KNIGHT, ETC.	56
" XII	354	AN ELEGIE, OR FRIENDS PASSION, FOR HIS ASTROPHEL	56
THE SIXTE BOOKE OF THE FAERIE QUEENE, CONTAINING THE LEGEND OF SIR CALIDORE, OR OF COURTESIE	360	AN EPITAPH UPON THE RIGHT HONOURABLE SIR PHILIP SIDNEY, KNIGHT	57
CANTO I	361	ANOTHER OF THE SAME	57
" II	366	AMORETTI AND EPITHALAMION	57
" III	371	EPIGRAMS	58
" IV	377	EPITHALAMION	58
" V	381	FOUR HYMNES	59
" VI	386	AN HYMNE IN HONOUR OF LOVE	59
" VII	391	AN HYMNE IN HONOUR OF BEAUTIE	59
" VIII	396	AN HYMNE OF HEAVENLY LOVE	60
" IX	402	AN HYMNE OF HEAVENLY BEAUTIE	60
" X	407	PROTHALAMION, OR A SPOTSALL VERRE	60
" XI	412	SONNETS	60
" XII	418	A VIEW OF THE PRESENT STATE OF IRELAND, DISCOURSED BY WAY OF A DIA- LOGUE BETWEEN EUDOCYUS AND IRENÆUS	60
TWO CANTOS OF MUTABILITIE WHICH, BOTH FOR FORME AND MATTER, APPEARE TO BE PARCELL OF SOME FOLLOWING BOOKE OF THE FAERIE QUEENE, UNDER THE LEGEND OF CONSTANCE	423	APPENDIX I.—VARIATIONS FROM THE ORIGINAL EDITIONS	68
CANTO VI	423	APPENDIX II.—LETTERS FROM SPEN- SER (MAMERTO) TO GABRIEL HAR- VEY	70
" VII	429	GLOSSARY	71
" VIII	436		
TO HIS BOOKE	440		
THE SHEPHERDS CALENDER	446		
THE RUINES OF TIME	459		
THE TEARES OF THE MUSES	497		
VIRGIL'S GNAT	504		
PROSOPOPIA, OR MOTHER HUMBERDS TALE	512		
THE RUINES OF ROME	526		
MULIOPOTMOS, OR THE FATE OF THE BUT- TERFLIE	532		
VISIONS OF THE WORLDS VANITIE	536		

INDEX TO FIRST LINES.

	PAGE		PAGE
A GENTLE Knight was pricking on the plaine	11	DARKE is the day, when Phœbus face is	
A gentle shepheard borne in Arcady	559	shrowded	572
A harder lesson to learne Continnence	106	Dayly when do I seeke and sew for peace	574
A shepheards boye, (no better doe him call,)	446	Diggon Davie! I bidde her godday	473
After long stormes and tempests over-blowne	306	Doe I not see that fayrest ymages	580
After long stormes and tempest sad assay	582		
After so long a race as I have run	585	FAIRF Proud! now tell me, why should faire	
Ah! Colin, whether on the lowly plaine	572	be proud?	577
Ah for pittie! wil rancke Winter's rage	448	Fayre bosom! fraught with vertues richest	
Ah! whither doost thou now, thou greater		treasure	584
Muse	420	Fayre cruell! why are ye so fierce and cruell?	580
Ah! whither Love! wilt thou now currie		Fayre eyes! the myrrour of my mazed hart	578
mee?	596	Fayre is my love, with her fayre golden heares	585
Ah! why hath nature to so hard a hart	577	Fayre Thames streame, that from Ludds stately	
And is there care in heaven? And is there		towne	5
love	119	Fayre ye be sure, but cruell and unkind	581
And ye, brave Lord, whose goodly personage	8	Firebrand of hell, first tynd in Phlegeton	235
Arion, when, through tempests cruel wracke	578	Fresh Spring, the herald of loves mighty king	583
As Diane hunted on a day	586		
As Pilot well expert in perils wawe	112	GOZ, little booke! thy selfe present	440
As then, no winde at all there blew	568	Great God of love, that with thy cruell darts	262
As when a ship, that flies fayre under sayle	38	Great wrong I doe, I can it not deny	577
Ay me! how many perils doe enfold	49		
Ay me! to whom shall I my case complaine	562	HAPPY, ye leaves! when as those lilly hands	573
		Hard is the doubt, and difficult to deeme	274
Be nought dismayed that her immoved mind	573	Harvey, the happy above happiest men	607
Behold! I see the haven nigh at hand	74	Here have I cause in men just blame to find	163
Being my self captived here in care	583	Hill time now gan it we for Una fayre	68
Being one day at my window all alone	541	How long shall this lyke dying lyfe endure	576
But ah for pittie! that I have thus long	285		
By this the Northerne wagoner had set	17	I JOY to see how, in your drawn work	583
		I saw, in secret to my Dame	586
CALME was the day, and through the trembling	605	I sing of deadly dolorous debate	532
ayre		In brave poursuitt of honorable deed	96
Colin, my deare, when shall it please thee		Innocent paper, whom too cruell hand	580
sing	480	In that proud port, which her so goodly	
Colin, well fits thy sad cheare this sad stownd	566	graceth	574
Collyn, I see, by thy new taken take	5	In vain I thinke, right honourable Lord	9
Come forth, ye Nymphes, come forth, forsake		In vaine I seeke and sew to her for grace	575
your wat'ry bowres	563	In youth, before I waxed old	586
Commung to kishe her lyps, (such grace I found,)	582		
Cuddle, for shame! hold up thy heavy head	476		

	PAGE		PAGE
Is it her nature, or is it her will	579	O GOODLY golden chayne, wherewith yfere	54
Is not thilke the mery moneth of May	458	O hatefull hellish Snake! what furie first	218
Is not thilke same a goteheard proude	466	O sacred hunger of ambitious mindes	374
It chaunced me on day beside the shore	489	O what an endle thing is to desery	381
It falls me here to write of Chashty	153	O! What an endless work have I in hand	291
It hath bene through all ages ever sene	252	O! why doe wretched men so much desire	241
It often fals, (as here it earst befell)	247	Of all Gods workes which doe this worlde	
It often fals, in course of common life	347	adorne	125
It was the month in which the righteons Maide	512	Of Court, it seemes, men Courtesie doe call	361
It was the time, when rest, soft sliding downe	538	Of lovers sad calamities of old	229
		Of this worlds Theatre in which we stay	581
		Oft, when my spirit doth spred her bolder	
Joy of my life! full oft for loving you	585	winges	583
		One day as I unwarily did gaze	575
LACKING my love, I go from place to place	584	One day I sought with her hart-thrilling eyes	574
Leave, lady! in your glasse of cristall cleene	579	One day I wrote her name upon the sand	584
Let not one sparke of filthy lustre fyre	585	One day, whiles that my daylie cares did sleepe	576
Like as a ship, that through the Ocean wyde	418		
Like as a ship with dreadfull storm long tost	377	PENELOPE, for her Ulysses sake	576
Like as an Hynd forth singled from the heard	193		
Like as the gentle hart it selfe bewrayes	391	RAPT with the rage of mine own rivisht	
Lo! Collin, here the place whose pleasant syte	463	thought	602
Lo! I, the Man whose Muse whylome did maske	11	Receive, most noble Lord, a simple taste	8
Loe! I have made a Calender for every yeare	486	Receive, most Noble Lord, in gentle gree	1
Long languishing in double malady	580	Redoubted Knights, and honorable Dames	206
Long while I sought to what I might compare	574	Redoubted Lord, in whose courageous mind	8
Love lift me up upon thy golden wings	599	Rehearse to me, ye sacred Sisters Nine	497
Love, that long since hast to thy mighty powre	592	Remembrance of that most Heroicke spirit	9
Lyke as a huntsman after weary chase	583	Renowned Lord, that for your worthinesse	9
Lyke as a ship, that through the Ocean wyde	578	Retourne agayne, my forces late dismayd	574
Lyke as the Culver, on the bared bough	586	Right well I wote, most mighty Sovereine	79
		Rudely thou wrongest my deare harts desire	573
MAGNIFICKE Lord, whose vertues excellent	7		
Mark when she smiles with amiable cheere	579	SEE! how the stubborne damzell doth deprave	577
Me thought I saw the grave where Laura lay	5	Shall I then silent be, or shall I speake	579
Men call you fayre, and you doe credit it	584	Shepherds, that wont, on pipes of oaten reed	559
More then most faire, full of the living fyre	574	Silence augmenteth grief, writing increaseth	
Most glorious Lord of lyfe! that, on this day	583	rage	571
Most happy letters! fram'd by skilfull trade	584	Since did I leave the presence of my love	596
Most Noble Lord, the pillar of my life	8	Since I have lackt the comfort of that light	586
Most sacred fyre, that burnest mightily	168	So oft as homeward I from her depart	580
My hungry eyes, through greedy covetize	578	So oft as I her beauty doe behold	581
My love is lyke to yse, and I to fyre	577	So oft as I this hystory record	200
		So oft as I with state of present time	296
NE may I, without blot of endless blame	9	So soone as day forth dawning from the East	316
New yeare, forth looking out of Jannus gate	573	Some Clarkes doe doubt in their devicefull	
No wound, which warlike hand of enemy	386	art	343
Nought is more honorable to a knight	300	Some men, I wote, will deeme in Artegall	322
Nought is on earth more sacred or divine	327	Soone as the morrow fyre with purple beames	91
Nought is there under heav'ns wide hollow-	32	Sweet is the Rose but growes upon a brere	576
nesse		Sweet Smile! the daughter of the Queene of	
Nought under heaven so strongly doth allure	323	Love	
Now glances that goodly frame of Temperance	145	Sweet warrior! when shall I have peace with	578
Now turne againe my tyme, thou jolly swayne	402	you?	581

	PAGE		PAGE
TELL me, good Hobbinoll, what garres thee greets ?	454	True is, that whilome that good Poet sayd	371
Tell me, Perigot, what shalbe the game	470	Trust not the treason of those smyling lookes	580
Tell me, when shall these wearie woes have end	578	UNQUIET thought ! whom at the first I bred	578
That conning Architect of cancred guyle	80	Unrighteous Lord of Love, what law is this	574
That Mantuane Pootes incompared spirit	9	Upon a day, as Love lay sweetly slumbring	586
The antique Babel, Empresse of the East	608		
The Chian Pancter, when he was requirde	10	VENEMOUS toung, tapt with vile adders sting	585
The doubt which ye misdeeme, fayre love, is vaine	582		
The famous Briton Prince and Faery Knight	165	WAS it a dreame, or did I see it playne	584
The famous warriors of antacke world	583	We now have playde (Augustus) wantonly	504
The gentle shepheard satte beside a springe	484	Was it the worke of Nature or of Art	576
The glorious image of the Maker's beantie	582	Weake is th' assurance that weake flesh re- poseth	581
The glorious pourtraict of that Angels face	575	Well may I weene, faire Ladies, all this while	188
The joyes of love, if they should ever last	412	Well said the Wiseman, now prov'd true by this	267
The laurel-leave, which you this day doe weare	577	What equall torment to the griefe of mind	257
The love which me so cruelly tormenteth	579	What-ever man be he whose heavey munde	542
The merry Cuckow, messenger of Spring	575	What guyle is this, that those her golden tresses	578
The morow next, so soone as Phoebus Lamp	211	What man is he, that boasts of fleshly might	60
The noble hart that harbours vertuous thought	32	What man so wise, what earthly witt so ware	43
The Panther, knowing that his spotted hyde	580	What man that sees the ever whirling wheeles	423
The paynfull smith, with force of fervent heat	577	What Tjgre, or what other salvage wight	337
The prayse of meaner wits thus worke like profit brings	5	What vertue is so fitting for a knight	366
The rolling wheele, that runneth often round	575	What warre so cruel, or what siege so sore	139
The rugged forehead, that with grave foresight	229	When I beheld that beauties wonderment	576
The sacred Muses have made alwaies clame	7	When I bethinke me on that speech whyleare	436
The shepherds boy (best knownen by that name)	549	When my abodes prefixed time is spent	579
The soverayne beauty which I doo admire	573	When stout Achilles heard of Helen's rape	6
The waies, through which my weary steps I guyde	360	When those renoumed noble Peres of Greece	579
The weary yeare his race now having run	582	Where is the Antique glory now become	175
The world that cannot deeme of worthy things	585	Wherefore doth vaine antiquitie so vaunt	608
They, that in the course of heavenly spheares are skild	581	Who ever doth to temperance apply	102
This holy season, fit to fast and pray	576	Who ever gave more honourable prize	9
Tho, whenas chearelesse Night ycovered had	224	Who now does follow the foule Blatant Beast	407
Thomalin, why sytten we see	452	Who now shall give unto me words and sound	131
Those prudent heads, that with theire counsels wise	7	Whoso upon him selfe will take the skill	310
Though vertue then were held in highest price	296	Who so wil seeke, by right deserts, t'attaine	608
Thrise happie she ! that is so well assured	581	Wonder it is to see in diverse mindes	182
Thus when Sir Guyon with his faithful guyde	86	Wrong'd, yet not daring to expresse my paine	504
To all those happy blessings, which ye have	582	Ye gentle Ladies, in whose soveraine powre	396
To looke upon a worke of rare devise	6	Ye heavenly spirites, whose ashe cinders be	526
To praise thy life, or wail thy worthisle death	570	Ye learned suters, which have oftentimes	587
To thee, thou art the sommers Nightingale	8	Ye tradefull Merchants, that, with weary toyle	575
To you, right noble Lord, whose carefull brest	8	Young knight whatever, that dost armes pro- fesse	27
True he it said, what ever man it sayd	279		

EDMUND SPENSER.

Ille velut fidei arcana sodalibus olim
 Credebat libris, neque, si male cesserat, unquam
 Decurrens allo, neque si bene, quo fit ut omnis
 Votiva patent veluti descripta tabella
 Vita senis.

Hither as to their fountain other stars
 Repair and in their urns draw golden light

THE LIFE of SPENSER is wrapt in a similar obscurity to that which hides from us his great predecessor Chaucer, and his still greater contemporary Shakspeare. As in the case of Chaucer, our principal external authorities are a few meagre entries in certain official documents, and such facts as may be gathered from his works. The birth-year of each poet is determined by inference. The circumstances in which each died are a matter of controversy. What sure information we have of the intervening events of the life of each one is scanty and interrupted. So far as our knowledge goes, it shows some slight positive resemblance between their lives. They were both connected with the highest society of their times, both enjoyed court favour, and enjoyed it in the substantial shape of pensions. They were both men of the greatest learning. They were both natives of London. They both died in the close vicinity of Westminster Abbey, and lie buried near each other in that splendid cemetery. Their geniuses were eminently different: that of Chaucer was of the active type, Spenser's of the contemplative; Chaucer was dramatic, Spenser philosophical, Chaucer objective, Spenser subjective, but in the external circumstances, so far as we know them, amidst which these great poets moved, and in the mist which for the most part enfolds those circumstances, there is considerable likeness.

Spenser is frequently alluded to by his contemporaries, they most ardently recognised in him, as we shall see, a great poet, and one that might justly be associated with the one supreme poet whom this country had then produced—with Chaucer, and they paid him constant tributes of respect and admiration, but these mentions of him do not generally supply any biographical details.

The earliest notice of him that may in any sense be termed biographical occurs in a sort of handbook to the monuments of Westminster Abbey, published by Camden in 1606. Amongst the Reges, Reginae, Nobiles, et alij in Ecclesia Collegata B. Petri

Westmonasterii sepultus usque ad annum 1606' is enrolled the name of Spenser, with the following brief obituary

'Edmundus Spencer Londinensis, Anglicorum Poetarum nostri seculi facili princeps, quod ejus poemata finibus Musis et victuro genio conscripta comprobant Obyit immatura morte anno salutis 1598, et prope Galfredum Chaucerum conditur qui felicissime poemum Anglicis literis primus illustravit In quem hæc scripta sunt epitaphia —

His prope Chaucerum situs est Spenserius, illi
Præclarus ingenio proximus ut tumulo

His prope Chaucerum, Spensere poeta, poetam
Cœlestis et verum quam tumulo propior
Anglica, te vixit placuisse potestis,
Dura moritura time, te momento, mori'

'Edmund Spenser, of London, far the first of the English Poets of our age, as his poems prove, written under the smile of the Muses, and with a genius destined to live He died prematurely in the year of salvation 1598, and is buried near Geoffroy Chaucer, who was the first most happily to set forth poetry in English writing and on him were written these epitaphs —

Here nigh to Chaucer Spenser lies, to whom
In graves next he was, as now in tomb

Here nigh to Chaucer, Spenser, stands thy hearse
Still nearer star let thou to him in thy verse
What thou didst live lived English poetry.

comitis Essexiæ inhumatus, Poetis funus ducentibus flebilibusque carminibus et calamis in tumultum coniectis'*. This is to say 'Edmund Spenser, a Londoner by birth, and a scholar also of the University of Cambridge, born under so favourable an aspect of the Muses that he surpasses all the English Poets of former times, not excepting Chaucer himself, his fellow-citizen. But by a fate which still follows Poets, he always wrestled with poverty, though he had been secretary to the Lord Grey, Lord Deputy of Ireland. For scarce had he there settled himself into a retired privacy and got leisure to write, when he was by the rebels thrown out of his dwelling, plundered of his goods, and returned into England a poor man, where he shortly after died and was interred at Westminster, near to Chaucer, at the charge of the Earl of Essex, his hearse being attended by poets and mournful elegies and poems, with the pens that wrote them thrown into his tomb'†

In 1633, Sir James Ware prefaced his edition of Spenser's prose work on the State of Ireland with these remarks —

'How far these collections may conduce to the knowledge of the antiquities and state of this land, let the fit reader judge yet something I may not passe by touching Mr Edmund Spenser and the worke it selfe, lest I should seeme to offer injury to his worth, by others so much celebrated. Hee was borne in London of an ancient and noble family, and brought up in the Universitie of Cambridge, where (as the frutes of his after labours doe manifest) he mispent not his time. After this he became secretary to Arthur Lord Grey of Wilton, Lord Deputy of Ireland, a valiant and worthy governour, and shortly after, for his services to the Crowne, he had bestowed upon him by Queene Elizabeth, 3,000 acres of land in the countie of Corke. There he finished the later part of that excellent poem of his "*Faery Queene*," which was soone after unfortunately lost by the disorder and abuse of his servant, whom he had sent before him into England, being then *a rebellibus* (as Camden's words are) *è laribus ejectus et bonis spoliatus*. He deceased at Westminster in the year 1599 (others have it wrongly 1598), soon after his return into England, and was buried according to his own desire in the collegiat church there, neere unto Chaucer whom he worthily imitated (at the costes of Robert Earl of Essex), whereupon this epitaph was framed' And then are quoted the epigrams already given from Camden

The next passage that can be called an account of Spenser is found in Fuller's *Worthies of England*, first published in 1662, and runs as follows —

'Edmond Spenser, born in this city (London), was brought up in Pembroke-hall in Cambridge, where he became an excellent scholar, but especially most happy in English Poetry, as his works do declare in which the many Chaucerisms used (for I will not say affected by him) are thought by the ignorant to be blemishes, known by the learned to be beauties, to his book, which notwithstanding had been more saleable, if more conformed to our modern language

'There passeth a story commonly told and believed, that Spenser presenting his poems to queen Elizabeth, she, highly affected therewith, commanded the lord Cecil,

* *Annales*, ed Eearne, iii 783

† *History of Elizabeth, Queen of England* Ed 1688, pp 564, 565.

her treasurer, to give him an hundred pound, and when the treasurer (a good steward of the queen's money) alledged that sum was too much, "Then give him," quoth the queen, "What is reason," to which the lord consented, but was so busied, belike, about matters of higher concernment, that Spenser received no reward, whereupon he presented this petition in a small piece of paper to the queen in her progress.—

I was promis'd on a time,
To have reason for my rhyme,
From that time unto this season,
I receiv'd nor rhyme nor reason

'Hereupon the queen gave strict order (not without some check to her treasurer), for the present payment of the hundred pounds the first intended unto him

'He afterwards went over into Ireland, secretary to the lord Gray, lord deputy thereof, and though that his office under his lord was lucrative, yet got he no estate, but saith my author "*peculiaris poetis fatis semper cum paupertate conflictatus est*" So that it fared little better with him than with William Xilunder the German (a most excellent linguist, antiquary, philosopher and mathematician, who was so poor, that (as Thuanus saith), he was thought "*famam non famam scribere*"

'Returning into England, he was robb'd by the rebels of that little he had, and dying for grief in great want, anno 1598, was honourably buried nigh Chaucer in Westminster, where this distich concludeth his epitaph on his monument

Anglica, te vivo, vixit plausitque poesis,
Nunc moritum timet, te moriente, mori

Whilst thou didst live, liv'd English poetry
Which fears now thou art dead, that she shall die.

'Nor must we forget, that the expence of his funeral and monument was defrayed at the sole charge of Robert, first of that name, earl of Essex'

The next account is given by Edward Phillips in his *Theatrum Poetarum Anglicorum*, first published in 1675 This Phillips was, as is well known, Milton's nephew, and according to Warton, in his edition of Milton's juvenile poems, 'there is good reason to suppose that Milton threw many additions and corrections into the *Theatrum Poetarum*' Phillips' words therefore have an additional interest for us 'Edmund Spenser,' he writes, 'the first of our English poets that brought heroic poetry to any perfection, his "*Fairy Queen*" being for great invention and poetic height, judg'd little inferior, if not equal to the chief of the ancient Greeks and Latins, or modern Italians, but the first poem that brought him into esteem was his "*Shepherd's Calendar*," which so endeared him to that noble patron of all virtue and learning Sir Philip Sydney, that he made him known to Queen Elizabeth, and by that means got him preferred to be secretary to his brother * Sir Henry Sidney, who was sent deputy into Ireland, where he is said to have written his "*Faerie Queen*," but upon the return of Sir Henry, his employment censing, he also return'd into England, and having lost his great friend Sir Philip, fell into poverty, yet made his last refuge to the Queen's bounty, and had 500*l* ordered him for his support, which nevertheless was abridg'd to 100*l*

* Father.

by Cecil, who, hearing of it, and owing him a grudge for some reflections in *Mother Hubbard's Tale*, cry'd out to the queen, What! all this for a song? This he is said to have taken so much to heart, that he contracted a deep melancholy, which soon after brought his life to a period. So apt is an ingenuous spirit to resent a slighting, even from the greatest persons, and thus much I must needs say of the merit of so great a poet from so great a monarch, that as it is incident to the best of poets sometimes to flatter some royal or noble patron, never did any do it more to the height, or with greater art or elegance, if the highest of praises attributed to so heroic a princess can justly be termed flattery.*

When Spenser's works were reprinted—the first three books of the *Faerie Queene* for the seventh time—in 1679, there was added an account of his life. In 1687, Winstanley, in his *Lives of the most famous English Poets*, wrote a formal biography.

These are the oldest accounts of Spenser that have been handed down to us. In several of them mythical features and blunders are clearly discernible. Since Winstanley's time, it may be added, Hughes in 1715, Dr. Birch in 1731, Church in 1758, Upton in that same year, Todd in 1805, Aikin in 1806, Robinson in 1825, Mitford in 1839, Prof Craik in 1845, Prof Child in 1855, Mr Collier in 1862, have re-told what little there is to tell, with various additions and subtractions.

Our external sources of information are, then, extremely scanty. Fortunately our internal sources are somewhat less meagre. No poet ever more emphatically lived in his poetry than did Spenser. The Muses were, so to speak, his own bosom friends, to whom he opened all his heart. With them he conversed perpetually on the various events of his life, into their ears he poured forth constantly the tale of his joys and his sorrows, of his hopes, his fears, his distresses.

He was not one of those poets who can put off themselves in their works, who can forego their own interests and passions, and live for the time an extraneous life. There is an intense personality about all his writings, as in those of Milton and of Wordsworth. In reading them you can never forget the poet in the poem. They directly and fully reflect the poet's own nature and his circumstances. They are, as it were, fine spiritual diaries, refined self-portraits. Horace's description of his own famous fore-runner, quoted at the head of this memoir, applies excellently to Spenser. On this account the scantiness of our external means of knowing Spenser is perhaps the less to be regretted. Of him it is eminently true that we may know him from his works. His poems are his best biography. In the sketch of his life to be given here his poems shall be our one great authority.

* *Theatrum Poet Anglic*, ed Brydges, 1800, pp 148, 149.

CHAPTER I

1552-1579

FROM SPENSER'S BIRTH TO THE PUBLICATION OF THE SHEPHEARD'S CALENDAR

EDMUND SPENSER was born in London in the year 1552. For both these facts we have directly or indirectly his own authority. In his *Prothalamium* he sings of certain swans whom in a vision he saw floating down the river 'Themmes,' that

At length they all to mery London came,
To mery London, my most kyndly nurse,
That to me gave this lifes first native sourse,
Though from another place I take my name,
An house of aunclent fame

A MS. note by Oldys the antiquary in Winstanley's *Lives of the most famous English Poets*, states that the precise locality of his birth was East Smithfield. East Smithfield lies just to the east of the Tower, and in the middle of the sixteenth century, when the Tower was still one of the chief centres of London life and importance, was of course a neighbourhood of far different rank and degree from its present social status. The date of his birth is concluded with sufficient certainty from one of his sonnets, viz. sonnet 60, which it is pretty well ascertained was composed in the year 1593. These sonnets are, as we shall see, of the amorous wooing sort, in the one of them just mentioned, the sighing poet declares that it is but a year since he fell in love, but that that year has seemed to him longer

Then at those fourty which my life out-went.

Hence it is gathered that he was born in 1552. The inscription, then, over his tomb in Westminster Abbey errs in assigning his birth to 1553, though the error is less flagrant than that perpetrated by the inscription that preceded the present one, which set down as his natal year 1510.

Of his parents the only fact secured is, that his mother's name was Elizabeth. This appears from sonnet 74, where he apostrophizes those

Most happy letters! fram'd by skilfull trade
With which that happy name was first desynd,
The which three times thrise happy hath me made,
With gifts of body, fortune and of mind
The first my being to me gave by kind
From mothers womb deriv'd by dew descent,

The second is the Queen, the third 'my love, my lives last ornament' A careful examination by Mr. Collier and others of what parish registers there are extant in such old churches as stand near East Smithfield—the Great Fire, it will be remembered, broke out some distance west of the Tower, and raged mainly westward—has failed to discover any trace of the infant Spenser or his parents An 'Edmund Spenser' who is mentioned in the Books of the Treasurer of the Queen's Chamber in 1569, as paid for bearing letters from Sir Henry Norris, her Majesty's ambassador in France, to the Queen,* and who with but slight probability has been surmised to be the poet himself, is scarcely more plausibly conjectured by Mr Collier to be the poet's father The utter silence about his parents, with the single exception quoted, in the works of one who, as has been said above, made poetry the confidante of all his joys and sorrows, is remarkable

Whoever they were, he was well connected on his father's side at least 'The nobility of the Spensers,' writes Gibbon, 'has been illustrated and enriched by the trophies of Marlborough, but I exhort them to consider the "Faerie Queen" as the most precious jewel of their coronet' Spenser was connected with the then not ennobled, but highly influential family of the Spencers of Althorpe, Northamptonshire Theirs was the 'house of auncient fame' alluded to in the quotation made above from the *Prothalamium* He dedicates various poems to the daughters of Sir John Spencer, who was the head of that family during the poet's youth and earlier manhood down to 1580, and in other places mentions these ladies with many expressions of regard and references to his affinity 'Most faire and vertuous Ladie,' he writes to the 'Ladie Compton and Mountegle,' the fifth daughter, in his dedication to her of his *Mother Hubbard's Tale*, 'having often sought opportunitie by some good meanes to make knowen to your Ladiship the humble affection and faithfull duetic, which I have alwaies professed and am bound to beare to that house, from whence yee spring, I have at length found occasion to remember the same by making a simple present to you of these my idle labours, &c' To another daughter, 'the right worthy and vertuous ladie the Ladie Carey,' he dedicates his *Munopotmos*, to another, 'the right honorable the Ladie Strange,' his *Teares of the Muses* In the latter dedication he speaks of 'your particular bounties, and also some private bands of affinitie, which it hath pleased your Ladiship to acknowledge' It was for this lady Strange, who became subsequently the wife of Sir Thomas Egerton, that one who came after Spenser—Milton, wrote the *Arcades* Of these three kinswomen, under the names of Phyllis, Charillis, and sweet Amaryllis, Spenser speaks once more in his *Colin Clouts Come Home Again*, he speaks of them as

The honour of the noble familie
Of which I meanest boast myself to be

For the particular branch of the Spencer or Spenser family—one branch wrote the name with *s*, another with *c*—to which the poet belonged, it has been well suggested that it was that settled in East Lancashire in the neighbourhood of Pendle Forest It

* See Peter Cunningham's *Introduction to Extracts from Accounts of the Revels at Court* (Shakespeare Society)

is known on the authority of his friend Kirke, whom we shall mention again presently, that Spenser retired to the North after leaving Cambridge, traces of a Northern dialect appear in the *Shepherd's Calendar*, the Christian name Edmund is shown by the parish registers to have been a favourite with one part of the Lancashire branch—with that located near Filey Close, three miles north of Hurstwood

Spenser then was born in London, perhaps in East Smithfield, about a year before those hideous Marian fires began to blaze in West Smithfield His memory would begin to be retentive about the time of Queen Elizabeth's accession Of his great contemporaries, with most of whom he was to be brought eventually into contact, Raleigh was born at Hayes in Devonshire in the same year with him, Camden in Old Bailey in 1551, Hooker near Exeter in or about 1553, Sidney at Penshurst in 1554, Bacon at York House in the West Strand, 1561, Shakspeare at Stratford-on-Avon in 1564, Devereux, afterwards Earl of Essex, in 1567

The next assured fact concerning Spenser is that he was admitted a sizar of Pembroke College, then styled Hall, Cambridge, in 1569 Of his life between 1552 and this date we know nothing whatever In the muster-book of a hundred in Warwickshire Mr Collier has noted the record of one Edmund Spenser as living in 1569 at Kingsbury, and conjectures that this was the poet's father, and that perhaps the poet spent his youth in the same county with Shakspeare But it may be much doubted whether it is a just assumption that every Edmund Spenser that is in any way or anywhere mentioned in the Elizabethan era was either the poet or his father Nor, should it be allowed that the Spenser of Kingsbury was indeed the poet's father, could we reasonably indulge in any pretty pictures of a fine friendship between the future authors of *Hamlet* and of the *Faerie Queene* Shakspeare was a mere child, not yet passed into the second of the Seven Ages, when Spenser, being then about seventeen years old, went up to the University Perhaps the lines already extracted from the *Prothalamium* tend to show that, though London born, Spenser was not London bred They speak of London so specially as

My most kindly nurse
That to me gave this life a first native course

Then the fact, already stated, that the *Shepherd's Calendar* is written in a Northern dialect points to a prolonged residence in the North That dialect seems familiar and as it were household to him* Then it is known, as also has already been said, that he went to the North after the completion of his University career Why should we not accept what would surely seem the obvious conclusion, that his home was in the North, though for one reason or another—many reasons might be imagined—he was born in London, and perhaps spent his infancy there?—that before going to Cambridge, as afterwards, he resided in Lancashire?

* It may be suggested that what are called the archaisms of Spenser's style may be in part due to the author's long residence in the country with one of the older forms of the language spoken all round him and spoken by him, in fact his vernacular I say in part, because of course his much study of Chaucer must be taken into account But, as Mr Richard Morris has remarked to me, he could not have drawn from Chaucer those forms and words of a northern dialect which appear in the *Calendar*

Certainly his youth was spent amid the fair sights and sounds of the country. From his very boyhood he had lived with Nature face to face. He had wandered at his own sweet will about the hills and dales that surrounded his rural home. In one of his earliest extant poems (the Twelfth Eclogue of the *Shepherd's Calendar*) he describes with much fervour and delight, and with his characteristic melody, the life he led in his younger days.—

Whilome in youth when flowrd my joyfull spring,
Like swallow swift I wandred here and there,
For heate of heedlesse lust me did so sting,
That I oft doubted daunger had no feare
I went the wastefull woodes and Forrest wide
Withouten dread of wolves to bene espie.

I went to raunge amid the mazie thicket
And gather nuttes to make my Christmas game,
And joyed oft to chace the trembling pricket,
Or hunt the hartlesse hare till she were tame
What wreaked I of wintric ages waste?
Tho deemed I my spring would ever last

How often have I scaled the craggie oke
All to dislodge the raven of her nest?
How have I wearied, with many a stroke,
The stately walnut-tree, the while the rest
Under the tree fell all for nuttes at strife?
For like to me was libertie and life.

To be sure he is here writing in the language of pastoral poetry, that is, the language of this passage is metaphorical, but it is equally clear that the writer was intimately and thoroughly acquainted with that life from which his metaphors are drawn. He describes a life he had lived.

It seems probable that he was already an author in some sort when he went up to Cambridge. In the same year in which he became an undergraduate there appeared a work entitled, 'A Theatre wherein be represented as well the Miseries and Calamities that follow the Voluptuous Worldlings as also the greate Joyes and Plesures which the Faithful do enjoy. An Argument both Profitable and Delectable to all that sincerely loue the Word of God. Devised by S. John Vander Noodt.' Vander Noodt was a native of Brabant who had sought refuge in England, 'as well before that I would not beholde the abominations of the Romyshe Antechrist as to escape the handes of the bloudthirsty.' 'In the meane space,' he continues, 'for the avoyding of idlenesse (the very mother and nource of all vices) I have among other my travayles bene occupied aboute thys little Treatyse, wherein is sette forth the vilenesse and basenesse of worldly things whiche commonly withdrawe us from heavenly and spirituall matters.' This work opens with six pieces in the form of sonnets styled epigrams, which are in fact identical with the first six of the *Visions of Petrarch* subsequently published amongst Spenser's works, in which publication they are said to have been 'formerly translated.' After these so-called epigrams come fifteen *Sonnets*, eleven of which are easily recognisable amongst the *Visions of Bellay*, published along with the *Visions of Petrarch*. There is indeed as little difference between the two sets

of poems as is compatible with the fact that the old series is written in blank verse, the latter in rhyme. The sonnets which appear for the first time in the *Visions* are there describing the Wolf, the River, the Vessel, the City. There are four pieces of the older series which are not reproduced in the later. It would seem probable that they too may have been written by Spenser in the days of his youth, though at a later period of his life he cancelled and superseded them. They are therefore reprinted here in this volume (See pp 699-701)

Vander Noodt, it must be said, makes no mention of Spenser in his volume. It would seem that he did not know English, and that he wrote his *Declaration*—a sort of commentary in prose on the *Visions*—in French. At least we are told that this *Declaration* is translated out of French into English by Theodore Hocst. All that is stated of the origin of his *Visions* is 'The learned poete M. Francesco Petrarche, gentleman of Florence, did invent and write in Tuscan the six firsto which because they serve wel to our purpose, I have out of the Brabants sperche turned them into the English tongue,' and 'The other ten visions next ensuing are described of one Ioachim du Bellay, gentleman of France, the whiche also, because they serve to our purpose I have translated them out of Dutch into English.' The fact of the *Visions* being subsequently ascribed to Spenser would not by itself carry much weight. But, as Prof Craik pertinently asks, 'if this English version was not the work of Spenser, where did Ponsonby [the printer who issued that subsequent publication which has been mentioned] procure the corrections which are not mere typographical errata, and the additions and other variations* that are found in his edition?'

In a work called *Tragical Tales*, published in 1587, there is a letter in verse, dated 1569, addressed to 'Spencer' by George Turberville, then resident in Russia as secretary to the English ambassador, Sir Thomas Randolph. Anthony Wood says this Spencer was the poet, but it can scarcely have been so. 'Turberville himself,' remarks Prof Craik, 'is supposed to have been at this time in his twenty-ninth or thirtieth year, which is not the age at which men choose boys of sixteen for their friends. Besides, the verses seem to imply a friendship of some standing, and also in the person addressed the habits and social position of manhood. It has not been commonly noticed that this epistle from Russia is not Turberville's only poetical address to his friend Spencer. Among his "Epitaphs and Sonnets" are two other pieces of verse addressed to the same person.'

To the year 1569 belongs that mention referred to above of payment made one 'Edmund Spenser' for bearing letters from France. As has been already remarked, it is scarcely probable that this can have been the poet, then a youth of some seventeen years on the verge of his undergraduateship.

The one certain event of Spenser's life in the year 1569 is that he was then entered as a sizar at Pembroke Hall, Cambridge. He 'proceeded B.A.' in 1573, and 'commenced M.A.' in 1576. There is some reason for believing that his college life was troubled in much the same way as was that of Milton some sixty years later—that there prevailed some misunderstanding between him and the scholastic authorities.

* These are given in the Appendix to present work

He mentions his university with respect in the *Faerie Queene*, in book iv canto xi where, setting forth what various rivers gathered happily together to celebrate the marriage of the Thames and the Medway, he tells how

The plenteous Ouse came far from land
By many a city and by many a towne,
And many rivers taking under-hand
Into his waters as he passeth downe,
The Ille, the Weir, the Grant, the Sture, the Rowne
Thence doth by Huntingdon and CAMBRIDGE flit,
My mother Cambridge, whom as with a crowne
He doth adorne and is adorn'd of it
With many a gentle Muse and many a learned wit

But he makes no mention of his college The notorious Gabriel Harvey, an intimate friend of Spenser, who was elected a Fellow of Pembroke Hall the year after the future poet was admitted as a sizar, in a letter written in 1580, asks 'And wil you needes have my testimoniall of youre old Controllers new behaviour?' and then proceeds to heap abusive words on some person not mentioned by name but evidently only too well known to both the sender and the receiver of the epistle. Having compiled a list of scurrilities worthy of Falstaff, and attacked another matter which was an abomination to him, Harvey vents his wrath in sundry Latin charges, one of which runs 'Cætera ferè, ut olim. Bellum inter capita et membra continuatum' 'Other matters are much as they were war kept up between the heads [the dons] and the members [the men]' Spenser was not elected to a fellowship, he quitted his college, with all its miserable bickerings, after he had taken his master's degree There can be little doubt that he was a most diligent and earnest student during his residence at Cambridge, during it, for example, he must have gained that knowledge of Plato's works which so distinctly marks his poems, and found in that immortal writer a spirit most truly congenial But it is conceivable that he pursued his studies after his own manner, and probably enough excited by his independence the strong disapprobation of the master and tutor of the college of his day

Among his contemporaries in his own college were Lancelot Andrews, afterwards Master, and eventually Bishop of Winchester, the famous preacher, Gabriel Harvey, mentioned above, with whom he formed a fast friendship, and Edward Kirke, the 'E K' who, as will be seen, introduced to the world Spenser's first work of any pretence Amongst his contemporaries in the university were Preston, author of *Cambyses*, and Still, author of *Gammer Gurtons Needle*, with each of whom he was acquainted The friend who would seem to have exercised the most influence over him was Gabriel Harvey; but this influence, at least in literary matters, was by no means for the best Harvey was some three or four years the senior, and of some academic distinction Probably he may be taken as something more than a fair specimen of the average scholarship and culture given by the universities at that time He was an extreme classicist, all his admiration was for classical models and works that savoured of them, he it was who headed the attempt made in England to force upon a modern language the metrical system of the Greeks and Latins What baneful influence he exercised over Spenser in this last respect will be shown presently Kirke was

Spenser's other close friend, he was one year junior academically to the poet. He too, as we shall see, was a profound admirer of Harvey

After leaving the university in 1576, Spenser, then, about twenty-four years of age, returned to his own people in the North. This fact is learnt from his friend 'E. K.'s' glosses to certain lines in the sixth book of the *Shepheardes Calendar*. E. K. speaks 'of the North countrye where he dwelt,' and 'of his removing out of the North parts and coming into the South'. As E. K. writes in the spring of 1570, and as his writing is evidently some little time subsequent to the migration he speaks of, it may be believed that Spenser quitted his Northern home in 1578. About a year then was passed in the North after he left the University.

This year was not spent idly. The poetical fruits of it shall be mentioned presently. What made it otherwise a memorable year to the poet was his falling deeply in love with some fair Northern neighbour. Who she was is not known. He who adored her names her Rosalind, 'a feigned name,' notes E. K., 'which being well ordered will bewray the very name of his love and mistresse, whom by that name he colourath'. Many solutions of this anagram have been essayed, mostly on the supposition that the lady lived in Kent, but Professor Craik is certainly right in insisting that she was of the North. In the same Eclogue of the *Shepheardes Calendar* Colin Clout—so the poet designates himself—complains to Hobbinol—that is, Harvey—of the ill success of his passion. Harvey, we may suppose, is paying him a visit in the North, or perhaps the pastoral is merely a versifying of what passed between them in letters. However this may be, Colin is bewailing his hapless fate. His friend rejoins—

Then, if by me thou list advised be,
Forsake the soyle that so doth thee bewitch
Leave me those hilles where harbrough ris to see,
Nor holy bush, nor brere, nor winding witche
And to the dales resort, where shepherds ritche
And fruitfull flocks bene everywhere to see

Surely E. K.'s gloss is scarcely necessary to tell us what these words mean. 'Come down,' they say, 'from your bleak North country hills where she dwells who binds you with her spell, and be at peace far away from her in the genial South land'. In another Eclogue (April) the subduing beauty is described as 'the Widdowes daughter of the Glen,' surely a Northern address. On these words the well-informed E. K. remarks 'He calleth Rosalind the Widdowes daughter of the glenne, that is, of a country hamlet or borough, which I thinke is rather sayde to colour and conceale the person, than simply spoken. For it is well known, even in spite of Colin and Hobbinol, that she is a gentlewoman of no meane house, nor endowed with anyo vulgare and common gifts, both of nature and manners. but suche inderde, as neede nother Colin be ashamed to have her made knowne by his verses, nor Hobbinol be grieved that so she should be commended to immortalite for her rare and singular virtues'. Whoever this charming lady was, and whatever glen she made bright with her presence, it appears that she did not reciprocate the devoted affection of the studious young Cambridge graduate who, with probably no apparent occupation, was loitering for a while in her vicinity. It was some other—he is called Monalcaas in

one of his rival's pastorals—who found favour in her eyes The poet could only wail and beat his breast. Eclogues I and VI. are all sighs and tears Perhaps in the course of time a copy of the *Faerie Queene* might reach the region where Menalcas and Rosalind were growing old together, and she, with a certain ruth perhaps mixed with her anger, might recognise in Mirabella an image of her fair young disdainful self* The poet's attachment was no transient flame that flashed and was gone When at the instance of his friend he travelled southward away from the scene of his discomfiture, he went weeping and inconsolable In the Fourth Eclogue Hobbinol is discovered by Thenot deeply mourning, and, asked the reason, replies that his grief is because

The ladde whome long I loved so deare
Nowe loves a lasse that all his love doth scorne
He plongd in payne, his tressed locks dooth teare.

Shepheards delights he dooth them all forswear
Hys pleasant pipe, whych made us meriment,
He wyfully hath broke, and doth forbear
His wonted songs, wherein he all outwent

Colin thou kenst, the Southerne shepherdes boye,
Him Love hath wounded with a deadly darte. &c.

The memory of Rosalind, in spite of her unkindness, seems to have been fondly cherished by the poet, and yielded to no rival vision—though there may have been fleeting fits of passion—till some fourteen years after he and she had parted—till in the year 1592, as we shall see, Spenser, then living in the south of Ireland, met that Elizabeth who is mentioned in the sonnet quoted above, and who some year and a half after that meeting became his wife On the strength of an entry found in the register of St. Clement Danes Church in the Strand—'26 Aug [1587] Florence Spenser, the daughter of Edmond Spenser'—it has been conjectured that the poet was married before 1587 This conjecture seems entirely unacceptable There is nothing to justify the theory that the Edmund Spenser of the register was the poet It is simply incredible that Spenser, one who, as has been said, poured out all his soul in his poems, should have wooed and won some fair lady to his wife, without ever a poetical allusion to his courtship and his triumph It is not at all likely, as far as one can judge from their titles, that any one of his lost works was devoted to the celebration of any such successful passion Lastly, besides this important negative evidence, there is distinct positive testimony that long after 1587 the image of Rosalind had not been displaced in his fancy by any other loveliness In *Colin Clouts Come Home Againe*, written, as will be seen, in 1591, though not published till 1595, after the poet has 'full deeply divined of love and beauty,' one Melissa in admiration avers that all true lovers are greatly bound to him—most especially women The faithful Hobbinol says that women have but ill requited their poet —

* This description of his first love was written probably during the courtship, which ended, as we shall see, in his marriage The First Love is portrayed in cant vii, the Last in cant x of book vi of the *Faerie Queene*

'He is repaid with scorne and foule de-pite,
That yrkes each gentle heart which it doth heare'
'Indeed,' says Lucid, 'I have often heard
I am Rosalind of divers fowly blamed
For being to that swaine too cruell hard

Lucid however would defend her on the ground that love may not be compelled —

'Beware therefore, ye groomes, I read betimes
How rashly blame of Rosalind ye ride

This caution Colin eagerly and ardently reinforces, and with additions His heart was still all tender towards her, and he would not have one harsh word thrown at her —

Ah! Shepheards, then said Colin, ye ne wret
How great a guilt upon your heads ye draw
To make so bold a doome, with words unmeet,
Of thing celestiall which ye never saw
For she is not like as the other crew
Of shepheards daughters which amongst you bee,
But of divine regard and heavenly hew,
Excelling all that ever ye did see,
Not then to her that scorned thing so bare,
But to myselve the blame that lookt so heere,
So hie her thoughts as she her-selfe have place
And loath each lowly thing with lofty eie,
Yet so much grace let her vouchsafe to grant
To simple swaine, with her I may not love,
Yet that I may her honour paravant
And praise her worth, though far my wit above
Such grace shall be some quention for the grieve
And long affliction which I have endured,
Such grace sometimes shall give me some reliefe
And ease of paine which cannot be recured
And ye my fellow shepheards, which doe see
And heere the languors of my too long dying,
Unto the world for ever witness heere
That here I die, nought to the world denying
This simple trophe of her great conquest'

This residence of Spenser in the North, which corresponds with that period of Milton's life spent at his father's house at Horton in Buckinghamshire, ended, as there has been occasion to state, in the year 1578 What was the precise cause of Spenser's coming South, is not known for certain 'E.K.' says in one of his glosses, already quoted in part, that the poet 'for speciall occasion of private affayres (as I have bene partly of himselve informed) and for his more preferment, removing out of the North parts, came into the South, as Hobbinoll indeede advised him privately' It is clear from his being admitted at his college as a sizar, that his private means were not good Perhaps during his residence in the North he may have been dependent on the bounty of his friends It was then in the hope of some advancement of his fortunes that, bearing with him no doubt in manuscript certain results of all his life's previous labour, he turned away from his cold love and her glen, and set his face Town-ward

It is said that his friend Harvey introduced him to that famous accomplished gentleman—that mirror of true knighthood—Sir Philip Sidney, and it would seem that Penshurst became for some time his home. There has already been quoted a line describing Spenser as ‘the southern shepherdes boye’. This southern shepherd is probably Sidney. Sidney introduced him to his uncle, the Earl of Leicester, with whom also at his house in the Strand, where Essex Street now stands, he seems to have resided for a while. He dates one of his letters to Harvey, ‘Leycester House, this 15 October, 1579’. Perhaps at this time he commenced, or renewed, or continued his acquaintance with his distinguished relatives of Althorpe. During the time he spent now at Penshurst and in London, he mixed probably with the most brilliant intellectual society of his time. Sidney was himself endowed with no mean genius. He, Lord Leicester, Lord Strange, and others, with whom Spenser was certainly, or in all probability, acquainted, were all eminent patrons and protectors of genius.

This passage of Spenser’s life is of high interest, because in the course of it that splendid era of our literature commonly called the Elizabethan Period may be said to have begun—we may be said to hear the first notes of

Those melodious bursts that fill
The spacious times of great Elizabeth
With sounds that echo still’

Spenser is the foremost chronologically of those great spirits who towards the close of the sixteenth century lifted up their immortal voices, and spoke words to be heard and heeded for all time. In the course of this present passage of his life, he published his first important work—a work which secured him at once the hearty recognition of his contemporaries as a true poet risen up amongst them. This work was the *Shepherdes Calendar*, to which so many references have already been made.

It consists of twelve eclogues, one for each month of the year. Of these, three (i, ii, and xii), as we have seen, treat specially of his own disappointment in love. Three (iii, viii, and x) are of a more general character, having old age, a poetry contest, ‘the perfect pattern of a poet’ for their subjects. One other (viii) deals with love-matters. One (iv), celebrates the Queen, three (v, vii, and ix) discuss ‘Protestant and Catholic,’ Anglican and Puritan questions. One (xi) is an elegy upon ‘the death of some maiden of great blood, whom he calleth Dido’. These poems are ushered into the world by Spenser’s college friend Edward Kirke, for such no doubt is the true interpretation of the initials E K. This gentleman performs his duty in a somewhat copious manner. He addresses ‘to the most excellent and learned both orator and poet Mayster Gabriell Harvey’ a letter warmly commending ‘the new poet’ to his patronage, and defending the antique verbiage of the eclogues, he prefixes to the whole work a general argument, a particular one to each part, he appends to every poem a ‘glosse’ explaining words and allusions. The work is dedicated to Sir Philip Sidney. It was published in the winter of 1579–80.

More than once in the course of it, Spenser refers to Tityrus as his great master. The twelfth eclogue opens thus

The gentle shepherd sat beside a springe
 All in the shadow of a bushy tree,
 That Colin he ght, which well could appeare I singe,
 For hee of Tityrus his songes did here

Tityrus, on EK's authority, was Chaucer. It is evident from the language—both the words and the verbal forms—used in this poem that Spenser had carefully studied Chaucer, whose greatest work had appeared just about two centuries before Spenser's first important publication. The work, however, in which he imitates Chaucer's manner is not the *Shepherd's Calendar*, but his *Pastorale or Mother Hubbard's Tale*, which he says, writing in a later year, he had 'long eithers composed in the raw concept of my youth'. The form and manner of the *Shepherd's Calendar* reflected not Chaucer's influence upon the writer, but the influence of a vast event which had changed the face of literature since the out-coming of the *Century of the Revival of Learning*. That event had put fresh models before men, had greatly modified old literary forms, had originated new. The classical influence imposed upon Europe was by no means an unmingled good, in some respects it retarded the natural development of the modern mind by overpowering it with its prestige and stupefying it with a sense of inferiority, while it raised the ideal of perfection, it tended to give rise to mere imitations and affectations. Amongst these new forms was the Pastoral. When Virgil, Theocritus, 'Daphnis and Chloe', and other writers and works of the ancient pastoral literature once more gained the ascendancy, then a modern pastoral poetry began to be. This poetry flourished greatly in Italy in the sixteenth century. It had been cultivated by Sannazaro, Guarini, Tasso. Arcadia had been adopted by the poets for their country. In England numerous *Elogues* made their appearance. Amongst the earliest and the best of these were Spenser's. It would perhaps be unjust to treat this modern pastoral literature as altogether an affectation. However unreal, the pastoral world had its charms—a pleasant feeling imparted of emancipation, a deep quietude, a sweet tranquillity. If vulgar men discovered their new worlds, and trifled and basked there why, should not the poet discover his Arcadia, and repose at his ease in it, secure from the ills of fate, going and coming over the roads of the earth?

That fine melodiousness, which is one of Spenser's signal characteristics, may be perceived in his *Elogues*, as also a certain gratefulness of style, which is another distinguishing mark of him. Perceivable, too, are his great, perilous fluency of language and his immense fecundity of mind. The work at once secured him a front place in the poetical ranks of the day. Sidney mentions it in his *Apologie for Poetrie*;* Abraham Fraunce draws illustrations from it in his *Layrers Lexicon*, which appeared in 1588, Meres praises it, 'Mister Edmund Spenser,' says Drayton, 'has done enough for the immortality, had he only given us his *Shepherd's Calendar*, a rarer piece, if any.' It is easy to discern in *Lycidas* signs of Milton's study of it.

During Spenser's sojourn in the society of the Sidney's and the Dudleys, letters passed between him and Harvey, some of which are extant. From these, and from the editorial notes of Kirke, we hear of other works written by Spenser, ready to be

* See this work amongst Mr. Arber's excellent *English Reprints*.

given to the light. The works thus heard of are *Dreames, Legends, Court of Cupide, The English Poet, The Dying Pelican, Stemmata Dudlerana, Slomber, Nine English Comedies, The Epithalamium Thamesis*, and the *Faerie Queene* commenced. Of these works the *Dreames* and *Slumber* probably are one and the same, and perhaps identical with the *Visions* published in 1591, which were, in fact, as we have seen, but a revised form of the pieces published in the *Theatre of Voluptuous Worldlings*, perhaps the *Legends, Court of Cupid*, and *Epithalamium Thamesis* were subsequently incorporated in the *Faerie Queene*, the *Stemmata Dudlerana, Nine English Comedies, Dying Pelican*, are altogether lost, unless some parts of the first survive in the *Runes of Time*. The *Faerie Queene* had been begun. So far as written, it had been submitted to the criticism of Harvey. On April 10, 1580, Spenser writes to Harvey, wishing him to return it with his 'long expected judgment' upon it. Harvey had already pronounced sentence in a letter dated April 7, and this is the sentence 'In good faith I had once again nigh forgotten your *Faerie Queene*, howbeit, by good chaunce I have nowe sent hir home at the laste, neither in better nor worse case than I founde hir. And must you of necessitie have my judgement of hir indeede? To be plaine, I am voyde of al judgement, if your nine Comedies, wherunto, in imitation of Herodotus, you give the names of the Nine Muses, and (in one man's fansie not unworthily), come not neerer Aristotles Comedies, eyther for the finenesse of plausible elocution, or the rareness of poetical invention, than that Elvish queene doth to his Orlando Furioso, which notwithstanding, you will needes seem to emulate, and hope to overgo, as you flatly professed yourself in one of your last letters. Besides that, you know it hath bene the usual practise of the most exquisite and odde wittes in all nations, and especially in Italie, rather to shewe and advaunce themselves that way than any other, as namely, those three notorious dyscoursing heads Bibiena, Machiavel, and Aretine did (to let Bembo and Ariosto passe), with the great admiration and wonderment of the whole countrey, being indeede reputed matchable in all points, both for conceyt of witte, and eloquent decyphering of matters, either with Aristophanes and Menander in Greek, or with Plautus and Terence in Latin, or with any other in any other tong. But I will not stand greatly with you in your owne matters. If so be the Faery Queen be fairer in your eie than the Nine Muses, and Hobgoblin runne away with the garland from Apollo, marke what I saye, and yet I will not say that I thought, but there is an end for this once, and fare you well, till God or some good Aungell putte you in a better minde.'

Clearly the *Faerie Queene* was but little to Harvey's taste. It was too alien from the cherished exemplars of his heart. Happily Spenser was true to himself, and went on with his darling work in spite of the strictures of pedantry. This is not the only instance in which the dubious character of Harvey's influence is noticeable. The letters, from one of which the above doom is quoted, enlighten us also as to a grand scheme entertained at this time for forcing the English tongue to conform to the metrical rules of the classical languages. A similar attempt was made in the course of the sixteenth century in other parts of Europe, and with the same final issue. Gabriel Harvey was an active leader in this deluded movement. When Sidney too, and Dyer, another poet of the time, proclaimed a 'general surceasing and silence of

bold rhymes, and also of the very best too, instead whereof they have by authority of their whole senate prescribed certain laws and rules of quantity of English syllables for English verse, having had already thereof great practice, Spenser was drawn to their faction.

'I am of late,' he writes to Harvey, 'more in love with my English versification with rhyming, whiche I should have done long since if I would then have followed your counsell.' In allying himself with the Latin prosody against Spenser's opinion grievously against his better taste. 'I like your late English examination exceedingly well,' he writes to Harvey, 'that I also erue my pen some time in that kind whiche I fynd in deed, as I have heard you often defende in word nocht so farre nor so harsh [but] that it will easily and fairly shew itself to our most excellent. For the onely or chiefest hardnesse whiche seemeth is in the quantity whiche sometimes gapeth and as it were yawneth if favouredly, coming above what it should, and sometimes exceeding the measure of the number as in English the word syllable being used short in speech, when it shall be read long in verse, seemeth like a lame gosling that draweth one legge after her. And heere being used short as one syllable, when it is in verse stretched with a Dia-tole is like a lame man that holdes up one legge.* His ear was far too fine and sensitive to endure the fearful sounds uttered by the poets of this Procrustean bed. The language could not groan and shriek at the agonies and contortions to which it was subjected, and Spenser could not but hear its outcries. But he made himself as deaf as might be. 'It is to be wonne with custom,' he proceeds, in the letter just quoted from, 'and rough words must be studied with use. For why, a Gods name, may not we as the Latines, have the kingdom of oure owne language and measure our accents by the quantity, leaving the quantitie to the verse?' I would heartily wish you would either add me the rules or precepts of art which you observe in quantity, or else follow me in that Mr Philip Sidney gave me, being the very same which Mr. Drury derived, but enlarged with Mr Sidney's own judgement, and augmented with my observations that we might both accorde and agree in one leaste we overthrowe one another and be overthrowen of the rest.' He himself produced the following lines in accordance, as he fondly hoped, with the instructions of the new school —

IAINIGUM TRIMETRUM

Unhappy verse! the witness of my unhappy state
[as indeed it was in a sense not meant]

Make thy selfe fluttring vinge of thy fast flying
Thought, and fly forth unto my love whithersoever he be

Whether lying restlesse in heavy bedde, or else
Sitting so cheerelesse at the cheerefull boorde, or else
Playing alone carelessse on his heavenly virginals.

If in bed, tell him that my eyes can take no rest,
If at boorde, tell him that my mouth can eat no rest,
If at his virginals, tell her I can heare no mirth

* *Ancient Critical Essays*, ed Hazlewood, 181st, pp 29, 260

Asked why ? Waking love suff'reth no sleepe,
 Say that raging love doth appall the wenke stomache,
 Say that lamenting love marreth the muscally

Tell hur that hur pleasures were wonte to lull mo asleepe,
 Tell hur that hur beauty was wonte to feede mine eyes,
 Tell hir that hir sweete tongue was wonte to make me mirth.

Now doe I nightly waste, wanting my kindlie reste,
 Now doe I daily starve, wanting my dailie food,
 Now doe I always dye wanting my timely mirth

And if I waste who will bewaile my heavy chance ?
 And if I starve, who will record my cursed end ?
 And if I dye, who will saye, Thus was Immerito ?

Spenser of the sensitive ear wrote these lines When the pedantic phantasy which had for a while seduced and corrupted him had gone from him, with what remorse he must have remembered these strange monsters of his creation ! Let us conclude our glance at this sad fall from harmony by quoting the excellent words of one who was a bitter opponent of Harvey in this as in other matters 'The hexameter verse,' says Nash in his *Four Letters Confuted*, 1592, 'I graunt to be a gentleman of an auncient house (so is many an English beggar), yet this clyme of ours hee cannot thrive in, our speech is too craggy for him to sot his plough in, hee goes twitching and hopping in our language like a man running upon quagmiers up the hill in one syllable and down the dale in another, retaining no part of that stately smooth gate, which he vaunts himself with amongst the Greeks and Latins'

Some two years were spent by Spenser in the enjoyment of Sidney's friendship and the patronage of Sidney's uncle During this time he would seem to have been constantly hoping for some preferment According to a tradition, first recorded by Fuller, the obstructor of the success of his suit was the Treasurer, Lord Burghley It is clear that he had enemies at Court—at least at a later time In 1591, in his dedication of *Colin Clouts Come Home Again*, he entreats Raleigh, to 'with your good countenance protest against the malice of evill mouthes, which are always wide open to carpe at and misconstrue my simple meaning' A passage in the *Runes of Time* (see the lines beginning 'O grief of griefs' O full of all good hearts !') points to the same conclusion, and so the concluding lines of the Sixth Book of the *Faerie Queene*, when, having told how the Blatant Beast (not killed as Lord Macaulay says in his essay on Bunyan, but) 'supprest and tamed' for a while by Sir Calidore, at last broke his iron chain and ranged again through the world, and raged sore in each degree and state, he adds —

Ne may this homely verse, of many meanest,
 Hope to escape his venomous despite,
 More then my former writs, all were they dearest,
 From blamefull blot and free from all that wite
 With which some wicked tongues did it backebite,
 And bring into a mighty Peres displeasure,
 That never so deserved to endite
 Therefore do you, my rimes, keep better measure,
 And seeke to please, that now is counted wise mens threasure

In the *Tears of the Muses* Calhoun says of certain persons of eminent rank —

Their great revenues all in sport they waste,
They spend that nought to labour they may waste,
And the rich fee which poets most deserve
Now Parasites and Sycophants do receive

Several causes have been suggested to account for this disfavour. The popular tradition was pleased to explain it by making Burghley the idle dabbler who has no soul for poetry—to whom one copy of verses is very much as good as another, and no copy good for anything. It delighted to bring this commonplace a gross-minded person into opposition with one of the most spiritual of geniuses. In this view Spenser represents mind, Burghley matter. But there is no justification in facts for this tradition. It may be that the Lord Treasurer was not endowed with a high intellectual nature, but he was far too wise in his generation not to perceive a virtue if he had it not, when circumstances called for anything of the sort. When the Queen patronized literature, we may be sure Lord Burghley was too shrewd to disregard and oppress it. Another solution refers to Burghley's Puritanism as the cause of the misunderstanding, but, as Spenser too inclined that way, this is inadequate. Probably, as Todd and others have thought, what alienated his Lordship at first was Spenser's connection with Leicester, what subsequently aggravated the estrangement was his friendship with Essex.

CHAPTER II.

1580—1589.

In the year 1580 Spenser was removed from the society and circumstances in which he had lived and moved, as we have seen for some two years. From that year to near the close of his life his home was to be in Ireland. He paid only four visits to London and its environs in the course of these eighteen years, but it seems clear that his home was in Ireland. Perhaps his biographers have hitherto not truly appreciated this residence in Ireland. We shall see that a liberal grant of land was presently bestowed upon him in the county of Cork, and they have reckoned him a successful man, and wondered at the querulousness that occasionally makes itself heard in his works. Towards the very end of this life, Spenser speaks of himself as one

Whom fallen from
Through discontent of my long fruitless stay,
In princes court and expectation rayne
Of idle hopes, which still doe fly away
Like empty shadows, did afflict my braine

Those who marvel at such language perhaps forget what a dreary exile the poet's life in Ireland must in fact have been. It is true that it was relieved by several journeys to England, by his receiving at least one visit from an English friend, by his finding during at any rate the earlier part of his absence, some congenial English friends residing in the country, by his meeting at length with that Elizabeth whose exclaiming

beauty he has sung so sweetly, whom he married, it is also true that there was in him—as in Milton and in Wordsworth—a certain great self-containedness,* that he carried his world with him wherever he went, that he had great allies and high company in the very air that flowed around him, whatever land he inhabited, all this is true, but yet to be cut off from the fellowship which, however self-sufficing, he so dearly loved—to look no longer on the face of Sidney his hero, his ideal embodied, his living Arthur, to hear but as it were an echo of the splendid triumphs won by him and our England in those glorious days, to know of his own high fame but by report, to be parted from the friendship of Shakspeare—surely this was exile. To live in the Elizabethan age, and to be severed from those brilliant spirits to which the fame of that age is due! Further, the grievously unsettled, insurgent state of Ireland at this time—as at many a time before and since—must be borne in mind. Lying there was living on the side of a volcanic mountain. That the perils of so living were not merely imaginary, we shall presently see †. He did not shed tears and strike his bosom, like the miserable Ovid at Tomi, he ‘wore rather in his bonds a cheerful brow, lived, and took comfort,’ finding his pleasure in that high spiritual communion I have spoken of, playing pleasantly, like some happy father, with the children of his brain, joying in their caprices, their noblenesses, their sweet adolescence, but still it was exile, and this fact may explain that tone of discontent which here and there is perceptible in his writings ‡.

When in 1580 Arthur, Lord Grey of Wilton, was appointed Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, he—perhaps through Lord Leicester’s influence—made Spenser his Private Secretary. There can be no doubt that Spenser proceeded with him to Dublin. It was in Ireland, probably about this time, that he made the acquaintance of Sir Walter Raleigh. In 1581 he was appointed Clerk of Degrees and Recognizances in the Irish Court of Chancery, a post which he held for seven years, at the end of which time he received the appointment of Clerk to the Council of Munster. In the same year in which he was assigned the former clerkship, he received also a lease of the lands and Abbey of Enniscorthy in Wexford county. It is to be hoped that his Chancery Court duties permitted him to reside for a while on that estate. ‘Enniscorthy,’ says the *Guide to Ireland* published by Mr Murray, ‘is one of the prettiest little towns in the Kingdom, the largest portion of it being on a steep hill on the right bank of the Slaney, which here becomes a deep and navigable stream, and is crossed by a

* One might quote of these poets, and those of a like spirit, Wordsworth’s lines on ‘the Characteristics of a Child three years old,’ for in the respect therein mentioned, as in others, these poets are ‘as little children.’

As a faggot sparkles on the hearth,
Not less if unattended and alone,
Than when both young and old sit gathered round,
And take delight in its activity,
Even so this happy creature of herself
Is all-sufficient, Solitude to her
Is blithe society, who fills the air
With gladness and involuntary songs.

† See *Colin Clout’s Come Home Again*, vv. 312-319.

‡ See *Colin Clout’s Come Home Again*, vv. 180-184, quoted below.

bridge of six arches' There still stands there 'a single tower of the old Friar in monastery' But Spenser soon parted with this charming spot, perhaps because of its inconvenient distance from the scene of his official work. In December of the year in which the lease was given, he transferred it to one Richard Smyth. In the following year Lord Grey was recalled. 'The Lord Deputy,' says Hobnabrad, 'after long suit for his revocation, received Her Majesty's letters for the same. His rule had been marked by some extreme, perhaps necessary, severities, and was probably so in what curtly concluded on account of loud complaints made against him on this score. Spenser would seem to have admired and applauded him, both as a ruler and as a patron and friend. He mentions him with much respect in his *First of the Priant State of Ireland*. One of the sonnets prefixed to the *Faerie Queene* is addressed 'to the most renowned and valiant lord the Lord Grey, of Wilton,' and speaks of him with profound gratitude —

Most noble lord the pillar of my life,
And patron of my Muse's pilgrimage,
Through whose large board I poured out mine
In the first season of my feeble age
I now doe live bound years by your grace,
Eith nothing ever may release me
Out of your encrease debt to serve you,
Yoursafe in worth this small gift to receive,
Which in your noble hands for good I leave
Of all the rest that I am fittest account

Lord Grey died in 1593. Spenser may have renewed his friendship with him in 1589, when, as we shall see, he visited England. For the present their connection was broken. It may be considered as fairly certain that when his lordship returned to England in 1582, Spenser did not return with him, but abode still in Ireland.

There is, indeed, a 'Munster Spenser' mentioned in a letter written by James VI of Scotland from St. Andrews in 1583 to Queen Elizabeth. 'I have strid Munster Spenser upon the letter quhill is written with my own hand quhill shall be revellie within ten daies.' It may be presumed that this gentleman is the same with him of whose postal services mention is found, as we have seen, in 1562. At any rate there is nothing whatever to justify his identification with the poet. On the other hand, there are several circumstances which seem to indicate that Spenser was in Ireland continuously from the year of his going there with Lord Grey to the year of his visiting England with Raleigh in 1589, when he presented to her Majesty and published the first three books of the *Faerie Queene*. Whatever certain glimpses we can catch of Spenser during these ten years he is in Ireland.

We have seen that he was holding one clerkship or another in Ireland during all this time. At what exact time he resigned the second—the clerkship of the Council of Munster—is not known. It was certainly before 1593, it was probably after his visit to England in the years 1589-91. In the next place, we find him mentioned as forming one of a company described as gathered together at a cottage near Dublin in a work by his friend Lodovick * Bryskett, written, as may be inferred with considerable certainty,

* This is the 'Lodovick' mentioned in Sonnet 23, quoted below.

some time between 1584 and 1589, though not published till 1606 This work, entitled *A Discourse of Civill Life, containing the Ethike part of Morall Philosophie*, 'written to the right honorable Arthur, late Lord Grey of Wilton,' describes in the introduction a party met together at the author's cottage near Dublin, consisting of 'Dr Long, Primate of Ardmagh, Sir Robert Dillon, knight, M Dormer, the Queene's solicitor, Capt. Christopher Carlell, Capt Thomas Norreys, Capt Warham St Leger, Capt Nicholas Dawtrey, and M Edmond Spenser, late your Lordship's secretary, and Th Smith, apothecary' What is said of the late secretary in the book itself is so particularly interesting that it must be quoted In the course of conversation Bryskett envies 'the happinesse of the Italians who have in their mother-tongue late writers that have with a singular easie method taught all that which Plato or Aristotle have confusedly or obscurely left written' The 'late writers' who have performed this highly remarkable service of clarifying and making intelligible Plato and Aristotle—perhaps the 'confusion' and 'obscurity' Bryskett speaks of mean merely the difficulties of a foreign language for one imperfectly acquainted with it—are Alexander Piccolomini, Gio Baptista Giraldi, and Guazzo, 'all three having written upon the Ethick part of Morall Philosophie [sic] both exactly and perspicuously' Bryskett then earnestly wishes—and here perhaps, in spite of those queer words about Plato and Aristotle, we may sympathise with him—that some of our countrymen would promote by English treatises the study of Moral Philosophy in English

'In the meane while I must struggle with those bookes which I vnderstand and content my selfe to plod upon them, in hope that God (who knoweth the sincerenesse of my desire) will be pleased to open my vnderstanding, so as I may reape that profit of my reading, which I trauell for Yet is there a gentleman in this company, whom I have had often a purpose to intreate, that as his leisure might serue him, he would vouchsafe to spend some time with me to instruct me in some hard points which I cannot of my selfe understand, knowing him to be not onely perfect in the Greeke tongue, but also very well read in Philosophie, both morall and naturall Neuertheless such is my bashfulness, as I neuer yet durst open my mouth to disclose this my desire unto him, though I have not wanted some hartning thereunto from himselfe For of loue and kindnes to me, he encouraged me long sithens to follow the reading of the Greeke tongue, and offered me his helpe to make me vnderstand it But now that so good an oportunitie is offered vnto me, to satisfie in some sort my desire, I thinke I should commit a great fault, not to my selfe alone, but to all this company, if I should not enter my request thus farre, as to moue him to spend this time which we have now destined to familiar discourse and conuersation, in declaring vnto us the great benefits which men obtaine by the knowledge of Morall Philosophie, and in making us to know what the same is, what be the parts thereof, whereby vertues are to be distinguished from vices, and finally that he will be pleased to run ouer in such order as he shall thinke good, such and so many principles and rules thereof, as shall serue not only for my better instruction, but also for the contentment and satisfaction of you all For I nothing doubt, but that euery one of you will be glad to heare so profitable a discourse and thinke the time very wel spent wherein so excellent a knowledge shal be reuealed vnto you, from which euery one may be assured to gather some fruit as wel as my selfe Therefore (said I) turning my selfe to M Spenser, It is you ear, to whom it pertaineth to show your selfe courteous now vnto us all and to make vs all beholding vnto you for the pleasure and profit which we shall gather from your speeches, if you shall vouchsafe to open vnto vs the goodly cabinet, in which this excellent treasure of vertues lieth locked up from the vulgar sort And thereof in the behalfe of all as for my selfe, I do most earnestly intreate you not to say vs nay Vnto which wordes of mine euery man applauding most with like wordes of request and the rest with gesture and countenances expressing as much, M Spenser, answered in this manner Though it may seeme hard for me, to refuse the request made by you all, whom euery one alone, I should for many respects be willing to gratifie, yet as the case standeth, I doubt not but with the consent of the most part of you, I shall be excused at this time of this taske which would be laid vpon me, for sure I am, that it is not vnkowne vnto you,

our modern editions are prefixed to the great poem It speaks of the great poem as

Rude rymes, the which a rustick Muse did weave
In savadge soyle, far from Parnasso mount

See also the sonnet addressed to the Right Honourable the Earl of Ormond and Ossory

A sonnet addressed to Harvey, is dated 'Dublin this xvij of July, 1586' Again, in the course of the decad now under consideration, Spenser received a grant of land in Cork—of 3,028 acres, out of the forfeited estates of the Earl of Desmond

All these circumstances put together make it probable, and more than probable, that Spenser remained in Ireland after Lord Grey's recall. How thorough his familiarity with the country grew to be, appears from the work concerning it which he at last produced

The years, 1586-7-8 were eventful both for England and for Spenser In the first Sidney expired of wounds received at Zutphen, in the second, Mary Queen of Scots was executed, in the third, God blew and scattered the Armada, and also Leicester died Spenser weeps over Sidney—there was never, perhaps, more weeping, poetical and other, over any death than over that of Sidney—in his *Astrophel*, the poem above mentioned. This poem is scarcely worthy of the sad occasion—the flower of knight-hood cut down ere its prime, not yet

In flushing
When blighting was nearest

Certainly it in no way expresses what Spenser undoubtedly felt when the woeful news came across the Channel to him in his Irish home Probably his grief was 'too deep for tears.' It was probably one of those 'huge cares' which, in Seneca's phrase, not 'loquuntur,' but 'stupent' He would fain have been dumb and opened not his mouth, but the fashion of the time called upon him to speak. He was expected to bring his immortelle, so to say, and lay it on his hero's tomb, though his limbs would scarcely support him, and his hand, quivering with the agony of his heart, could with difficulty either weave it or carry it All the six years they had been parted, the image of that chivalrous form had never been forgotten It had served for the one model of all that was highest and noblest in his eyes It had represented for him all true knighthood Nor all the years that he lived after Sidney's death was it forgotten. It is often before him, as he writes his later poetry, and is greeted always with undying love and sorrow Thus in the *Runes of Time*, he breaks out in a sweet fervour of unextinguished affection

Most gentle spirite breathed from above,
Out of the bosom of the Makers blis,
In whom all bountie and all vertuous love
Appeared in their native proprietis
And did enrich that noble breast of his
With treasure passing all this worldes worth
Worthie of heaven itselife, which brought it forth.

His blessed spirite, full of power divine
And influence of all celestiall grace,

Loathing this sinfull earth and earthlie allme,
Fled backe too soone unto his native place,
Too soone for all that did his love embrace,
Too soone for all this wretched world whom he
Robbd of all right and true nobilitie

Yet ere his happie soule to heaven went
Out of this fleshie gaole, he did devise
Unto his heauenlie Maker to present
His bodie as a spotles sacrifice,
And chose that guiltie hands of enemies
Should powre forth th' offering of his guiltles blood,
So life exchanging for his countries good

O noble spirite, live there ever blessed,
The world s late wonder, and the heaven s new joy.
Live ever there, and leave me here distressed
With mortall cares and cumbrous worlds anoy,
But where thou dost that happiness enjoy,
Bid me O bid me quicklie come to thee
That happie there I maie thee alwaies see

Yet whilst the Fates affoord me vitell breath,
I will it spend in speaking of thy praise,
And sing to thee untill that time lie death
By Heaven s doome doe ende my earthlie daies
Thereto doo thou my humble spirite raise,
And into me that sacred breath inspire
Which thou there breathe'st perfect and entire

It is not quite certain in what part of Ireland the poet was living when the news that Sidney was not reached him. Was he still residing at Dublin, or had he transferred his home to that southern region which is so intimately associated with his name? The sonnet to Harvey above mentioned shows that he was at Dublin in July of the year of his friend's death. It has been said already that he did not resign his Chancery clerkship till 1588. We know that he was settled in Cork county, at Kilcolman castle, in 1589, because Raleigh visited him there that year. He may then have left Dublin in 1588 or 1589. According to Dr Birch's *Life of Spenser*, prefixed to the edition of the *Faerie Queene* in 1751,* and the *Biographia Britannica*, the grant of land made him in Cork is dated June 27, 1586. But the grant, which is extant, is dated October 26, 1591. Perhaps no great importance ought to be attached to the statement of Dr Birch or of the *Biographia Britannica*, but that he was at Kilcolman before 1591 seems certain. As he resigned his clerkship in the Court of Chancery in 1588, and was then appointed, as we have seen, clerk of the Council of Munster, he may have lived at Kilcolman before it and the surrounding grounds were promised to him, he may have entered upon possession on the strength of a promise of them, before the formal grant was issued. He has mentioned the scenery which environed his castle twice in his great poem, but it is worth noticing that both

* Dr Birch refers in his note to *The Ancient and Present State of the County and City of Cork*, by Charles Smith, vol i book i c. i p 58-63. Edit. Dublin 1760, 8vo. And Fiennes Moryson's *Itinerary*, part ii p 4

mentions occur, not in the books published, as we shall now very soon see, in 1590, but in the books published six years afterwards. In the famous passage already referred to in the eleventh canto of the fourth book, describing the nuptials of the Thames and the Medway, he recounts in stanzas xl—xlv the Irish rivers who were present at that great river-gathering, and amongst them

Swift Awniduff which of the English man
Is cal'de Blacke-water, and the Liffar deep,
Sed Trowis, that once his people over-ran,
Strong Allo tombing from Slewlogher steep,
And Mulla mine, whose waves I whilom taught to weep.

The other mention occurs in the former of the two cantos *Of Mutability*. There the poet sings that the place appointed for the trial of the titles and best rights of both 'heavenly powers' and 'earthly wights' was

Upon the highest hights
Of Arlo-hill (who knowes not Arlo-hill?)
That is the highest head (in all mens sights)
Of my old father Mole, whom shepherds quill
Renowned hath with hymnes fit for a rurall skill.

His poem called *Colin Clouts Come Home Again*, written in 1591, and dedicated to Sir W. Raleigh 'from my house at Kilcolman the 27 of December, 1591' *—written therefore after a lengthy absence in England—exhibits a full familiarity with the country round about Kilcolman. On the whole then we may suppose that his residence at Kilcolman began not later than 1588. It was to be roughly and terribly ended ten years after.

We may suppose he was living there in peace and quiet, not perhaps undisturbed by growing murmurs of discontent, by signs of unrepressed and irrepressible hostility towards his nation, by ill-concealed sympathies with the Spanish invaders amongst the native population, when the Armada came and went. The old castle in which he lived had been one of the residences of the Earls of Desmond. It stood some two miles from Doneraile, on the north side of a lake which was fed by the river Awbey or Mulla, as the poet christened it.

'Two miles north-west of Doneraile,' writes Charles Smith in his *Natural and Civil History of the County and City of Cork*, 1774, (i 340, 341)—'is Kilcoleman, a ruined castle of the Earls of Desmond, but more celebrated for being the residence of the immortal Spenser, when he composed his divine poem *The Faerie Queene*. The castle is now almost level with the ground, and was situated on the north side of a fine lake, in the midst of a vast plain, terminated to the east by the county of Waterford mountains, Bally-howra hills to the north, or, as Spenser terms them, the mountains of Mole, Nagle mountains to the south, and the mountains of Kerry to the west. It commanded a view of above half the breadth of Ireland, and must have been, when the adjacent uplands were wooded, a most pleasant and romantic situation, from whence, no doubt, Spenser drew several parts of the scenery of his poem.'

* Todd proposes to regard this date as a printer's error for 1595, quite unnecessarily.

Here, then, as in some 'cool sequestered vale of life, for some ten years, his visits to England excepted, lived Spenser still singing sweetly, still, as he might say, piping, with the woods answering him and his echo ringing. Sitting in the shade he would play many 'a pleasant fit,' he would sing

Some hymne or morall tale,
Or carol made to praise his loved lassie,

he would see in the rivers that flowed around his tower beings who lived and loved, and would sing of their mutual passions. It must have sounded strangely to hear the notes of his sweet voice welling forth from his old ruin—to hear music so subtle and refined issuing from that scarred and broken relic of past turbulencies—

The shepheard swaines that did about him play
with greene her full cares
Did stand astonish'd at his curious skill
Like hartlesse deere, dismay'd with thunders sound.

He presents a picture such as would have delighted his own fancy, though perhaps the actual experience may not have been unalloyed with pain. It is a picture which in many ways resembles that presented by one of a kindred type of genius, who has already been mentioned as of affinity with him—by Wordsworth. Wordsworth too sang in a certain sense from the shade, far away from the vanity of courts, and the uproar of cities, sang 'from a still place, remote from men,' sang, like his own Highland girl, all alone with the 'vale profound' 'overflowing with the sound,' finding, too, objects of friendship and love in the forms of nature which surrounded his tranquil home.

Of these two poets in their various lonelinesses one may perhaps quote those exquisite lines written by one of them of a somewhat differently caused isolation—each one of them too lacked

Not friends for simple glee
Nor yet for higher sympathy
To his side the fallow-deer
Came and rested without fear,
The eagle, lord of land and sea,
Stooped down to pay him fealty

*He knew the rocks which angels haunt
Upon the mountains vintant
He hath kenned them taking wing,
And into caves where Faeries sing
He hath entered and been told
By voices how men lived of old*

Here now and then he was visited, it may be supposed, by old friends. Perhaps that distinguished son of the University of Cambridge, Gabriel Harvey, may for a while have been his guest, he is introduced under his pastoral name of Hobbinsol, as present at the poet's house on his return to Ireland. The most memorable of these visits was that already alluded to—that paid him in 1589 by Sir Walter Raleigh, with whom it will be remembered he had become acquainted some nine years before.

Raleigh, too, had received a grant from the same huge forfeited estate, a fragment of which had been given to Spenser. The granting of these, and other shares of the Desmond estates, formed part of a policy then vigorously entertained by the English Government—the colonising of the so lately disordered and still restless districts of Southern Ireland. The recipients were termed ‘undertakers,’ it was one of their duties to repair the ravages inflicted during the recent tumults and bring the lands committed to them into some state of cultivation and order.

The wars had been followed by a famine. ‘Even in the history of Ireland,’ writes the latest biographer of Sir Walter Raleigh, ‘there are not many scenes more full of horror than those which the historians of that period rapidly sketch when showing us the condition of almost the whole province of Munster in the year 1584, and the years immediately succeeding.’*

The claims of his duties as an ‘undertaker,’ in addition perhaps to certain troubles at court, where his rival Essex was at this time somewhat superseding him in the royal favour,† and making a temporary absence not undesirable, brought Raleigh into Cork County in 1589. A full account of this visit and its important results is given us in *Colin Clouts Come Home Again*, which gives us at the same time a charming picture of the poet’s life at Kilcolman. Colin himself, lately returned home from England, tells his brother shepherds, at their urgent request, of his ‘passed fortunes.’ He begins with Raleigh’s visit. One day, he tells them, as he sat

Under the foote of Mole, that mountaine hore,
Keeping my sheepe amongst the cooly shade
Of the greene alders by the Mullacs shore,

a strange shepherd, who styled himself the Shepherd of the Ocean—

Whether allured with my pipes delight,
Whose pleasing sound ysbrilled far about,
Or thither led by chauce, I know not right—

found him out, and

Provoked me to plaie some pleasant fit

He sang, he tells us, a song of Mulla old father Mole’s daughter, and of another river called Bregog who loved her. Then his guest sang in turn —

His song was all a lamentable lay
Of great unkindnesse and of usage hard,
Of Cynthia the ladie of the sea,
Which from her presence faultlesse him debard,
And ever and anon, with singults rife,
He cryed out, to make lus undersong
Ah ! my loves quene and goddesse of my life,
Who shall me pittie when thou doest me wrong ?

* Mr Edward Edwards 1868, i c vi, see also *Colin Clouts Come Home Again*, vv 312-319

† ‘My lord of Essex hath chased Mr Raleigh from the court and confined him in Ireland’—Letter, dated August 17, 1589, from Captain Francis Allen to Antony Bacon, Esq.—Quoted by Todd from Dr Birch’s *Memoirs of Queen Elizabeth*—See Mr Edwards’s *Life of Raleigh*, i c viii.

After they had made an end of singing, the shepherd of the ocean

Gan to cast great lylking to my lore,
And great dislyking to my lucklesse lot
That banisht had my selfe, like wight forlore,
Into that waste where I was quite forgot,

and presently persuaded him to accompany him 'his Cinthia to see'

It has been seen from one of Harvey's letters that the *Faerie Queene* was already begun in 1580, and from what Bryskett says, and what Spenser says himself in his sonnets to Lord Grey, and to Lord Ormond, that it was proceeded with after the poet had passed over to Ireland. By the close of the year 1589 at least three books were completely finished. Probably enough parts of other books had been written, but only three were entirely ready for publication. No doubt part of the conversation that passed between Spenser and Raleigh related to Spenser's work. It may be believed that what was finished was submitted to Raleigh's judgment, and certainly concluded that it elicited his warmest approval*. One great object that Spenser proposed to himself when he assented to Raleigh's persuasion to visit England, was the publication of the first three books of his *Faerie Queene*.

CHAPTER III.

1590

Thus after an absence of about nine years, Spenser returned for a time to England, he returned 'bringing his sheaves with him'. Whatever shadow of misunderstanding had previously come between his introducer and her Majesty seems to have been speedily dissipated. Raleigh presented him to the Queen, who, it would appear, quickly recognised his merits. 'That goddess'

To mine oaten pipe enclin'd her eare
That she thenceforth therein gan take delight,
And it desir'd at timely houres to heare
Al were my notes but rude and roughly dight

In the register of the Stationers Company for 1589 occurs the following entry, quoted here from Mr Collier's *Life of Spenser* —

Primo Die Decembris — Mr Fossonbye. Entred for his Copy a booke intytuled the fayrre Queene, dysposed into xii bookes &c. Authourised under thandes of the Archb of Cante & bothe the Wardens, vjd

'The letter of the authors prefixed to his poem expounding his whole intention in the course of this worke, which for that it giveth great light to the reader, for the better understanding is hereunto annexed,' addressed to 'Sir Walter Raleigh, Knight, Lord Wardein of the Stanneryes and her Maiesties lifetenaunt of the county of

* See Raleigh's lines entitled 'A Vision upon this Concept of the *Faerie Queene*,' prefixed to the *Faerie Queene*

Cornewayll,' is dated January 23, 1589—that is, 1590, according to the new style. Shortly afterwards, in 1590, according to both old and new styles, was published by William Ponsonby *THE FAERIE QUEENE*, Disposed into twelve books, *Fashioning XII Morall vertues*. That day, which we spoke of as beginning to arise in 1579, now fully dawned. The silence of well nigh two centuries was now broken, not again to prevail, by mighty voices. During Spenser's absence in Ireland, William Shakspeare had come up from the country to London. When Spenser arrived in London in 1589, this Shakspeare was already occupying a notable position in his profession as an actor, his name is found in that year—he was then some twenty-five years of age—amongst the leaders of the company to whom the Blackfriars Theatre belonged, but what is more important, there can be little doubt he was already not only known as an actor, but known and famous as a play-writer. What he had already written was not comparable with what he was to write subsequently, but those early dramas were themselves vastly superior to any English dramatic work that had preceded them, and they gave promise of splendid fruits to be thereafter yielded. In 1593 appeared *Venus and Adonis*, in the following year *Lucrece*, in 1595, Spenser's *Epithalamium*, in 1596, the second three books of the *Faerie Queene*, in 1597, Bacon's *Essays* and the first part of Hooker's *Ecclesiastical Polity*. During all these years various plays, of increasing power and beauty, were proceeding from Shakspeare's hands; by 1598 about half of his extant plays had certainly been composed. Early in 1599, he, who may be said to have ushered in this illustrious period, he whose radiance first dispersed the darkness and made the day begin to be, our poet Spenser, died. But the day did not die with him, it was then but approaching its noon, when he, one of its brightest suns, set. This day may be said to have fully broken in the year 1590, when the first instalment of the great work of Spenser's life made its appearance.

The three books were dedicated to the Queen. They were followed in the original edition—are preceded in later editions—first, by the letter to Raleigh above mentioned, then by six poetical pieces of a commendatory sort, written by friends of the poet—by Raleigh who writes two of the pieces, by Harvey who now praises and well-wishes the poem he had discountenanced some years before, by 'R S,' by 'H B,' by 'W L,' lastly, by seventeen sonnets addressed by the poet to various illustrious personages, to Sir Christopher Hatton, to Lord Burghley, to the Earl of Essex, Lord Charles Howard, Lord Grey of Wilton, Lord Buckhurst, Sir Francis Wallingham, Sir John Norris, Knight, lord president of Munster, Sir Walter Raleigh, the Countess of Pembroke, and others. The excellence of the poem was at once generally perceived and acknowledged. Spenser had already, as we have seen, gained great applause by his *Shepherd's Calendar*, published some ten years before the coming out of his greater work. During these ten years he had resided out of England, as has been seen, but it is not likely his reputation had been languishing during his absence. Webbe in his *Discourse of English Poetrie*, 1586, had contended 'that Spenser may well wear the garlande, and step before the best of all English poets'. The *Shepherd's Calendar* had been reprinted in 1581 and in 1586, probably enough, other works of his had been circulating in manuscript, the hopes of the country had been directed

towards him, he was known to be engaged in the composition of a great poem. No doubt he found himself famous when he reached England on the visit suggested by Raleigh, he found a most eager expectant audience, and when at last his *Faerie Queene* appeared, it was received with the utmost delight and admiration. He was spoken of in the same year with its appearance as the new laureate*. In the spring of the following year he received a pension from the crown of 60l per annum. Probably, however, then, as in later days, the most ardent appreciators of Spenser were the men of the same craft with himself—the men who too, though in a different degree or in a different kind, possessed the 'vision and the faculty divine'.

This great estimation of the *Faerie Queene* was due not only to the intrinsic charms of the poem—to its exquisitely sweet melody, its intense pervading sense of beauty, its never stained moral purity, its subtle spiritualness—but also to the time of its appearance. For then nearly two centuries no great poem had been written in the English tongue. Chaucer had died heirless. Occasional lament over that great spirit's decease had not been made without occasion —

Alas my worthy traister honorable
This londis verray tre-sour and richesse
Deth by thy deth ha'be harm irreparable
Unto us done hir venereal's darresse
Dispoiled hath this lond of sacrosanctesse
Of rhetorike, for unto Tallus
Was never man so like amongst us †

And the doleful confession this orphaned rhymers makes for himself, might have been well made by all the men of his age in England —

My dere mayster, God his soule quite
And fader Chaucer fadir woul I have me taught,
But I was dull and learned late or naught.

No worthy scholar had succeeded the great master. The fifteenth century in England had rebounded in movements of profound social and political interest—in movements which eventually fertilised and enriched and ripened the mind of the nation, but, not unnaturally, the immediate literary results had been of no great value. In the reign of Henry VIII the condition of literature, for various reasons, had greatly improved. Surrey and Wyatt had heralded the advent of a brighter era. From their time the poetical succession had never failed altogether. The most memorable name in our literature between their time and the *Faerie Queene* is that of Sackville, Lord Buckhurst—a name of note in the history of both our dramatic and non-dramatic poetry. Sackville was capable of something more than lyrical essays. He it was who designed the *Mirror for Magistrates*. To that poem, important as compared with the poetry of its day, for its more pretentious conception, he himself contributed the two best pieces that form part of it—the *Induction* and the *Complaint of Buckingham*. These pieces are marked by some beauties of the same sort as those which especially characterise Spenser, but they are but fragments, and in spirit

* Nash's *Supplication of Piers Pennilesse* 1570.

† Warton's *History of English Poetry*, ii 264 ed 1840.

they belong to an age which happily passed away shortly after the accession of Queen Elizabeth—they are penetrated by that despondent tone which is so strikingly audible in our literature of the middle years of the sixteenth century, not surprisingly, if the general history of the time be considered. Meanwhile, our language had changed much, and Chaucer had grown almost unintelligible to the ordinary reader. Therefore, about the year 1590, the nation was practically without a great poem. At the same time, it then, if ever, truly needed one. Its power of appreciation had been quickened and refined by the study of the poetries of other countries, it had translated and perused the classical writers with enthusiasm, it had ardently pored over the poetical literature of Italy. Then its life had lately been ennobled by deeds of splendid courage crowned with as splendid success. In the year 1590, if ever, this country, in respect of its literary condition and in respect of its general high and noble excitement, was ready for the reception of a great poem.

Such a poem undoubtedly was the *Faerie Queene*, although it may perhaps be admitted that it was a work likely to win favour with the refined and cultured sections of the community rather than with the community at large. Strongly impressed on it as were the instant influences of the day, yet in many ways it was marked by a certain archaic character. It depicted a world—the world of chivalry and romance—which was departed, it drew its images, its forms of life, its scenery, its very language, from the past. Then the genius of our literature in the latter part of Queen Elizabeth's reign was emphatically dramatic in the intense life of these years men longed for reality. Now the *Faerie Queene* is one long idealizing. These circumstances are to be accounted for partly by the character of Spenser's genius, partly by the fact already stated that chronologically Spenser is the earliest of the great spirits of his day. In truth he stands between two worlds—he belongs partly to the new time, partly to the old, he is the last of one age, he is the first of another, he stretches out one hand into the past to Chaucer, the other rests upon the shoulder of Milton.

CHAPTER IV.

1591-1599

It is easy to imagine how intensely Spenser enjoyed his visit to London. It is uncertain to what extent that visit was prolonged. He dates the dedication of his *Colin Clouts Come Home Again* 'from my house at Kilcolman, the 27 of December, 1591'. On the other hand, the dedication of his *Daphnaida* is dated 'London this first of Januarie 1591', that is 1592 according to our new style. Evidently there is some mistake here. Prof Craik 'suspects' that in the latter instance 'the date January 1591' is used in the modern meaning, he quotes nothing to justify such a suspicion, but it would seem to be correct. Todd and others have proposed to alter the '1591' in the former instance to 1595, the year in which *Colin Clouts Come Home Again* was published, and with which the allusions made in the poem to contemporary

writers agree, but this proposal is, as we shall see, scarcely tenable. The manner in which the publisher of the *Complaints*, 1591, of which publication we shall speak presently, introduces that work to the 'gentle reader,' seems to show that the poet was not at the time of the publishing easily accessible. He speaks of having endeavoured 'by all good meanes (for the better encrease and accomplishment of your delights) to get into my hands such small poems of the same authors, as I heard were disperst abroad in sundrie hands, and not easie to bee come by by himselfe, some of them having been diverslie imbezled and purloyned from him since his departure our ser'. He says he understands Spenser 'wrote sundrie others' besides those now collected, 'besides some other Pamphlets looselie scattered abroad. which when I can either by himselfe or otherwise attaine too I meane likewise for your fauour sake to set forth'. It may be supposed with much probability that Spenser returned to his Irish castle some time in 1591, in all likelihood after February, in which month he received the pension mentioned above, and on the other hand so as to have time to write the original draught of *Colin Clouts Come Home Again* before the close of December.

The reception of the *Faerie Queene* had been so favourable that in 1591—it would seem, as has been shown, after Spenser's departure—the publisher of that poem determined to put forth what other poems by the same hand he could gather together. The result was a volume entitled '*Complaints*, containing sundrie small Poemes of the Worlds Vanitie, whercof the next page maketh mention. By Ed Sp'. 'The next page' contains 'a note of the Sundrie Poemes contained in this volume'.

- 1 The Ruines of Time
- 2 The Teares of the Muses
- 3 Virgils Gnyt
- 4 Prosopopoeia or Mother Hubbards Tale
- 5 The Ruines of Rome by Bellay
- 6 Muopotmos or The Tale of the Butterflie
- 7 Visions of the Worlds Vanitie
- 8 Bellayes Visions
- 9 Petrarches Visions

In a short notice addressed to the Gentle Reader which follows—the notice just referred to—the publisher of the volume mentions other works by Spenser, and promises to publish them too 'when he can attain to' them. These works are *Ecclesiastes*, *The Seven Psalmes*, and *Canticum Canticorum*—these three translations no doubt of parts of the Old Testament—*A Sennight Slumber*, *The State of Lovers*, the *Dying Pelican*—doubtless the work mentioned, as has been seen, in one of Spenser's letters to Harvey—*The Housers of the Lord*, and *The Sacrifice of a Sinner*. Many of these works had probably been passing from hand to hand in manuscript for many years. That old method of circulation survived the invention of the printing press for many generations. The perils of it may be illustrated from the fate of the works just mentioned. It would seem that the publisher never did attain to them, and they have all perished. With regard to the works which were printed and preserved, the *Ruines of Time*, as the Dedication shows, was written during Spenser's memorable visit of 1589-91 to England. It is in fact an elegy dedicated to the Countess of Pembroke, on the death of Sir Philip Sidney, 'that most brave Knight, your most

noble brother deceased' 'Sithens my late cumming into England,' the poet writes in the Epistle Dedicatorie, 'some friends of mine (which might much prevaile with me and indeede commaund me) knowing with howe straight bandes of duetie I was tied to him, as also bound unto that noble house (of which the chiefe hope then rested in him) have sought to revive them by upbraiding me, for that I have not shewed aine thankefull remembrance towards him or any of them, but suffer their names to sleep in silence and forgetfulnesse. Whome chieflie to satisfie, or els to avoide that fowle blot of unthankfulnesse, I have conceived this small Poeme, intituled by a generall name of the *Worlds Ruines*. yet speciallie intended to the renowing of that noble race from which both you and he sprong, and to the eternizing of some of the chiefe of them late deceased' This poem is written in a tone that had been extremely frequent during Spenser's youth Its text is that ancient one 'Vanity of Vanities, all is Vanity'—a very obvious text in all ages, but perhaps especially so, as has been hinted, in the sixteenth century, and one very frequently adopted at that time This text is treated in a manner characteristic of the age It is exemplified by a series of visions. The poet represents himself as seeing at Verulum an apparition of a woman weeping over the decay of that ancient town This woman stands for the town itself Of its whilome glories, she says, after a vain recounting of them,

They all are gone and all with them is gone,
Ne ought to me remaines, but to lament
My long decay

No one, she continues, weeps with her, no one remembers her,

Save one that mangre fortunes injurie
And times decay, and enuies cruell tort
Hath writ my record in true seeming sort

Camden the nourice of antiquitie,
And lanterne unto late succeeding age,
To see the light of simple veritie
Burned in ruines, through the great outrage
Of her owne people, led with warlike rage,
Camden, though time all monuments obscure,
Yet thy just labours ever shall endure

Then she rebukes herself for these selfish moanings by calling to mind how far from solitary she is in her desolation She recalls to mind the great ones of the land who have lately fallen—Leicester, and Dudley, and Sidney—and wonders no longer at her own ruin. Is not *Transit Gloria* the lesson taught everywhere? Then other visions and emblems of instability are seen, some of them not darkly suggesting that what passes away from earth and apparently ends may perhaps be glorified elsewhere The second of these collected poems—*The Teares of the Muses*—dedicated, as we have seen, to one of the poet's fair cousins, the Lady Strange, deploras the general intellectual condition of the time It is doubtful whether Spenser fully conceived what a brilliant literary age was beginning about the year 1590 Perhaps his long absence in Ireland, the death of Sidney who was the great hope of England Spenser knew, the ecclesiastical controversies raging when he revisited England, may partly account

for his despondent tone with reference to literature. He introduces each Muse weeping for the neglect and contempt suffered by her respective province. He who describes these tears was himself destined to dry them, and Shakspeare, who, if any one, was to make the faces of the Muses blithe and bright, was now rapidly approaching his prime. There can be little doubt that Spenser was acquainted with Shakspeare. They had both been intimately connected with the Earl of Leicester, and though, inasmuch as Spenser was probably out of England from 1580-90, and Shakspeare did not come up to London till 1585 or 1586, they could not have met together at their great patron's house, yet this intimate connection with one and the same person must certainly have resulted in their forming many common associations and friendships. Spenser was an intimate friend of the Earl of Essex, Shakspeare was an intimate friend of the Earl of Southampton, who was one of the most attached friends of that Earl of Essex. A personal acquaintance with Shakspeare must undoubtedly have been one of the most memorable events of Spenser's visit to London in 1589. Raleigh, who was the founder of those famous meetings at the Mermaid Tavern in Friday Street, Cheapside, may at one of them have introduced to each other the two greatest poets of the day, one of them the greatest of all days. There can be little doubt that Thalia in the *Tears of the Muses* refers in the following passage to Shakspeare: the comic stage, she says, is degraded,

And those sweete wits which wont the like to frame
Are now despi'd and made a laughing game

And he the man whom Nature selfe had made
To mock herselfe and Truth to imitate,
With kindly counter under Mimick shade,
Our pleasant Willy, ah! is dead of late,
With whom all joy and jolly meriment
Is also deaded and in dolour drent.

The context shows that by 'dead' is not meant physical death, but that

That same gentle spirit, from whose pen
Large streames of honnie and sweete nectar flowe,

produces nothing, sits idle-handed and silent, rather than pander to the grosser tastes of the day.

Of the remaining works published in the *Complaints*, the only other one of recent composition is *Munopotmos*, which, as Prof. Crank suggests, would seem to be an allegorical narrative of some matter recently transpired. It is dated 1590, but nothing is known of any earlier edition than that which appears in the *Complaints*. Of the other pieces by far the most interesting is *Prosopopoeia*, or *Mother Hubbards Tale*, not only because it is in it, as has been said, Spenser most carefully imitates his great master Chaucer, but for its intrinsic merit—for its easy style, its various incidents, its social pictures. In the dedication he speaks of it as 'These my idle labours, which having long sithens composed in the raw concept of my youth, I lately amongst other papers lighted upon, and was by others, which liked the same, mooved to set them forth'. However long before its publication the poem in the main was written, there can be no doubt that some additions were made to it in or about the year 1590, as for instance, the well-known passage describing 'a suitor's state,' which reflects too

clearly a bitter personal experience to have been composed before Spenser had grown familiar with the Court

The remaining pieces in the *Complaints* consist of translations or imitations, composed probably some years before, though probably in some cases, as has been shown, revised or altogether recast

Probably in the same year with the *Complaints**—that is in 1591—was published *Daphnaida*, 'an Elegie upon the death of the noble and vertuous Douglas Howard, daughter and heire of Henry Lord Howard, Viscount Byndon, and wife of Arthur Georges, Esquire' This elegy was no doubt written before Spenser returned to Ireland. It is marked by his characteristic diffuseness, abundance, melody

Certainly before the close of the year 1591 Spenser found himself once more in his old castle of Kilcolman. A life at Court could never have suited him, however irksome at times his isolation in Ireland may have seemed. When his friends wondered at his returning unto

This barren soyle,
Where cold and care and penury do dwell,
Here to keep sheepe with hunger and with wyle,

he made answer that he,

Whose former dayes
Had in rude fields been altogether spent,
Durst not adventure such unknown wayes,
Nor trust the guile or fortune's blandishment,
But rather chose back to my sheepe to tourne,
Whose utmost hardnesse I before had tryde,
Then having leard repentance late to mourne
Amongst those wretches which I then descryde

That life, with all its intrigues and self-seekings and scandals, had no charms for him. Once more settled in his home, he wrote an account of his recent absence from it, which he entitled *Colin Clouts Come Home Again*. This poem was not published till 1595, but, whatever additions were subsequently made to it, there can be no doubt it was originally written immediately after his return to Ireland. Sitting in the quiet to which he was but now restored, he reviewed the splendid scenes he had lately witnessed, he recounted the famous wits he had met, and the fair ladies he had seen in the great London world, and dedicated this exquisite *Diary* to the friend who had introduced him into that brilliant circle. It would seem that Raleigh had accused him of indolence. That ever-restless schemer could not appreciate the poet's dreaminess. 'That you may see,' writes Spenser, 'that I am not alwaies ydle as yee think, though not greatly well occupied, nor altogether undutifull, though not precisely officious, I make you present of this simple pastorall, unworthie of your higher conceit for the meannesse of the stile but agreeing with the truth in circumstance and matter. The which I humbly beseech you to accept in part of payment of the infinite debt in which I acknowledge myselve bounden unto you for your singular favours and sundrie good turnes shewed to me at my late being in England, &c.'

The conclusion of this poem commemorates, as we have seen, Spenser's enduring

* This poem is in this volume reprinted from the edition of 1591. Mr Morris thinks that Todd was not aware of this edition. Mr Collier reprinted from the 2nd edition—that of 1596.

affection for that Rosalind who so many years before had turned away her ears from his suit. It must have been some twelve months after those faithful lines were penned, that the writer conceived an ardent attachment for one Elizabeth Netling is known of this lady's previous history. It would appear that she lived in the poet's neighbourhood. The whole course of the wooing and the winning is portrayed in the *Amoretti* or *Sonnets* and the *Epithalamium*. It may be gathered from these biographically and otherwise interesting pieces, that it was in the close of the year 1592 that the poet was made a captive of that beauty he so fondly describes. The first three sonnets would seem to have been written in that year. The fourth celebrates the beginning of the year 1593—the beginning according to our modern way of reckoning. All through that year 1593 the lover sighed, bewailed, adored, despaired, prayed again. Fifty-eight sonnets chronicle the various hopes and fears of that year. The object of his passion remained as steel and flint, while he wept and wailed and pleaded. His life was a long torment.

In vaine I seeke and rewe to her for price
And doe myne humbled hart before her pounce,
The whiles her foot she in my necke doth place
And tread my life downe in the lowly floure.

In Lent she is his 'sweet saynt,' and he vows to find some fit service for her.

Her temple favre is brist within my mind
In which her glorious image placed is,
On which my thoughts doo night and day attend,
Like sacred priests that never think ami.

But all his devotion profited nothing, and he thinks it were better 'at once to die.' He marvels at her cruelty. He cannot address himself to the further composition of his great poem. The accomplishment of that great work were

Sufficient worke for one man's simple head,
All were it, as the rest, but rudely writ.
How then should I, without another wit,
Thinke ever to endure so tedious toyle?
Sith that this one is tost with troublous fit
Of a proud love that doth my spirit spolie.

He falls ill in his body too. When the anniversary of his being carried into captivity comes round, he declares, as has been already quoted, that the year just elapsed has appeared longer than all the forty years of his life that had preceded it (sonnet 60). In the beginning of the year 1594,

After long stormes and tempests sad assay
Which hardly I endured heretofore
In dread of death and dangerous dismay
With which my silly bark was tossed sore,

he did 'at length descry the happy shore.' The heart of his mistress softened towards him. The last twenty-five sonnets are for the most part the songs of a lover accepted and happy. It would seem that by this time he had completed three more books of the *Faerie Queene*, and he asks leave in sonnet 70,

In pleasant mew
 To sport my Muse and sing my loves sweet praise,
 The contempt of whose heavenly hew,
 My spirit to an higher pitch doth raise

Probably the Sixth Book was concluded in the first part of the year 1594, just after his long wooing had been crowned with success. In the tenth canto of that book he introduces the lady of his love, and himself 'piping' unto her. In a rarely pleasant place on a fair wooded hill-top Calidore sees the Graces dancing, and Colin Clout piping merrily. With these goddesses is a fourth maid, it is to her alone that Colin pipes —

Pype, jolly shepheard, pype thou now apace
 Unto thy love that made thee low to lout,
 Thy love is present there with thee in place,
 Thy love is there advaunst to be another Grace

Of this fourth maid the poet, after sweetly praising the daughters of sky-ruling Jove, sings in this wise. —

Who can aread what creature mote she bee,
 Whether a creature or a goddesse graced
 With heavenly gifts from heven first enaced?
 But what so sure she was, she worthy was
 To be the fourth with those three other placed,
 Yet was she cer'es but a countrey lasse,
 Yet she all other countrey lasses farre did passe.

So farre as doth the daughter of the day
 All other lesser lights in light excell,
 So farre doth she in beautyfull array
 Above all other lasses beare the bell,
 Ne less in vertue that becoms her well
 Doth she exceede the rest of all her race

The phrase 'country lass' in this rapturous passage has been taken to signify that she to whom it is applied was of mean origin, but it scarcely bears this construction. Probably all that is meant is that her family was not connected with the Court or the Court circle. She was not high-born, but she was not low-born. The final sonnets refer to some malicious reports circulating about him, and to some local separation between the sonneteer and his mistress. This separation was certainly ended in the June following his acceptance—that is, the June of 1594, for in that month, on St Barnabas' day, that is, on the 11th, Spenser was married. This event Spenser celebrates in the finest, the most perfect of all his poems, in the most beautiful of all bridal songs—in his *Epithalamium*. He had many a time sung for others, he now bade the Muses crown their heads with garlands and help him his own love's praises to resound —

So I unto my selfe along will sing,
 The woods shall to me answer, and my echo ring

Then, with the sweetest melody and a refinement and grace incomparable, he sings with a most happy heart of various matters of the marriage day—of his love's waking, of the merry music of the minstrels, of her coming forth in all the pride of her visible

loveliness, of that 'inward beauty of her lively spright' which no eyes can see, of her standing before the altar, her sad eyes still fastened on the ground, of the bringing her home, of the rising of the evening star, and the fair face of the moon looking down on his bliss not unfavourably, as he would hope. The *Amoretti* and *Epithalamium* were registered at the Stationers' Hall on the 10th of November following the marriage. They were published in 1595, Spenser—as appears from the 'Dedication' of them to Sir Robert Needham, written by the printer Ponsoby—being still absent from England.

Meanwhile the poet had been vexed by other troubles besides those of an unrequited passion. Mr Hardiman,* in his *Irish Minstrelsy*, has published three petitions presented in 1593 to the Lord Chancellor of Ireland by Maurice, Lord Roche, Viscount Fermoy, two against 'one Edmond Spenser, gentleman, one against one Joan Ny Callaghan—who is said to act 'by supportation and maintenance of Edmond Spenser, gentleman, a heavy adversary unto your supplicant' 'Where,' runs the first petition, 'one Edmond Spenser, gentleman, hath lately exhibited suit against your supplicant for three ploughlands, parcels of Shrinbillymore (your supplicant's inheritance) before the Vice-president and Council of Munster, which land hath been heretofore decreed for your supplicant against the said Spenser and others under whom he conveyed, and notwithstanding for that the said Spenser, being Clerk of the Council in the said province, and did assign his office unto one Nicholas Curtys among other agreements with covenant that during his life he should be free in the said office for his causes, by occasion of which immunity he doth multiply suits against your supplicant in the said province upon pretended title of others &c.' The third petition averred that 'Edmond Spenser of Kilkolmain, gentleman, hath entered into three ploughlands, parcel of Billingerath, and dispossessed your supplicant thereof, and continueth by countenance and greatness the possession thereof, and maketh great waste of the wood of the said land, and converteth a great deal of corn growing thereupon to his proper use, to the damage of the complainant of two hundred pounds sterling Whereunto,' continues the document, which is preserved in the Original Rolls Office, 'the said Edmond Spenser appearing in person had several days prefixed unto him peremptorily to answer, which he neglected to do.' Therefore 'after 7 day of grace given,' on the 12th of February, 1594, Lord Roche was decreed the possession. Perhaps the absence from his lady love referred to in the concluding sonnets was occasioned by this litigation. Perhaps also the 'false forged lyes'—the malicious reports circulated about him—referred to in Sonnet 85, may have been connected with these appeals against him. It is clear that all his dreams of Faerie did not make him neglectful of his earthly estate. Like Shakspeare, like Scott, Spenser did not cease to be a man of the world—I use the phrase in no unkindly sense—because he was a poet. He was no mere visionary, helpless in the ordinary affairs of life. In the present case it would appear that he was even too keen in looking after his own interests. Professor Craik charitably suggests that his poverty 'rather than rapacity may be supposed to have urged whatever of hardness there was in his proceedings.' It is credible enough that these proceedings made him highly unpopular.

* *Irish Minstrelsy, or, Bardic Remains of Ireland*, by J. Hardiman. London, 1831

with the native inhabitants of the district, and that they were not forgotten when the day of reckoning came 'His name,' says Mr Hardiman, on the authority of *Trotter's Walks in Ireland*,* 'is still remembered in the vicinity of Kilcolman, but the people entertain no sentiments of respect or affection for his memory'

In the same year with the *Amoretti* was published *Colin Clouts Come Home Again*, several additions having been made to the original version

† Probably at the close of this year 1595 Spenser a second time crossed to England, accompanied, it may be supposed, by his wife, carrying with him in manuscript the second three books of his *Faerie Queene*, which, as we have seen, were completed before his marriage, and also a prose work, *A View of the Present State of Ireland* Mr Collier quotes the following entry from the Stationers Register —

20 die Januarii [1595] —Mr Ponsonby Entred &c The Second Part of the Faerie Queene, cont. the 4, 5, and 6 bookes, vjd

This second instalment—which was to be the last—of his great poem was duly published in that year The *View of the Present State of Ireland* was not registered till April 1598, and then only conditionally It was not actually printed till 1633 During his stay in England he wrote the *Hymns to Heavenly Love and Heavenly Beauty*, and the *Prothalamium*, which were to be his last works

More than four years had elapsed since Spenser had last visited London During that period certain memorable works had been produced, the intellectual power of that day had expressed itself in no mean manner When he arrived in London towards the close of the year 1595, he would find Shakspeare splendidly fulfilling the promise of his earlier days, he would find Ben Jonson just becoming known to fame, he would find Bacon already drawing to him the eyes of his time Spenser probably spent the whole of the year 1596, and part of 1597, in England In 1597 appeared, as has already been said, the first part of Hooker's *Ecclesiastical Polity*, and Bacon's *Essays*, and also Jonson's *Every Man in His Own Humour*.

The reigning favourite at this time was the Earl of Essex In 1596 his successful descent upon Cadiz raised him to the zenith of his fame With this nobleman Spenser was on terms of intimacy At his London house in the Strand—a house which had previously been inhabited by Spenser's earlier patron, the Earl of Leicester—it stood where Essex Street now is, and is still represented by the two pillars which stand at the bottom of that street—Spenser no doubt renewed his friendship with Shakspeare This intimacy with Essex, with whatever intellectual advantages it may have been attended, with whatever bright spirits it may have brought Spenser acquainted, probably impeded his prospects of preferment There can be no doubt that one of the motives that brought him to England was a desire to advance his fortunes Camden describes him as always poor His distaste for his residence in Ireland could not but have been aggravated by his recent legal defeat But he looked in vain for further preferment He had fame, and to spare, and this was to suffice It was during this sojourn in England that he spoke of himself, as we have seen, as one

* 'The name and occupation of Spenser is handed down traditionally among them (the Irish), but they seem to entertain no sentiments of respect or affection for his memory, the bard came in rather ungracious times, and the keen recollections of this untutored people are wonderful'—*Trotter's Walks through Ireland in the Years 1812, 1814, and 1817*. London, 1819, p 302

Whom sullen care
Through discontent of my long fruitless stay
In princes court and expectation wayne
Of idle hopes which still doe fly away
Like empty shadows, did afflict my brayne

The publication of the second three books of the *Faerie Queene*, with a re-impression of the first three books, placed him on the highest pinnacle of fame. Its plentiful references to passing events—its adumbrations of the history of the time—however it may be damaging the permanent value of the work from an artistic point of view, increased its immediate popularity. How keenly these references were appreciated appears from the anxiety of the Scotch King to have the poet prosecuted for his picture of Duessa, in whom Mary Queen of Scots was generally recognised. Robert Bowes, the English ambassador in Scotland, writing to Lord Burghley from Edinburgh 12th November, 1596, states that great offence was conceived by the King against Edmund Spenser for publishing in print, in the second part of the *Faerie Queene*, ch. 9, some dishonourable effects, as the King deemed, against himself and his mother deceased. Mr Bowes states that he had satisfied the King as to the privilege under which the book was published, yet he still desired that Edmund Spenser for this fault might be tried and punished. It further appears, from a letter from George Nicolson to Sir Robert Cecil, dated Edinburgh, 25 February, 1597-8, that Walter Quin, an Irishman, was answering Spenser's book, whereat the King was offended.*

The *View of the Present State of Ireland*, written dialogue-wise between Eudoxus and Ireneus, though not printed, as has been said, till 1633, seems to have enjoyed a considerable circulation in a manuscript form. There are manuscript copies of this tractate at Cambridge, at Dublin, at Lambeth, and in the British Museum. It is partly antiquarian, partly descriptive, partly political. It exhibits a profound sense of the unsatisfactory state of the country—a sense which was presently to be justified in a frightful manner. Spenser had not been deaf to the ever-growing murmurs of discontent by which he and his countrymen had been surrounded. He was not in advance of his time in the policy he advocates for the administration of Ireland. He was far from anticipating that policy of conciliation whose triumphant application it may perhaps be the signal honour of our own day to achieve. The measures he proposes are all of a vigorously repressive sort, they are such measures as belong to a military occupancy, not to a statesmanly administration. He urges the stationing numerous garrisons, he is for the abolishing native customs. Such proposals won a not unfavourable hearing at that time. They have been admired many a time since.

It is to this work of Spenser's that Protector Cromwell alludes in a letter to his council in Ireland, in favour of William Spenser, grandson of Edmund Spenser, from whom an estate of lands in the barony of Fermoy, in the county of Cork, descended on him. 'His grandfather,' he writes, 'was that Spenser who, by his writings touching the reduction of the Irish to civility, brought on him the odium of that nation, and for those works and his other good services Queen Elizabeth conferred on him that estate which the said William Spenser now claims'†. This latter statement is

* Cooper's *Athen Cantab*

† See Mr Edwards's *Life of Raleigh*, vol. 1 p. 128

evidently inaccurate Spenser, as we have seen, had already held his estate for some years when he brought his *Vico* to England.

Spenser dates the dedication of his *Hymns* from Greenwich, September 7, 1596. Of these four hymns, two had been in circulation for some years, though now for the first time printed, the other two now first appeared. 'Having in the greener times of my youth,' he writes, 'composed these former two hymnes in the praise of love and beautie, and finding that the same too much pleased those of like age and disposition, which being too vehemently carried with that kind of affection do rather sucke out payem to their strong passion than honey to their honest delight, I was moved by one of you two most excellent ladies [the ladies Margaret, Countess of Cumberland, Mary, Countess of Warwick] to call in the same, but unable so to do, by reason that many copies thereof were formerly scattered abroad, I resolved at least to amend, and by way of restriction to reforme them, making (instead of those two hymnes of earthly or ne wrrill love and beautie) two others of heavenly and celestiall.' This passage is interesting for the illustration it furnishes of Spenser's popularity. It is also highly interesting, if the poems themselves be read in the light of it, as showing the sensitive purity of the poet's nature. It is difficult to conceive how those 'former hymns' should in any moral respect need amending. The moralising and corrective purpose with which the two latter were written perhaps diminished their poetical beauty; but the themes they celebrate are such as Spenser could not but ever descend upon with delight; they were such as were entirely congenial to his spirit. He here set forth certain special teachings of his great master Plato, and abandoned himself to the high spiritual contemplations he loved. But perhaps the finest of these four hymns is the second—that in honour of Beauty. Beauty was indeed the one worship of Spenser's life—not mere material beauty—not 'the goodly hew of white and red with which the cheekes are sprinkled,' or 'the sweete rosy leaves so fairly spread upon the lips,' or 'that golden wave,' or 'those sparkling stars so bright,' but that inner spiritual beauty, of which fair hair and bright eyes are but external expressions.

So every part' as if it were pure
And bathed in it the more of heavenly light,
So is the faire bodye both pure
To habite in, and it more fairlye delight
With chearfull grace and amiable sight,
For of the earth the bodie forme doth take,
For soeth is forme and doth the bodie make

This hymn is one high refined rapture.

Before the close of the year 1596 Spenser wrote and published the *Prothalamion*, or 'A spouse all verse made in honour of the double marriage of the two honourable and virtuous ladies, the lady Elizabeth, and the lady Katherine Somerset, daughters to the right honorable the Earl of Worcester, and espoused to the two worthy gentlemen, M. Henry Gifford and M. William Peter Esquyers.' It was composed after the return of Essex from Spain, for he is introduced in the poem as then residing at his house in the Strand. It is a poem full of grace and beauty, and of much less melodiousness.

This is the last complete poem Spenser wrote. No doubt he entertained the idea of completing his *Faerie Queene*, and perhaps it was after 1590 that he composed the two additional cantos, which are all, so far as is known, that he actually wrote. But the last poem completed and published in his lifetime was the *Prothalamium*.

This second visit to England at last came to an end. It was probably in 1597 that he returned once more to Kilcolman. In the following year he was recommended by her Majesty for Sheriff of Cork. But his residence in Ireland was now to be rudely terminated.

The Irishry had ever since the suppression of Hugh O'Neal's rebellion in 1580, been but waiting for another opportunity to rise. That suppression had not brought pacification in its train. In the autumn of 1598 broke out another of these fearful insurrections, of which the history of English rule in Ireland is mainly composed.

In the September of that year Spenser was at the zenith of his prosperity. In that month arrived the letter recommending his appointment to be Sheriff of Cork. It seems legitimate to connect this mark of royal favour with the fact that at the beginning of the preceding month Lord Burghley had deceased. The great obstructor of the Queen's bounty was removed, and Spenser might hope that now at last, the hour of his prosperity was come. So far as is known, his domestic life was serene and happy. The joys of the husband had been crowned with those of the father. Two sons, as may be gathered from the names given to them—they were christened Sylvanus and Peregrine—had been by this time born to him, according to Sir William Betham who drew up a pedigree of Spenser's family, communicated to the *Gentleman's Magazine* for August 1842, by Mr F. C. Spenser of Halifax, another son and a daughter had been born between the birth of Sylvanus and that of Peregrine. Thus he was at this time the recognised prince of living poets. The early autumn of 1598 saw him in the culminating enjoyment of all these happinesses.

In October the insurgents burst roughly in upon his peace. No doubt his occupation of the old castle of Tyrone had ever been regarded with fierce jealousy. While he had dreamed his dreams and sung his songs in the valley, there had been curses muttered against him from the hills around. At last the day of vengeance came. The outraged natives rushed down upon Kilcolman, the poet and his family barely made their escape, his home was plundered and burned. According to Ben Jonson, in the conversation with Drummond, quoted above, not all his family escaped, one little child, new born, perished in the flames. This fact is, perhaps, scarcely consistent with the computation made from the *Records of Ireland* by Ulster King of Arms of all Ireland, which has just been referred to, and may perhaps be but a popular exaggeration of the calamity that befell Spenser. But, indeed, the fearfulness of this event needs no exaggeration. In profound distress Spenser arrived once more in London. Probably, the hardships and horrors he had undergone completely prostrated him. On January 16, 1599, he died at a tavern in King Street, Westminster. Ben Jonson says, 'he died for lack of bread,' but this must certainly be an exaggeration. No doubt he returned to England 'inops'—in a state of poverty—as Camden says, but it is impossible to believe that he died of starvation. His friend Essex and many another were ready to minister to his necessities if he needed their ministry. Jonson's story is that he 'refused twenty pieces

sent him by my lord Essex, and said he was sure he had no time to spend them.' This story, if it is anything more than a mere vulgar rumour, so far as it shows anything, shows that he was in no such very extreme need of succour. Had his destitution been so complete, he would have accepted the pieces for his family, even though 'he had no time to spend them himself.' It must be remembered that he was still in receipt of a pension from the crown, a pension of no very considerable amount, perhaps, but still large enough to satisfy the pangs of hunger. King Street, Westminster, was then a street of some importance and dignity. But numerous passages might be quoted to show that he died in somewhat straitened circumstances.

It was said, some thirty-four years after Spenser's death, that in his hurried flight from Ireland the remaining six books of the *Faerie Queene* were lost. But it is very unlikely that those books were ever completed*. Perhaps some fragments of them may have perished in the flames at Kilcolman—certainly only two cantos have reached us. These were first printed in 1611, when the first six books were republished. The general testimony of his contemporaries is that his song was broken off in the midst. Says Browne in his *Britannia's Pastorals* (Book ii s. 1) —

So ere he ended his melodious song,
An host of angels flew the clouds among
And rapt his swan from his attentive mates
To make him one of their associates.

One S. A. Colman writes —

If, honour'd Collin, thou hadst lived so long
As to have finished thy Fairy song,
Not only mine but all tongues would confess,
Thou hadst exceeded old Mæonides

He was buried near Chaucer—by his own wish, it is said—in Westminster Abbey, 'poetis funus ducentibus,' with poets following him to the grave—bearing the pall, as we might say—the Earl of Essex furnishing the funeral expenses, according to Camden. It would seem from a passage in Browne's *Britannia's Pastorals* 'that the Queen ordered a monument to be erected over him, but that the money was otherwise appropriated by one of her agents.' The present monument, restored in 1778, was erected by Anne, Countess of Dorset, in 1620.

His widow married again before 1603, as we learn from a petition presented to the Lord Chancellor of Ireland in that year, in which Sylvanus sues to recover from her husband Roger Seckerstone certain documents relating to the paternal estate. Till a very recent time there were descendants of Spenser living in the south of Ireland.

* No doubt he intended to complete his work. See book vi canto v st. 2 :

'When time shall be to tell the same,'

but this time never was

THE FAERIE QVEENE.

DISPOSED INTO TWELUE BOOKS,

FASHIONING

XII MORALL VERTUES.

TO
THE MOST HIGH, MIGHTIE, AND MAGNIFICENT
EMPRESSE,
RENOUMED FOR PIETIE, VERTUE, AND ALL GRATIOVS GOVERNMENT
ELIZABETH,

BY THE GRACE OF GOD,
Queene of England, France, and Ireland, and of Virginia
Defendour of the Faith, &c

HER MOST HUMBLE SERVAUNT
EDMVND SPENSER,

DOTH, IN ALL HUMILITY,
DEDICATE, PRESENT, AND CONSECRATE
THESE HIS LABOVS,
TO LIVE WITH THE FIFTEENTH OF HER REIGNE,¹

¹ In the first edition of 1590 the Dedication was as follows —To the most Mightie and Magnificent Empresse Elizabeth, by the Grace of God Queene of England, France and Ireland Defender of the Faith &c

Her most humble Seruant
ED SPENSER.

A LETTER OF THE AUTHORS,

EXPOUNDING HIS WHOLE INTENTION IN THE COLISE OF THIS WORKE WHICH, FOR
THAT IT GIVETH GREAT LIGHT TO THE READER, FOR THE BETTER
VNDERSTANDING IS HIPELLE TO APPEARE

TO THE RIGHT NOBLE AND VALGROVS

SIR WALTER RALEIGH, KNIGHT,

LORD WARDEIN OF THE STANNISFES, AND HER MAJESTIES LIEFTENAUNT OF THE
COUNTY OF CORNEWAYL

Sir, knowing how doubtfully all Allegories may
be construed, and this booke of mine, which I
have entituled the Faery Queene, being a con-
tinued Allegory or darle conceit, I have thought
good, as well for avoyding of grolous opinions and
misconstructions, as also for you better light in
reading thereof, (being so by you commanded) to
discover unto you the general intention and
meaning, which in the whole course thereof I have
fashioned without expressing of any particular
purposes, or by accidents, therein occasioned
The generall end therefore of all the booke is to
fashion a gentleman or noble person in vertuous
and gentle discipline Which for that I conceived
should be most plausible and pleasing, being
coloured with an historicall fiction, the which the
most part of men delight to read, rather for
variety of matter then for profite of the insample,
I chose the hystorye of King Arthur, as most
fytte for the excellency of his person, being made
famous by many mens former wordes, and also
furthest from the daunger of envy, and suspicion
of present time In which I have followed all
the antique Poets historicall, first Homere, who
in the Person of Agamemnon and Ulysses hath
ensampled a good governour and a vertuous man,
the one in his Iliad, the other in his Odysseys
then Virgil, whose like intention was to doe in
the person of Aeneas after him Ariosto com-
prised them both in his Orlando and lately
Tasso discovered them againe and formed both
parts in two persons, namely that part which
they in Philosophy call Ethice, or vertues of a
private man, coloured in his Rinaldo, the other
named Politice in his Godfredo By ensample
of which excellent Poets, I labour to pourtraict
in Arthur before he was King, the image of a
brave knight, perfected in the twelve private
morall vertues, as Aristotle hath devised, the

which is the purpose of these first twelve bookes
which if I finde to be well accepted, I may be
perhaps encouraged to frame the other part of
politicke vertues in his person after that hee
came to be King

To come, I know, this Methode will seeme
displeasunt, which had rather have good disci-
pline delivered plainly in way of precepts, or
sermoned at large, as they use, then thus cloudily
enwrapped in Allegoricall devises But such
me seeme, should be satisfyde with the use of
these dayes, seeing all things accounted by their
shewes, and nothing esteemed of, that is not
delightfull and pleasing to commune sence For
this cause is Xenophon preferred before Plato,
for that the one, in the exquisite depth of his
judgement, formed a Commune well, such as it
should be, but the other in the person of Cyrus,
and the Persians, fashioned a governement, such
as might best be So much more profitable and
gratious is doctrine by ensample, then by rule
So have I laboured to doe in the person of
Arthur whom I conceive after his long edu-
cation by Timon, to whom he was by Merlin
delivered to be brought up, so soone as he was
borne of the Lady Igraine to have seene in a
dream or vision the Faery Queene, with whose
excellent beauty ravished, he awaking resolved
to seeke her out, and so being by Merlin armed,
and by Timon thoroughly instructed, he went to
seeke her forth in Iuery land In that Faery
Queene I meane glory in my generall intention,
but in my particular I conceive the most excellent
and glorious person of our soveraine the Queene,
and her kingdome in Iuery land And yet, in
some places, as, I doe otherwise shadow her For
considering she beareth two persons, the one of a
most royall Queene or Emperesse, the other of a
most vertuous and beautifull Lady, this latter

part in some places I doe expresse in Belphebe, fashioning her name according to your owne excellent concept of *Cynthia*, (*Phæbe* and *Cynthia* being both names of *Diana*) So in the person of *Prince Arthure* I sette forth magnificence in particular, which vertue, for that (according to *Aristotle* and the rest) it is the perfection of all the rest, and containeth it in them all, therefore in the whole course I mention the deedes of *Arthure* applyable to that vertue, which I write of in that booke But of the xii other vertues, I make xii other knights the patrones, for the more variety of the history Of which these three bookes contain three

The first of the knight of the Redcrosse, in whome I expresse *Holynes* The seconde of *Sir Guyon*, in whome I sette forth *Temperance* The third of *Britomartis*, a Lady Knight, in whome I picture *Chastity* But, because the beginning of the whole worke seemeth abrupte, and as depending upon other antecedents, it needs that ye know the occasion of these three knights severall adventures For the Methode of a Poet historica is not such, as of an Historiographer For an Historiographer discourseth of affaires orderly as they were donne, accounting as well the times as the actions, but a Poet thrusteth into the midst, even where it most concerneth him, and there recourring to the things forepast, and dividing of things to come, maketh a pleasing Analysis of all

The beginning therefore of my history, if it were to be told by an Historiographer should be the twelfth booke which is the last, where I devise that the Faery Queene kept her Annuall feaste xii dayes, upon which xii severall dayes, the occasions of the xii severall adventures hapned, which, being undertaken by xii severall knights, are in these xii bookes severally handled and discoursed The first was this In the beginning of the feaste, there presented him selfe a tall clownish young man, who falling before the Queene of Faeries desired a boone (as the manner then was) which during that feaste she might not refuse, which was that hee might have the achievement of any adventure, which during that feaste should happen that being granted, he rested him on the flore, unfitte through his rusticity for a better place Soone after entred a faire Ladye in mourning weeds, riding on a white Asse, with a dwarf behind her leading a warlike steed, that bore the Armes of a knight, and his speare in the dwarfs hand Shee, falling before the Queene of Faeries, complained that her futher and mother, an ancient King and Queene, had bene by an huge dragon many years shut up in a brassen Castle, who thence suffered them not to yssue, and therefore besought the

Faery Queene to assigne her some one of her knights to take on him that exploit Presently that clownish person, upstartling, desired that adventure whereat the Queene much wondering, and the Lady much guesaying, yet he earnestly importuned his desire In the end the Lady told him, that unless that armour which she brought, would serve him (that is, the armour of a Christian man specified by *Saint Paul*, vi *Ephes*) that he could not succeed in that enterprise, which being forthwith put upon him, with deere furnitures therunto, he seemed the goodliest man in all that company, and as well liked of the Lady And esewones taking on him knighthood, and mounting on that strange Courser, he went forth with her on that adventure where bequinneth the first booke, viz

A gentle knight was pricking on the playne &c

The second day ther came in a Palmer, bearing an Infant with bloody hands, whose Parents he complained to have bene slayn by an Enchaunteresse called *Acrasia*, and therefore craved of the Faery Queene, to appoint him some knight to performe that adventure, which being assigned to *Sir Guyon*, he presently went forth with that same Palmer which is the beginning of the second booke, and the whole subject thereof The third day there came in a Grooms, who complained before the Faery Queene, that a vile Enchaunter, called *Biswaxe*, had in hand a most faire Lady, called *Amoretta*, whom he kept in most grievous torment, because she would not yield him the pleasure of her body Whereupon *Sir Scudamour*, the lover of that Lady, presently tooke on him that adventure But being unable to performe it by reason of the hard Enchantments, after long sorrow, in the end met with *Britomartis*, who succoured him, and rescued his love

But by occasion hereof many other adventures are intermeddled, but rather as Accidents then intentions As the love of *Britomart*, the overthrow of *Marmell*, the misery of *Flormell*, the vertuousnes of *Belphebe*, the lasciviousnes of *Hellenora*, and many the like

Thus much, Sir, I have briefly overronne to direct your understanding to the wel-head of the History, that from thence gathering the whole intention of the conceit, ye may as in a handfull gripe of the discourse, which otherwise may happily seeme tedious and confused So, humbly craving the continuance of your honorable favour towards me, and th' eternall establishment of your happiness, I humbly take leave.

23 January 1589,
Yours most humbly affectionate,
Ed Snenser

VERSES ADDRESSED TO THE AUTHOR.

A Vision upon this concept of the Faery Queene

Me thought I saw the grave where Laura lay,
Within that Temple where the vestall flame
Was wont to burne, and passing by that way
To see that builed dust of living fame,
Whose tombe faire love, and faire vertue kept,
All suddenly I saw the Faery Queene
At whose approach the soule of Petrarke wept,
And from thenceforth those graces were not scene,
For they this Queene attended, in whose steed
Oblivion laid him downe on Lauras herse
Hereat the hardest stones were scene to bleed,
And grones of buried ghostes the heavens did perse
Where Homers spright did tremble all for griefe,
And curst th' accesse of that celestiall theife

Another of the same

The prayse of meane wits this worke like profit
brings, [sings
As doth the Cuckoes song delight when Philumena
If thou hast formed right true vertues face herein,
Vertue her selfe can best discerne to whom they
written bin [divine
If thou hast beauty prayd, let her sole lookes
Judge if ought therein be amiss, and mend it by
her eare
If Chastitie want ought, or Temperance her dew,
Behold thy Princely mind aright, and write thy
Queene anew
Meane while she shall perceive, how far her vertues
sore [of more
Above the reach of all that live, or such as wrote
And thereby will excuse and favour thy good will,
Whose vertue can not be exprest, but by an Angels
quill
Of me no lines are lov'd, nor letters are of price,
Of all which speak our English tongue, but those
of thy device

W R

To the learned Shepheard

Collyn, I see, by thy new taken taske,
Some sacred fury hath enricht thy braynes
That leades thy muse in haughty verse to maske,
And loath the layes that longs to lowly swaynes,
That lifts thy notes from Shepherdes unto kinges
So like the lively Lark that mounting sings

Thy lovely Rosolinde seemes now forlorne,
And all thy gentle flockes forgotten quight
Thy chaunged hart now holdes thy pypes in scoine,
Those pretty pypes that did thy mates delight,
Those trusty mates, that loved thee so well,
Whom thou gav'st mirth, as they gave thee the bell

Yet, as thou earst with thy sweete roundelayes
Didst starre to glee our laddes in homely bowers,
So moughtst thou now in these refyned layes
Delight the dantie cares of higher powers
And so mought they, in their deepe skanning skill,
Alow and grace our Collyns flowing quyll

And faire befall that *Faery Queene* of thine,
In whose faire eyes love linckt with vertue sittes,
Enfusing, by those bewties fyers devvyne,
Such high concertes into thy humble wittes,
As raised hath poore pastors oaten reedes
From iustick tunes, to chaunt heroique deedes

So mought thy *Redcosse knight* with happy hand
Victorious be in that faire Ilands right,
Which thou dost vayne in Type of Faery land,
Elizas blessed field, that *Albion* hight [foes,
That shielde her friendes, and warres her mightie
Yet still with people, peace, and plentie flows

But (jolly shepheard) though with pleasing style
Thou feast the humour of the Courtly trayne,
Let not conceipt thy settled sence beguile,
Ne daunted be through envy or disdain
Subject thy dome to her Empryng spright, [light
From whence thy Muse, and all the world, take
HOMER.

Fayre Thamis streame, that from Ludds stately
towne

Runst paying tribute to the Ocean sers,
Let all thy Nymphes and Syrens of renowne
Be silent, while this Brytane Orpheus playes
Nere thy sweet bankes there lives that sacred
croune,

Whose hand strowes Palme and never dying bayes
Let all at once, with thy soft murmuring sowne,
Present her with this worthy Poets prayes,
For he hath taught hye drifts in shepherdes weedes,
And deepe concertes now sings in *Faeries* deedes

R S

Grave Muses, march in triumph and with prayers,
 Our Goddess here hath given you leave to land,
 And biddes this rare dispenser of your graces
 Bow downe his brow unto her sacred hand
 Deserte findes dew in that most princely doome,
 In whose sweete brest are all the Muses bredde
 So did that great Augustus erst in Roome
 With leaues of fame adorne his Poets hedde
 Faire be the guerdon of your *Faery Queene*,
 Even of the fairest that the world hath seene!

H B

When stont Achilles heard of Helens rape,
 And what revenge the States of Greece desired,
 Thinking by sleight the fatall warres to scape
 In womans weedes him selfe he then disguisde,
 But this deuile Ulysses soone did spy,
 And brought him forth the chaunce of warre to try

When Spencer saw the fame was spredd so large,
 Through Faery land, of their renowned Queene,
 Loth that his Muse should take so great a charge,
 As in such haughty matter to be seene,
 To seeme a shepheard then he made his choise,
 But Sydney heard him sing and knew his voice

And as Ulysses brought faire Thetis soone
 From his retired life to menage armes,
 So Spencer was by Sidney's speeches wonne
 To blaze her fame not fearing future harmes
 For well he knew, his Muse would soone be tried
 In her high praise, that all the world admired

Yet as Achilles, in those warlike frayes,
 Did win the palme from all the Grecian Peeres,
 So Spencer now to his immortall prayse
 Hath wonne the Laurel quite from all his feres

What though his ta-ke exceed a humane witt,
 He is excus'd, sith Sidney thought it fitt

W L

To looke upon a worke of rare deuise
 Tho which a workman setteth out to view,
 And not to yield it the deserved price
 That unto such a workmanship is dew,
 Doth either prove the iudgement to be naught,
 Or els doth shew a mind with enuy fraught

To labour to commend a peece of worke,
 Which no man goes about to commend
 Would raise a jealous doubt, that there did lurke
 Some secret doubt whereto the prayse did tend,
 For when men know the goodnes of the wyne,
 'Tis needlesse for the host to haue a sygne.

Thus then, to shew my iudgement to be such
 As can discerne of colours blacke and white,
 As alls to free my minde from enuies tuch,
 That never liues to any man his right,
 I here pronounce this workmanship is such
 As that no pen can set it forth too much

And thus I hang a garland at the dore,
 Not for to shew the goodness of the ware,
 But such hath bene the custome heretofore,
 And customes very hardly broken are,
 And when your test shall tell you this is trow,
 Then looke you give your host his utmost deu

I G V O T O

VERSES

ADDRESS'D, BY THE AUTHOR OF THE FAIRIE QUEENE, TO VARIOUS NOBLEMEN, &C.

To the Right honourable Sir Christopher Hatton, Lord high Chauncelor of England, &c.

Those prudent heads, that with their counsels
wise

Whylom the pillours of th' earth did sustaine,
And taught ambitious Rome to tyrannise
And in the neck of all the world to rayne,
Oft from those grave affaires were wont abstaine,

With the sweet Lady Muses for to play
So Ennius the elder Africane,
So Maro oft did Cæsars cares allay. [sway
So you, great Lord, that with your counsell
The burdeine of this kingdom mightily,
With like delightes sometimes may eke delay
The rugged brow of carefull Policy,
And to these ydle rymes lend litle space,
Which for their titles sake may find more grace.

To the most honourable and excellent Lord the Earle of Essex Great Maister of the Horse to her Highnesse, and knight of the Noble order of the Garter, &c

Magnificke Lord, whose vertues excellent,
Doe merit a most famous Poets witt
To be thy living praises instrument,
Yet doe not sdeigne to let thy name be writt
In this base Poeme, for thee far unfit
Nought is thy worth disparaged thereby;
But when my Muse, whose fethers, nothing
flitt,

Doe yet but flagg, and lowly learne to fly,
With bolder wing shall dare alofte to sty
To the last praises of this Faery Queene,
Then shall it make more famous memory
Of thine Heroicke parts, such as they beene
Till then, vouchsafe thy noble countenance
To these first labours needed furtheraunce

To the Right Honourable the Earle of Oxford, Lord high Chamberlayne of England, &c

Receive, most Noble Lord, in gentle gree,
The unripe fruit of an unready wit,
Which by thy countenance doth crave to
bee

Defended from foule Envies poisonous bit.
Which so to doe may thee right well besitt,
Sith th' antique glory of thine auncestry
Under a shady velle is therein writ,
And eke thine owne long living memory,
Succeeding them in true nobility
And also for the love which thou doest beare
To th' Heliconian ymps, and they to thee,
They unto thee, and thou to them, most
deare

Deare as thou art unto thy selfe, so love
That loves and honours thee, as doth behove.

To the right honourable the Earle of Northumberland

The sacred Muses have made alwaies clame
To be the Nourses of nobility,
And Registres of everlasting fame,
To all that armes professe and chevalry.

Then, by like right the noble Progeny,
Which them succeed in fame and worth, are
tyde

T' embrace the service of sweete Poetry,
By whose endevours they are glorified,
And eke from all, of whom it is envide,
To patronize the authour of their praise,
Which gives them life, that els would soone
have dide,

And crownes their ashes with immortall baies
To thee, therefore, right noble Lord, I send
This present of my paunes, it to defend

To the right Honourable the Earle of
Ormond and Ossory

Receive, most noble Lord, a simple taste
Of the wilde fruit which salvage soyl hath
bred,

Which, being through long wars left almost
With brutish barbarisme is overspred
And, in so faire a land as may be redd,
Not one Parnassus nor one Hellicone,
Left for sweete Muses to be harboured
But where thy selfe hast thy brave man
sione

There in deede, dwell faire Graces many one
And gentle Nymphes, delights of learned
And in thy person, without paragone,
All goodly bountie and true honour sit
Such, therefore, as that wasted soyl doth yield,
Receive, dear Lord, in worth, the fruit of bar
ren field

To the right honourable the Lord Ch. Howard,
Lord high Admiral of England, Knight of
the noble order of the Garter, and one of
her Majesties privie Counsell, &c

And ye, brave Lord, whose goodly personage
And noble deeds, each other grarnishing,
Take you example to the present age
Of th' old Heroes whose famous offspring
The antique Poets wont so much to sing,
In this same Pageant have a worthy place,
Sith those huge castles of Castilian King
That vainly threatned kingdomes to displace
Like flying doves ye did before you chace,
And that proud people, woxen insolent
Through many victories, didst first deface
Thy praises everlasting monument
Is in this verse engraven semblably,
That it may live to all posterity

To the most renowned and valiant Lord the
Lord Grey of Wilton Knight of the Noble
order of the Garter, &c

Most Noble Lord, the pillor of my life,
And Patrone of my Muses pupillage,
Through whose large bountie, poured on me
In the first season of my feeble age, [rise
I now doe live, bound yours by vassillage
Sith nothing ever may redeeme, nor reave
Out of your endlesse debt, so sure a gage,
Vouchsafe in worth this small guilt to re
ceive,

Which in your noble hands for pledge I leave
Of all the rest that I am fidele to account
Rude rymes, the which a rustick Muse did
weave
In savadge soyle, far from Parnasso Mount,

And roughly wrought in an unlearned loone
The which vouchsafe, dear Lord, your favour to
doome

To the right noble and valiant knight,
Sir Walter Raleigh Lord Warden of the
Stanneries, and Justicerunt of Cornwall

To thee, that art the commoners Nightingale,
Thy sovaine Goddesses most devoutly call
Why dost I send this rusticke Madrigale
That may thy tunefull care unseason quie
Thou orlest fit this Argument to write
In whose high thoughts Pleasure hath built
her bow
And drums love leard sweetly to enllie
My rimes I know an atory as I were,
To taste the streames that like golfe showre,
I flow from thy fruitful heart, of thy love
praise.

Titter, perhaps, to the old Marshall etc etc,
When so thee list thy lofty Muse to raise
Yet, till that thou thy Poeme wilt make knowne,
Let thy faire Cynthiaes praises be thus ruled
showne.

To the right honourable the Lord Burleigh,
Lord high Treasurer of the land

To you, right noble Lord, who carefull heart
To menage of most grave affairs is bent
And on whose mightie should as most do be
rest
The burden of this kingdomes government,
As the wide compass of the firmament
On Atlas mightie shoulders is up-tavell,
I useth I these velle rimes present,
The labor of lost time and not untayd
Yet if their deeper sense be fully waid
And the dum vele, with which from com
mune view

Their finer parts are hid a while be hid
Perhaps not vaine they may appere to you
Such as they be, vouchsafe them to receive,
And wipe their faults out of your censure grave
18

To the right honourable the Earle of Cam
berland

Redoubted Lord, in whose corrigious mind
The flower of chevalry now blooming faire,
Doth promise fruite worthy the noble kind
Which of their praises have left you the
harm,

To you this humble present I prepare,
For love of vertue and of Martiall praise,
To which though noble ye inclined are,
As goodlie well ye shew d in late assays.

Let brave ensample of long passed daies,
In which trew honor ye may fashioned see,
To like desire of honor may ye raise,
And fill your mind with magnanimitiee.
Receive it, Lord, therefore, as it was ment,
For honor of your name and high descent

E S

To the right honourable the Lord of Hunsdon, high Chamberlaine to her Majesty

Renowned Lord, that, for your worthnesse
And noble deeds, have your deserved place
High in the favour of that Emperesse,
The worlds sole glory and her sexes grace
Here eke of right have you a worthie place,
Both for your nearnes to that Faerie Queene
And for your owne high merit in like crce
Of which, apparaunt prooffe was to be seene,
When that tumultuous rage and fearfull deene
Of Northerne rebels ye did pacify,
And their disloyall powre defaced cleene,
The record of enduring memory
Live, Lord, for ever in this lasting verse,
That all posteritie thy honor may reherse

E S

To the right honourable the Lord of Buckhurst, one of her Majesties privie Counsell

In vaine I thinke, right honourable Lord,
By this rude rime to memorize thy name,
Whose learned Muse hath writ hei owne record
In golden verse, worthy immortal fame
Thou much more fit (were leasure to the same)
Thy gracious Soveraimes praises to compile,
And hei imperiall Majestie to frame
In loftie numbers and heroicke stile
But, sith thou maist not so, give leave a while
To baser wit his power therein to spend,
Whose grosse defaults thy dauntie pen may
And unadvised oversights amend [file,
But evermore vouchsafe it to maintaine
Against vile Zouls backbitings vaine

To the right honourable Sir Fr Walsingham, knight, principall Secretary to her Majesty, and one of her honourable privie Counsell.

That Mantuane Poetes incompared spirit,
Whose gairland now is set in highest place,
Had not Mecenas, for his worthy merit,
It first advaunst to great Augustus grace,
Might long perhaps have lien in silence buce,
Nebeneso much admir'd of later age [trace,
This lowly Muse, that learns like steps to
Fhes for like aide unto your Patronage,

That are the great Mecenas of this age,
As wel to al that civil artes professe,
As those that are inspir'd with Martiall age,
And craves protection of her feeblennesse
Which if ye yield, perhaps ye may her rayse
In bigger tunes to sound your living prayse.

E S

To the right noble Lord and most valiaunt Capitaine, Sir John Norris, knight, Lord president of Mounster

Who ever gave more honourable prize
To the sweet Muse then did the Martiall crew,
That their brave deeds she might immortalize
In her shrill tromp, and sound their praises
dew?

Who then ought more to favour her then you,
Moste noble Lord, the honor of this age,
And Pecedent of all that armes ensue?
Whose warlike prowesse and manly courage,
Temperd with reason and advizement sage,
Hathild sad Belgicke with victorious spoile,
In Fraunce and Ireland left a famous gage,
And lately shakt the Lusitanian soile [fame,
Sith, then, each where thou hast dispredd thy
Love him that hath eternized your name

E S

To the right honourable and most vertuous Lady the Countesse of Penbroke

Remembraunce of that most Heroicke spirit,
The bevers pride, the glory of our daies,
Which now triumpheth, through immortal
merit

Of his brave vertues, crownnd with lasting
Of hevenlie blis and everlasting praies, [baies
Who first my Muse did list out of the flore,
To sing his sweet delights in lowlie laies,
Bids me, most noble Lady, to adore

His goodly image, living evermore
In the divine resemblance of your face,
Which with your vertues ye embellish more,
And native beauty deck with hevenlie
grace

For his, and for your owne especial sake,
Vouchsafe from him this token in good worth
to take

E S

To the most vertuous and beautiful Lady, the Lady Carew

Ne may I, without blot of endlesse blame,
You, fairest Lady, leave out of this place,
But with remembraunce of your gracious
name, [grace
Wherewith that courtly gairland most ye

And deck the world adorn these verses best.

Not that these few lines can in them com-
pense

Those glorious ornaments of heavenly grace,
Wherewith ye triumph over feeble we,
And in subdued harts do tyrannise

I or thereunto doth need a golden quill,
And silver leaves, them rightly to devise,
But to make humble present of good will
Which, when as timely meanes it pur base may,
In ampler wise it selfe will forth display

T S

*To all the gracions and beautifull Ladies in
the Court*

The Chuan Painter, when he was requirde
To pourtraict Venus in her perfect beaw,

To make his worke more absolute, desired
Of all the fairest Maides to have the
Much more he needed, to draw the semblant
trew

On beautes Queen, the worlds sole wonder-
ment,

To shew his grace with sundre beauties,
And steale from each some part of ornament
If all the world to seeke I overwent,

A faire crew yet no where could I see
Then this brave court doth to mine eye
present,

That the worlds pride seemes gathered there
On each a part I stol by cunning theft,
Forgive it me, sure Dames with leave ye have
not left

L S.

THE FIRST BOOK
OF
THE FAERIE QUEENE

CONTAYNING THE LEGEND OF THE KNIGHT, OF THE RED CROSSE, OF HOLINESSE

I

Lo! I, the man whose Muse whylome did
maske,
As time her taught, in lowly Shepherds weeds,
Am now enforst, a farre unhittier taske,
For trumpets sterne to chaunge mine Oaten
reeds,
And sing of Knights and Ladies gentle deeds,
Whose praises having slept in silence long,
Me, all too meane, the sacred Muse awakes
To blazon broad eamongst her learned throng
Fierce warres and faithfull loves shall moralize
my song

II

Helpe then, O holy virgin! chiefe of myne,
Thy weaker Norrice to performe thy will,
Lay forth out of thine everlasting scryne
The antique rolles, which there lye hidden still,
Of Faerie knights, and sayrest Tamaquill,
Whom that most noble Briton Prince so long
Sought through the world, and suffered so
much ill,
That I must rue his undeserved wrong
O, helpe thou my weake wit, and sharpen my
dull tong!

III

And thou, most dreaded empe of highest
Jove,
Faie Venus sonne, that with thy cruell dart
At that good knight so cunningly didst rove,
That glorious fire it kindled in his hart,
Lay now thy deadly Heben bowe apart,
And with thy mother mylde come to mine
ayde,
Come, both, and with you bring triumphant
In loves and gentle jollities arraid,
After his murderous spoyle and bloudie rage

IV

And with them eke O Goddesse heavenly
Mirrour of grace and Majestic divine, [bright]
Great Ladie of the greatest Isle, whose light
Like Phoebus lampe throughout the world doth
shine,
Shed thy faire beames into my feeble eyne,
And raise my thoughtes, too humble and too
vile,
To thinke of that true glorious type of thine,
The argument of mine afflicted stile
The which to heare vouchsafe, O dearest dread,
a-while!

CANTO I

The Patrone of true Holinesse
Foule Errour doth defeat
Hypocrisie, him to entrappe,
Doth to his home entreate

I

A GENTLE Knight was pricking on the
plane,
Ycladd in mightie armes and silver shielde,
Wherein od dunts of deepe woundes did re-
maine,
The cruell markes of many a bloody field,

Yet armes tall that time did he never wield
His angry steede did chide his foming batt,
As much disdainng to the curbe to yield
Full jolly knight he seemd, and faire did sit,
As one for knightly gusts and fierce encounters
fitt

II

And on his brest a bloodie Crosse he bore,
The deare remembrance of his dying Lord,
For whose sweete sake that glorious badge he
And dead, is living, ever him ador'd [wore,
Upon his shield the like was also scord,
For soveraine hope which in his helpe he had
Right faithfull true he was in deede and word,
But of his cheere did seeme too solemne sad,
Yet nothing did he dread, but ever was ydrad

III

Upon a greit adventure he was bond
That greatest Gloriana to him gave,
(That greatest Glorious Queene of Faery lond)
To winne him worshippe, and her grace to have,
Whiche of all earthly thinges he most did crave
And ever as he rode his hart did carue
To prove his puiſſance in battell brave
Upon his foe, and his new force to learne,
Upon his foe, a Dragon horrible and sterne

IV

A lovely Ladie rode him faire beside,
Upon a lowly Asse more white then snow,
Yet she much whiter, but the same did hide
Under a veile, that wrimpled was full low,
And over all a blacke stole shee did throw
As one that nily mournd, so was she sad.
And heavie sate upon her palfrey slow,
Seemed in heart some hidden care she had,
And by her, in a line, a milkewhite lambe she
lad

So pure and innocent, as that same lambe,
She was in life and every vertuous lore,
And by descent from Royall lynage came
Of ancient Kings and Queenes, that had of
ore

Their scepters stretcht from East to Western
shore,

And all the world in their subjection held,
Till that infernall seed with foule uprore
Forwasted all their land, and them expeld,
Whom to avenge she had this Knight from far
compeld.

Behind her farre away a Dwarfie did lag,
That lasie seemd, in being ever last,
Or wearied with bearing of her bag
Of needments at his bricke Thus as they past,
The day with cloudes was suddene overcast,
And angry Jove an hideous storme of raine
Did poure into his Lemins lap so fast,
That everie wight to shrowd it did constrain,
And this faire couple eke to shroud themselves
were fain

V

Unforst to seeke some covert nigh at hand
A shadie grove not far away they spyde,
That promist ayde the tempest to withstand,
Whose lustie trees, ychd with sommers pride,
Did spread so broad, that heavens light did hide,
Not perceivable with power of any starr
And all within were pathes and alleres wide,
With footing worne, and leading inward far
Faure harbour that them seeme so in they
entred ar

VI

And forth they passe, with pleasure forward
led,
Joying to heare the birdes sweete harmony,
Which, therein shrouded from the tempest dreed,
Seemd in their song to scorne the cruell sky
Much can they praise the trees so straight and
hr,
The sayling Pine the Cedar proud and tall,
The vine-propp Elme, the Poplar never dry,
The buelder Oke, sole king of forests all,
The Aspine good for staves, the Cypress
funerall,

VII

The Laurell, meed of mightie Conquerours
And Poets sage, the Firre that weepeth still
The Willow, worne of forlorne Paramours,
The Eugh, obedient to the benders will,
The Birch for shifles, the Sallow for the mill,
The Mirrhesweete-bleeding in the bitter wound,
The warlike Beech, the Ash for nothing ill,
The fruitfull Olive, and the Platane round,
The carver Holme, the Maple seeddom inward
sound

VIII

Led with delight, they thus beguile the way,
Untill the blustering storme is overblowne,
When, weening to returne whence they did
stray,
They cannot finde that path which first was
[showne,
But wander too and fro in waies unknowne,
Furthest from end then, when they nearest
weene,
[owne
That makes them doubt their wits be not their
So many pathes, so many turnings scene
That which of them to take in diverse doubt
they been

IX

At last resolving forward still to fare,
Till that some end they finde, or in or out,
That path they take that beaten seemd most
And like to lead the lab'ruth about, [bare,
Which when by tract they hunted had through-
out,
At length it brought them to a hollowe cave
Amid the thickest woods The Champion stont

Eftsoones dismounted from his courser brave,
And to the Dwarfes a while his needlesse spere
he gave

XII

'Be well aware,' quoth then that Ladie milde,
'Least suddaine mischiefe ye too rash provoke
The danger lud, the place unknowne and wilde,
Breedes dreadfull doubt: Oft fire is without
smoke,

And perill without show therefore your stroke,
Sir Knight, with-hold, till further tryall made'
'Ah Ladie,' (sayd he) 'shame were to revoke
The forward footing for an hidden shade
Vertue gives her selfe light through darknesse
for to wade' *90. bars.*

XIII

'Yea but' (quoth she) 'the perill of this place
I better wot then you. though nowe too late
To wish you backe returne with foule disgrace,
Yet wisdomes warnes, whilst foot is in the gate,
To stay the steppe, ere forced to retrate
This is the wandring wood, this Errours den,
A monster vile, whom God and man does hate
Therefore I reid be ware.' 'Fly, fly' (quoth then
The fearefull Dwarfes) 'this is no place for living
men'

XIV

But, full of fire and greedy hardiment,
The youthfull Knight could not for ought be
But forth unto the darksome hole he went, [staide,
And looked in his glistering armor made
A little glooming light, much like a shade,
By which he saw the ugly monster plaine,
Halfe like a serpent horribly displaide,
But th'other halfe did womans shape retaine,
Most lothisom, filthy, foule, and full of vile
disdaine.

XV

And, as she lay upon the durty ground,
Her huge long taile her den all overspred,
Yet was in knots and many boughtes upwound,
Pointed with mortall sting Of her there bred
A thousand yong ones, which she dayly fed,
Sucking upon her poisonous dugs, each one
Of sundrie shapes, yet all ill-favored
Soone as that uncouth light upon them shone,
Into her mouth they crept, and suddain all were
gone

XVI

Their dam upstart out of her den effraide,
And rushed forth, hylling her hideous taile
About her cursed head, whose folds displaid
Were stretcht now forth at length without en-
traile *twel.*
She lookt about, and seeing one in mayle,
Armed to point, sought backe to turne againe,
For light she hated as the deadly baite,

6. 1. 2. 3. 4. 5. 6. 7. 8. 9. 10. 11. 12. 13. 14. 15. 16. 17. 18. 19. 20. 21. 22. 23. 24. 25. 26. 27. 28. 29. 30. 31. 32. 33. 34. 35. 36. 37. 38. 39. 40. 41. 42. 43. 44. 45. 46. 47. 48. 49. 50. 51. 52. 53. 54. 55. 56. 57. 58. 59. 60. 61. 62. 63. 64. 65. 66. 67. 68. 69. 70. 71. 72. 73. 74. 75. 76. 77. 78. 79. 80. 81. 82. 83. 84. 85. 86. 87. 88. 89. 90. 91. 92. 93. 94. 95. 96. 97. 98. 99. 100.

Ay wont in desert darknes to remaine,
Where plain none might her see, nor she see
any plaine

XVII

Which when the valiant Elfe perceiv'd, he leapt
As Lyon fierce upon the flying pray,
And with his trenchard blade her boldly kept
From turning backe, and forced her to stay
I herewith enrag'd she loudly gan to bray,
And turning fierce her speckled taile advaunst,
Threatning her angrie sting, him to dismay
Who, nought aglast, his mightie hand en-
haunst *der glänst*
The stroke down from her head unto her shoul-

XVIII

Much daunted with that dint her sence was
dard,
Yet kindling rage her selfe she gathered round,
And all attonce her beastly bodie raizd
With doubled forces high above the ground
Tho, wrapping up her wretched sterne arownd,
Lept fierce upon his shield, and her huge traine
All suddenly about his body wound,
That hand or foot to stirr he strove in vaine.
God helpe the man so wrapt in Errours end-
lesse traine'

XIX

His Lady, sad to see his sore constraint,
Cride out, 'Now, now, Sir Knight, shew what
ye bee,
Add faith unto your force, and be not faint
Strangle her, els she sure will strangle thee'
That when he heard, in great perplexite,
His fall did grate for griefe and hugh disdaine,
And, knitting all his force, got one hand free,
Wherewith he grypt her gorge with so great
paine, [constraine
That soone to loose her wicked bands did he

XX

Therewith she spewd out of her filthy maw
A flood of poyson horrible and blacke, *her*
Full of great lumps of flesh and gobbets raw,
Which stunk so vildly, that it forst him
shcke *betwixt* [backe
His grasping hold, and from her turne him
Her vomit full of bookes and papers was,
With loathly frogs and toades, which eyes did
lacke, *blaine*
And creeping sought way in the weedy gras
Her filthy painbreake all the place defiled has
6. 1. 2. 3. 4. 5. 6. 7. 8. 9. 10. 11. 12. 13. 14. 15. 16. 17. 18. 19. 20. 21. 22. 23. 24. 25. 26. 27. 28. 29. 30. 31. 32. 33. 34. 35. 36. 37. 38. 39. 40. 41. 42. 43. 44. 45. 46. 47. 48. 49. 50. 51. 52. 53. 54. 55. 56. 57. 58. 59. 60. 61. 62. 63. 64. 65. 66. 67. 68. 69. 70. 71. 72. 73. 74. 75. 76. 77. 78. 79. 80. 81. 82. 83. 84. 85. 86. 87. 88. 89. 90. 91. 92. 93. 94. 95. 96. 97. 98. 99. 100.

XXI

As when old father Nilus gums to swell
With timely pride above the Aegyptian vale,
His fatte waves doe fertile slime outwell,
And overflow each plaine and lowly dale

But, when his later spring gins to wale,
Huge heapes of mudd he leaves, wherein there
breed

Ten thousand kindes of creatures, partly male
And partly femall, of his fruitfull seed,
Such ugly monstrous shapes elswher may no
man reed

XXXII

The same so sore annoyed has the knight,
That, welough choked with the deadly stinke
His forces faile, he can no longer fight
Whose corage when the second perceivd to
shrinke

She pourd forth out of her hellish sinke
Her fruitfull cursed spawn of serpents small
Deformed monsters, foule and blacke as inke
Which surroundz all about his legs did crall,
And him encombred sore, but could not hurt
at all

XXXIII

As gentle shepherd in sweete eyentide,
When ruddy Phœbus gins to welke in west,
High on an hill, his flocks to viewen wide,
Markes which doe bite their hasty supper
best,

A cloud of cumbrous gratter doe him molest,
All striving to insixe their feeble stuges,
That from their noyance he no where can rest,
But with his clownish hands their tender wings
He bruseth oft, and oft doth mar their mur-
muring

XXXIV

Thus ill bestedd, and fearefull more of shame
Then of the certene perill he stood in,
Halfe furious wth his foe he came,
Resolv'd in minde all suddenly to win
Or soone to lose, before he once would lin,
And stroke at her with more then manly force,
That from her body, full of sithie sin,
He rapt her hatefull herde without remorse
A streame of cole-black blood forth gushed
from her corse

XXXV

Her scattered brood, soone as their Parent
deare

They ran so rudely falling to the ground,
Groning full deadly, all with troublous feere
Gatherd themselves about her body round,
Weening their wonted entrance to have found
At her wide mouth, but being there withstood,
They flocked all about her bleeding wound,
And sucked up their dying mothers blond,
Making her death their life, and eke her hurt
their good.

XXXVI

That detestable sight him much amaze,
To see th' unkindly Impes, of heaven accurst
Devoure their dam, on whom whileso he gazd,
Havng all entiside their bloody thurst,
Their bellies swolne he saw with fulcres burst,
And bowels gushing forth well worthy end
Of such a drunke her life the which them nursd
Now needeth him no longer labour spend,
His foes have slaine themselves with whom he
should contend

XXXVII

His Lady, seeing all that chaunst from farre,
Approch in hast to greet his victorie, [starre,
And saide, ' faire knight, borne under happy
Who see your vanquisht foes before you lie,
Well worthie be you of that Armory,
Wherein we have great glory wonne this day,
And prov'd your strength on a strong enimie,
Your first adventur many such I pray,
And henceforth ever wish that like succeed it
may

XXXVIII

Then mountd he upon his Steede againe,
And with the Lady backward sought to wend
That path he kept which beuten was most
Ne ever would to any byway bend, [plaine,
But still did follow one unto the end,
The which at first out of the wood them brought
So toward on his way (with God to frend)
He press'd forth, and new adventure sought
Long way he traveled before he heard of
ought

XXXIX

At length they chaunst to meet upon the way
An aged wren, in long blacke weedes clad,
His feete all bare he heard all hoarse gray,
And by his belt his booke he hanging had
Sober he seemde, and very angels said,
And to the ground his eyes wert lowly bent,
Simple in shew, and voide of malice bred,
And all the way he prayd as he went,
And often knockt his breast, as one that did
repent

XL

He saie the knight saluted, louting low,
Who saie him quited, as that courteous was,
And after asked him, if he did know
Of strange adventures, which abroad did pas
' Ah! my dear sonne,' (quoth he) ' how should,
alas!
Silly old man that lives in hudden cell,
Budding his beades all day for his trespass,
Tidings of warre and worldly trouble tell?
With holy father sits not with such thinges to
mell

XXXX

'But if of daunger which hereby doth dwell,
And homebredd evil we desire to heare,
Of a straunge man I can you tidings tell,
That wasteth all this countrie, farre and neare'
'Of such' (saide he) 'I chiefly doe inquire,
And shall thee well rewarde to shew the place,
In which that wicked wight his daies doth
weare,
For to all knight hood it is foule disgrace,
That such a cursed creature liues so long a
space.'

XXXXI

'Far hence' (quoth he) 'in wastfull wilder-
nesse
His dwelling is, by which no living wight
May ever passe, but thorough grent distresse'
'Now,' (saide the Ladie,) 'draueth toward
night,
And well I wote, that of your later fight
Ye all forwaried be for what so strong,
But wanting rest, will also want of might'
The Sunne, that measures heauen all day long
At night doth bate his steedes the Ocean
waves among

XXXXII

'Then with the Sunne take, Sir, your timely
rest,
And with new day new worke at once begin
Untroubled night, they say, gives counsell
best'
'Right well, Sir knight, we haue aduised bin,'
Quoth then that aged man 'the way to win
Is wisely to aduise, now day is spent ^{corrected}
Therefore with me we may take up your In ^{deed}
For this same night' The knight was well
content, [went
So with that godly father to his home they

XXXXIII

A litle lowly Hermitage it was,
Downe in a dale, hard by a forests side,
Far from resort of people that did pas
In trauell to and froe a litle wide ^{open}
There was an holy chappell edified,
Wherein the Hermite dewly wont to stye
His holy thinges each morne and euening de-
Thereby a christall streame did gently play,
Which from a sacred fountaine welled forth
alway.

XXXXIV

Arrived there, the litle house they fill,
Ne looke for entertainment where none was,
Rest is their feast, and all thinges at their will
The noblest mind the best contentment has

With faire discourse the evening so they pas,
For that olde man of pleasing wordes had store,
And well could tle his tongue as smooth as
glas
He told of Saintes and Popes, and evermore
He strowd an *Ave-Mary* after and before

XXXXV

The drouping night thus creepeth on them
fast, ^{reawakened}
And the sad humor loading their eyeliddes,
As messenger of Morpheus, on them cast
Sweet slombring deaw, the which to sleep
them biddes
Unto their lodgings then his guesstes he riddes
Where when all drownd in deadly sleepe he
findes,
He to his studie goes, and there amidde
His magick bookes, and artes of sundrie kindes,
He seekes out mighty charmes to trouble sleepys
minds

XXXXVI

'Then choosing out few words most horrible,
(Let none them read) thereof did verses frame,
With which and other spelles like terrible,
He bad awake blacke Plutoes griesly Dame,
And cursed heuen, and spake reprochful shame
Of highest God, the Lord of life and light
A bold bad man, that dar'd to call by name
Grent Gorgon, prince of darknes and dead
night, [flight.
At which Cocytus quakes, and Styx is put to

XXXXVII

And forth he cald out of deepe darknes dredd
Legions of Sprights, the which, like litle flies
Fluttering about his ever-damned hedd,
Awaite whereto their service he applies,
To aide his frendes, or fray his enimies
Of those he chose out two, the falsest twoo,
And fittest for to forge true-seeming lyes
The one of them he gave a message too, [doo
The other by him selfe staide, other worke to

XXXXVIII

He, making speedy way through persed ayre,
And through the world of waters wide and
deepe,
To Morpheus house doth hastily repaire
Amid the bowels of the earth full steepe,
And low, where dawning day doth never peepe,
His dwelling is, there Tethys his wet bed
Doth ever wash, and Cynthia still doth steepe
In silver dew his ever-drouping hed,
Whiles sad Night over him her mantle black
doth spread

XL

Whose double gates he findeth locked fast,
The one faire fram'd of burnisht Yvory,
The other all with silver overcast,
And wakeful dogges before them farre doe lye,
Watching to banish Care their enemy,
Who oft is wont to trouble gentle Sleepe
By them the Sprite doth passe in quietly,
And unto Morpheus comes, whom drowne deepe
In drowse sit he findes of nothing he takes
keepe *hild*

XLI

And more to lulle him in his slumber soft,
A trickling streame from high rock tumbling
downe,
And ever-drieling raine upon the list, [sowne
Mist with a murmuring wnde, much like the
Of swarming Bees, did cast him in a sowne
No other noyse, nor peoples troublous cries,
As still are wont t'annoy the walled towne,
Might thure be heard, but carelesse Quiet lyes
Wrapt in eternall silence farre from enmyes

XLII

The Messenger approching to him spake,
But his waste wordes retourn'd to him in vaine
So sound he slept, that nought mought lym
awake.
Then rudely he him thrust, and pusht with
Wherent he gan to stretch, but he againe
Shooke him so hard, that forced him to speake
As one then in a dreame whose dryer braine
Is tost with troubled sights and fancies weake,
He mumbled soft, but would not all his silence
breake

XLIII

The Sprite then gan more boldly him to wake,
And threatned unto him the dreaded name
Of Heate wherent he gan to quake,
And lifting up his lompish head, with blame
Halfe angrie asked him, for what he came
'Hether' (quoth he) 'me Archimago sent,
He that the stubborne Sprites can wisely tame
He bids thee to him send for his intent [sent
A fit false dreame that can delude the sleeper

XLIV

The Godolovay, and calling forth straight
way
A diverse Dreame out of his prison darke,
Delivered it to him, and downe did lay
His heave head, devouide of careful carke,
Whose senses all were straight benumbd and
starke *slay*
He, backe returning by the Yvorie dore,
Remounted up as light as cherrefull Larke,

And on his litle winges the dreame he bore
In hast unto his Lord, where he him left afore
before

XLV

Who all this while, with charmes and hidden
Had made a Lady of that other Spright, [arten,
And fram'd of liquid ayre her tender partes,
So lively and so like in all mens sight,
That waker sence it could have cravisht quight
The marker selfe, for all his wondrous wit
Was nigh beguiled with so goodly sight
Her all in white he clad and over it
Cast a black stole, most like to seeme for Lunt
lit

XLVI

Now, when that ydle dreame was to him
Lato that Elsie knight he had him fly, [brought,
Where he slept soundly void of evil thought,
And with false shewes abuse his fantasy.
In sort as he him schooled privily
And that new creature, borne without her dew,
Full of the makers guile, with urge sh
He taught to misste that Lady trew,
Whose semblance she did carrie under feigned
heu

XLVII

Thus, well instructed, to their worke they
haste,
And, comming where the knight in slumber lay,
The one upon his hardie herd him plaste
And made him dreame of loves and lustfull play,
That nigh his manly hart did melt away,
Bathed in wauton bliss and wicked joy
Then seemed him his Lady by him lay,
And to him playnd, how thit false winged boy
Her chaste hart had subdewd to learne Dame
Pleasures toy

XLVIII

And she her selfe, of bntie sovveraigne
Queene,
Fare Venus, seemed unto his bed to bring
Her, whom he waking, evermore did weene
To bee the chastest flowre that ye did spring
On earthly braunch, the daughter of a king,
Now a loose Leman to vile crvice bound
And eke the Graces seemed all to sing
Hymen to Hymen' druncing all around,
Whilst freshest I bore her with yve gurlond
crownd

XLIX

In this great passion of unwonted lust,
Or wonted ferre of doing ought amis
He starteth up, as seeming to mistrust
Some secret ill, or hidden foe of his,

Lo! there before his face his Ladie is,
Under blacke stole hyding her bayted hooke,
And as halfe blushing offred him to kis,
With gentle blandishment and lovely looke,
Most like that virgin true which for her
knight him took.

L

All cleave dismayd to see so uncouth sight,
And half enraged at her shamelesse guise,
He thought have slaine her in his fierce des-
pight,
But hastie heat tempring with sufferance wise,
He stayde his hand, and gan himselfe advise
To prove his sense, and temprerfaigned truth
Wringing her hands in womens pittous wise,
Tho can she weepe, to stirre up gentle ruth
Both for her noble blood, and for her tender
youth.

LI

And sayd, 'Ah Sir, my liege Lord, and my
Shall I accuse the hidden cruell fate, [love,
And mightie causes wrought in heaven above,
Or the blind God that doth me thus amate,
For hoped love to winne me certaine hate?
Yet thus perforce he bids me do, or die
Die is my dew, yet rew my wretched state,
You, whom my hard avenging destinie
Hath made judge of my life or death indif-
ferently

LII

'Your owne deare sake forst me at first to leave
My fathers kingdom.'—There she stopt with
teares,
Her swollen hart her speech seemd to borage,
And then againe begonne, 'My weaker yeares,
Captiv'd to fortune and frayle worldly feares,
Fly to your fayth for succour and sure ayde
Let me not die in languor and long teares.'
'Why, Dame,' (quoth he,) 'what hath ye thus
dismayd?
What frays ye, that were wont to comfort me
affraid?'

LIII

'Love of your selfe,' she saide, 'and deare con-
straint,
Lets me not sleepe, but waste the wearie night
In secret anguish and unpittied plaint,
Whiles you in carelesse sleepe are drowned
'quight.'
Her doubtfull words made that redoubted
knight
Suspect her truth yet since no' untruth he
knew,
Her sawning love with foule disdamefull spight
He would not shend, but said, 'Deare dame,
I rew, [you grew
That for my sake unknowne such griefe unto

LIV

'Assure your selfe, it fell not all to ground,
For all so deare as life is to my hart,
I deeme your love, and hold me to you bound
Ne let vaine feares procure your needlesse
smart,
Where cause is none, but to your rest depart'
Not all content, yet seemd she to appease
Her mournfull plaintes, beguiled of her art,
And fed with words that could not chose but
please [ease
So, slyding softly forth, she turnd as to her

LV

Long after lay he musing at her mood,
Much griev'd to thinke that gentle Dame so
light,
For whose defence he was to shed his blood
At last, dull wearines of former fight
Having y rockt asleepe his irkesome spright,
That troublous dreame gan freshly tosse his
braine
With bowres, and beds, and ladies deare de-
light
But, when he saw his labour all was vaine,
With that misformed spright he backe returnd
again

CANTO II

The guilefull great Enchaunter parts
The Redcrosse Knight from Truth
Into whose stead faire falshood steps,
And workes him woefull ruth

I

By thus the Northerne wagoner had set
His sevenfold teme behind the steadfast starre
That was in Ocean waves yet never wet,
But firme is fixt, and sendeth light from farre

To al that in the wide deepe wandring erre,
And chearefull Chaunticlere with his note shrill
Had warned once, that Phoebus fiery carre
In hast was climbing up the Easterne hill, [fill
Full envious that night so long his roome did

II

When those accur-ed me-sengers of hell,
That feigning dreame, and that fure-forged
Spright,

Came to their wicked muster, and gan tel
Their bootlesse paines, and ill succeeding
night

Who, all in rage to see his skilfull might
Deluded so, gan threaten hellish paine,
And sad Proserpines wrath, them to affright
But, when he saw his threatening was but vaine,
He cast about, and searcht his baleful boke
againg

III

Etsoones he tooke that mis-created faire,
And that false other Spright, on whom he spread
A seeming body of the subtle aere,
Like a young Squire, in loves and lusty-lie
His wanton daies that ever loosely led,
Without regard of armes and drended fight
Those two he tooke, and in a secrete bed
Cove ed with darkenes and misdeeming night,
Them both together laid to joy in vained delight

IV

Forthwith he runnes with feigned faithfull
Unto his guest, who, after troublous sights [hast
And dreames, gan now to take more sound
repast,

Whom suddenly he wakes with fearful frights,
As one aghast with feends or damned sprights,
And to him calls, 'Rise, rise! unhappy Swaine,
That here we're old in sleepe, whiles wicked
nights [chaine
Have knit themselves in Venus shameful
Come, see where your false Lady doth her
honor staine'

All in amaze he suddenly up start
With sword in hand, and with the old man went,
Who soone him brought into a secret part,
Where that false couple were full closely ment
In wanton lust and leud embracement
Which when he saw, he burnt with jealous fire
The eie of reason was with rage yblent,
And would have slaine them in his furious ire,
But hardly was restrained of that aged sire

VI

Retourning to his bed in torment grent,
And bitter anguish of his guilty sight,
He could not rest, but did his stout heart eat,
And wast his inward gail with deepe despyght,
Yrkesome of life, and too long lingering night
At last fare Hesperus in highest skie
Had spent his lampe, and brought forth
dawning light,

Then up he rose, and clad him lustily
The dwarfe him brought his steed, so both
away do fly

VII

Now when the rosy singred Morning faire,
Wearv of aged Tybonts saffron bed,
Had spread her purple robe through deawy aere
And the high hill Titan discovered, ~~221-22~~
The royall virgin shooke off drousy-lie,
And, rising forth out of her baser bowre,
Lookt for her knight, who far away was fled,
And for her dwarfe, that wont to wait each
howre [woeful stowre
Then gan she wail and wepe to see that

VIII

And after him she rode, with so much speede
As herslowe best could make but all in vaine,
For him so far had borne his light-foot steede,
Pricked with wrath and hery fieres diadane
That him to follow was but fruitlesse paine
Yet she her weary limbes would never rest,
But every hill and dale, each wood and plaine,
Did search, sore grieved in her gentle brest,
He so ungently left her, whome she loved best

IX

But subtil Archimago, when his guests
He saw dividid into double parts,
And Una wandring in woods and forrests,
The end of his drift, he proved his dyvelish arts,
That had such might over true meaning hart:
Yet rests not so, but other means doth make,
How he may worke unto her further smart,
For her he hated as the hissing snake, [take
And in her many troubles did mee t pleasure

He then devide himselfe how to disguise
For by his mighty science he could take
As many formes and shap, in seeming wise,
As ever Proteus to him life could make
Sometime a fowle, sometime a heh in like,
Now like a foxe, now like a dragon fell
That of himselfe he ofte for feare would quake,
And oft would flie away O' who can tell
The hidden powre of herbes, and might of
Magick spel

But now ~~221-22~~ ^{impens} ^{and} ^{VI} ^{VI}
Of that good knight his late beguiled guest
In mighty armes he was well anon
And silver shield, upon his toward brest
A bloody crosse, and on his crested crest
A bounch of heares discoloured diversly
Full jolly knight he seemed, and wel address

And when he sate upon his courser free,
Saint George himselfe y^e would have deemed
him to be

XII semblance, lustre
But he, the knight whose semblant he did
beare,

The true Saint George, was wandred far away
Still flying from his thoughts and zealous feare
Will was his guide, and grieve led him astray.
At last him chaunst to meete upon the way
A faithlesse Sarazin, all armed to point, *Sarazin*
In whose great shield was writ with letters gry
Sans foy, full large of limbe and every joint
He was, and cared not for God or man a point.

XIII
Hee had a faire companion of his way,
A goodly Lady clad in scarlot red,
Purpled with gold and pearle of rich assay, *quality*
And like a Persian mitre on her head, *ornament*
Shew wore, with crowns and on chies garnished,
The which her lavish lovers to her gave
Her wanton palfrey all was overspred
With tinsell trappings, woven like a wave,
Whose bridle rung with golden beils and bosses
brave fine

XIV
With faire disport, and courting dalliaunce,
She intertaine her lover all the way -
But, when she saw the knight his speare ad-
vance,
She soon left off her mirth and wanton play,
And bad her knight addresse him to the fray,
His foe was nigh at hand He, pricke with
pride
And hope to winne his Ladies heart that day,
Forth spurred fast *downe* his coursers side
The red blond trickling stand the way, as he
did ride

XV
The knight of the Redcrosse, when him he
Spurring so nigh with rage dispiteous, *spide*
Gau fairely *carried* his speare, and towards ride
Soone meete they both, both fell and furious,
That, daunted with theyr forces hideous,
Their steeds doe stagger, and amazed stand
And eke themselves, too rudely rigorous, *vibrant*
Astonied with the stroke of their owne hand,
Doe backe rebutte, and ech to other yealdeth
land

XVI
As when two rams, stird with ambitious pride,
Fight for the rule of the rich fleeced flocke,
Their horned fronts so fierce on either side
Doe meete, that, with the terror of the shooke,

Astonied, both stand sencelesse as a blocke,
Forgefull of the hanging victory. *in the end*
So stood these twaine, unmoved as a rocke,
Both staring fierce, and holding idly
The broken reliques of their former cruelty

XVII late cruel onset
The Sarazin, sore daunted with the buffe, *bel*
Snatcheth his sword, and fiercely to him flies,
Who well it wards, and quyteth cuff with cuff
Each others equall pyssaunce envies,
And through their iron sides with cruell spies
Does seeke to perce, repuning courage yields
No foote to foe the flashing fier flies,
As from a forge, out of their burning shields,
And streams of purple blood new die the ver-
dant fields

XVIII
'Curse on that Cross,' (quoth then the Sarazin,)
'That keeps thy body from the bitter sitt'
Dead long ygoe, I wote, thou haddest bin, *for*
Had not that charme from thee forgyard itt
But yet I warne thee now assured sitt, *but*
And hide thy head' Therewith upon his crest
With rigor so outrageous he smitt,
That a large share it hewd out of the rest,
And glauncing downe his shield from blame
him fairly blest.

XIX
Who, thereat wondrous wroth, the sleeping
Of native vertue gan estoones revive, [spark
And at his haughty helmet making mark,
So hugely stroke, that it the Steele did rive,
And cleft his head He, tumbling downe alive,
With bloody mouth his mother earth did kis,
Greeting his grave his grudging ghost did
strive
With the fragile flesh, at last it flitted is,
Whither the soules doe fly of men that live
in us

XX
The Lady, when she saw her champion fall
Like the old ruines of a broken towre,
Staid not to wile his woefull funerall,
But from him fled away with all her powre,
Who after her as hastily, gan scowre, *run*
Bidding the dwarfe with him to bring away
The Sarazins shield, signe of the conqueroure
Her soone he overtooke, and bad to stay, [may
For present cause was none of dread hei to dis-

XXI sorrowful, pite
Shee turning backe, with ruefull counte-
nance,
Cride, 'Mercy, mercy, Sir, vouchsafe to show
On silly Dame, subject to hard mischaunce,
And to your mighty wil' Her humbleste low,
a 2 *humility*

In so rich weedes, and seeming gloriouse show,
Did much enuiove his stout heroicke heart,
And said, 'Deare dame, your suddain overthrow
Much ruth me, but now put feare apart,
And tel both who ye be, and who that tooke
your part'

XXXII

Melting in teares, then gan she thus lament
'The wretched woman, whom unhappy howre
Hath now made thrall to your commendement
Before that angry heauen list to lowre,
And fortune false betraide me to this power,
Was (O! what now availeth that I was)
Borne the sole daughter of an Emperour,
He that the wide West under his rule had,
And high hath set his throne where Tiberis
doth pas

XXXIII

'He, in the first flower of my freshest age,
Betrothed me unto the onely haire
Of a most mightie king, most rich and sage
Was never Prince so faithfull and so faire,
Was never Prince so meeke and debonaire,
But ere my hoped day of spousall shone,
My dearest Lord fell from high honors staire
Into the hands of his accursed fone,
And cruelly was slaine, that shall I ever moune

XXXIV

'His blessed body, spoile of lively breath,
Was afterward, I know not how, conuaid,
And from me hid of whose most innocent death
When tidings came to mee, unhappy maid,
O, how great sorrow my sad soule asaid!
Then forth I went his woefull corse to find,
And many yeares throughout the world I straid,
A virgin widow, whose deepe wounded mind
With love long time did languish, as the stricken
lind

XXXV

'At last it chanced this proud Stryazin
To meeke me wandring, who perforce me led
With him away, but yet could never win
The Fort, that Ladies hold in soveraigne dread
There lies he now with soule dishonor dead,
Who, while he lyde, was called proud Sans-
for,
The eldest of three brethren, all three bred
Of one bad sire, whose youngest is Sans joy
And twixt them both was born the bloudy bold
Sans lov

XXXVI

'In this sad plight, friendlesse, unfortunate,
Now miserable I fiddens, dwell,
Craving of you, in pity of my state,
To doe none ill, if please ye not doe well'

He in great passion all this while did dwell,
More busying his quicke eyes her face to view
Then his dull eares to heare what shee did tell,
And said, 'faire Lady, hart of flint would rewe
The undeserued woes and sorrowes, which ye
shew

XXXVII

'Henceforth in safe assurance may ye rest,
Having both found a new friend you to red,
And lost an old foe that did you molest,
Better new friend then an old foe is and
With change of cheer the seeming simple
maide
Let her crye, shamefast to the earth,
And weeding soft, in that she nought gaine said,
So forth they rode, he fanning memely mirth,
And shee coy looks so drimty, that they
maketh death

XXXVIII

Long time they thus together traveled
Till, weary of their way, they came at last
Where grew two goodly trees, that fure did
spread
Their armes abroad, with gray mosse overcast,
And their greene leaves, trampling with every
blast,
Made a calme shadowe far in compass round
The fearfull shepheard, often there aglist,
Under them never sat, ne went there round
His merry eaten pipe, but shand th' unlucke
round

XXXIX

But this good knight, soone as he them can
spie,
For the coole shade him fluther hasty got
For golden Phoebe, now mounted him,
From fiery wheelles of his late chariot
Hurled his beame so scorching cruell hot,
That living creature mote it not abide,
And his new Lady it endured not
There they light, in hope themselves to hule
From the herce heat, and rest their weary limbs
a tide while

Liesse of the sun

Liesse memely pleasured each to other
make,
With goodly purposes, there as they sit,
And in his trised fancy he her takes
To be the surest whil that lied vit
Which to expresse he bends his gentle wit
And thinking of those branches greene to
A girland for her daint forehead fit, [frame
He pluckt a bough, out of whose rift there
came
Smal drops of gory bloud, that trickled down

XXVI

Therewith a piteous yelling voice was heard,
Crying, 'O! spare with guilty hands to teare
My tender sides in this rough rind embard,
But fly, ah! fly far hence away, for feare
Least to you hap that happened to me heare,
And to this wretched Lady, my deare love,
O, too deare love, love bought with death too
deare!
Astond he stood, and up his heare did move,
And with that sudden horror could no member
move.

XXVII

At last when's the dreadfull passion
Was overpast, and manhood well awake,
Yet musing at the straunge occasion,
And doubting much his sence, he thus bespake
'What voice of damned Ghost from Limbo lake,
Or guilefull spright wandring in empty aire,
Both which fraile men doe oftentimes mistake,
Sends to my doubtful eares these speackes rare,
And ruefull plaints, me bidding guiltlesse
blood to spare?'

XXVIII

Then, groning deep, 'Nor damned Ghost,
(quoth he.) [speake,
'Nor guilefull sprite to thee these words doth
But once a man, Fradubio, now a tree, [weake
Wretched man, wretched tree! whose nature
A cruell witch, her cursed will to wreake,
Hath thus transformd and plast in open plaines,
Where Boreas doth blow full bitter bleake,
And scorching Sunne does dry my secret aines,
For though a tree I seme, yet cold and heat
me paines.'

XXIX

'Say on, Fradubio, then, or man or tree,
Quoth then the Knight, 'by whose mischance
Art thou misshaped thus, as now I see? [arts
He oft finds medicine who his griefe imparts,
But double griefs afflict concealing harts,
As raging flames who striven to suppress
'The author then, (said he) 'of all my smart,
Is one Duesza, a false sorceresse,
That many crant knights hath brought to
wretchednesse [wandering, in
quest of adventure.

XXX

'In prime of youthly yeares, when corage
The fire of love, and joy of chevalree [hott
First kindled in my brest, it was my lott
To love this gentle Lady, whom ye see
Now not a Lady, but a seeming tree,
With whome, as once I rode accompanye,
Me chaunced of a knight encountred bee,
That had a like faire Lady by his side,
Lyke a faire Lady, but did fowle Duesza hyde

XXXI

'Whose forged beauty he did take in hand
All other Dames to have exceeded farre
I in defence of mine did likewise stand, [starre
Mine, that did then shine as the Morning
So both to batteill fierce arraunged arre,
In which his harder fortune was to fall
Under my speare such is the dye of warre
His Lady, left as a prise martiall,
Did yield her comely person to be at my call

XXXII

'So doubly lov'd of ladies, unlike faire,
Th' one seeming such, the other such indeede,
One day in doubt I cast for to compare
Whether in beauties glorie did exceede
A Rosy girlond was the victors meede
Both seemde to win, and both seemde won to,
So hard the discord was to be agreeed
Fairer was as faire as faire mote bee,
And ever false Duesza seemde as faire as shee

XXXIII

'The wicked witch, now seeing all this while
The doubtfull balluance equally to sway,
What not by right she cast to win by guile,
And by her heli-h science rauid streight way
A foggy mist that overcast the day
And a dull blast, that breathing on her face
Dimmed her former beauties shining ray,
And with foule ugly forme did her disgrace
Then was she fayre alone, when none was
faire in place in the place, comp

XXXIV

'Then cride she out, "Fye, fye" deformed
wight,
'Whose borrowed beautie now appeareth plaine
'To have before bewitched all mens sight
'O! leave her soone, or let her soone be blame"
Her lothly visage viewing with disdain,
Eftsoones I thought her such as she me told,
And would have kild her, but with fained
paine [hold
The false witch did my wrathfull hand with-
So left her, where she now is turnd to treen
mould forme

XXXV

'Thensforth I tooke Duesza for my Dame,
And in the witch unweeting joyd long time,
Ne ever wist but that she was the same, [emo
Till on a day (that day is evens Prime, [con
When Witches wont do penance for their
I chaunst to see her in her proper hev, [crime,
Bathing her selfe in organe and thyme
A filthy foule old woman I did vew, [rew
That ever to have toucht her I did deadly

XII

'Her neather partes misshapen, monstrous,
Were hidd in water, that I could not see,
But they did seeme more foule and hideous,
Then womans shape man would beleefe to bee.
Thensforth from her most beastly companie
I gan refraine, in minde to shipp away,
Soone as apper'd safe opportunitie
For danger great, if not assur'd decay, [stray
I saw before mine eyes, if I were knowne to

XIII

'The diuclish hag by chaunges of my cheare
Perceiv'd my thought, and, drown'd in sleepe
night, [smeare
With wicked herbes and oymtments did be-
My body all, through charmes and magicke
might, *enatched away*
That all my senses were bereaved quight
Then brought she me into this desert waste,
And by my wretched lovers side me pight, *for her*
Where now, enclosed in wooden wals full faste,
Banisht from living wights, our wearie daies
we waste'

XIII

'But how long time,' said then the Elfin
knight,
'Are you in this misformed hous to dwell?'
'We may not chaunge,' (quoth he,) 'this evil
Till we be bathed in a living well [plight,

That is the terme prescribed by the spell'
'O' how,' sayd he, 'mote I that well out find
That may restore you to your wonted well?'
'Time and sunnes lites to former kynd, *for her*
Shall us restore, none else from hence may
us unbynd'

XIV

The false Duesse, now I idessa hight,
Heard how in vaine Fradubio did lament,
And knew well all was true But the good
Full of sad feare and ghastly dremment, [knight,
When all this speech the living tree had spent,
The bleeding bough did thrust into the ground,
That from the blood he might be innocent,
And with fresh clay did close the wooden
wound [her fownd
Then, turning to his Lady, dead with feare

XV

Her seeming dead he fownd with feigned
feare, *not why*
As all unweeting of that well she knew, *naue*
And paynd himselfe with busie care to reare
Her out of carelesse swowne Her eyelids blew,
And dimmed sight, with pale and deadly hew,
At last she up gan list with trembling cheare
Her up he tooke (too simple and too trew)
And oft her list At length, all passed feare,
He set her on her steede, and forward forth
did beare

CANTO III

Forsaken Truth long seekes her love,
And makes the Lyon mylde,
Varres blind Devotions mart, and fals
In hand of lecherous vj lde

I

vowd

Nought is there under heav'n's wide hollow
nesse,
That moves more deare compassion of mind,
Then beaute brought t'unworthe wretched-
nesse [unkind
Through envies snares, or fortunes freakes
I, whether lately through her brightnes blynd,
Or through alleageance, and fast fealtie,
Which I do owe unto all womankynd,
Feele my hart perst with so great agony,
When such I see, that all for pittie I could dy

for her sake

And now it is empasioned so deepe,
For fairest Unaes sake, of whom I sing,
That my fryle eies these lincs with teares do
steepe,

To thinke how she through gaylesful handeling,

Alas

Though true as touch, though daughter of a
king,
Though faire as ever living night was sayre,
Though nor in word nor deede ill meriting,
Is from her knight divorced in despayre,
And her dew loves dery'd to that vile witches
shavre

III

Yet she, most faithfull Ladie, all this while
Forsaken, wofull, solitarie may dy,
Far from all peoples preace, as in exile,
In wilderness and wretfull deserts strayd,
To seeke her knight, who subtilly betrayd
Through that late vision which th Enchaunter
wrought,
Had her abandond She, of nought affrayd,
Through woods and wastnes wide him daily
sought, [brought
Yet wished tydings none of him unto her

VI

One day, nigh wearie of the yrkesome way,
From her unbaſtie beaſt ſhe did alight,
And on the graſſe her duntie limbs did lay
In ſecrete ſhadow, far from all mens ſight
From her ſyre head her fillet ſhe undight,
And layd her ſtole aſide Her angels face, *ward,*
As the great eye of heaven, ſhyned bright,
And made a ſunſhine in the ſhady place,
Did never mortall eye behold ſuch heavenly
grace

It fortuned, out of the thickeſt wood
A ramping Lyon ruſhed ſuddenly,
Hunting full greedy after ſalvage blood.
Soone as the royall virgin he did ſpy,
With gaping mouth at her ran greedily, *long*
To have attonce devourd her tender carſe,
But to the pray when as he drew more ny,
His bloody rage aſwaged with remorse, [*forſe*
And, with the ſight amazd, forgot his furious

VII

In ſtead thereof he kiſt her weenie feet,
And licht her lilly hands with fawning tong,
As he her wronged innocence did weet *Acce*
O, how can beautilie maiſter the moſt ſtrong,
And ſimple truth ſubdue avenging wrong!
Whoſe yielded pride and proud ſubmiſſion,
Still dreading death, when ſhe had marked
Her hart gan melt in great compaſſion, [*long*
And drizling teares did ſhed for pure affection.

VIII

'The Lyon, Lord of everie beaſt in field,'
Quoth ſhe, 'his princely puiſſance doth abate,
And mightie proud to humble weake does
yeld,
Forgetfull of the hungry rage, which late
Him prickt, in pittie of my ſad eſtate *cond*
But he, my Lyon, and my noble Lord,
How does he find in cruell hart to hate
Her, that him lov'd, and ever moſt adord
As the God of my life? why hath he me ab-
bord?'

IX

Redounding teares did choke th' end of her
plaint,
Which ſoftly echoed from the neighbour wood.
And, ſad to ſee her ſorrowfull conſtraint,
The kingly beaſt upon her gazing ſtood
With pittie calmd downe fell his angry mood
At laſt, in cloſe hart ſhutting up her payne,
Aroſe the virgin, borne of heavenly brood,
And to her ſnowy Palfrey got agayne,
To ſeek her ſtrayed Champion if ſhe might
attayne

IX

The Lyon would not leave her deſolate,
But with her went along, as a ſtrong gard
Of her chaſt perſon, and a faythfull mate
Of her ſad troubles and miſfortunes hard
Still, when ſhe ſlept, he kept both watch and
ward,
And, when ſhe wak't he waiyed diligēt,
With humble ſervice to her will prepar'd
From her ſayre eyes he tooke commandement,
And ever by her lookes conceived her intent

X

Long ſhe thus traveled through deſerts wyde,
By which ſhe thought her wandring knight
ſhold paſſe, *Appearance, ſe*
Yet never ſhew of living wight eſpyde,
Till that at length ſhe found the troden gras,
In which the tract of peoples footing was,
Under the ſteepe foot of a mountaine hore.
The ſame ſhe followes, till at laſt ſhe has
A damzel ſpyde, ſlow footing her before,
That on her ſhoulders ſad a pot of water bore.

XI

To whom approching ſhe to her gan call,
To weet if dwelling place were nigh at hand,
But the rude wench her anſwerd nought at all
She could not heare, nor ſpeake, nor underſtand,
Till, ſeemg by her ſide the Lyon ſtand,
With ſuddaine feare her pitcher downe ſhe
And fled away for never in that land [*threw,*
Face of ſayre Lady ſhe before did ſee, [*hew*
And that dredd Lyons looke her caſt in deadly

XII

Full faſt ſhe fled, ne ever lookt behynd,
As if her life upon the wager lay, *was*
And home ſhe came, whereas her mother blynd
Sate in eternall night nought could ſhe ſay,
But, ſuddaine catching hold, did her diſmay
With quaking hands, and other ſignes of feare
Who, full of ghastly fright and cold affray, *fe*
Gan ſhut the dore By this arrived there
Dame Una, weary Dame, and entrance did
requere *ſeek, ſeek*

XIII

Which when none yielded, her unruly Page
With his rude claws the wicket open rent,
And let her in, where, of his cruell rage
Nigh dead with feare, and ſaint aſtoniſhment,
Shee found them both in darkſome corner pent,
Where that old woman day and night did pray
Upon her beads, devoutly penitent
Nine hundred *Pater noster* every day,
And thiſe nine hundred *Aves* ſhe was wont to
ſay

That was the flowre of faith and chastyty
And still, amidst her rayling, she did pray
That plagues, and mischiefes, and long misery,
Might fall on her, and follow all the way,
And that in endlesse error she might ever stray

XXIV

But, when she saw her prayers nought pre-
vaile,
Shee backe returned with some labour lost.
And in the way, as shee did weepe and wale,
A knight her mett in mighty armes embost,
Yet knight was not for all his bragging bost,
But subtile Archimag, that Una sought
By traynes into new troubles to have toste
Of that old woman tidings he besought,
If that of such a Lady shee could tellen ought

XXV

Therewith she gan her passion to renew,
And cry, and curse, and raile, and rend her
heare,
Saying, that harlott she too lately knew,
That caused her shed so many a bitter teare,
And so forth told the story of her feare
Much seemed he to mone her haplesse chaunce,
And after for that Lady did inquire,
Which being taught, he forward gan aduance
His fair enchanted steed, and eke his charmed
launce.

XXVI

Ere long he came where Una traveld slow,
And that wilde champion wayting her besyde,
Whome seeing such, for dread hee durst not
show
Him selfe too nigh at hand, but turned wyde
Unto an hil, from whence when she him spyde,
By his like seeming shield her knight by name
She weend it was, and towards him gan ride
Approaching nigh she wist it was the same
And with faire fearefull humblesse towards
him shee came

XXVII

And weeping said, 'Ah, my long lacked Lord,
Where have ye bene thus long out of my
sight?
Much feared I to have bene quite abhord.
Or ought have done, that ye displeasyn might,
That should as death unto my heart
light
For since mine eye your joyous sight did mys,
Vv chearefull day is turned to chearelesse night,
And eke my night of death the shadow is,
But welcome now, my light, and shining
lampe of blis'

XXVIII

He thereto meeting said, 'My dearest Dame,
Far be it from your thought, and fro my wil,
To thinke that knighthood I so much should
shame,
As you to leave that have me loved stil,
And chose in Faery court, of meere good will,
Where noblest knights were to be found on
earth
The earth shall sooner leave her kindly skil
To bring forth fruit, and make eternal derth,
Then I leave you, my life, born of heavenly
berth

XXIX

'And sooth to say, why I lefte you so long,
Was for to seeke adventure in straunge place,
Where, Archimago said, a felon strong
To many knights did daily worke disgrace,
But knight he now shall never more deface
Good cause of mine excuse, that mote ye please
Well to accept, and evermore embrace
My faithfull service, that by land and seas
Have yowd you to defend Now then, your
plaint appease

XXX

lovely words her seemd due recompence
Of all her passed paines one loving howre
For many yeares of sorrow can dispence,
A dram of sweete is worth a pound of sowre
Shee has forgott how many a woeful stowre
For him she late endurd, she speaks no more
Of past true is, that true love hath no power
To looken backe, his eyes be fixt before
Before her stands her knight, for whom she
toyl'd so sore

XXXI

Much like, as when the beaten marinere,
That long hath wandred in the Ocean wide,
Ofte soust in swelling Teithys saltish terre,
And long time having tand his tawney hide
With blustering breath of Heaven, that none
can bide,
And scorching flames of fierce Orons hound,
Soone as the port from far he has espide,
His chearfull whistle merly doth sound,
And Nereus crownes with cups, his mates him
pledged around

XXXII

Such joy made Una, when her knight she
found,
And eke th' enchaunter joyous seemde no lesse
Then the glad marchant, that does vew from
ground
His ship far come from watrre wildernesse,

He hurles out roves, and Neptune oft doth
blesse
So forth they past, and all the way they spent
Dis-coursing of her dreadful late distresse,
In which he askt her, what the Lyon ment,
Who told her all that full in journey as she
went.

XXVIII

They had not ridden far, when they might see
One pricking towards them with hastie heat,
Full strongly armed, and on a courser free
That through his fier-nesse fomed all with
sweat,

And the sharpe yron did for anger eat, *heate*
When his hot rader spurd his chauffed side
His looke was sterne, and seemed still to threat
Cruell revenge, which he in hart did hyde,
And on his shield Sansloy in bloody lines was
dyde

XXIX

When nigh he drew unto this gentle payre,
And saw the Red-crosse which the knight did
beare,

He burnt in fire, and gan est-sones prepare
Himselfe to battell with his couched speare
Loth was that other, and did faint through
fear,

To taste th' untryed dint of deadly steele
But yet his Lady did so well him cheare,
That hope of new good hap he gan to feele,
So bent his speare, and spurd his horse with
yron heele

XXXI

But that proud Paynim forward came so free
And full of wrath, that, with his sharpehead
speare,

Through vainly crossed shield he quite did
And, had his staggering steed not thronge for
fear,

Through shield and body, eke he should him
Yet, so great was the puissance of his push,
That from his saddle quite he did him beare
He, tumbling rudely downe, to ground did rush
And from his gored wound a well of bloud did
gush

XXXII

Dismounting lightly from his losie steed,
He to him leapt, in minde to reave his life,
And proudly said, 'Lo' there the worthe meed
Of him that slew Sansloy with bloody knife
Henceforth his ghost, freed from repining
strife,

In peace may passen over Lethe lake, *life*
When mourning altars, purged with enimes
The black infernall Furies doen aslake
Life from Sansloy thou tookst, Sansloy shall
from thee take'

XXXIII

Therewith in haste his helmet gan unlace,
Till Unn cried, 'O' hold that heavie hand,
Deare Sir, what ever that thou be in place,
I'ough is, that thy foe doth languish stand
Now at thy mercy: Mercy not withstand
For he is one the truest knight alive,
Though conquered now he lye on lowly land,
And whilst him fortune favourd, sayre did
thrive *prive*
In bloudy field, therefore, of life him not de-

XXXIV

Her piteous wordes might not abate his rage,
But, rudely rending up his helmet, would
Have slayne him streight, but when he sees
his age,

And hoarie head of Archimago old,
His hasty hand he doth amased hold,
And halfe ashamed wondred at the sight
For the old man well knew he, though untold,
In charmes and magick, to have wondrous
might,

Ne ever wont in field, ne in round lists, to fight

XXXV

And said, 'Why Archimago, lucklesse syre,
What doe I see? what hard mishap is this,
That hath thee hether brought to taste mine ire?
Or thine the fault, or mine the error is,
In stead of foe to wound my friend amys?'
He answered nought, but in a trunche still lay,
And on those guilefull dazed eyes of his
The cloude of death did sit Which doen away,
He left him lying so, ne would no longer stay

XI

But to the virgin comes, who all this while
Amased stands, her selfe so mockt to see
By him who has the guerdon of his guile,
For so misfeigning her true knight to bee
Yet is she now in more perplexitie
Left in the hand of that same Paynim hold,
From whom her booteth not at all to flee
Who, by her cleanly garment catching hold,
Her from her Palfrey pluckt, her visage to
behold

XII

But her fiers servant, full of kingly aw
And high dedynge, whenas his sovaine Dame
So rudely handled by her foe he saw,
With gaping jawes full greedy at him came,
And, ramping on his shield, did weene the same
Have rest wai with his sharp rending clawes
But he was stout, and lust did now anflame
His corage more, that from his gripping pawes
He hath his shield redeemed, and forth his
sward he drawes

XII

O! then, too weake and feeble was the forse
Of salvage beast his puissance to withstand;
For he was strong, and of so mightie corse,
As ever wielded speare in warlike hand,
And feates of armes did wisely understand
Eft soones he perced through his chaufed chest
With thrilling point of deadly yron brand,
And launcht his Lordly hart with death opprest
He tor'd aloud, whyles life forsooke his stub-
borne brest.

XIII

Who now is left to keepe the forlorne maid
From raging spoile of lawlesse victors will?
Her faithfull gard remov'd, her hope dismayd,
Her selfe a yielded pray to save or spill.

He now, Lord of the field, his pride to fill,
With foule reproches and disdainful spight
Her vildly entertaines, and, will or nill,
Beares her away upon his courser light
Her pryers nought prevale, his rage is more
of might

XIV

And all the way, with great lamenting paine,
And piteous plantes, she filleth his dull eares,
That stony hart could riven have in twaine,
And all the way she wetts with flowing teares,
But he, enrag'd with rancor, nothing heares
Her servile beast yet would not leave her so,
But followes her far off, ne ought he feares
To be partaker of her wandring woe, [foe.
More mild in bestly kind then that her bestly

CANTO IV

To sinfull hous of Pryde Duessa
Gnydes the faithfull knight,
Where, brothers death to wrenh, Sansjoy
Doth chaleng him to fight

Young knight whatever, that dost armes pro-
fesse,
And through long labours hunttest after fame,
Beware of fraud, beware of sicklenesse, [Dame,
In choice, and chaunge of thy deare-loved
Least thou of her believe too lightly blame,
And rash misweening doe thy hart remove
For unto knight there is no greater shame
Then lightnesse and inconstance in love
That doth thus Redcrosse knights ensample
plainly prove

II

Who, after that he had faur'd Una lorne,
Through light misdeeming of her loialtie,
And false Duessa in her sted had borne,
Called Fidess', and so supposd to be,
Long with her traveld, till at last they see
A goodly building bravely garnished,
The house of mightie Prince it seemd to be,
And towards it a broad high way that led,
All bare through peoples feet which thither
traveled

III

Great troupes of people traveld thetherward
Both day and night, of each degree and place,
But few returned, having scaped hard,
With balefull beggary, or foule disgrace,

Which ever after in most wretched case,
Like loathsome lazars, by the hedges lay
Thether Duessa badd him bend his pace, [stap
For she is wearie of the toilsom way,
And also nigh consumed is the lingring day

IV

A stately Pallace built of squared bricke,
Which cunningly was without mortar laid, ST
Whose wals were high, but nothing strong
nor thick, spread
And golden foile all over them dislaid,
That purest skye with brightnesse they dis-
mayd
High lifted up were many loftie towres,
And goodly galleries far over laid,
Full of faire windowes and delightful bowres
And on the top a Diall told the timely howres

It was a goodly heape for to behould,
And spake the praises of the workmans witt,
But full great pittie, that so faire a mould
Did on so weake foundation ever sitt
For on a sandie hill, that still did flitt
And fall away, it mounted was full hie,
That every breath of heaven shaked itt
And all the hinder prires, that few could spie,
Were ruinous and old, but painted cunningly

VI

St. George's

Arrived there, they passed in forth right,
 For still to all the gates stood open wide,
 Yet charge of them was to a Porter bright,
 Cold Malengin who entrance none denied
 Thence to the hall, which was on every side
 With rich array and costly arras dight
 Infinite sortes of people did abide
 There waiting long to win the wished sight
 Of her, that was the Lady of that Pallace bright

the attendance of her court

VII

Be them they passe, all gazing on them round
 And to the Presence mount, whose glorious view
 Their fraile amazed senses did confound
 In living Princes court none ever knew
 Such endlesse riches, and so sumptuous show
 Ne Person selfe, the nurse of pompous pride
 Like ever saw And there a noble crew
 Of Lords and Ladies stood on every side
 Which with their presence sayre the place much
 beautified

VIII

High above all a cloth of State was spread,
 And a rich throne as bright as sunny day,
 On which there sat most brave embellished
 With royall robes and gorgeous array,
 A maiden Queene that shone as Titans ray,
 In glistering gold and pereleous precious stone
 Yet her bright blazing beautie did rayne
 To dim the brightness of her glorious throne
 As envying her selfe, that too exceeding shone

IX

Exceeding shone like Phobus fayrest child
 That did presume his fathers fyre with
 And flaming mouthes of steeds, unwanted
 wilde
 Through highest heaven with weaker hand to
 Proud of such glory and advancement rayne,
 While flashing beames do daze his feeble eyen,
 He leaves the welkin way most beaten playne
 And, zapt with whirling wheelles, inflames the
 skyen
 With fire not made to burne, but sayrely for to

X

So proud she shyned in her princely state,
 Looking to heaven for earth she did disdain,
 And sitting high, for lowly she did hate
 Lo! underneath her scornfull feete was layne
 A dreadful Dragon with an hideous trayne,
 And in her hand she held a mirrour bright,
 Wherein her face she often viewed fyne,
 And in her selfe-lov'd semblance took delight,
 For she was wondrous faire, as any living wight

XI

Of grisely Pluto she the daimlyter was,
 And sad Proserpina, the Queene of Hell
 Yet did she thinke her peerlesse worth to pass
 That parentage with pride so did she swell
 And thundring Iove, that high in heaven doth
 dwell
 And wield the world, she daimed for her peer,
 Or if that any else did doze excell;
 For to the highest she did still aspire,
 Or if ought higher were than that, did it desire.

XII

And proud Lucifer men did her call,
 That made himselfe a Queene, as Iernusalem
 Yet rightfull kingdome she had none at all,
 Ne heritance of prayre nor crowne
 But did usurpe with her wing and running
 Upon the wyler which she now did hold
 She ruled her Realme with lawes but pallid
 And of long advancement of her wearisome
 That, with their counsaile bad, her kingdome
 did uphold

XIII

Soone as the Illust knight in presence came
 And sawe Dues a young lady faire,
 A gentle Husher Vanne by name
 Made roome, and paased for them did passe
 So goodly brought them to the lowest stayre
 Of her high throne where they, in humble knee
 Making obayssaunce did the cause declare,
 Why thus were come her royall wite to see,
 To prove the wile report of her next Majestee

the ladies answer

With lustre eyes, half both to hold so love,
 She thanked them in her daintie full way,
 No other grace vouchsafed them to shewe
 Of Princesse worthie, as that they had arise
 Her Lordes and Ladies all this while desyre
 Themselves to setten forth to strangers sight
 Some fawne their curd lye in courtly
 Some praise their ruffes and others staid
 Their lay attyre, each others greater pride
 does spight

XIV

Goodly they all that knight doo entertaine,
 Right glad with him to have increase their crew,
 But to Dues each one himselfe did payne
 All kinnesse and fure courtly to shewe
 For in that court who lone her will she knew
 Yet the stout Iacq mony the middlest crowd
 Thought all their glorie came in knightly view,
 And that great Princesse too exceeding proud
 That to strange knight no better countenance
 allowed.

XXI

Sudden upriseth from her stately place
The roiall Dame, and for her coche doth call
All hurried forth; and she, with princely pace,
As faire Aurora in her purple pall
Out of the Last the dawning day doth call
So forth she comes, her brightnes brode doth

exhibita
The heapes of people, thronging in the hall,
Doe ride each other upon her to gaze [amaze
Her glorious glitterand light doth all mens eyes

XXII

So forth she comes, and to her coche does
Adorned all with gold and girlands gay, [cly me,
That seemd as fresh as Flora in her prime,
And strove to match, in roiall rich array, [say,
Great Junoes golden chaire, the which, they
The gods stand gazing on, when she does ride
To Joves high hous through heavens bris-
paved way,
Drawne of fayre Pecoockes that excell in pride,
And full of Argus eyes their tawles dispredden
wide *with darts eyes*

XXIII

But this was drawne of six unequall beasts
On which her six sage Counsellours did ride,
Taught to obey their bestiall behests,
With like conditions to their kindes apply de
Of which the first, that all the rest did guide,
Was sluggish Idlenesse, the nourse of sin,
Upon a slouthfull Asse he chose to ryde,
Arayd in habit blacke, and amys thin, *amice*
Like to an holy Monck, the service to begin
about

XXIV

And in his hand his Portesse still he bare,
That much was worne, but therein little redd,
For of devotion he had little care, [dedd
Still drownd in sleepe, and most of his daies
Scarse could he once uphold his heave hedd
To looken whether it were night or day
May seeme the wayne was very evill ledd,
When such an one had guiding of the way,
That knew not whether right he went, or else
astray

XXV

From worldly cares himselfe he did esloyn,
And greatly shunned manly exercise
From everie worke he challenged *esloyned*
For contemplation sake yet otherwise *esloyned*
His life he led in lawlesse riotise
By which he grew to grievous malady,
For in his lustlesse limbs, through evill guise,
A shaking fever raignd continually
Such one was Idlenesse, first of this company

XXI

And by his side rode loathsome Gluttony,
Deformed creature, on a filthie swyne
His belly was upblowne with luxury,
And eke with fatnesse swollen were his evne,
And like a Crane his necke was long and fyne
With which he swallowed up excessive feast,
For want whereof poore people oft did pyne
And all the way, most like a brutish beast,
He spued up his gorge, that all did him detest

*what he saw swallow
lib. the other*

XXII

In greene vine leaves he was right fitly clad,
For other clothes he could not weare for heate,
And on his head an vine girland had [swat
From under which fast trickled downe the
Still as he rode he somewhat still did eat, *some*
And in his hand did beare a bowing can, *drinke*
Of which he supt so oft, that on his seat
His drunken corse he scarce upholden can
In shape and life more like a monster then a
man *manne of living*

XXIII

Untill he was for any worldly thing,
And eke unhable once to stirre or go,
Not meet to be of counsell to a king,
Whose mind in meat and drinke was drownded so,
That from his frend he seeldome knew his so
Full of diseases was his carcas bled,
And a dry droppe through his flesh did flow,
Which by misdhet daily greater grew
Such one was Gluttony, the second of that crew

XXIV

And next to him rode lustfull Lechery
Upon a bearded Gote, whose rugged heare,
And wholly eyes (the signe of gelosy)
Was like the per-on selfe whom he did beare
Whorrough, and blacke, and filthie, did appeare,
Unseemly man to please faire Ladies eve,
Yet he of Ladies oft was loved deare,
When fairer faces were bid standen by
(O' who does know the bent of womens fantasy?)

XXV

In a greene gowne he clothed was full faire,
Which underneath did hide his filthinesse
And in his hand a burning hart he bare, *the qu*
Full of vaine follies and new fangenesse *new made shooes*
For he was false, and fraught with sicklenesse,
And learned had to love with secret lookes,
And well could daunce, and sing with rueful-
nesse
And fortunes tell, and read in loving bookes,
And thousand other waies to bait his fleshly
hookes

XXVI

Inconstant man, that loved all he saw,
And lusted after all that he did love,
Ne would his looser life be tide to law, [prove,
But joyd weake womens hearts to tempt, and
If from their lovall loves he might them move
Which lewdnes sild him with reprochfull paine
Of that foule evil, which all men reprove,
That rotteth the marrow, and consumes the braine
Such one was Lechery, the third of all this
traine

XXVII

And greedy Avarice by him did ride,
Upon a Camell londen all with gold
Two iron coffers bong on either side
With precious metall full as they might hold
And in his lap an heap of count he told, *count*
For of his wicked pelfe his god he made
And unto hell him selfe for money sold
Accursed wury was all his trade, [waide
And right and wrong like in equall ballaunce

XXVIII

His life was nigh unto deaths dore yplaste,
And thred-bare cote, and cobled shoes, hee ware,
Ne scarce good morrell all his life did taste,
But both from bicke and belly still did spare,
To till his bags and riches to compare *gallie*
Yet childe ne kinsman living had he none
To leave them to, but thorough daily care
To get, and nightly feare to lose his owne,
He led a wretched life, unto himselfe unknowne

XXIX

Most wretched night, whom nothing might
suffise, *deare*

Whose greedy lust did lacke in greatest store,
Whose need had end, but no end covetise
Whose welth was want, whose plenty made
him pore,

Who had enough, yett wished ever more
A vile disease and eke in foote and hand
A grievous gout tormented him full sore,
That well he could not touch, nor goe, nor
stand
Such one was Avarice, the fourth of this faire

XXX

And next to him malicious Envy rode
Upon a ravenous wolfe, and still did chaw
Between his cankered teeth a venomous tode,
That all the poison ran about his chaw
But inwardly he chewed his owne maw
At neighbours welth, that made him ever sad,
For death it was, when any good he saw,
And wept, that cause of weeping none he had,
But when he heard of harme he wept wou-
drous glad

XXXI. *From*

All in a kirtle of discoloured say
He clothed was, yprynted full of cyes,
And in his bo-some secretly there lay
An hateful Snake, the which his taile uptyes
In many folds, and mortall sting implye
Still as he rode he gnasht his teeth to see
Those heapes of gold with gyppe Covetise,
And grudged at the great felicitie
Of proud Lucifera, and his owne companie

XXXII

He hated all good workes and vertuous deed-
And him no lease that any like did see
And who with grātious bread the hungry feed-
His times for want of faith he doth accuse
In every good to bad he doth abuse,
And eke the verse of famous Poets will
He does backbite, and spightfull poison
spues *romel, evel well*
From leprons mouth on all that ever writt.
Such one vile Envy was, that fiste in row did
sit.

XXXIII

And him beside rides thence revenging Wrath.
Upon a Lion, loth for to be led,
And in his hand a burning brand he hath,
The which he brandisheth about his bed
His eyes did hurle forth sparkes fiery red,
And stared sterne on all that him beheld,
As ashes pile of heve, and seeming dead;
And on his dagger still his hand he held
Trembling through hasty rage when choler in
him sweld

XXXIV. *rudd*

His ruslin ruggent all was stund with blood
Which he had spilt, and all in rags yrent,
Through unadvised rashnes *rudd* *wood*
For of his hands he had no government,
Ne card for blood in his avengement
But, when the furious ltt was overpast,
His cruel fitts he often would repent,
Yet wilsfull man he never would forcast
How many mischieves should ensue his heed-
lesse hast

XXXV

Full many mischiefs follow cruell Wrath
Abhorred bloodshed, and tumultuous strife,
Unmanly murder, and unchristy scath *how*
Bitter despight, with rancours rusty knife, *the*
And fretting griefe, the enemy of life
All these, and many evils moe haunt ire
The swelling Splene, and Frenzy riging
rite *(the 22)*
The shaking Paley, and Saint Frances hre
Such one was Wrath the last of this ungodly
tire *how, from*

XXXVI

And, after all, upon the wagon beame,
Rode Sathan with a smarting whip in hand,
With which he forward lasht the laesye teme,
So oft as Slowth still in the mire did stand
Huge routs of people did about them band,
Shouting for joy, and still before their way
A foggy mist had covered all the land,
And, underneath their feet, all scattered lay
Dead skulls and bones of men whose life had
gone astray

XXXVII

So forth they marchen in this goodly sort,
To take the solace of the open aire, [sport
And in fresh flowing fields themselves to
Emongst the rest rode that false Lady faire,
The foule Duessa, next unto the chaire
Of proud Lucifer, as one of the traine
But that good knight would not so nigh
repaire,
Him selfe estraunging from their joyaunce
vaine,
Whose fellowship seemd far unfit for warlike
swaine.

XXXVIII

So, having solaced themselves a space
With pleaunce of the breathing fields yed,
They brcke returned to the princely Blace,
Whereas an errant knight in armes yed,
And heathnish shield, wherein with letters red,
Was writt *Sansjoy*, they new arrived find
Enflam'd with fury and fiers hardy hed,
He seemd in hart to harbour thoughts unkind,
And nourish bloody vengeance in his bitter
mind

XXXIX

Who, when the shamed shield of slaine
Sansfoy
Hespidewith that same Faery champion page,
Bewraying him that did of late destroy
His eldest brother, burning all with rage,
He to him leapt, and that same envious gage
Of victors glory from him snacht away
But th' Elfin knight, which ought that war-
like wage, *was, I thought, the*
Disdand to loose the meel he wonne in fray,
And, him rencountering fierce, reskew'd the noble
pray. *Scuffling with*

XL

Therewith they gan to hurtlen greedily,
Redoubted battaile ready to *commence*,
And clash their shields, and shake their swords
on hy, [traine,
That with their sturre they troubled all the
Till that great Queene, upon eternall paine
Of high displeasure that enisewen might,

Commaunded them their fury to reframe,
And, ~~if~~ that either to that shield had right,
In equall lists they should the morrow next it
fight. *the fight*

XLI

'Ah dearest Dame,' quoth then the Paynim
'Pardon the error of enraged wight, [bold,
Whome great griefe made forgett the raimes to
hold *at seeing -*
Of reasons ryle, to see this recreaunt knight,
No knight, but treachour full of false despight
And shameful treason, who through guile hath
slayn

The provest knight that ever field did fight,
Even stout Sansfoy, (O who can then refrain?)
Whose shield he beares renverset, the more to
heap disdayn *surged, words*

XLII

'And, to augment the glorie of his guile,
His dearest love, the faire Fidessa, loe',
Is there possessed of the traitour vile;
Who reapes the harvest sown by his foe,
Sown in bloodie field, and bought with woe
That brothers hand shall dearly well requight,
So be, O Queene! you equall favour shoue'
Him lile answerd th' angry Elfin knight,
He never meant with words, but swords, to
plead his right

XLIII

But threw his gauntlet, as a sacred pledge
His cause in combat the next day to try
So been they parted both, with harts on edge
To be aveng'd each on his enemy
That night they pas in joy and jollity,
Feasting and courting both in bowre and hall,
For Steward was excessive Gluttony,
That of his plenty poured forth to all
Which doen, the Chamberlain, Slowth, did to
rest them call

XLIV

Now whenas darke some night had all displayd
Her coleblacke curtain over brightest skye
The warlike youtes, on dayntie couches layd,
Did chace away sweet sleepe from sluggish
To muse on meanes of hoped victory
But whenas Morpheus had with leaden mace
Arrested all that courtly company,
Uprose Duessa from her resting place, [pace
And to the Paynim lodging comes with silent

XLV

Whom broad awake she findes, in troublous sitt,
Fore-casting how his foe he might annoy,
And him amoyes with speeches seeming fitt
'Ah deare Sansjoy, next dearest to Sansfoy,

Cause of my new griefe, cause of my new joy,
 Joyous to see his image in mine eye, before
 And greivd to thinke how he did him destroy,
 That was the flowre of grace and chivalrye,
 Lo! his Fides, to thy secret faith I live

XVII

With gentle wordes he can her fayrely greet,
 And bad say on the secretes of her hart
 Then, sighing soft, 'I learne that little sweet
 Oft temptd is,' (quoth she) 'with much ill
 smart
 For since my brest was lurcht with love's
 Of deare San-foy, I never joyed how
 But in eternall woes my weker hart
 Have wasted, loving him with all my powre
 And for his sake have felt full many an heave
 stoure

XVIII

'At last, when perils all I weened past,
 And hop'd to reape the crop of all my care
 Into new woes unwitting I was cast
 By this false faytor, who unworthie ware
 His worthie shield, whom he with guilefull
 Entrapp'd slew, and brought to shamefull
 grave
 Me, silly maid, away with him he bare,
 And ever since hath kept in dark-om cave
 For that I would not yeeld that to San-foy I
 gave.

XIX

'But since sure Sonne hath perst that low
 ring cloud,
 And to my loathed life now shewes some light
 Under your beames I will me safely shrowd
 I rom dreaded storme of his disdainfull sight
 To you th' inheritance belongs by right
 Of brothers prayre, to you eke lon-^{as his}
 love
 Let not his love, let not his restlesse spright

CANON

The faithfull knight in equall field
 Subdues his faithlesse foe
 Whom false Duce's eyes and for
 His cure to hell does goe

I

THE noble hart that harbours vertuous
 thought,
 And is with childe of glorious grent intent,
 Can never rest, untill it forth have brought
 Th'eternall brood of glorie excellent

Such restlesse passion did all night torment
 The flaming corage of that faery knight,
 Desiring how that doubtfull tournament
 With greatest honour he achievement might
 Still did he wake, and still did watch for
 [dawning light]

VIX

The Sarazin was stout and wondrous strong,
And heaped blowes like yron hammers great,
For after blood and vengeance he did long
The knight was fiers, and full of youthly heat,
And doubled strokes, like dreaded thunders
threat,
For all for praise and honour he did fight
Both stricken stryke, and beaten both doe beat,
That from their shields forth flyeth fire light,
And hew en helmets deepe shew marks of eithers
might

VIII

So th' one for wrong, the other strives for
right.
As when a Gryphon, seized of his pray,
A Dragon fiers encount'reth in his flight,
Through widest ayre making his ydle way,
That would his rightfull ravine rend away
With hideous horror both together smight,
And spūce so sore that they the heavens affray,
The wise Southsayer, seeing so sad sight,
Th' amazed vulgar telles of warres and mortall
fight.

IX

IX

So th' one for wrong, the other strives for
right,
And each to deadly shame would drive his foe
The cruell steele so greedily doth bight
In tender flesh, that streames of blood down
cast flow, [show,
With which the armes, that earst so bright did
Into a pure vermillion now are dyde
Great with in all the gazers harts did grow,
Seeing the gored woundes to gape so wyde,
That victory they dare not wish to either side

X

At last the Paynum chaunst to cast his eye,
His sudden eye flaming with wrathfull fyre,
Upon his brothers shield, which hong thereby
Therewith redoubled was his raging yre,
And said, ' Ah ' wretched sonne of wofull svre,
Doeest thou sit wayling by blacke Stygian lake,
Why lest here thy shield is hangd for victors
hyre? *Wretched soldier* *reld*
And, sluggish german, doeest thy forces slake
To after-send his foe, that hum may overtake

XI

XI

'Goe, ev'ryne Else, him quickly undertake,
And soone redeeme from his long-wandering
Goe, guiltie ghost, to him my message make,
That I his shield have quit from d'ing foe,
Therewith upon his crest he stroke him so,
That twise he reeled, readie twise to fall

End of the doubtfull battaile deemed tho
The lookers on, and lowd to him gan call
The false Duesza, 'Thine the shield, and I, and
all!'

XII

Soone is the Faerie heard his Ladie speake,
Out of his snowning dreame he gan awake,
And quickning faith, that earst was woken
weake, *like quene, never*
The creeping deadly cold wyrd did shrike
Thomov'd with wrath, and shame, and Ladies
Of all attonce he cast vengd to be, *[sahe,*
And with so' exceeding furie at him strake,
That forced him to stoupe upon his knee
Had he not stouped so, he should have cloven
bee.

XIII

And to him said, 'Goe now, proud Miscreant,
Thy selfe thy message do to german deare,
Alone he, wandering, thee too long doth want
Goe say, his foe thy shield with his doth beare,
Therewith his heavie hand he high gan reare,
Him to have slaine, when lo! a darkesome
clowd
Upon him fell he to where doth appeare
But vnsight is The life him calls alowd,
But answer none receives, the darknes him
does shrowd.

XIV

In haste Duesza from her place rose, *reluctant*
And to him running said, 'O' p'ntest knight,
That ever Ladie to her love did chose,
Let now abate the terrour of your might,
And quench the flame of furious despyght,
And bloodie vengeance lo' th' infernall
powres,
Covering your foe with cloud of deadly night,
Have borne him hence to Plutoes balefull
bowres *[glory yours,*
The conquest yours, I yours, the shield, and

XV

Not all so satisfide, with greedy eye
He sought all round about, his thristy blade
To bathe in blood of faithlesse enemy
Who all that while lay hid in secret shade.
He standes amazed how he thence should fade
At last the trumpets Triumph sound on hie,
And running Heralds humble homage made,
Greeting him goodly with new victorie,
And to him brought the shield, the cruse of
ennemie

XVI

Wherewith he goeth to that sovaine
Queene,
And falling her before on lowly knee,

To her makes present of his service scene
Which she accepts with thanks and goodly
Greatly advauncing his gay chivalree *[bright,*
So marcheth home, and by her takes the
knight,

Whom all the people followe with great glee,
Shouting, and clapping all their hands on
hight, *[bright,*
That all the ayre it fills, and flyes to heaven

XVII

Home is he brought, and layd in sumptuous
Where many skilfull leeches him abide *[bright,*
To salve his hurts that yet still freshly bleed
In wine and oyle they wash his woundes wide,
And softly gan embalme on everie side
And all the while most heavenly melody
About the bed sweet musickke did divide,
Him to beguile of griefe and agony
And all the while Duesza wept full bitterly.

XVIII

As when a wearie traveler, that straves
By muddy shore of broad seven-mouthed Nile,
Unweeting of the perillous wandering waves,
Doth meete a cruell craftie Crocodile, *[guile,*
Which, in false griefe hiding his harmefull
Doth weepe full sore, and sheddeth tender
The foolish man, that pities all this while *[teares,*
His mournfull plight, is swallowed up un-
wares *careless of safety* *[cares,*
Forgetfull of his owne that mindes an others

XIX

So wept Duesza untill eventide,
That shyning lampes in Joves high house
were light,
Then forth she rose, no lenger would abide,
But comes unto the place where th' Heethen
knight, *sworn* *[spright,*
In slombing snowd nigh void of vitall
Lay coverd with mechaunted cloud all day
Whom when she found, as she him left in
plight,

To wawe his wofull case she would not stay,
But to the Eastern coast of heaven makes
speedy way *where night clearing*
bedious *it long and toiling*

Where greet Night with visage deadly sad,
Th' Phoebeus cheerefull face durst never view,
And in foule blacke pitchy mantle clad, *[mew,*
She findes forth coming from her darksome
Where she all day did hide her hated hew
Before the dore her iron charet stood,
Already harnesssed for journey new
And coleblacke steeds borne of hellish brood,
That on their rusty bits did chimp as they
were wood,

xxv

Who when she saw Duessa, sunny bright,
Adorn'd with gold and jewels shining cleare,
She greatly grew amazed at the sight,
And th' unacquainted light began to ferre,
For never did such brightnes there appeare,
And would have backe retired to her cave,
Untill the witches speech she gun to heere,
Saying, 'Yet, O thou dreaded Dame' I crave
Abyde, till I have told the message which I
have.'

xxvi

She said, and forth Duessa gan proceede
'O thou most auncient Grandmother of all
More old then Jove, whom thou at first didst
breede,

Or that great house of Gods celestiall,
Which wast begot in Demogorgon's hall,
And wast the secrets of the world made known,
Why sufferst thou this Nephew's deare to fall
With Elfin sword most shamefully betrade?
Lo' where the stout Sansjoy doth sleepe in
deadly shade.

xxvii

'And him before, I saw with bitter eyes
The bold Sansjoy shrink underneath his spere
And now the pray of fowles in field he lies,
Nor wayld of friends, nor layd on groning
beare,

That whylome was to me too dearely deare
O what of gods then hosts at to be borne,
If old Ascalaph's sonnes so evil beare?
Or who shall not great Nightes children scorne
When two of three her Nephewes are so fowle
forlorne?

xxviii

'Up, then' up, dreary Dame, of darknes
Queene'

Go, gather up the reliques of thy race,
Or else goe them avenge, and let be seene
That dreaded Night in brightest day hath
place,

And can the children of faire light deface?
Her feeling speeches some compassion mov'd
In hart, and chaunge in that great mothers face
Yet pity in her hart was never prov'd
Till then, for evermore she hated never lov'd

xxix

And said, 'Deare daughter, rightly may I rewe
The fall of famous children borne of my
And good successes which their foes did
But who can turne the stream of destinee,
Or breake the charnt of strong necessitee,
Which list is tyde to Joves eternall seat?
The sonnes of Day he favoureth, I see,

And by my runes thinkes to make them great
To make one great by others losse is bad ex-
cheat *free*

xxxi

'Yet shall they not escape so freely all,
For some shall pay the price of others guilt,
And he the man that made Sansjoy to fall,
Shall with his owne blood price that he hath
spilt

But what art thou, that telst of Nephew's kalt?
'I, that do seeme not I, Duessa ame,
Quoth she, 'how ever now, in garments gilt
And gorgeous gold vnd, I to thee came,
Duessa I, the daughter of Deceit and Shame'

xxxii

Then, bowing downe her aged backe, she list
The wicked witch, saying, 'In that fayre face
The false resemblance of Deceit I wist,
Did closely lurke, yet so true-seeming grace
It carried, that I scarce in darksome place
Could it discern, though I the mother bee
Of falshood, and roote of Duessaes race
O welcome, child' whom I have longd to see,
And now have seene unawares Lo' now I goe
with thee.'

xxxiii

Then to her iron wagon she betakes,
And with her beares the fowle welfavoured
witch *dark* [makes

Through murky some are her ready way she
Her twysold Teme, of which two blacke as
black pitch,

And two were browne, yet each to each unch,
Did softly swim away, ne ever stamp
Unlesse she chaunst their stubborne mouths
to twitch, [champ,

Then, foming tarre, their bridles they would
And trampling the fine element would fiercely
ramp. *rear* *as*

xxxiv

So well they sped, that they be come at length
Unto the place whereas the Paynim lay,
Devoid of outward sence and native strength,
Coverd with charmed cloud from view of day,
And sight of men, since his late lucklesse fray
His cruell wounds, with cruddy bloud con-
geald,

They binden up so wisely as they may, *speckfully*
And handle softly, till they can be herd
So lay him in her charett, close in night con-
ceald

xxxv

And, all the while she stood upon the ground,
The wakefull dogs did never cease to bay,
As giving warning of th' unwonted sound,
With which her yron wheelcs did them affray,

And her darke griesly lookethem much dismay
The messenger of death, the ghastly owle,
With dreary shriekes did also her beguile,
And hungry wolues continually did howle
At her abhorred face, so filthy and so fowle

XXVI

Thence turning bricke in silence softe they
stole,
And brought the heauy corse with easie pace
To yawning gulfe of deepe Aernus hole
By that same hole an entrance, darke and
hace,
With smoke and sulphur hiding all the place,
Descends to hell there creature neuer past,
That bricke retourned without heavenly
grace,
But dreadfull Furies, which their chames haue
brast,
And damned sprights sent forth to make ill

XXVII

By that same way the dreifull dames doe
driue
Their mournfull charett, filld with rusty blood,
And downe to Plutoes house are come bled
Which passing through, on every side them
stood
The trembling ghosts with sad amazed mood,
Chattering their iron teeth, and staring wide
With stony eyes, and all the hellish brood
Of feedes infernall flockt on every side,
To gaze on earthy night that with the Night
durst ride.

XXVIII

They pas the bitter waxes of Acheron,
Where many soules sit wailing woefully,
And come to fiery flood of Phlegeton,
Whereas the damned ghosts in torments fry,
And with sharp shrilling shriekes doe bootlesse
cry,
Cursing high Ioue, the which them thither sent
The house of endless paine is built thereby,
In which ten thousand sorts of punishment
The cursed creatures doe eternally torment

XXIX

Before the thre-hold dreadfull Cerberus
His three deformed heads did lay along,
Curled with thousand adders venomous,
And liffed forth his bloody flaming tong
At them he gan to reare his bristles strong,
And felly gnarre, untill Dives enemy
Did him appease, then downe his taile he
hong
And suffered them to passe quietly,
For she in hell and heaven had power equally

XXX

There was Ixion turned on a wheele,
For daring tempt the Queene of heauen to sin,
And Sisypheus in huge round stone did reele
Against an hill, no might from labour in
There thirsty Tantalus hong by the chin,
And Tityus fed a vultur on his maw;
Tityus joynts were stretched on a gill,
Theseus condemned to endless slouth by law,
And fifty sisters water in leke vessels draw

XXXI

They all, beholding worldly wights in place,
Leaue off their worke, unmindfull of their smart,
To gaze on them, who forth by them doe pace,
Till they be come unto the furthest part
Where was a Cave wrought by wondrous art
Deepe, darke, uncasy, dolesfull, comfortlesse
In which sad Aesculapius far apart
Empiror was in chaires remedlesse,
For that Hippolytus rent corse he did redresse

XXXII

Hippolytus a jolly huntman was
That went in charett chace the fanning bore
He all his Peeres in beauty did surpass,
But Ladies love as losse of time forbore
His wanton stepdame loved him the more,
But, when she saw her offered sweets refusd,
Her love she turnd to hate, and him before
His father fierce of treason false accusd,
And with her gealous termes his open eares
abused

XXXIII

Who, all in rage, his Sea-god sire besought
Some curd vengeance on his sonne to cha-
llom surging gull two Monsters straight were
brought,
With dread whereof his chacing steeds aghrst
Both charett swifte and huntman overcast
His goodly corse, on ragged cliffs rent,
Was quite dismembred and his members chast
Scattered on every mountaine as he went,
That of Hippolytus was lefte no monument.

XXXIV

His cruell step dame, seeing what was donne,
Her wicked dries with wretched knife did end,
In death avowing th' innocence of her sonne
Which hearing, his rash sire began to rend
His heare, and hasty tong that did offend
The gathering up the reliques of his smart,
By Dives means, who was Hippolytus friend
Them brought to Aesculape, that by his art
Did heale them all againe, and joynd every
part

THE FAIRIE QUEENE

XL

Such wondrous science in mans witt to rain
When Iove avizd, that could the dead revive,
And fates expired could renew again,
Of endlesse life he might him not deprive,
But unto hell did thrust him downe alive,
With flashing thunderbolt y wounded sore
Where, long remunning, he did alwaies strive
Himselfe with salves to health for to restore,
And slake the heavenly fire that rag'd ever-
more

XLI

There auncient Night arriving did alight
From her nigh weery wyne, and in her armes
To Aesculapius brought the wounded knight
Whome having softly disar'd of armes,
Tho gan to him discover all his harmes,
Beseeching him with prayer and with praise,
If either salves, or oyles, or herbes, or charmes,
A forlonne wight from dole of death mote raise.
He would at her request prolong her nephews
dues

XLII

'Ah Dame,' (quoth he) 'thou tempest me
in vaine,
To dare the thing, which daily yet I rewe,
And the old cause of my continued paine
With like attempt to like end to renew
Is not enough, that, thrust from heaven dew,
Here endlesse penance for one fault I prave,
But that redoubled crime with vengeance new,
Thou biddest me to eke out my Night with day,
The wrath of thundring Iove, that rules both
night and day ?'

XLIII

'Not so,' (quoth she) 'but, sith thit heavens
king
From hope of heaven hath thee excluded quite,
Why fearest thou, that canst not hope for thing,
And fearest not that more thee hurten might,
Now in the powre of everlasting Night ?
Goe to then, O thou far renowned sonne
Of great Apollo! shew thy famous might
In medicine, that els hath to thee wonne
Great pains, and greater praise, both never to
be donne'

XLIV

Her words previld And then the learned
leach
His cunning hand gan to his wounds to lay,
And all things els the which his art did teach
Which having scene, from thence arose away
The mother of dredd darknesse, and let stay
Aveugles sonne there in the leaches cure,
And, backe retourning, took her wonted way

To ronne her ^{looking} timely race, whilst Phoebus
pure
In westerne waves his weary wagon did recure

XLV

The false Duesse, leaving ~~many~~ Night,
Returnd to stately pallace of Dame Pryde
Where when she came, she found the Faery
knight
Departed thence, albee his woundes wyde
Not thoroughly heild unready were to ryde
Good cause he had to hasten thence away,
For on a day his wary Dwarfie had spyde
Where in a dungeon deepe huge numbers
lay
Of caytive wretched thralls, that way led might
and day

A ^{as much as} full sight as could be scene with ere,
Of whom he learned had in secret wise
The hidden cause of their captivite,
How mortgaging their lives to Covetise,
Through wasfull Pride and wanton Riotise,
They were by law of that proud Tyrannesse,
Provokt with Wrath and Envyes false surmise,
Condemned to that Dongeon merceslesse,
Where they should live in wo, and dye in
wretchednesse.

XLVI

There was that great proud king of Babylon,
That would compell all nations to adore,
And him as onely God to call upon,
Till, through celestiaall doome thrown out of
Into an Oxe he was transform'd of yore
There also was king Croesus, that enhaunst
His hart too high through his great richesse
store,

And proud Antiochus, the which advaunst
His cur'd hand gaunst God, and on his altars
gaunst

XLVII

And them long time before, great Nimrod was,
That first the world with sword and fire war-
red after him old Ninus far did prave
In princely pomp, all the world abas'd
There also was that mightie Monarch layd
Low under all, yet above all in pride,
That name of native syre did fowle upbrayd,
And would as Ammons sonne be magnifide,
Till, scorn'd of God and man, a shamefull death
he did

XLIX

All these together in one heape were throwne,
Like carcases of beastes in butchers stall
And in another corner wide were strowne
The Antique ruins of the Romanes fall

ancient

Great Romulus, the Grandvire of them all,
Proud Tarquin, and too lordly Lentulus,
Stout Scipio, and stubborne Maunibill,
Ambitious Sylla, and sterne Marius, (thus
High Caesar, great Pompey, and here Auto-

I

Amongst these mightie men were women mixt,
Proud women, vaine, forgetfull of their voke
The bold Semiramis, whoe sides transist
With sounes own blade her fowle reproches
spoke

Fayre Sthenobee, that her selfe did chole
With wilfull chorde for wanting of her will,
High minded Cleopatra, that with stroke
Of Aspes sting her selfe did stoutly kill,
And thousands moe the like that did that donge-
geon fill

II

Besides the endlesse routes of wretched
thralles,

Which thither were assembled day by day,
From all the world, after their usefull fallies,
Through wicked pride and wasted welthos
decay

But most of all, which in that dongeon lay,
Fell from high Princes courtes, or Ladies
bowres,
Where they in ydle pomp, or wanton play,

Consumed had their goods and thrifles
howres,
And lastly thrown themselves into these hevy

III

Whose eyes whenas the careful Dwarfes had
tould, ~~was many~~
And made example of their mourfull sight
Unto his Master, he no longer would
There dwell in perill of like painefull plight,
But ere they rose, and ere that dawning
light

Discovered had the world to his eyes wyde,
He by a privy Posterne took his flight,
That of no curious eyes he mote be spyde
For, doubtlesse, death ensued if any him des-
cryde

LIII

Scarse could he footing find in that fowle way
For many corpes, like a great fowle ill, ~~decayed~~
Of murdered men, which therein strowed lay
Without remorse or decent funer ill,
Which at through that grete Prince's pride
did fall,
And came to shamefull end And them besyde,
Forth ryding underneath the castell wall,
A Donghill of dread carewes he spyde,
The dreadfull spectacle of that sad house of
Pryde

CANTO VI

From lawlesse lust by wondrous grace
Fayre Una is a leas
Whom salvage nation does adore,
And learns her wile beliest

I

As when a ship, that flies safe under sayle,
An hidden rocke escaped hath unware
That try in waite her wrack for to bewaile,
The Marriner yet brise amazed stares
At perill prest, and yet in doubt ne dares
To joy at his foolhappie oversight ~~neglect~~
So doubly is distrest twixt joy and cares
The dreadlesse corage of this Elan I night.
Having escript so sad ensamples in his sight

II

Yet sad he was, that his too hastie speed
The fayre Duess had forst him leave behind,
And yet more sad, that Una, his deare deede,
Her truth had staynd with treason so unkind

Yet cryme in her could never creature find,
But for his love, and for her own selfe sake,
She waudred from one to other land,
Him for to seeke, ne ever would forsake,
Till her unware the fierie Sansloy did overtake

III

Who, after Archimago's fowle defeat,
Led her away into a fure-wilde,
And, turning wrathfull fire to lustfull heat,
With beastly sin thought her to have defilde,
And made the vntill of his pleasures vild
Yet first he cast by treache and by traynes
Her to perswade that stubborne sort to vild
For greater conquest of hard love he gaynes,
That workes it to his will, then he th it con-
straines

IV

With fawning wordes he courted her a while,
And, looking lovely and oft sighing sore,
Her constant hart did tempt with diuerse guile
But wordes, and looks, and sighes she did
As rook of Diamond steadfast evermore [abhorre;
Yet for to feed his fyrie lustfull eye,
He snatcht the veile that hong her face before
Then gan her beautie shyn as brightest skye,
And burnt his beasty hart t^o efforce her chas-
tity e

compel

So when he saw his flatt'ring artes to fayle,
And subtile engines bett from batteree,
With greedy force he gun the fort assaile,
Whereof he weend possessed soone to bee,
And w^{ith} rich spoile of ransackt chastitee
Ah heavⁿ! that doe this hideous act behold,
And heavenly virgin thus outraged see,
How can ye vengeance just so long withhold,
And hurle not flaming flames upon that Pay-
num bold?

V

The pitteous mayden, carefull, comfortlesse,
Does throw out thrilling shriekes, and shriek-
ing cries,

The last v^{er}me helpe of womens great distresse,
And with loud plaints importuneth the skyes,
That molten starres doe drop like weeping eyes,
And Phœbus, flying so most shamesfull sight,
His blushing face in foggy cloud implies
And hydes for shame What witt of mortal
wight

Can now devise to quitt a thrall from such a
providence heavenly, *harrow*
wondering thought

Eternall providence, exceeding thought,
Where none appeares can make her selfe a way
A wondrous way it for this Lady wrought,
From Lyons clawes to pluck the gryped pray
Her shrill outcries and shrieks so loud did bray,
That all the woodcs and forestes did resound
A troupe of Faunes and Satyres far away
Within the wood were dauncing in a rownd,
Whiles old Sylvanus slept in shady arber
sownd

VIII

Who, when they heard that pitteous strained
In haste forsooke their rurill merriment, [voice,
And ran towards the far rebownded noyce,
To weet what wight so loudly did lament, *it*
Unto the place they come meentment *place*
Whom with the raging Sarazin espyde,
A rude, mis-shapen, monstrous rablement, *cl*
Whose like he never saw, he durst not by de,
But got his ready steed, and fast away gan
ryde.

IX

The wyld woodgods, arrived in the place,
There find the virgin, doolfull, desolate, *Swoll*
With ruffled rayments, and sayre blubbred face,
As her outrageous foe had left her late, [hate
And trembling yet through feare of former
All stand amazed at so uncouth sight,
And gun to pittie her unhappie state
All stand astonished at her beautie bright,
In their rude eyes unworthie of so wofull plight

X

She, more amazd, in double dread doth
dwell,
And every tender part for feare does shake
As when a greedy Wolf, through hunger fell,
A seely Lamb far from the flock does take, *fell*
Of whom he meanes his bloody feast to make,
A Lyon spyes fast running towards him,
The innocent prye in hast he does forsake,
Which, quitt from death, yet quakes in every
lim *limb* *[grim.*
With change of feare, to see the Lyon looke so

XI

Such fearefull fit assaid her trembling hart,
Ne word to speake, ne joynt to move, she had,
The salvage nation feeble her secret smart,
And read her sorrow, in her count'nance, and
Their frowning *countenances*, with rough holmes
And rustick horror, all aside doe lay, [clad,
And, gently greynning shew a semblance glad
To comfort her, and, feare to put away,
Their backward bent knees teach her humbly
to obay *like a foote*
leaving XII

The doubtfull Damzell dare not yet commit
Her single person to their barbarous truth, *and*
But still twixt feare and hope amazd does sit,
Late leund what harme to hasty trust ensu'th
They, in compassion of her tender youth,
And wonder of her beautie so erayne,
Are wonne with pity and unwonted ruth,
And, ill prostrate upon the lowly playne,
Doe kisse her feete, and fawne on her with
count'nance sayne

XIII

Their harts she ghesseeth by their humble
And vieldes her to extenuate of time [guise,
So from the ground she tearlesse doth arise,
And walketh forth without suspect of crime,
They, all as glad as birdes of joyous Pryme,
Thence lead her forth, about her dauncing
round,
Shouting, and singing all a shepherds ry me,

And with greene branches strowing all the
ground,
Do worship her as Queene with olve girland
cround

XIV

And all the way their merry pipes they sound
That all the woods with doubled Echoo ring,
And with their horned feet doe weare the
ground
Leaping like wanton kids in pleasant Spring
So towards old Sylvanus they her bring.
Who, with the noise awaked, commeth out
To weet the cause his weak steps governing
And aged limbs on cressets stately stout,
And with an ioyous voice his waste is girt about.

Tar off he wonder what them makes so glad
Or Bacchus merry fruit they did invent,
Or Cybele's frumtick rites have made them mad
They, drawing nigh, unto their God present
That flowre of faith and beauty excellently,
The God himselfe, viewing that without ruse
Stood long amazed, and burnt in his intent
His owne faire Dryope now he thynke not faire
And Phoebe fowle, when her to this he doth
compare

The woodborne people fall before her flat
And worship her as Goddess of the wood
And old Sylvanus selfe bethynkes not what
To thinke of might so faire, but gazing stood
In doubt to deeme her borne of earthly brood
Sometimes some Venus selfe he seemes to see,
But Venus never had so sober mood
Sometimes Diana he her takes to be,
But museth bow and shaftes, and buskins to
her knee.

XV

By view of her he ginneth to revive
His ancient love and dearest Cytheree,
And calles to mind his pourtraiture alive,
How faire he was, and yet not faire to this,
And how he shew with glancing dart amuse
A gentle Hynd, the which the lovely boy
Did love as life, above all worldly blisse,
For griefe whereof the lad could after joy
But pynd away in anguish and selfe-wild
annoy

The woody nymphes, faire Hamadryades
Her to behold do thither runne apace
And all the troupe of light-foot Nymphes
Flocke all about to see her lovely face,

But, when they viewed have her heavenly grace,
They envy her in their malicious mind,
And fly as far as for feare of displeace
But all the Satyres scorne their woody kind,
And henceforth nothing faire but her on earth
they find.

XVI

Glad of such lucke, the luckelesse lucke mayd
Did her content to put on their filthy eyde,
And long time with that salvage people stand,
To gather breath in many miseries
During which time her gentle wit she plyes
To teach them truth, which worship her in
And made her the Image of Idolatrye, yname,
But when their bootlesse zeale she did restryne
From her own worship, they her as yet would
worship sayn

XVII

It fortun'd, a noble warlike knight
By just occasion to that forest came
To seeke his kindred and the lineage right
From whence he tooke his wel-deserv'd name
He had in armes abroad wonne muchell fame,
And hid far landes with glorie of his might
Of age, faithfull, true and many of fame
And ever lov'd to fight for Ladies right
But in vaine glorious frayes he litle did delight.

XVIII

A Satyre sonne borne in Forrest wild,
By strange adventure as it did betyde,
And there begotten of a Lady mild,
Faire Thyamis, the daughter of Labryde,
That was in sacred bandes of wedlocke tyde
To Theron, a loose untutyl swaine
Who had more joy to range the Forrest wyde,
And chase the Salvages best with base payne,
Then serve his Ladies love, and waste in
treasures vaine

XIX

The forlorne mayd did with loves longing
burne
And could not lacer her lovers company,
But to the woods she goes to seek her turne,
And seeke her spouse that from her still does fly,
And followes other game and vengre
A Satyre chaunst her wandring for to finde,
And, kindling coles of lust in brutish eyde
The loyall hunkes of wedlocke did unbinde
And made her per-on thrill unto his beastly
kind

XX

So long in secret cabin there he held
Her captive to his sensuall desire,
Till that with timely fruit her belly sweld,
And bore a boy unto that salvage syre

nymphs of flesh were (the nymphs of
the wood)

Then home he suffred her for to retyre,
For ransome leaving him the late-borne childe,
Whom, till to ryper yeares he gan aspyre,
He noused up in life and manners wilde,
Emongst wild beastes and woods, from lawes
of men exilde

XXIV

For all he taught the tender ymp was but
To banish cowardize and bastard feare
His trembling hand he would him force to put
Upon the Lyon and the rugged Beare, [teare,
And from the she Beares teats her whelps to
And eke wylde roving Buls he would him make
To tame, and ryde their backes, not made to
beare,
And the Robackes in flight to overtake, [quake
That everie beast for feare of him did fly, and

XXV

Thereby so fearlesse and so fell he grew,
That his own syre, and maister of his guse,
Did often tremble at his horrid fiew,
And oft, for dread of hurt, would him advise
The angrv beastes not rashly to despise,
Nor too much to provoke, for he would learne
The Lyon stoupe to him in lowly wise, [leop
(A lesson hard) and make the Labhard sterne
Leave roaring, when in rage he for revenge did
come.

XXVI

And for to make his powre approved more,
Wylde beastes in yron yokes he would compell
The spotted Panther, and the tusked Bore,
The Pardale swift, and the Tigre cruell
The Antelope, and Wolfe both fiers and fell,
And them constraine in equall tyme to draw
Such joy he had their stubborne hartis to quell,
And sturdie courage tame with dreadfull aw,
That his beheast they feared as a tyrans law

XXVII

His loving mother came upon a day
Unto the woodes, to see her little sonne,
And chaunst unwares to meet him in the way,
After his sportes and cruell pastime donne,
When after him a Lonesse did runne,
That roaring all with rage did lowd requere
Her children deare, whom he away had wonne
The Lyon whelpes she saw how he did beare,
And lull in rugged armes withouten childish
feare

XXVIII

The fearefull Dame all quaked at the sight,
And turning backe gan fast to fly away,
Untill, with love, she was from vaine asfright,
She hardly yet perswaded was to stay, [calm

And then to him these womanish words gan
'Ah Satyrane, my dearling and my joy, [say
For love of me leave off this dreadfull play,
To dally thus with death is no fit toy'
Go, find some other play-fellowes, mine own
sweet boy'

XXIX

In these and like delights of bloody game
He trayned was, till ryper yeaes he raght, [all
And there abode, whylst any beast of name
Walkt in that Forrest, whom he had not taught
To feare his force and then his courage
haught high, [off
Desyrd of forreme foemen to be knowne,
And far abroad for straunge adventures sought,
In which his might was never overthrowne,
But through al Faery lond his famous worth
was blawn. [blawnd

XXX

Yet evermore it was his maner faire,
After long labours and adventures spent,
Unto those native woods for to repaire,
To see his syre and ofspring aunient
And now he thither came for like intent, [where
Where he unwares the fairest Una found,
Straunge Lady in so straunge habillment,
Teaching the Satyres, which her sat around,
Trew sacred lore, which from her sweet lips did
redound.

XXXI

And he was wonderd at her wisdoms heavenly rare,
Whose like in womens witt he never knew,
And, when her courteous deeds he did compare,
Can her admire, and her sad sorrowes rew,
Blaming of Fortune, which such troubles thren,
And joyd to make prooffe of her cruelty
On gentle Dame, so hurtlesse and so trew
Thenceforth he kept her goodly company,
And leard her discipline of faith and verty
[teaching

XXXII

But she, all wond unto the Redcrosse Knight,
His wandring perill closely did lament,
Ne in this new acquaintance could delight,
But her deare heart with anguish did torment,
And all her witt in secret counsels spent,
How to escape At last in privy wise
To Satyrane she shewed her intent,
Who, glad to gain such favour, gan devise,
How with that pensive Maid he best might
thence gase. [chance

XXXIII

So on a day, when Satyres all were gone
To do their service to Sylvanus old,
The gentle virgin, left behinde alone,
He led away with corage stout and bold

Too late it was to Satyrus to be told,
Or ever hope recover her againe
In vaine he seeks that having cannot hold
So fast he carried her with carefull paine,
That they the woods are prest, and come now
to the plaine

XXXX

The better part now of the lingring day
They trauell had, whenas they far espide
A weary wight forwandering by the way, *straying*
And towards him they gan in haste to ride
To weete of newes that did abroad betide,
Or tidings of her knight of the Redersse,
But he them spying gan to turne aside
For ferre, as secund, or for some feigned losse
More greedy they of newes fast towards him
do crosse

XXXX

followed

A sills man, in simple weeds forworne,
And soild with dust of the long dried way,
His sandals were with toliome trauell tome,
And face all tann'd with scorching sunny ray,
As he had traueld many a summers day
Through boyling sands of Arable and Inde,
And in his hand a Jacobs staffe, to stay
His weary limbs upon, and cle behind
His scrip did hang, in which his needments he
did bind

XXXX

The knight, approaching nigh of him inquest
Tidings of warre, and of adventures new
But warres, nor new aduentures none he herd
Then Una gan to aske, if ought he knew
Or heard abroad of that her champion trew
That in his armour bare a croset red?
Ay me! Deere dame, (quoth he) 'well may
I reu

To tell the sad sight which mine eyes haue reid,
These eyes did see that knight both liuing and
cke ded'

XXXX

That cruell word her tender hart so thirld,
That sudden cold did ronne through eery
And stony horror all her senses filld
With dying fitt, that downe she fell for paine.
The knight her highly reared up againe,
And comforted with courteous kind reliefe
Then, wonne from death, she bad him tellen
plane *the further debauches in that country*
The further processe of her hidden griefe
The lesser pings can beere who hath endur'd
the chert

XXXX

Then gan the Pilgrim thus 'I chaunst this
This fittall day that shall I ever reu, [day]
To see two knights, in trauell on my wy,
(A sory sight) arraung'd in batteill new,

Both breathing vengeance, both of wrathfull
hou
My fearful flesh did tremble at their strife,
To see their blades so greedily imbren.
Thar, dronke with blood, yet thirsted after life
What more? the Redersse knight was slaine
with Paynim kniue'

XXXX

'Ah! dearest Lord, (quoth she) 'how might
that bee,
And he the stoutest knight that ever wonne?
'Ah! dearest dame (quoth hee) 'how might I
see
The thing that might not be, and yet was donne?
'Where is, (said Satyrus) 'that Paynim
donne,
That him of life, and us of joy hath rest?
'Not faraway, (quoth he) 'he hence doth wanne,
Inchy a fountaine, where I late him lefte
Washing his bloody wounds, that through the
stele were cleft'

VI

Therewith the knight thence marched forth
in hast,
Whiles I na, with huge heavine so oppress,
Could not for sorrow follow him so fast
And soone he came as he the place had reacht
Whereas that Paynim proud him selfe did rest
In secret shadow by a fountaine side
I then he it was, that eart would haue suppress
Iure Una, a hom when Satyrus espide,
With foule reprochfull word he boldly him
deside

VII

And said, 'Arise thou cursed Miscreant
That hast with knightlesse guile, and treach-
erous train
Pure knighthood sowly shamed, and doest
That good knight of the Redersse to have slaine
Arise, and with like treason now maintain
Thy guilty wrong, or els thee guilty yield'
The barzin thus heering, rose again, *deceit*
And catching up in hand his three-quire shield
And shining helmet, soone him buckled to the
field *that he made himselfe*

VIII

And, drawing nigh him, said 'thou misbold
In evil houre thy foes thee lither sent [I life,
Others wrongs to wreak upon thy selfe
Yet ill thou blamest me for having blent
My name with guile and traitorous intent
That Redersse knight, perdue, I never slew,
But had he beene where first his armes were
lent,

alluding to the last scene
of the Redersse knight

Th' enchaunter vaine his errour should not rewe,
But thou his errour shalt, I hope, now proven
trew

XLIII

Therewith they gau, both furious and fell,
To thunder blowes, and hersly to assaile
Each other, bent his enemy to quell, *hale*
That with them force they perst both plate
and maile,

And made wide furrowes in their fleshes fraile,
That it would pittie any living eie
Large floods of blood adowne their sides did
But floods of blood could not them satyshe
Both hongred after death, both chose to win,
or die

XLIV *fully restored*

So long they fight, and full revenge pursue,
That, fainting, each themselves to breathe left,
And, ofte refreshed, buttell oft renue
As when two Bores, with ranceling malice met,
Their gory sides fresh bleeding fiercely fret,
Til breathlesse both themselves aside retire,
Where foming wrath their cruell tuskes they
whett,
And trample th' earth, the whiles they may
Then backe to fight againe, new breathed and
entire

XLV *once recovered breath*

So fiersly, when these knights had breathed
once,
They gan to fight retourne, increasung more
Their puissant force, and cruell rage attonce,
With heaped strokes more hugely then before,
That with their diery wounds, and bloody gore,
They both, deformed, scarcely could beeknown
By this, sad Una fraught with anguish sore,

Led with their noise which through the aire
was thrown, [had sown
Arriv'd wher they in erth their fruitles blood

XLVI

Whom all so soone as that proud Sarazin
Espide, he gan revive the memory
Of his leud lusts, and late attempted sin,
And leste the doubtfull battell hastily,
To catch her, newly offed to his eie,
But Satyrane, with strokes him turning, staid,
And sternely bad him other businesse plic
Then hunt the steps of pure unspotted Maid
Wherewith he al eniag'd these bitter speaches
said

XLVII

O foolish faeries sonne! what fury mad
Hath thee incenst to hast thy dolefull fate?
Were it not better I that Lady had
Tilen that thou hadst repented it too late?
Most sencelesse man he, that himselfe doth hate,
To love another Lo! then, for thine yd,
Here take thy loves token on thy pate,
So they to fight, the whiles the royall Mayd
Fledd farre away, of that proud Paynim sore
afraid

XLVIII

But that false Pilgrim, which that leasung
Being in deed old Archmage, did stay [told,
In secret shadow all this to behold,
And much rejoyced in their bloody fray
But, when he saw the Damsell passe away,
He left his stond, and her pursend apace,
In hope to bring her to her last decay.
But for to tell her lamentable cace, [place
And eke this battels end, will need another

CANTO VII

The Redcrosse knight is captive made
By Gyaunt proud opprest
Prince Arthure meets with Una great-
ly with those newes distrest

I

WHAT man so wise, what earthly, witt so war,
As to discry the crafty cunning trane,
By which decept doth maske in visour faire,
And cast her coulours, died deepe in graine, *way*
To seeme like truth, whose shape she well can
faine,
And fitting gestures to her purpose frame, *rest*
The guiltlesse man with guile to entrap,
Great maistrasse of her art was that false Dame,
The false Duessa, cloked with Fidessas name.

II

Who when, returning from the dreiy Night,
She fownd not in that perillous hous of Pryde,
Where she had left the noble Redcrosse knight,
After hoped pray, she would no longer byde,
But forth she went to seeke him far and wide
Ere long she fownd, whereas he wearie sate
reste him selfe sorely a fountaine syde,
Disarmed all of yron-coled Plate,
And by his side his steed the grassy forage
ate

III
 Hee ~~restes~~ ^{restes} upon the cooling shade, and hares
 His sweatie forehead in the breathing wind
 Which through the trembling leaues full
 gently plaues

Wherein the chearefull birds of sundry kind
 Doe chaunt sweet musick to delight his mynd
 The witch approaching gaue him fauently greet
 And with reproch of carelesnes unkind
 Upraised, for leaving her in place unmet,
 With fowle words tempting faire, ^{pure} gall
 with hony sweet.

IV
 Unkindnesse past, they gan of solace treat,
 And brite in plearaunce of the ioyous shide
 Which shielded them agaynst the boyling heat
 And with greene boughes decking a gloomy
 glade

About the fountaine like a girlond made
 Whose bubbling wave did ever freshly well
 Ne ever would through fierient summer fade
 The sacred Nymph which therein wont to
 dwell

Was out of Dianes favor, as it then befell

V
 The cause was this one day, when Phoebe fayre
 With all her band was following the chace
 This nymph quite tryd with heat of scorching
 Satt downe to rest in middest of therace
 The goddess wroth gan fowly her disgrace
 And bidd the water, which from her did flow
 Be such as she her selfe was then in place
 Thenceforth her water waxed dull and slow
 And all that drinke thereof do faunt and feeble
 grow

VI
 Hereof this gentle knight unweeting was,
 And lying downe upon the sandie graile
 Drone of the streame, as cleare as christall
 Lfsoones his manly force gan to fayle
 And mightie strong was turnd to feeble fraile
 His charyngd ^{purges} at first them selves not
 Till ^{whell} cold by corage gan asenle, [felt,
 And cheareful blood in faintyne chill did melt,
 Which like a fever fit through all his bodie
 swell

VII
 Yet goodly court he made still to his Dame,
 Pourd out in loonesse on the grassy ground,
 Both carelesse of his health, and of his fame,
 Till at the last he heard a dreadfull sownd
 Which through the wood loud bellowing did
 rebownd,
 That all the earth for terror seemd to shake
 And trees did tremble. Th' Else, therewith
 astownd,

^{took} ^{my}
 Upstart lightly from his looser make,
 And his unready weapon gan in hand to take

VIII
 But ere he could his armour on him dight,
 Or gett his shield, his monstrous canny
 With sturdie steps came stalking in his sight
 An hideous Gaiant horrible and hie. [saw
 That with his tallnesse seemd to threat the
 The ground eke pruned under him for dread
 His living like saw in ever living eie
 Ne durst behold his stature did exceed
 The hight of thre the tallest sonnes of mortall

IX
 The greatest Earth his uncouth mother was,
 And blustering Folus his boisted eye
 Who with his breath, which through the world
 doth pas
 Her hollow womb did secretly in pyre,
 And nld her hidden eyes with stormie yre,
 That she conceiv'd and trebling the new time
 In which the wombs of women doe expire,
 Brought forth this monstrous masse of earthly
 Lym, [full crime
 Pust up with emptie wind, and filld with sin-

X
 So grown great through arrogant delight
 Of th high descent whereof he was borne,
 And through presumption of his matchlesse
 might
 All oler powres and l nighthood he did scorne
 Such now he macheth to this man forlome,
 And left to losse his staling steps are staid
 Upon a snagger Ok, which he had torne
 Out of his mother-bowelles and it made
 His mortall mace, wherewith his foemen he
 dismayde

XI
 That, when the knight he spyde, he gan ad-
 vance
 With huge force and insupportable myne,
 And towrdes him with dreadfull fury prynce,
 Who haplesse, and eke hopelesse all in yune
 Did to him prce and bataille to darryue
 Disarmd disgrace, and inwardly dismayde,
 And eke so fust in every joint and iune
 Throu, h that frile fountun which him feeble
 made [single blade
 That scarcely could he weeld his bootlesse

XII
 The Gaiant strooke so mainly merclesse
 That could have overthrowne a stony towre,
 And were not herenly grice that did him
 blesse,
 He had bene quadded all as thun as flowre.

But he was wary, of that deadly stowre,
And lightly leapt from underneath the blow.
Yet so exceeding was the velleins powre,
That with the winde it did him overthrow,
And all his sences stound that still he lay full
low

XIII

As when that diuinish yron Engin, wrought
In deepest Hell, and fram'd by furies all,
With windy Nitre and quick Sulphur fraught,
And ram'd with bollet round, ordaind to kill,
Conceiveth fire, the heavens it doth fill
With thundring noyse, and all the ayre doth
choke,
That none can breath, nor see, nor heare at will,
Through smouldry cloud of dusky stinking
smoke, [escapt the stroke
That th' only breath him daunts, who hath
power

XIV

So daunted when the Geaunt saw the knight,
His heave hand he heaved up on hye,
And him to dust thought to have battred
quight,
Untill Duessa loud to him gan crye,
'O great Orgoglio' greatest under skye,
O' hold thy mortall hand for Ladies sake,
Hold for my sake, and doe him not to dye,
But vanquisht thine eternall bondslave make,
And me, thy worthy meed, unto thy Lemman
take

XV

He hearkned, and did stay from further
harmes,
To gaye ne so goodly guerdon as she spake
So willingly she came into his armes,
Wio her as willingly to grace did take,
And was possessed of his newfound make
Then up he tooke the slombred sencelesse
corse,
And ere he could out of his swoorne awake,
Him to his castle brought with hastie forse,
And in a Dongeon deepe him threw without
remorse

XVI

From that day forth Duessa was his deare,
And highly honourd in his haughtie eye
He gave her gold and purple pall to weare,
And triple crowne set on her head full hye,
And her endowd with royall majesty
Then, for to make her dreaded more of men,
And peoples hartes with awfull terror tie,
A monstrous beast bred in filthy fen
He chose, which he had kept long time in dark-
some den

XVII

Such one it was, as that renowned Snake
Which great Alcides in Stremona slew,
Long fostred in the filth of Lerna lake
Whose many heades, out budding ever new,
Did breed him endlesse labor to subdew
But this same Monster much more ugly was,
For seven great heads out of his body grew,
An yron brest, and back of sealy bras,
And all embrewd in blood his eyes did shine
as glas

XVIII

His tayle was stretched out in wondrous
length,
That to the hous of heavenly gods it raught
And with extorted powre, and borrow'd
strength, The everburning lamps from thence it brought,
And proudly threw to ground, as things of
naught,
And underneath his filthy feet did tread
The sacred thunges, and holy heastes fore-
taught
Upon this dreadfull Beast with sevenfold head
He sett the false Duessa, for more aw and
dread
The wofull Dwarf, which saw his maisters
Whiles he had keeping of his grasing steed,
And valiant knight become a caytive thrall,
When all was past, tooke up his forlorne weed
His mightie Armour, missing most at need,
His silver shield, now idle, maisterlesse,
His bow and speare that many made to bleed,
The rueful monuments of heavynesse,
And with them all departes to tell his great
distresse

XX

He had not travell'd long, when on the way
He wofull Lady, wofull Una, met,
Fast flying from that Pyrrhus greedy pray,
Whilist Satyrane him from pursuit did let
Who when her eyes she on the Dwarf had set,
And saw the signes that deadly tinges spake,
She fell to ground for sorrowfull regret,
And lively breath her sad brest did forsake,
Yet might her pitteous hart be seene to pinte
and quike

XXI

The messenger of so unhappie newes
Would faine have dyde dead was his hart
Yet outwardly some little comfort shewes
At last, recovering hart, he does begun

softly XXXV *rough*
 His mightie Helmet, horrid all with gold,
 Both glorious brightnesse and great ferour;
 For all the crest a Dragon did enfold [bredd
 With greedie pawes, and ouer all did spredd
 His golden winges, his yerpfull hidden hedde,
 Close couched on the becker, seemd to throw
 From flaming mouth bright sparkles fiery redd,
 That suddene horroure to fuint hartes did shew,
 And scaly tayle was stretcht adowne his back
 full low.

XXXVI

Upon the top of all his lofty crest,
 A bounch of heares discoloured diuersly,
 With sprinkled pearle and gold full richly
 drest,
 Did shake, and seemd to dounce for jollity,
 Like to an almond tree ymounted hye
 On top of greene Selmis ell alone,
 With blossoms brave bedecked dumtily,
 Whose tender locks do tremble every one
 At euerie litle breath that under heaven is
 blowne

XXXVII

His warlike shield all closely cover'd was,
 Ne might of mortall eye be ever scene,
 Not made of steele, nor of enduring bris,
 Such carthly mettals soon consumed beene,
 But all of Diamond poore pure and cleene
 It framed was, one massy entire mould,
 Hewen out of Adamant rocke with engines
 keene
 That point of speare it never percei could,
 Ne dint of direfull sword divide the substance
 would

XXXVIII

The same to wight he never wont disclose,
 But when monsters huge he would dismay,
 Or daunt unequall armies of his foes,
 Or when the flying heavens he would affray,
 For so exceeding shone his glistering day,
 That Phoebus golden face it did attaine,
 As when a cloud his beames doth over-lay,
 And silver Cynthia waxed pale and faine,
 As when her face is stayd with magicke arts
 constraint.

XXXIX

No magicke arts hereof had any might,
 Nor bloody wordes of bold Enchanters call,
 But all that was not such as seemd in sight
 Before that shield did fade, and suddene fall
 And when him list the rashall routes appall,
 Men into stonies therewith he could transforme,
 And stonies to dust, and dust to nought at all,
 And, when him list the prouder lookes subdew,
 He would them gazing blind, or turne to other
 hew.

XXXVI

Ne let it seeme that credence thus exceeds;
 For he that made the same was knowne right
 well

To have done much more admirable deedes
 It Merlin was, which whylome did excell
 All living wightes in might of magicke spell
 Both shield and sword, and armour all he
 wrought

For this young Prince, when first to armes he
 fell, *Acclout his coming*
 But, when he dyde, the Faery Queene it brought
 To Faerie lond, where yet it may be seene, if
 sought *is as the right*

XXXVII

A gentle youth, his dearely loved Squire, *id.*
 His speare of heben wood behind him bare,
 Whose harmefull head, thrise heated in the fire,
 Had riven many a brest with pikelhead square
 A goodly person, and could manage faire
 His stubborne steed with embred ciron bitt,
 Who under him did trample as the airo,
 And chaunt that any on his backe should sit
 The yron rowels into frothy some he bitt.

XXXVIII

Whenas this knight nigh to the Lady drew,
 With lovely court he gan her enteraime
 But, when he heard her answers loth, he knew
 Some secret sorrow did her heart distaine,
 Which to allay, and eke her storming paine,
 Faire feeling words he wisely gan display,
 And for her humor fitting purpose faine,
 To tempt the cause it selfe for to bewray,
 Wherewith enmoed, these bleeding words she
 gan to say.

XXXIX

'What worlds delight, or joy of living speech,
 Can hart, so plunged in sea of sorowes deep,
 And heaped with so huge misfortunes, reach
 The carefull heart begynneth for to creep,
 And in my heart his yron arrow steep,
 Soone as I thinke upon my bitter bale
 Such helplesse harmes is better hidden keep,
 Then rip up griefe where it may not availe
 My last left comfort is my wots to weepe and
 waile'

XL

'Ah Lady deare,' quoth then the gentle knight,
 'Well may I ween your griefe is wondrous
 great, [spright,
 For wondrous great griefe groneth in my
 Whiles thus I heart you of your sorrowes treat
 But, woefull Lady, let me you intrete
 For to unfold the anguish of your hart
 Mishaps are maistred by advice discrete,

And counsell mitigates the greatest smart
Found never help who never would his hurts
impart'

XLI

'O, but,' (quoth she) 'great griefe will not be
tould,

And can more easly be thought then said'

'Right so,' (quoth he) 'but he that never would
Could never will to might, lives greatest and'

But griefe' (quoth she) 'does greater grow dis-
plead,

If then it find not helpe, and breeds despaire'

'Despaire breeds not,' (quoth he) 'where faith is
stud'

'No faith so fast,' (quoth she) 'but she-h does
'Flesh may empaire,' (quoth he) 'but fission can
repure'

XLII

His goodly reason, and well-guided speach,
So deepe did settle in her precious thought,

That her perswaded to disclose the breach
Which love and fortune in her heart had
wrought,

And said, 'Faure Sir, I hope good hap hath
You to inquire the secrets of my griefe,

Or that your wisdom will direct my thought,
Or that your prowess can me yield reliefe

Then, heare the story sad, which I shall tell you
briefe.

XLIII

'The forlorne Maiden, whom your eyes have
scene

The laughing stocke of fortunes mockeries,
Am th' onely daughter of a King and Queene

Whose parents deare whiles equall destinies
Did runne about and their slicities

The favourable heavens did not envy,
Did spread their rule through all the territories

Which Phos and Lufrites floweth by, fully
And Glorious golden waies doe wash continu-

XLIV

Till that their cruell cursed enemy
An huge great Dragon horrible in sight,

Bred in the loathly lals of Iartari,
With murtherous raine, and devouring might,

Their kingdome spoild, and countrey wasted
quight

Themselves for ferre into his jaws to fall,
He forst to cristle strong to take their flight,

Where, fast embard in mighty brisen wall,
He has them now fowr years besieged to make
them-thrall

XLV

'Full many knights, adventurous and stout,
Have enterpriz'd that Monster to subdew

From every coast that heaven walks about
Have thither come the noble Martial crew,

That famous harde atchievements still pursue,
Yet never any could that gairland win,
But all still shronke, and still he greater grew
All they, for want of futh, or guilt of sin,
The pitteous pray of his hers cruelly have bin

XLVI

'At last, yled with far reported praise, spread
Which flying fame throughout the world had

Of doughty knights, whom far ry land did raise,
That noble order hight of murthered,

I forthwith to court of Gloriane I sped
Of Gloriane, great Queene of glory bright,

Whose kingdomes seat Cleopalis is real seat
Thure to obtaine some such redoubted knight,

That Parents deare from tyrants powre deliver
might

XLVII

'Yt was my chauce (my chauce was fure
and good)

There for to find a fresh unproved knight
Whose manly hands imbrowd in guilty blood

Had never beene, ne ever by his might
Had throwne to ground the unregarded right

Yet of his prowess proofe he since hath made
(I witnes am) in many a cruell fight,

The groning ghosts of many one damnde
Have silt the bitter dunt of his wenging blade.

XLVIII

'And ye, the forlorne reliques of his powre,
His biting sword, and his devouring speare,

Which have endured many a dreadfull stowre,
In speake his prowess that dider you there,

And well could rule, now he hath left you
To be the record of his rufull losse,

And of my dolefull disadventurous deere,
(O' heavie record of the good Rederosse,

Where have yee left your lord that could so
well you tosee'

XLIX

'Well hoped I and fure beginnings had,
That he my captive languor should redeeme

Till, all unweeting, in Lachunter bad
His sence abusd, and made him to misdeeme

My loyalty, not such as it did seeme,
That rather death desire then such despyght.

Be judge ye heavens, that all things right
esteeme

How I him lov'd, and love with all my might
So thought I eke of him, and think I thought
right.

L

'Thenceforth me desolate he quite forsooke
To wander where wilde fortune would me lead,

And other by waies he himselfe betooke,
Where never foote of living might did tread,

That brought not backe the balefull body dead
In which him chaunced false Duesa meete,
Mine onely foe, mine onely deadly dread,
Who with her witchcraft, and misseeming
sweete,

Inyigled him to follow her desires unmeete

At last, by subtle sleights she him betrad

Unto his foe, a Gyant huge and tall,

Who him disarmed, dissolute, dismayd,

Unwares surpris'd, and with mightie mall

The monster mercilesse him made to fall,

Whose fall did never foe before behold

And now in darkesome dungeon, wretched
thrall,

Remediesse for aie he doth him hold
Thus is my cause of griefe, more great then
may be told

LII

Eie she had ended all she gan to samt

But he her comforted, and linn bespake

'Certes, Madame, ye have great cause of plaint,

That stoutest heart, I weene, could cause to

But be of cheare, and comfort to you take,

For till I have acquit your captive knight,

Assure your selfe I will you not forsake

His chearefull words reviv'd her chearelesse

spright, [ever right

So forth they went, the Dwarfe them guiding

CANTO VIII

Faire virgin, to redeeme her deare,
Brings Arthure to the fight
Who slayes the Gyaunt, wounds the best,
And strips Duesa quight

Ar me! how many perils doe enfold

The righteous man, to make him daily fall,

Were not that heavenly grace doth him uphold,

And stedfast truth acquite him out of all.

Her love is firme, her care continuall,

So oft as he, through his own foolish pride,

Or weaknes, is to sinfull bands made thrall

Lis should this Rederosse knight in bands have

For whose deliverance she thus Prince doth

They sadlv traveld thus, untill they came

Nigh to a castle builded strong and hye

Then cryde the Dwarfe, 'Lo' yonder is the

same,

In which my Lord my hege, doth lucklessely

Thrall to that Gyaunts hatefull tyranny

I therefore, deare Sir your mightie powres assay

The noble knight alighted by, and by

From losse sted, and bridd the Ladie stay,

To see what end of fight should him befall that

day

So with his Squir, th' admire of his might,

He marched forth towards that castle wall,

Whose gates he found fast shutt, ne living

wight

To warde the same nor answer comers call

Then tooke that Squir an horne of little small,

Which hong adowne his side in twisted gold

And tasselles gay Wyde wonders oyer all

Of that same hornes great virtues weren told,

Which had approv'd bene in uses manifold

Was never wight that heard that shilling

But trembling feue did feel in every vaine

Three miles it might be eay heard around,

And I echoes thre answer'd it selfe againe

No false enchauntment, nor deceitfull trame,

Might once abide the terror of that blast,

But presently was void and wholly vaine

No gate so strong, no locke so firme and fast,

But with that percing noise flew open quite,

or brast

The same before the Geaunts gate he blew,

That all the castle quaked from the ground,

And every dore of freewill open flew

The Gyaunt selfe, dismayed with that sound,

And he with his Duesa dalliaunce fownd,

In first came rushing forth from inner bowre,

With staving countenance sterne, as one

astownd, [stowe

And staggering steps, to weet what suddain

Had wrought that horror strange, and dar'd

his dreading powre

And after him the proud Duessa came,

High mounted on her many headed beast,

And every head with fyrie tongue did flame,

And every herd was crowned on his crest,

And bloody mouthed with late cruell fast

E

That when the knight beheld, his mightie shield
Upon his manly arme he soone addrest, *adrest*
And at him herself flew, with corage filld,
And eger greedinesse through every member
thrild

VII

Therewith the Gyant buckled him to fight,
Inflam'd with scornfull wrath and high dis-
daine,
And lifting up his dreddfull club on hight,
All arm'd with ragged snubbes and knottie
grane, *doth*
Him thought at first encounter to have slaine
But wise and wary was that noble Pere,
And, lightly leaping from so monstrous maine,
Did save avoide the violence him nere
It booted nought to thinke such thunderbolts
to beare

VIII

Ne shame he thought to shonne so hideous
might, *that it had made him*
The idle stroke, enforcing furious war,
Missing the marke of his misaymed sight,
Did fall to ground, and with his heavy sway
So deeply dinted in the driven clay,
Thrit three yardes deepe a furrow up did
throw

The sad earth, wounded with so sore assay,
Did grone full grievous underneath the blow,
And trembling with strange feare did like an
ertquake show

IX

As when almightie Jove, in wrathfull mood,
To wreake the guilt of mortall sins is bent,
Hurles forth his thundring dart with deadly
end, *send*

Enfold in flames, and smouldring dremment,
Through riven cloudes and molten tirmament
The fiers threeforked enigm, making way,
Both loftie towres and highest trees hath rent,
And all that might his angry passage stay,
And, shooting in the earth, castes up a mount
of clay *ounght, stop*

His boystrous club, so burned in the ground,
He could not retren up againe so light,
But that the Knight him at advantage townd
And, whiles he strove his combred clubbe to
quight

Out of the earth, with blade all burning bright
He smott off his left arme which like a block
Did fall to ground depriv'd of native might
Large streames of blood out of the trunked
stock *trunked, effluent*
Forth gushed, like fresh water streames from
liven rocke

XI

Dismayed with so desperate deadly wound,
And eke impatient of unwonted payne,
He loudly brayd with beastly yelling sound,
That all the fieldes rebellowed againe
As greit a noise, as when in Cymbrian plaine
An heard of Bulles, whom kindly rage doth
sting, *rebut pain*
Doe for the milky mothers want complaine,
And fill the fieldes with troublous bellowing
The neighbor woods around with hollow mur-
mur ring

XII

That when his deare Duessa heard, and saw
The evil sound that danger'd her estate,
Unto his aide she hastily did draw (of late,
Her dreadfull beast, who, swolne with blood
Came ramping forth with proud presumptuous
gate,
And threatned all his heades like flaming
brandes
But him the Squire made quickly to retrate,
Lincourtrung fiers with single sword in hand,
And twist him and his Lord did like a bul-
warke stand

XIII

The proud Duessa, full of wrathfull spight,
And hers disdain to be affronted so,
Enfsort her purple beast with all her might,
Thrit stop out of the way to overthrow, *on him*
Scorning the let of so unequal foe *asquith*
But nethermore would thrit courageous swryne
To her yeld passage gainst his Lord to goe,
But with outrageous strokes did him restraîne,
And with his body bard the way atwixt them
twaine

XIV

Then tooke the angry witch her golden cup,
Which still she bore, replete with magick artes,
Death and despayre did man thereof sup,
And secret poison through their inner partes,
Thrit eternall byle of heave *that he would hit in*
Which, alter charmes and some enchaunt-
ments said
She lightly sprinkled on his weaker partes
Therewith his sturdie corage soon was quayd,
And all his senses were with sudden dread
dismayd

XV

So downe he fell before the cruell beast,
Who on his neck his bloody claws did seize,
That like nigh crusht out of his panting brest
No power he had to stirre, nor will to rise
That when the carefull knight gan well avise,
He might'st left the foe with whom he fought,
And to the beast gan turne his enterprise,

For wondrous anguish in his hart it wrought,
To see his loved Squyre into such thralldom
brought.

XXI

And, high aduancing his blood-thurstie blade,
Stroke one of those deformed heades so sore,
That of his puissance proud example made
His monstrous scalpe downe to his teeth it tore,
And that misformed shape misshaped more
A sea of blood gushit from the gaping wound,
That her gay garments staynd with filthy
And overflowed all the field around, [gore,
That over shoes in blood he waded on the
grownd

XXII

Thereat he rored for exceeding paine, [bred,
That to have heard great horror would have
And scourging th' emptie ayre with his long
trayne, *instability to cut*
Through great impatience of his grieved head,
His gorgeous ryder from her loftie sted fell
Would have cast downe, and trodd in durly
myre,
Had not the Gyaunt soone her succoured,
Who, all enrag'd with smart and frantick yre
Came hurtling in full fiers, and forst the knight
retyre

XXIII

The force, which wont in two to be disperst,
In one alone left hand he now unites,
Which is through rage more strong then both
were erst,
With which his hideous club aloft he dyes,
And at his foe with furious rigor smites,
That strongest Oake might seeme to overthrow
The stroke upon his shield so heauie lites,
That to the ground it doubleth him full low
What mortall might could ever beare so mon-
strous blow?

XXIV

And in his fall his shield, that covered was,
Did loose his clef by chance, and open flew.
The light wherof, that heuens light did pas,
Such blazing brightnesse through the ayer
threw,

That eye mote not the same endure to view
Which when the Gyaunt spyde with staring
eye,
He downe let fall his arme and soft withdrew
His weapon huge, that heued was on hye
For to have slain the man, that on the ground
did lye

And eke the fruitfull-headed beast, *man*
At flashing beames of that sunshiny shield,
Became stark blind, and all his senses dazd,
That downe he tumbled on the durtie field,

And seemd himselfe as conquered to yield
Whom when his maistresse proud perceiv'd to
fall,

Whiles yet his feeble feet for faintnesse reeld,
Unto the Gyaunt lowdly she gan call, [all'
'O' helpe, Orgoglio, helpe' or els we perish

XXV

At her so piteous cry was much amov'd
Her champion stout, and for to ayde his friend,
Againe his wonted angry weapon proov'd, *but*
But all in vaine, for he has redd his end
In that bright shield and all their forces spend
Them selves in vaine for, since that glauncing
He hath no powre to hurt, nor to defend [sight,
As where th' Almightyes lightning brand does
light, [ces thought
It dimmes the dazed eyen, and daunts the sen-

XXVI

Whom when the Prince, to battell new ad-
drest [ee,
And threatning high his dreadfull stroke, did
His sparkling blade about his head he blest.
And smote off quite his right leg by the knee,
That downe he tumbled, as an aged tree,
High growing on the top of rocky clift,
Whose hartstrings with keene steele nigh
hewen be,
The mightie trunk, halfe rent with ragged rift,
Doth roll adowne the rocks, and fall with feare-
full drift. *over*

XXVII

Or as a Castle, reared high and round,
By subtile engins and malicious slight
Is undermined from the lowest ground,
And her foundation forst, and feebleld ought,
At last downe falles, and with her heaped
light
Her haste ruine does more heauie make,
And yelds it selfe unto the victours might
Such was this Gyaunts fall, that seemd to shake
The steelfast globe of earth, as it for feare did
quake.

XXVIII

The knight, then lightly leaping to the pray,
With mortall steele him smot againe so sore,
That headlesse his unweldy bodie lay,
All wallowd in his owne fowle bloody gore,
Which flowed from, his wounds in wondrous
store
But, soone as breath out of his brest did pas,
That huge great body, which the Gyaunt bore,
Was vanish quite, and of that monstrous mass
Was nothing left, but like an empty bladder
was.

E 2

XXX

Whose grievous fall when false Duesa spyde,
Her golden cup she cast unto the ground,
And crowned mitre rudely threw aside
Such piteous griefe her stubborne hart did

wound,
That she could not endure that dolefull stound
But leaving all behind her fled away
The light-foot Squire her quickly turnd

around
And, by hard meynes enforcing her to stay,
So brought unto his Lord as his dejected pray

XXXX

The roiall Virgin which beheld from farre,
In penivie plight mil and perplexitie warre,
The whole achievement of this doubtfull
Came running fast to greet his victorie,

With sober gladnesse and mild modestie,
And with sweet joyous cheare him thus be-
spoke

'I have brunched of noblesse, blowe of chivalrie
That with your worth the world amazed make,
How shall I quite the paynes ye suffer for my
sake'

XXXX

'And you, fresh budd of vertue springing fast,
Whom these sad eyes saw nigh unto death's
dore,

What hath poore Virgin for such perill past
Wherewith you to reward? Accept therefore
My simple selfe and service evermore
And he that high does sit, and all things see
With equall eye their merites to restore,
Behold what ye this day have done for mee,
And what I cannot quite requite with usure

XXXX

But sith the heavens, and your faire hande-
ling, ~~manifest~~

Have made you master of the field this day,
A fortune maister eke with governing
And well begonne, end all so well I pray
Ne let that wicked woman scape away,
For she it is, that did my Lord bethrill,
My dearest Lord and deepe in dongron lay
Where he his better dayes hath wasted all
O heare, how piteous he to you for aye does
call'

XXXX

Forthwith he giveth in charge unto his Squire
That scerlet a hore to keepe carefully
Which he himselfe with great desire
Into the castle entered forcibly

When, by my ere there none he did espye
Then gan he lowdly through the house to call
But no man car'd to answer to his crye

There rangd a solemn silence over all,
Nor voice was heard, nor sight was seene in
bowre or hall

XXXX

At last, with creeping crooked pace forth came
An old old man, with beard as white as snow,
That on a staffe his feeble steps did frame
And gayde his warrie gate both too and fro,
For his eye sight him fayled long ago,
And on his arme a bounch of keyes he bore,
The which ~~unusall~~ ~~rust~~ did overgrow
I hose were the keyes of every inner dore
But he could not them use, but kept them still
in store

XXXX

But very uncomly sight was to behold,
How he did fashion his maynard pace,
For as he forward movyd his footing old,
So backward still was turnd his winel'd face.
Unlike to men, who ever as they traie,
Both feet and face one way are wont to lead
This was the ancient keeper of that place,
And foster father of the Count deyd,
His name Ignoro did his nature right ahead

St. Ignoro XXXI

His reverend heares and holy graces
The might much honour, as he seemd well,
And gently askt, where all the people bee,
Which in that stately building wont to dwell
Who answerd him full soft he could not tell
Againe he askt where that ancient knight was layd,
Whom great Orgoglio with his puissance fell
Had made his captive thrall, ~~because he cryde,~~
He could not tell, no other answer made.

XXXX

Then asked he, which way he in might pass
He could not tell againe he answered
Therent the courteous knight displeased was,
And said, 'Old were it comes thou hast not
How all it sits with that same silver head, I feeld
In time to mocke, or mockt in time to bee
But it thou be, as thou art purg'd of
With natures penance grave degree,
And in greater wise what I demand of thee'

XXXX

His answer likewise was, he could not tell
Whose speech as speech, and ~~that~~ ignorance,
When is the noble Prince had marked well,
He glist his nature by his countenance,
And chid his wrath with goodly temperance
Then to him stopping, from his arme did reach
Those keyes, and in his hande the free entrance
Each dore he opened without any speech,
There was no barre to stop, nor for him to
empeach

hinder variety of

XXXV

There all within full rich arayd he found,
 With royall arras, and resplendent gold,
 And didd with store of every thing abound,
 That greatest Princes presence might behold
 But all the floore (too filthy to be told)
 With blood of guiltlesse babes, and innocents
 trew, [fold,
 Which there were slaine as sheepe out of the
 Defiled was, that dreadfull was to view,
 And sacred ashes over it was strowed new.

XXXVI

And there beside of marble stone was built
 An Altare, carv'd with cunning masonry,
 On which new Christians blood was often spilt,
 And holy Martyrs often doon to dye
 With cruell malice and strong tyranny
 Whose blessed sprites, from underneath the
 stone,
 To God for vengeance cryde continually,
 And with great griefe were often heard to
 grone, [piteous mone
 That hardest heart would bleede to hear their

XXXVII

Through every rowme he sought, and everie
 bowr,
 But no where could he find that wofull thrall
 At last he came unto an yron dore,
 That fast was lockt, but key found not it all
 Amongst that bounch to open it withall,
 But in the same a little grate was pight,
 Through which he sent his voyce, and lowd
 did call
 With all his powre, to weepe if living wight
 Were housed therewithin, whom he enlargen
 might.

XXXVIII

Therewith an hollow dreary, murmuring voyce
 These piteous plaintes and dolours did re-
 sound [choyce
 'O' who is that, which bringes me happy
 Of death, that here lye dying every sould,
 Yet live perforce in balefull darkenesse bound?
 For now three Moones have changed thrice
 their hew, [ground,
 And have been thrice ind underneath the
 Since I the heavens chearefull face did view
 O' welcome thou, that doest of death bring
 tydings trew'

XXXIX

Which when that Champion heard, with
 percing point
 Of pittie deare his hart was thrilled sore
 And trembling horror ran through every joynt,
 For ruth of gentle knight so fowle forlore

Which shaking off, he rent that yron dore
 With furious force and indignation fell,
 Where entred in, his foot could find no flore,
 But all a deepe descent, as darke as hell,
 That breathed ever forth a filthy banefull smell

XL

But nether darknesse fowle, nor filthy bands,
 Nor noysous smell, his purpose could withhold,
 (Entire affection hateth nicer hands)
 But that with constant zeale and courage bold,
 After long paines and labors manifold
 He found the meynes that Prisoner up to reare,
 Whose feeble tighes, unable to uphold [beare,
 His pined corse, him scarce to light could
 A ruefull spectacle of death and ghastly dreare.

XLI

His sad dull eyes, deepe sunck in hollow pits,
 Could not endure th' unopted sunne to view,
 His bare thin cheekes for want of better bits,
 And empty sides deceived of their dew,
 Could make a stony hart his hap to rew,
 His rawbone armes, whose mighty brayned
 bowrs [hew,
 Were wont to rive steele plates, and helmets
 Were cleene consum'd, and all his itall powres
 Decayd, and all his flesh shronk up like withered
 flowres

XLII

Whome when his Lady saw, to him she ran
 With hasty joy to see him made her glad,
 And sad to view his visage pale and wan,
 Who earst in flowres of freshest youth was clad
 Tho, when her well of teares she wasted had,
 She said, 'Ah dearest Lord' what evil starre
 On you hath frownd, and poured his influence
 That of your selfe ye thus berobbed arre, [bad,
 And this misseeming hew your manly looks
 doth marre?

XLIII

'But welcome now, my Lord in wele or woe,
 Whose presence I have lackt too long a day
 And he on long time mine ayered foe [alay,
 Whose wofull wretches them selves doe now
 And for these wronges shall treble penaunce pay
 Of treble good good growes of evils priefe
 The chearelesse man, whom sorrow did dismay,
 Had no delight to treaten of his griefe,
 His long endured famine needed more reliefe

XLIV

'Faure Lady,' then said that victorious
 knight,
 'The thights, that grievous were to doe, or beare,
 Them to renew, I wote, breeds no delight,
 Best musicke breeds delight in loathing eare

But th' only good that growes of pressed seue
Is to be wise, and ware of like again
This dales example hath this lesson deare
Deepe written in my heart with weepin pain,
That blisse may not abide in state of mortall
men

*As the glory of
the lesson*

'Henceforth Sir knight, take to you wanted
strength,
And maister these mishaps with patient might
Loe! where your foe lies trecht in monstrous
length,
And loe! that wicked woman in your sight,
The roote of all your care and wretched plight
Now in your power, to let her live or die
'To doe her due, (quoth Lync) were death,
And shame to ~~us~~ so we like an enemy
But spurne her of her scurlo robe, and let her
fly

XVII

So, as she bad that watch they disarnd
And robd of rotill robes, and purple pall,
And ornaments that richly were displnd,
Ne spared they to strip her naked all
Then, when they had despoild her tire and ~~hair~~
Such as she was their eyes might fier behold,
That her misshapen parts did them appall
A lorthly, wrinkled hag, ill favoured, old,
Whose secret slylde good manners biddeth not
be told

XVIII

Her crafty heud was altogether bald,
And, as in hate of honorable old,
Was overgrowne with scurfe and filthy scall
Her teeth out of her rotten gummes were feld
And her sowre breath abhominably smeld
Her dried dugs, lyke bladders lacking wind,
Hong downe, and filthy matter from them
weld,

Her wrinkled skin, as rough as maple rind,
So scabby was that would have forth all
woman ind

XIX

Her number parts, the shame of all her kind,
My chaster Muse for shame doth blush to
write,
But at her romps she growne had behind
A towne rule, with dong all lowly deild
Andcke her feet most monstrous wen in sight
For one of them was like an Lachell we,
With graping talants armd to freely flight,
The other like a be in meven paw,
More ugly shape with ver living creature

XX

Which when the knight beheld an red the
wen,
And wondred at so fayle deformed weild
Such thyn, (said Lync) as she seeth here,
Such is the type of fel hool such the sight
Of foule Dunces, when her becom adly hit
Is kind as ay, and counterfeunce knowe
Thus when they had the watch de robd quight,
And all her filthy figure open shonne
They let her goe at will, and wondred wares
unknowne

Shew, thyn fast from heuens hated face
And from the world that her eyes covered wide,
Fled to the wastfull wilde runces spere,
From living celes her open shame to hide
And lurkt in rocks and caves, long timespide
But that turne ere of Lync's and Lync's fire,
Did in that cisth afterwarde's shide
To rest them chide, and verry powres repaire,
When store they found of that dainty was
ind ran

CANTO IX

His loves and lignage Arthur telle
The knight's knitt friendly bands
Sir Trelesan flies from Despayre
Whom Redcrosse knight withstanle

in company

II

O GOODRY golden chayne, wherewith yfere
The vertues linked are in lovely wize,
And noble mindes of vore allyed were
In braye pourmitt of chevalrous emprise,
That none did others safely despize,
Nor aid envy to him in need that stands,
But friendly each did others prais devize,
How to advaunce with favourable hands,
As this good Prince redeemd the Redcrosse
knight from bands

Who when their powres, empryval through
libor long
With dew repast they had recured well,
And that weake captive wight now wexed
strong,
Them list no longer there at leasure dwell,
But forward fare as their adventures fell
But, ere they parted, Lync's fire be sought
That straunge knight his name and nation
tell,

Least so great good, as he for her had wrought,
Should die unknown, and buried be in thankles
thought.

III

'Faere virgin,' (said the Prince,) 'yee me
require

A thing without the compas of my witt,
For both the lignage, and the certein Sire,
From which I sprong, from mee are hidden yitt,
For all so soone as life did me admitt
Into this world, and shewed hevens light,
From mothers pap I taken was unfit,
And streight deliver'd to a Fary knight,
To be upbrought in gentle thewes and martiall
might

'Unto Old Timon he me brought by live,
Old Timon, who in youthly yeeres hath beene
In warlike serites th' expertest man alive,
And is the wisest now on earth I weene
His dwelling is low in a valley greene,
Under the foot of Rauran mossy bore,
From whence the river Dee, as siluer cleene,
His tomling billowes rolls with gentle rore,
There all my daies he traund mee up in ver-
tuous lore.

V

'Thither the grent magicien Merlin came,
As was his use, oft times to visitt mee,
For he had charge my discipline to frame,
And Tutors paurture to oversee
Him oft and oft I askt in privy,
Of what lones and what lignage I did spring,
Whose answer bad me still assured bee,
That I was sonne and heire unto a king,
As time in her last term the truth to light
should bring'

VI

'Well worthy impe,' said then the Lady gent,
'And Pupill sitt for such a Tutors hand'
But what adventure, or what high intent,
Hath brought you hither into Faery land,
Aread, Prince Arthure, crowne of Martiall
brnd?'

'Full hard it is,' (quoth he) 'to read aright
The course of heavenly cause, or understand
The secret meaning of th' eternall might,
That rules mens waies, and rules the thoughts
of living wight

VII

'For whether he, through fatal deepe foresight,
Me hither sent for cause to me unghost,
Or that fresh bleeding wound, which day
and night
Whulome doth rancle in my riven breast,

With forced fury following his behest,
Me hither brought by wayes yet never found,
You to have helpt I hold my selfe yet blest'
'Ah' comteous Knight,' (quoth she) 'what
secret wound [ground?]
Could ever find to cure the gentlest hart on

VIII

'Dear Dame,' (quoth he) 'you sleeping sparkes
awake, [grow]
Which, troubled once, into huge flames will
Ne ever will then fervent fury slake,
I'll living moysture unto smoke do flow,
And wasted life doe lye in ashes low
Yet sithens silence lesseneth not my fire,
But told, it flames, and, hidden, it does glow,
I'll revele what ye so much desire
Al' Love' lay down thy bow, the whiles I
may respyre

IX

It was in freshest flowe of youthly yeares,
When courage first does creepe in manly chest
Then first the cole of kindly heat appares
To kindle love in every living breast
But me had ward old Timons wise behest,
Those creeping flames by reason to subdow,
Before their rage grew to so great urest,
As miserable lovis use to lew, [wereth new
Which still was old in woe, whiles wo stil

X

That ydle name of love, and lovers life,
As losse of time, and vertues enemy,
I ever scord, and joyd to stirre up strife,
In midst of their mournfull Tragedy,
Ay wont to laugh when them I heard to cry,
And blow the fire which them to ashes brient
Their God himselfe, grieved at my libertie,
Shott many a dart at me with fiers intent,
But I them warded all with wary government

XI

'But all in vaine no fort can be so strong,
Ne fleshy breast can armed be so sownd,
But will at last be wonne with battre long,
Or unawares at disadvantage sownd
Nothing is sure that groves on earthly grownd,
And who most trustes in arme of fleshy might,
And boastes in beauties chaine not to be bownd,
Doth soonest fall in disaventrous fight,
And yeeldes his caytive neck to victims most
despight

XII R.C. Knight

'Ensampl make of him your haplesse joy,
And of my selfe now mated, as ye see,
Whose prouder vaunt that proud avenging boy
Did soone pluck downe, and curb'd my libertie

For on a day, prickt forth with iollitie
Of looser life and heat of hardiment,
Rauing the forest wide on courser free,
The fields, the floods, the heuens, with one
consent, [intent]
Did seeme to laugh on me, and fauour mine

VIII

'Forreueued with my sportes, I did alight
From loftie steed, and downe to sleepe me layd,
The verdant gras my couch did goodly dight,
And pillow was my helmett for displayd,
Whiles euer sence the humour sweet embayd,
And slombing soft my hart did steale away,
Me seemed, by my side a royall Mayd
Her dautie limbes full softly down did lay
So sayre a creature yet saw never sunny day

'Most goodly, glee and lovelie blandishment
She to me made, and bridd me love her deere,
For dearely sure her love was to me hent,
As when just tyme expired, should appeare
But whether dreames delude, or true it were,
Was never hart so ravisht with delight,
No living man like wordes did ever heare,
As she to me delivered all that night,
And at her parting said, She Queene of
Faeries light *was called*

'When I awoke, and found her place deuoid,
And nought but pressed gras where she had
I sorrowed all so much as erst I joyd, [then]
And washed all her place with watry euen
From that day forth I lov'd that face diuine
From that day forth I cast in careful mynd,
To seek her out with labor and long tyme,
And neuer woud to rest till her I find
Nyne monethes I seek in vain, yet m'll that
now abynd'

IX

Thus as he spake, his visage waxed pale,
And change of new great passion did bewray,
Yett still he strove to cloke his inward bale,
And hude the smoke that did his fire display,
Till gentle Una thus to him gan say
'O happy Queene of Faeries' that hast fownd
Mongst many, one that with his prowess may
Defend thine honour, and thy foes confownd
True loves are often sown, but seldom grow
on ground'

X

'Thine, O! then,' said the gentle Redcrosse
knight, *alligiance*
'Next to that Ladies love, shalbe the place,
O sayrest virgin! full of heavenly light,
Whose wondrous faith, exceeding earthly rice,

Was firmest fixt in mine extremest case
And you, my Lord, the Patience of my life,
Of that great Queene may well gaine worthe
grace,

For onely worthe you through pines priefe,
If living man mote worthe be to be her helpe,
prose, a reference to the story of the
inhabitant to VIII. cxxxix. lxxxix

So dixerly discoursing of their loves,
The golden Sunne his glistring head gan shew,
And sad remembrance now the Prince amov'd
With fresh desire his voyage to pursue
As Una cravd her travell to renew [hynd]
Then the two knightes, fast friendship for to
And love establish each to other trew,
Gave goodly gifts, the signes of gratefull mynd,
And eke apledges firme right hands together
Joyn'd

XI

Prince Arthur gave a boxe of Diamond syre,
Lambowd with gold and gorgeous ornament,
Wherein were clovd few drops of liquor pure,
Of wondrous worth, and vertue excellent,
That any wound could heale incontinent [gave]
Which to requite, the Redcrosse knight him
A booke, wherein his Saviour's testament
Was writt with golden letters rich and brave
A worke of wondrous grace, and hable soule
to save. *The N. Testament, a*

XII

Thus beene they parted, Arthur on his way
To seeke his love and th' other for to fight
With Unes foe, that all her name did pray
But she, now weighing the deere deid plight
And shrunken newes of her chosen knight,
Would not a while her forward course pursue
Ne bring him forth in face of dreadfull fight,
Till he recovered had his former lawe, [I new]
For him to be yet neike and weenie well shu

XIII

So as they traveld, lo! they gan espie
An armed knight towards them gallop fast,
Thit seemed from some fiewed foe to flye,
Or other grievis thing that him aghest
Still as he fled his eye was backward cast,
As if his fere still followed him behynd
Als flew his steed as he his bandes had braynd,
And with his winged heeles did tread the wynd
As he had beene a sole of Pegnys his kynd

XIV

Nigh as he drey, they might perceive his head
To bee unarmed and curld uncombed heares
Upstaring stiff, dismaid with uncouth dread
Nor drop of blood in all his face appeares,

Nor life in limbe; and, to increase his feares,
In fowle reproch of knighthoodes fayre deces,
About his neck an hempen rope he weares,
That with his glistring armes does ill agree,
But he of rope or armes has now no memoree

XXIII

The Rederosse knight toward him crossed fast,
To weet what muster might was so dismayd
There him he findes all sencelesse and aghast,
That of him selfe he seemd to be afrajd,
Whom hardly he from flying forward stayd,
Till he these wordes to him deliver might
'Sir knight, aread who hath ye thus arayd,
And eke from whom make ye this hasty flight'
For never knight I saw in such misseeming
pight'

XXIV

He answerd nought at all, but adding new
Feare to his first amirment, staring wyde
With stony eyes and hallow hollow hiew,
Astonsht stood, as one that had aspyde
Infernall furies with their chaimes untyde.
Him yett againe, and yett againe, bespake
The gentle knight, who nought to him replyde,
But, trembling every joynt, did only quake,
And foltring tongue, at last, these wordes seemd
forth to shrike,

XXV

'For Gods deare love, Sir knight, doe me not
stay,
For loe! he comes, he comes fast after mee'
Left looking back wold faine have runne away,
But he him forst to stay, and tellen free
The secreete cause of his perplexitie
Yett nathemore by his bold hantie speach
Could his blood frosen hart emboldened bee,
But through his boldnes rather ferre did reach,
Yett, forst, at last he made through silence
sudden breach

XXVI

'And am I now in safetie sure,' (quoth he)
'From him that would have forced me to dye'
And is the point of death now tynnd fto mee,
That I may tell this haplesse history?' 'Nye'
'Fear nought,' (quoth he) 'no daunger now is
'Then shall I you recount a ruefull cace,'
(Said he) 'the which with this unlucky eye
I late beheld, and, had not greater grace
Me rest from it, had bene pay taker of the place,
In his bespide of mind he speaks
of a hartlesse & hopelesse wretched
I lately chaunst (Would I had never
chaunst!)

With a fayre knight to keeopen compree,
Sir Terw in hight, that well himselfe advaunst
In all affayres, and was both bold and free,

But not so happy as mote happy bee
He lov'd, as was his lot, a Lady gent,
That him againe lov'd in the least degree,
For she was proud, and of too high intent,
And joyd to see her lover languish and lament

XXVIII

From whom retourning sad and comfortlesse,
As on the way together we did fare,
We met that villen, (God from him me blesse!)
That curs'd wight, from whom I scapt who le-
are, a while before, not far
A man of hell that calls himselfe Despayre
Who first us greets, and after fayre argues
Of tydings straunge, and of adventures rare
So creeping close, as Snake in hidden weedes,
Inquireth of our states, and of our knightly
deedes

XXIX

'Which when he knew, and felt our feeble
leset harts
Emboist with bale, and bitter byting griefe,
Which love had launched with his deadly
darts,
With wounding words, and termes of soule
reprieve, report
He pluckt from us all hope of dew rehesse,
That earst us held in love of lingring life,
Then hopelesse, hartlesse, gan the running
thiefe
Perswade us dy e, to stand all further strife
To me he lent this rope, to him a rusty knife
to be used.

XXX

'With which sad instrument of hasty death,
That wofull lover, loathing lenger light,
A wyde way made to let forth living breath
But I, more fearefull or more lucky wight,
Dismayd with that deformed dismall sight,
Fledd fast away, halfe dead with dying
feare, fear of death
Ne yett assur'd of life by you, Sir knight,
Whose like infirmity like chaunce may beare,
But God you never let his charmed speeches
heare'

XXXI

'How may a man,' (said he) 'with idle spech
Be wonne to spoyle the Castle of his health?'
'I wote,' (quoth he) 'whom try all late did
teach, felle
That like would not for all this worldes wealth,
His subtle tong like dropping honny mealt'h
Into the heart, and searcheth every vaine,
That, ere one be aware, by secret stealth
His powre is rest, and weaknes doth remaine
O! never, Sir, desire to try his guilefull traine'

XXXII

'Certes,' (sayd he) 'hence shall I never rest,
Till I that trechours art have heard and tryde,
And you, Sir knight, whose name mote I re-
Of grace do me unto his cabin gyde.' I quest,
'I, that hight Trevisan,' (quoth he) 'will ryde
Agrinst my liking backe to doe you grace
But nor for gold nor glee will I abyde
By you, when ye arrive in that same place,
For leyer had I die then see his deadly face'

XXXIII

Ere long they come where that same wicked
wight

His dwelling has, low in an hollow cave,
For underneath a craggy cliff yight,
Darke, dolefull, dreary, like a greedy grave,
That still for carrion carcasses doth crye
On top whereof as dwelt the ghastly Owle,
Shreeking his bilefull note, which ever drave
Far from that haunt all other cherrefull fowle,
And all about it wandring ghostes did wyle
and howle

XXXIV

And all about old stocks and stubs of trees,
Whereon nor fruit nor leafe was ever seene,
Did hang upon the ragged rocky knees,
On which had many wretches hanged beene,
Whose carcases were scattered on the greene,
And throwne about the cliff. Arrived there,
That bare head knight, for dread and dolefull
teene,
Would faine have fled, he durst approchen neare,
But th' other forst him stye, and comforted
in feare

XXXV

That drakesome cave they enter, where they
find

That cursed man, low sitting on the ground,
Musing full sadly in his sullen mind
His grievous lockes, long grown and unbound,
Disordred hong about his shoulders round,
And hid his face, through which his hollow
eyne

Lookt deadly dull, and stared as astound,
His raw-bone cheekes, through penurie and
paine, [dine
Were shrunke into his jawes, as he did never

XXXVI

His garment, nought but many ragged clouts,
With thornes together pind and patched was,
The which his naked sides he wrypt abouts,
And him beside there lay upon the gris
A dreary corse whose life away did pas,
All wallowd in his own yet luke-warme blood,
That from his wound yet welled fresh, alas!

In which a rusty knife fast fixed stood,
And made an open passage for the gushing flood

XXXVII

Which piteous spectacle approving trow
The wofull tale that Trevisan had told,
Whennas the gentle Redecrosse knight did see,
With hie zeale he burnt in courage bold
Him to avenge before his blood were cold,
And to the willein said, 'Thou damned wight,
The authour of this fiet we here behold,
What justice can but judge against thee right,
With thine owne blood to price his blood, here
shed in sight?'

fit of frensy

'What frantick fit,' (quoth he) 'bath thus
distranght

Thee, foolish man, so rash to drowne to give?
What justice ever other judgement taught,
But he should dye who merites not to live?
None els to death this man despayring drive
But his owne guiltie mind, deserving death,
Is then unjust to each his dew to give?
Or let him dye, that loatheth living breath,
Or let him die at ease, that lieth here unweath?

out at ease

XXXVIII

Who travails by the weerie wandring way,
To come unto his wished home in hie,
And meetes a flood that doth his passage stay,
Is not great grace to helpe him over past,
Or free his feet that in the myre sticke fast?
Most envious man, that grieves at neighbours
good,

And foud, that joves in the woe thou hast!
Why wilt not let him passe, that long hath
stood

Upon the bancke, yet wilt thy self not p is the
[flood?

XL

'He there does now enjoy eternall rest
And happy ease, which thou doest want and
crave

And further from it daily wanderest
What if some little payne the passage have,
That makes fryle flesh to ferre the bitter
wave, [long ease,
Is not short payne well borne, that brings
And lyes the soule to sleepe in quiet grave?
Sleepe after toyle, port after stormie seas,
Ease after warre, death after life, does greatly
please

XLI

The knight much wondred at his suddaine wit,
And said, 'The terme of life is limited,
No man may prolong nor shorten, it
The souldier may not move from watchfull sted,

Nor leave his stand untill his Captaine bed,
 'Who life did limit by almightie doome,
 (Quoth he) 'knowes best the termes esta-
 blished,
 And he, that points the Centonell his roome,
 Doth license him depart at sound of morning
 doome.

ALII

'Is not his deed, what ever thing is donne
 In heaven and earth? Did not he all create
 To die againe? - All ends that was begonne
 Their times up his eternall booke of fate
 Are written sure, and have then certein date
 Who then can strive with strong necessitie,
 That holds the world in his still chaunging
 state,
 Or shunne the death ordaind by destinie?
 When house of death is come, let none aske
 whence, nor why

ALIII

'The lenger life, I wote, the greater sin,
 The greater sin, the greater punishment
 All those great battels, which thou boasts to
 win
 Through strife, and blood-shed, and avenge-
 Now prayds, hereafter deare thou shalt repent,
 For life must life, and blood must blood, repay,
 Is not enough thy evill life forespent?
 For he that once hath missed the right way,
 The further he doth goe, the further he doth
 stray

ALIV

'Then doe no further goe, no further stray,
 But here ly downe, and to thy rest betake,
 Th' ill to prevent, that life ensewen may,
 For what hath life that may it loved make,
 And gives not rather cause it to forsake?
 Feare, sickness, age, losse, labour, sorrow, strife,
 Payne, hunger, cold that makes the hart to
 quake,
 And ever fickle fortune rageth
 All which, and thousands mo, do make a loath-
 some life

ALV

'Thou, wretched man, of death hast greatest
 need,
 If in true ballaunce thou wilt weigh thy state,
 For never knight, that dard warlike deed,
 More luckless dissaventures did amate
 Witnes the dungeon deepe, wherein of late
 Thy life shutt up for death so oft did call,
 And though good lucke prolonged hath thy
 date,
 Yet death then would the like mishaps forestall,
 Into the which hereafter thou maist happen
 ill

XLVI

'Why then doest thou, O man of sin! desue
 To draw thy dayes forth to their last degree?
 Is not the measure of thy sinfull life
 High heaped up with huge iniquitee,
 Against the day of wrath to burden thee?
 Is not enough, that to this Lady mild
 Thou falsedst hast thy faith with perimee,
 And sold thy selfe to serve Duessa wild, [defild?
 With whom in all abuse thou hast thy selfe

XLVII

'Is not he just, that all this doth behold
 From highest heaven, and beares an equall eye?
 Shall he thy sins up in his knowledge fold,
 And guilty be of thine impietie?
 Is not his lawe, Let every sinner die, [donne,
 Die shall all flesh? What then must needs be
 Is it not better to doe willinglie,
 Then linger till the glas be all out ronne?
 Death is the end of woes die soone, O sinner
 sonne!

XLVIII

The knight was much enmored with his speech,
 That as a sword's poynt through his hart did
 perse,
 And in his conscience made a secrete breach,
 Well knowing trew all that he did reherse,
 And to his fresh remembraunce did reverse
 The ugly view of his deformed crimes,
 That all his manly powres it did disperse,
 As he were charmed with enchanted times,
 That oftentimes he quakt, and fainted often-
 times

XLIX

In which amazement when the Mischeant
 Perceivd him to waver, weake and faine, [daunt,
 Whiles trembling horror did his conscience
 And hellish anguish did his soule assaile,
 To drive him to despaire, and quite to quale,
 Hee shewd him, painted in a table plaine,
 The damned ghosts that doe in torment's wile,
 And thousand feends that doe them endlesse
 paine
 With fire and brimstone, which for ever shall

L

The sight whereof so throughly him dismayd,
 That nought but death before his eyes he saw,
 And ever burning wrath before him laid,
 By righteous sentence of th' Almightyes lay,
 Then gan the villen him to overcaw,
 And thought unto him swords, ropes, poison,
 And all that might him to perdition draw,
 And bad him choose what death he would de-
 sire,
 For death was dew to him that had provokt

II

But, whenas none of them he saw him take,
He to him raught a dagger sharpe and keene,
And gave it him in hand his hand did quake,
And tremble like a leafe of Aspin greene,
And troubled blood through his pale face was
seene

To come and goe with tidings from the heart,
As it a running messenger had beene.
At last, resolv'd to work his finall smart,
He lifted up his hand, that backe againe did
start

LII

Which whenas Una saw, through every vaine
The cruddled cold ran to her well of life, *brought back to life*
As in a swoone but, soone rehy'd againe,
Out of his hand she snatched the cur'd knife,
And threw it to the ground, enraged rife,
And to him said, 'I is, he faint hearted Knight'
What me mest thou by this reprochfull strife?
Is this the battaile which thou vaunst to
fight

With that fire-mouthed Dragon, horrible and
bright? *an attribute of the*
not from the

LIII

'Come, come away, fraile, feeble, fleshly wight,
Ne let vaine words bewitch thy manly hert,
Ne drevish thoughts dismay thy constant
spright

In heavenly mercies hast thou not a part?
Why shouldst thou then despayre, that chosen
art?

Where justice growes, there grows the greater
grace,
The which doth quench the bond of hellish
smart,

And that accurst hand-writing doth deface
Arise, sir Knight, arise, and leave this cursed
place

So up he rose, and thence amounted straight
Which when the earle beheld and saw his guest
Would safe depart for all his subtil sleight,
He chose an hiltier from among the rest,
And with it hong him selfe, unbid, unlesse
But death he could not worke himselfe therein,
For thousand times he so him selfe had drest,
Yet nathelasse it could not doe him drede,
Till he should die his last, that is, eternall

CANTO X

Her faithfull knight faire Una brings
To house of Holines
Where he is taught repentance, and
The way to heavenly blesse

I

how foolish
That man is he, that boasts of fleshly
And vaine assurance of mortality, might
Which, all so soone as it doth come to light
Against spirituall foes, yields by and by,
Or from the field most cowardly doth fly
Ne let the man ascribe it to his skill,
That thorough grace hath gained victory
If any strength we have, it is to ill [will]
But all the good is Gods, both power and eke

II

By that which lately hapned Una saw
That this her knight was feeble, and too faint
And all his sinews ~~were~~ *were* weak and raw,
Through long imprisonment, and hard con-
straint, *the constraint of long confinement*
Which he endured in his late restraint,
That yet he was unfit for bloody fight.
Therefore, to cherish him with diets daint,
She cast to bring him where he cheerer might,
Till he recovered had his late decried plight.
regain his strength & cheer

III

There was an ancient house nor far away,
Renowned throughout the world for sacred lore
And pure unpotted life so well, they say,
It governed was and guided evermore,
Through wisdom of its matrone grave and here,
Whose onely joy was to relieve the needes
Of wretched soules, and helpe the helplesse pore
All night she spent in bidding of her bedes,
And all the day in doing good and godly
deedes

IV

Dame Celis men did her call, as thought
From heaven to come, or thither to arise,
The mother of three daughters, well upbrought
In goodly wayes, and godly exercise
The eldest two, most sober, chaste, and wise,
Idella and Speranza, virgins were,
Though sponed, yet wanting wedlocks solace
But fyre Charissa to a lovely fere
Was linked, and by him had many pledges
cherish

V

Arrived there, the doer they find fast lockt,
For it was warely watched night and day,
For feare of many foes, but, when they knockt,
The Porter opened unto them steight way
He was an aged syre, all hoily gray,
With lookes full lowly cast, and gate full slow,
Wont on a staffe his feeble steps to stay,
Hight Humildt They passe in, stouping low,
For steight and narrow was the way which
he did show

VI

Each goodly thing is hardest to begin,
But entred in, a spaciouse court they see,
Both plaine and pleasaunt to be walked in,
Where them does meete a figneklyn faire and
free,
And entertaines with comely countenous glee,
His name was Zele, that him might well became
For in his speeches and behavou hee
Did labour lively to expresse the same,
And gladly did them guide, till to the Hall
they came

VII

There fayrly them receives a gentle Squyre,
Of myld demeanure and rare courtesee,
Right cleanly clad in comely sad attyre,
In word and dede that shewd great modestee,
And knew his good to all of each degree,
Hight Reverence He them with speeches
meete
Does faire entreat, no countine nicetes,
But simple, true, and eke unfained sweet,
As might become a Squyre so great persons to
greet.

VIII

And afterwades them to his Dame he londes,
That aged Dame, the Lady of the place,
Who all this while was busy at her beades,
Which doen, she up arose with seemely grace,
And toward them full matronely did pice
Where, when that furest Una she beheld,
Whom well she knew to spring from heavenly
race,
Her heart with joy unwonted inly sweld,
As feeling wondrous comfort in her weaker eide.

IX

And, her embracing, said, 'O happy earth,
Whereon thy innocent feet doe ever tread!
Most vertuous virgin, borne of heavenly berth,
That, to redeeme thy woefull parents head,
From tyrans rage and ever-dying dread,
Hast wandered through the world now long a
day,
Yett ceassest not thy weary soles to lead,

What grace hath thee now hither brought this
way?

Or doen thy feeble feet unyeting hither stray?

'Strunge thing it is an eriant knight to see
Here in this place, or any other wight,
That hither turnes his steps So few there bee,
That close the narrow path, or seeke the right
All keeps the broad high way, and take delight
With many rather for to goe astray,
And be partakers of their evill plight,
Then with a few to walke the lightest way
O foolish men! why hast ye to your own decay?'
xi

'Thy selfe to see, and tyed limbes to rest,
O matrone sage,' (quoth she) 'Hither came,
And this good knight his way with me addrest,
Ledd with thy prayes, and broad-blazed fame,
That up to heaven is blowne' The auncient
Dame

Him goodly greeted in her modest guyse,
And enterdynd them both, as best became,
With all the court'sies that she could devyse,
Ne wanted ought to shew her bounteous or wise

xi
Thus as they gan of sondrie things devise,
Loe! two most goodly virgins came in place,
Yoked ayme in arme in lovely wise

With countenance demure, and modest grace,
They numbred even steps and equall pace,
Of which the eldest, that Fideia hight,
Like sunny beames threw from her Christall face
That could have dazd the rash beholders sight,
And round about her head did shune like heavens
light

XIII

She was maird all in lilly white,
And in her right hand bore a cup of gold,
With wine and water fild up to the light,
In which a Serpent did himselfe entold,
That horiour made to all that did behold,
But she no whitt did chaunge her constant
mood

And in her other hand she fast did hold
A booke, that was both signd and seald with
blood, of christ
Wherein daik things were writt, hard to be
understood

Her younger sister, that Speranza hight,
Was clad in blew, thit her becomed well
Not all so chearefull seemed she of sight,
As was her sister whether dread did dwell

Or anguish in her hart, is hard to tell
Upon her arme a silver anchor lay,
Whereon she leanned ever, as befall,
And ever up to heav'n, as she did pray [way
Her stedfast eyes were bent ne varied other

XX

'They, seeing Una, towards her gan wend,
Who them encounters with like courtesee,
Many kind speeches they betwene them spend,
And greithly joy each other for to see
Then to the knight with shamesfull modestie
They turne themselves, at Unas meeke re-
quest,

And him salute with well beseeming glee
Who saure them quites, as him beseemed best
And goodly gan discourse of many a noble gest
deed, adventure

XXI

Then Una thus 'But she, your sister deare,
The deare Charissa where is she become? you
Or wants she health or busie is elsewhere
'Ah! no,' said they, 'but forth she is not
For she of late is lightened of her wombe, [come,
And hath encreast the world with one sonne
more,

That her to see should be but trouble-some'
'Indeed,' (quoth she) 'that should her trouble
sore [more"
But thnkt be God, and her encrease so ever-

XXII

Then said the aged Caelia 'Deare dame,
And you, good Sir I wote that of youre toyle
And labors long, through which ye hither
came,

Ye both forwarned be therefore, a while
I read you rest and to your bowres repose
Then called she a Groom, that forth him led
Into a goodly lodge and gan de-poile *undress*
Of pui-sant armes, and laid in erse bedd
His name was meeke Obedience, rightfully
aredd

XXIII

Now when their weerie limbes with kindly
rest,
And bodies were refresht with dew repast,
Favre Una gan Fidelia favre request,
To have her knight into her schoolehouse plaste,
That of her heavenly learning, he might taste,
And heare the wisdom of her wordes divine
She granted, and that knight so much
waste, showed grace to, favour
That she him taught celestiall discipline,
And opened his dull eyes, that light mote in
them shine

XXIV

And that her sacred Booke, with blood writt,
That none could reade except she did them
She unto him disclosed every whitt, [teach,
And heavenly documents therout did preach,
That weal or witt of man could never reach,
Of God, of grace, of justice, of free-will,
That wonder was to heare her goodly speech
For she was able with her wordes to kill,
And rive a gune to life the hart that she did
thrill *piece*

XXV

And, when she list poure out her larger
spright,
She would commund the hasty Sunne to stay,
Or backward turne his course from heavens
light [may,
Sometimes, great hostes of men she could dis-
Dry-shod to prise she parts the fouds in tway,
And the huge mountaines from their native
seat [away,
She would commund themselves to beare
And throw in raging sea with roaring threat.
Almightie God her gave such powre and pui-
sance great. *struggh*

XXVI

The fathfull knight now grew in little space.
By heiring her, and by her sister-love,
To such perfection of all heavenly grace,
That wretched world he gan for to abhorre,
And moit all life gan loath as thung sofore,
Greevd with remembrance of his wicked wayes,
And prick't with anguish of his sinnes so sore,
That he de-ide to end his wretched dayes
So much the dart of insull guilt the soule dis-
maye

XXVII

But wise Speranza gave him comfort sweet,
And taught him how to take assured hold
Upon her silver anchor, as was meet,
Lis had his sinnes, so great and manifold,
Made him forget all that Fidelia told
In this distressed doubtfull agony,
When him his dearest Una did behold
Disdaining his desiring leave to dye,
She found her self assaild with great per-
plexity,

XXVIII

And came to Caelia to declare her smart,
Who, well acquainted with that commune
ph-ht
Which insull horror workes in wounded hart,
With wisely comforted all that she might
With goodly counsell and advisement right,
And straightway sent with careful diligence,
To fetch a Leech, the which had great insight

could not

And wrath and battell warily to shonne
That drew on men tooke battell and his wrath
And many soules in dolors had fordonne
In which when him she well instructed hath,
From thence to heaven she terecheth him the
ready path

XXXX

Wherein his weaker wandering steps to guide,
An ancient matrone she to her does call,
Whose sober looks her wisdoms well de-
scribe

AEOEALLES

Her name was Mercy, well knowne over all
To be both gracious and the lib' rill
To whom the carefull charge of him she giv
To leade right, that he should never fall
In all his waies through this wide world's
wave,

That Mercy in the end his righteous soul
might save

XXV

The godly Matrone by the hand him be-
lorth from her presence, by a narrow way
Scattered with bushy thornes and ragged brieres,
Which still before him she remov'd away.
That nothing might his reely pass-les stay
And ever when his feet encombred were
Or gan to shunle or from the right to stray
She held him fast and firmly did upbire,
As careful Nurse her child from falling off
does reare

XXVI

Itsoones unto an holy Hos-pitall,
That was fore by the way, she did him bring
In which seven Brd-men, that had vowed all
Their life to service of high heavens King,
Did spend their dyes in doing godly thing
Their gates to all were open evermore
That by the wearie way were travelling,
And one sate wayting ever them before, [pure
To call in comers by that needy were and
pessing by there to be

XXVII

The first of them that eldest was and best
Of all the house had charge and government,
As Guardian and Steward of the rest
His office was to give entertainment
And lodging unto all that came and went,
Not unto such as could him feast and grieve,
And double quite for that he on them spent
But such as want of harbour did constraine
Those for Gods sake his duty was to entertaine

XXVIII

The second was as Almoner of the place
His office was the hungry to feed
And thirsty give to drinke, a wile of grace
He feard not once himselfe to be in need,

No ear'd to heerd for those whom he did breede
The care of God he laid up still in store,
Which is a stake he left unto his treasore here,
He had enough what need him care for more?
And had he power yet some he would give to the
poore

XXIX

The third had of their wardrobe custody
In which were not rich ryes, nor garments gay,
The plumes of pride, and wings of vanity,
But clothes meet to keep us here cold away,
And naked nature friendly to us;
With which busy retchely sights he dwelt clad,
The images of God in earths clay
And that no spare clothes to give he had,
His owne cote he would cut, and it distribute
glad

XL

The fourth appointed by his office was
Poore prisoners to release with gracious aid
And captives to redeeme with price of bread
From Turkes and Sarazins, which them had
And though they faulty were yet well he wayd,
That God to us for any evill were [said,
Much more then than they in hands were
And he, that harrowd hell with heavy stowre,
The unly soules from thence brought to his
heavenly bowre

XLI

The fift had charge sick per one to attend,
And comfort the in point of death which try,
For them most needeth comfort in the end,
When sin and hell, and death, doe most dismay
The feeble soule departing hence away
All is but lost, that is in us we bestow,
If not well ended at our dying day.
A man have mind of that last bitter throw,
For as the tree does fall so lies it ever low

XLII

The sixt had charge of them now being dead
In some sort their corses to grave [bury
And deck with dainty shoures their brydall bed.
That to them he wench spouse both sweet and
brave
Thy might upon when he their soules shall
The wondrous workmanship of Gods owne
mould

Whose such make all bestes to fere and grieve
All in his hand even dead we honour should
Ah, deare God, me graunt, I dead be not
defould

XLIII

The seventh now after death and buriall done,
Held charge the tender Orphans of the dead
And widowes and he that they should be undone
In face of judgement he their right would plead
before the judgement seat.

Ne ought the powre of mighty men did dread
In their defence, nor would for gold or fee
Be wonne their rightfull causes downe to tread,
And, when they stood in most necessitee,
He did supply their want, and gave them ever
free

XLV

There when the Elfin knight arrived was,
The first and chiefest of the seven, whose care
Was guests to welcome, towards him did pas.
Wher seeming Mercie, that his steps uphore
And alwaies led, to her with reverence rare
He humbly louted in meeke lowlinesse,
And seemely welcome for her did prepare
For of their order she was Patronesse,
Albe Charissa were their chiefest foundresse

XLV

There she awhile him staves himselfe to rest,
That to the rest more hable he might bee,
During which time in every good behest,
And godly worke of Almes and charitee
Shée him instructed with great industrie
Shortly therein so perfect he became,
That, from the first unto the last degree,
His mortall life he learned had to frame
In holy righteousnesse, without rebuke or
blame.

XLVI

Thence forward by that painfull way they pas
Forth to an hill that was both steepe and hy.
On top whereof a sacred chappell was,
And eke a hile Hermitage thereto,
Wher in an aged holy man did he,
That day and night said his devotion,
Ne other worldly busines did apply
His name was heavenly Contemplation,
Of God and goodnes was his meditation

XLVII *proceeded*

Great grace that old man to him given had,
For God he often saw from heavens light
All were his earthly cken both blunt and baill
And through great age had lost their kindly
sight, [spright.
Yet wondrous quick and per-ant was his
As Eagles eye that can behold the sunne
That hill that some with all their powre and
might [knights
That his fraile thighs, high wear and fordonne,
Gan faile. but by her helpe the top at last he
wonne

XLVIII

There they doe finde that godly aged Sire,
With snowe lockes adowne his shoulders shed,
As hoary frost with spangles doth attire
The mossy braunches of an Oke halfe ded

Each bone might through his body well he red
And every sinew scene, through his long fist
For nought he car'd his cares long unfed,
His mind was full of spiritual repast [chast.
And pynd his flesh to keepe his body low and
moist

XLIX

Who, when these two approaching he aspid,
At their first presence grew agrieved sore,
That forst him lay his heavenly thoughts aside,
And had he not that Dame respected more,
Whom highly he did reverence and adore,
He would not once have moved for the knight
They him saluted, standing far afore,
Who, well them greeting, humbly did requight,
And asked to what end they clomb that
tedious light

L

'What end,' (quoth he) 'should cause us
take such paine,
But that same end, which every living wight
Should make his mark high heaven to attune?
Is not from hence the way, that leadeth right
To that most glorious house, that glisteth
bright

With burning starres and everliving fire,
Whereof the keys are to thy hand beight
By wise Ideals? Shée doth thee requie,
To shew it to this knight, according his desire

'Thise happy man' said then the futher
grave, [wey.
Whose staggering steps thy seide hand doth
lead,

And shewes the way his sinfull soule to save
Who better can the way to heaven ared
Then thou thyselfe, that was both borne and
bred

In heavenly throne, where thousand Angel-
spine
And dost the prayers of the righteous read
Present before the majesty divine,
And his avenging wrath to clemency incline

LI

'Yet, since thou bidst, thy persue sh I
donne.

Then come, thou man of earth, and see the way,
That never yet was scene of Iernes come,
That never leds the traveler astray,
But after labors long and sad delay,
Brings them to joyous rest and endlesse blis
But first thou must a season fast and pray,
Till from her lands the sprightly assailed is,
And have her strength recurd from fraile in-
firmity

F

LIII

'That done, he leads him to the highest Mount, *top of the mountain.*
Such one as that same mighty man of God,
That blood-red billowed, like a willed front,
On either side disparted with his rod,
Till that his army dri-foot through them rod,
Dwelt forty daies upon, where, writt in stone
With bloody letters by the hand of God,
The bitter doome of death and balefull mone
He did receive, whiles flashing fire about him
shone

LIV

Or like that sacred hill, whose head full he,
Adorn'd with fruitfull Olives all around,
Is, as it were for endles-e memory
Of that deare Lord who oft thereon was fownd,
For ever with a flowering girlond crown'd
Or like that pleasant Mount, that is for us
Through famous Poets verse each where re-
nown'd. *of sweet memory of us*
On which the three learned Ladies play
Their heavenly notes and make full many a
lovely lay

LV

From thence, far off he unto him did shew
A little path that was both steepe and long,
Which to a goodly Citty led his view,
Whose walls and towres were builded high
and strong

Of perle and precious stone, that earthly tongue
cannot describe nor wit of man can tell
Too high a duty for my simple song
The City of the grate king light it well,
Wherein eternall peace and happinesse doth
dwell

LVI

As he thereon stood gazing, he might see
The blessed Angels to and fro descend
From highest heaven in gladsome companee,
And with great joy into that Citty wend,
As commonly a friend does with his friend
Whereat he wondred much, and grin enquire,
What stately building durst so high extend
Her lofty towres unto the starry sphere,
And what unknown nation there empeopled
were?

LVII

'Faire Knight,' (quoth he) 'Hierusalem that
The new Hierusalem, that God has built [is,
For those to dwell in that are chosen by,
His chosen people, purg'd from sinful guilt
With pretious blood, which cruelly was spilt
On cur'd tree, of that unspotted lam,
That for the sinne of al the world was kilt

Now are the Saints all in that Citty sam,
More deare unto their God then younglings to
their dam'

LVIII

'Till now,' said then the knight, 'I weened
well,
That great Cleopolis, where I have beene,
In which that fairest I aery Queene doth dwell,
The fairest citty was that might be seene,
And that bright towre all built of christall
clene,
Panther, seemd the brightest thing that was,
But now by prooffe all otherwise I weene.
For this great Citty that does far surpass,
And this bright Angels towre quite dim, that
towre of glas'

LIX

'Most trow,' then said the holy aged man,
'Yet is Cleopolis, for earthly frame,
The fairest peece that eye beholden can
And well besemes all knights of noble name
That covett in th' immortal booke of fame
To be eternized, that come to hunt,
And doen their service to that everaunge Dime,
That glory does to them for guerdon graunt
For she is heavenly borne, and heaven may
justly vaunt

LX

'And thou, faire ymp, sprung out from
English race, *we place*
How ever now accounted thus sonne,
Well worthy doest thy service for her grace,
To aide a virgin de-volute, fore-donne,
But when thou famous victory hast wonne,
And high amongst all knights hast hong thy
shield,

Thenceforth the suit of earthly conquest
shonne,
And wash thy hands from guilt of bloods held
For blood can nought but sin, and wars but
sorrows vield

LXI

'Then seek this path that I to thee presage,
Which after all to heaven shall thee send,
Then peaceably thy painefull pilgrimage
To vnder same Hierusalem doe bend,
Where is for thee ordaind a blessed end
For thou amongst those Saints whom thou
doest see,
Shalt be a Saint, and thine owne nations friend
And Patroue thou Saint George shalt called
bee,
Saint George of mery England, the signe of
victoree'

wretch (that I am) must be thy
 LXII
 'Unworthy wretch,' (quoth he) 'of so great
 grace,

How dare I thinke such glory to attaine?'

'These, that have it attaynd, were in like
 case,

As wretched men, and liued in like paine.'

'But deeds of armes must I at last be fame

And Ladies love to leave, so dearly bought?'

'What need of armes, where peace doth ay
 remaine,'

(Said he) 'and bitter battailes all are fought?'

As for loose loves, they are vaine, and vanish
 into nought'

LXIII

'O' let me not,' (quoth he) 'then turne a-
 grune

Brcke to the world, whose joyes so fruitlesse
 are,

But let me herre for aie in peace remaine,

Or straightway on that last long voyage fare,

That nothing may my present hope empare,

'That may not be,' (said he) 'we must thou
 yitt

Forgoe that roval maides bequeathed care,

Who did her cause into thy hand committ,

Till from her cur-ed foe thou have her free
 quit

LXIV

'Then shall I soone,' (quoth he) 'so God me

Abett that virgins cause disconsolate, [grace,

And shortly back returne unto this place,

To walke this way in Pilgrims poore estate,

But now are id. old father, why of late

Didst thou beghit me borne of English blood,

Whom all a l aeries sonne doen nominate?'

'That word shall I,' (said he) 'avouchen good,

Sith to thee is unknowne the cradle of thy
 brood.

LXV

'For, well I wote, thou springst from ancient
 race

Of Saxon kinges, that have with mightie hand,

And many bloods' battailes fought in face,

Ugh reard their roy all throne in Britans land,

And vanquisht them, unable to withstand
 From thence a Faery thee unwetting rest,
 There as thou slepst in tender swadling band,
 And her base Elhn brood there for thee left
 Spch, men do Chaungelings call, so chaung'd
 by Faeries theft.

LXVI

'Thence she thee brought into this Faery
 lond,

And in an heaped furrow did thee hyde,

Where thee a Ploughman all unwetting fond.

As he his toylesome teme that way did gide,

And brought thee up in ploughmans state,

by de, *sheep* *from* *the*

Whereof Georgos he thee gave to name,

Till prickt with courage, and thy forces pryde,

To Faery court thou cam'st to seek for fame,

And prove thy puissant armes, as seemes thee
 best became'

as it seeme it be
became (best)
LXVII c. 402. 1000.

LXVII

'O holy Sire' (quoth he) 'how shall I quight

The many favours I with thee have sownd,

That hast my name and nation redd aright,

That taught the way that does to heaven

by the *word* 'royal mace' *play*

This saide, adowne he looked to the ground

To have returnd, but daved were his eyne

Through passing brightnes, which did quite

confound

His feeble sence, and too exceeding shyne

So darke are earthly thinges compar'd to things
 divine

LXVIII

At last, whenas himselfe he gan to fynd,

To Una back he cam him to retyre,

Who him awaited still with pensive mynd

Great thanks, and goodly meed, to that gon

syre *in a gon*

He thens departing gave for his paynes hyre

So came to Una, who him joyd to see,

And, after litle rest, gan him desyre

Of her adventure myndfull for to bee

So leave they take of Celia and her daugh

ters three.

CANTO XI

The knight with that old Dragon fights
Two days ince santly
The third him overthrowes, and gayns
Most glorious victory

I

Hight time now gan it wax for Una say re
To thanke of those her captive Parents deare.
And their forwasted kingdom to repaire
Whereto whenas they now approached neare,
With hartie worde her knight she gan to
cheare.

And in her modest inner thus bespake [dare,
Deare knight as deare as ever knight was
That all these sorrowes suffer for my sake
High heaven behold the tedious toyle ye for me
take!

II

'Now are we come unto my native soyle,
And to the place where all our perilles dwell,
Here hunteth this fiend, and does his dayly
spoyl,
Therefore, henceforth, be at your keeping well
And ever ready for your foeman's fall
The sparke of noble courage now awake
And strive your excellent selfe to excell
That shall ye evermore renowned make [take
Above all knights on earth, that Britteill under

III

And pointing forth Lo' wonder is,' (said she)
The brasen towre, in which my parents deare
For dread of that huge feend emprisoned be,
Whom I from far see on the walles appeare
Whose sight my feeble soule doth greatly
And on the top of all I do espie [cheare
The watchmen waiting to ding glad to heare,
That, (O my Parents!) might I happily
Unto you bring, to ease you of your misery "

IV

With that they heard a roaring hideous sound
That all the ayre with terror filled round,
And seemd unceasing to shake the steadfast ground
It seemed that dreadful Dragon they espide,
Where stretcht he lay upon the sunny side
Of a great hill, himselfe like a great hill
But, all so soone as he from far descried
Those glistering armes that heaven with light
did fill,
He rousd himselfe full blith, and hastned them

to 70

Then bidd the knight his Lady yede aloof,
And to an hill herselfe withdraw aside,
From whence she might behold that battaille-
proof,

And eke be safe from daunger far deservide
She him obeyd, and turnd a little aside
Now, O thou sacred Muse! most learned Dame
Pay re vmpse of Phoebus and his aged bryde,
The Course of time and everlasting fame,
That warlike handes ennobleth with immorfall
name

VI

O' gently come into my feeble brest,
Come gently, but not with that mightie rage
Wherewith the martiall troupe thou doest
infest

And hatte of great Heroes doest enrage,
That nought their killed courage may aswage
Soone as this dreadfull trompe began to sound,
The God of warre with his tierc equipage
Thou doest awake sleepe never he so sound
And scared nations doest with horroi sterne
stound

VII

Fayre Goddesse lay that furious fitt aside
Fill I of warre and bloody War doe sing,
And Britton fieldes with our own blood bedde
Twixt that great fiercy Quene and Pyrrum
king

It with their horror heaven and earth did ring
A work of labour long and endlesse prisse
But now a while lett downe that bright
tring

And to my tune, thy second tenor raise,
That I this man of God his godly armes may
blaze

VIII

But thus the dreadful Beast drew nigh to
hand

His flying and halfe footing in his haste,
That with his largenesse measured much land,
And made wide shadow under his huge waste,
As mountaine doth the valley overcraete
Approching nigh he reared high afore
His body monstrous, horrible, and vaste,

Which, to increase his wondrous greatnes more,
Was swoln with wrath and poyson, and with
bloody gore,

And over all with brasen scales was armed,
Lake plated cote of steele, so couched heare
That nought mote perce, ne might his corse
bee harmd

With dint of sward, nor push of pointed speare
Which as an Eagle, seeing play appeare, *ruffle*
His airy plumes doth rouse, full rudely dight,
So shak'd he, that horror was to heare
For as the clashing of an Armor bright,
Such noise his rouzed scales did send unto the
knight. *raned through*

His flaggy winges, when forth he did display,
Were like two sayles, in which the hollow
wind

Is gathered full, and witheth speedy way *formed*
And eke the fumes, that did his pineons bynd,
Were like mayne-yardes with flying canvas
lynd,

With which whenas him list the ayre to beat,
And there by force unwonted passage fynd,
The cloudes before him fled for terior great,
And all the heavens stood still amazed with his
threat *the terror of his wings*

His huge long tayle, wound up in hundred
folds,

Does overspred his long bias-seely back,
Whose wreathed boughtes when ever he un-
folds,

And thick entangled knots adown does slack,
Bespotted as with shieldes of red and blacke,
It sweepeth all the land behind him farre,
And of three furlongs does but litle lacke,
And at the point two stinges in fixed arre,
Both deadly sharp, that sharpest steele ex-
ceeden farre

But stinges and sharpest steele did far exceed
The sharpnesse of his cruel rending claws
Dead was it sure, as sure as death in deed,
What ever thing does touch his ravenous pawes,
Or what within his reach he ever diaves
But his most ludeous head my tongue to tell
Does tremble, for his deepe devouring jawes
Wyde gaped, like the griesly mouth of hell,
Through which into his daikie abyss all rayn
fell

And, that more wondrous was, in either jaw
Three ranches of yron teeth emauged were,
In which yet trickling blood, and gobbets ran,
Of late devoured bodies did appeare,

That sight thereof bredd cold congealed feare,
Which to increase, and all atonce to kill,
A cloud of smothering smoke, and sulphure
seare, *burning*
Out of his stinking gorge forth steemed still,
That all the ayre about with smoke and stench
did fill

XIV

His blazing eyes, like two bright shining
shields,
Did burne with wrath, and sparkled living
fyre

As two broad Beacons, sett in open fieldes,
Send forth their flames far off to every shire,
And warning gave that enemies conspyre
With fire and sword the region to invade
So flam'd his eyes with rage and rancorous ire,
But far within, as in a hollow glade, *secret vale*
Those glaring lampes were sett that made a
dreadfull shade.

XV

So dreading he towards him did pas,
Forelusting up a-loft his speckled brest,
And often bounding on the brused gras,
As for great joyance of his new come guest
Eftsoones he gan advance his haughty crest,
As chafed Bore his bristles doth upreare,
And shoke his scales to battaile ready drest,
That made the Redcrosse knight nigh quake
for feare,

As bidding bold defyance to his foeman
neare

XVI

The knight gan fayrely couch his steady speare,
And fiersely ran at him with rigorous might
The pointed steele, arriving rudely theare,
His hyde *hyde* would nether peice nor
light,

But, glancing by, forth 'passed forward right
Yet sore amoved with so puissaunt push,
The wrathfull beast about him turned light,
And him so rudely, passing by, did brush
With his long tayle, that horse and man to
ground did rush

XVII

Both horse and man up lightly rose againe,
And fresh encounter towards him addrest,
But th' ydle stroke yet backe recoyld in vaine,
And found no place his deadly point to rest
Exceeding rage inflam'd the furious Brest,
To be avenged of so great *despight*, *the paine*
For never felt his imperceable brest *as a shield*
So wondrous force from hand of living might,
Yet had he provid the powre of many a puis-
sant knight.

XVIII

Then, with his waving wings displayed wyde,
Himselfe up hugh he lifted from the ground,
And with strong flight did forcibly dryde
The yielding ayre, which nigh too feeble sound
Her sitting parts, and element unsound,
To beare so great a weight he, cutting way
With his broad sayles, about him soared round,
At last, low stopping with unweldt swar,
Snatcht up both horse and man, to beare them
quite away

XIX

Long he them bore above the subject plaine,
So far as Erythen bow a shaft may send,
Till struggling strong did him at last constrain
To let them downe before his flightes end
As hagarth Hauke, presuming to contend,
With hardy fowle above his hable might,
His ycarie pounces all in vaine doth spend
To trusse the pray too heavy for his flight,
Which, coming down to ground, does free it
selfe by night

He so disguised of his gryping grosse,
The knight his thrillant speare againe assavd
In his bras-plated body to empye, [layd]
And three mens strength unto the stroke he
Wherewith the stiffe beame quaked as affraid
And glauncing from his scaly necke did glide
Close under his left wing, then broad displaid
The percing steele there wrought a wound full
wyde, [lowdly cryde]
That with the uncouth smart the Monster

XXI

He cryde, as raging seas are wont to rore
When wintry storme his wrathful breck does
threat, [destruction]
The rolling billowes beate the ragged shore,
As they the earth would shoulder from her seat,
And greedy gulfe does gape, as he would eat
His neighbour element in his revenge [land]
Then gin the blustering foren boldly threat
To move the world from off his stedfast henge,
And boystrous battails make, each other to
avenge.

XXII

The steely head stuck fast still in his flesh,
Till with his cruell clawes he snatcht the wood,
And quite a sunder brake Forth flowed fresh
A gushing river of blacke gory blood,
That drowned all the land whereon he stood
The streame thereof would drive a water-mill
Treble augmented was his furious mood
With bitter sence of his deepe rooted ill,
That flames of fire he threw forth from his
large nosethril

XXIII

His hideous tayle then hurled he about,
And therewith all cawrapt the nimble thyes
Of his froth-somy steed, whose courage stout
Striving to loose the knott that fast him tyed
Himselfe in streighter bandes too rash implies,
That to the ground he is perforce constraind
To throw his ryder, who can quickly ryse
From off the earth, with durty blood distaynd,
For that reprochfull fall right fowly he disdaynd,

XXIV

And fiercely tooke his trenchard blade in hand,
With which he stroke so furious and so fell,
That nothing seemd the puissaunce could with-
Upon his crest the hardned yron fell, [stand]
But his more hardned crest was armd so well,
That deeper dint therein it would not make,
Yet so extremely did the buffe him quell,
That from thenceforth he shoud the like to take,
But when he saw, them cymg he did them still
forsake. [unwillingly] [carefull]

XXV

The knight was wroth to see his stroke beguyl'd,
And smot againe with more outrageous might,
But backe againe the spardling steele recoyl'd,
And lest not any marke where it did light,
As if in Adamant rocke it had bene pight.
The beast, impatient of his smarting wound
And of so fierce and forcible despight, [ground]
Thought with his winges to rise above the
But his late wounded wing unserviceable found
[agred, rise]

XXVI

Then full of griefe and anguish vehement,
He lowdly brayd, that like was never heard
And from his wide devouring open sent
A flake of fire, that flashing in his beart [fall]
Him all amazed, and almost made affraid [fear]
The scorching flame sore swinged all his face,
And through his armour all his body seard,
That he could not endure so cruell case,
But thought his armes to leave, and helmet
to unlace

XXVII

Not that great Champion of the antique world,
Whom famous Poetes verse so much doth
vaunt,
And hath for twelve huge labours high extold,
So many furies and sharpe fits did haunt,
When him the poisoned garment did enchaunt,
When Centaures blood and bloody verses
charm'd
As did this knight twelve thousand dolours
Whom fyrie steele now burnt, that erst him
arm'd,
That erst him goodly arm'd, now most of all
him harm'd.

XXXIII *re-see*

Faynt, wearie, sore, embroyled, grieved, brent,
With heat, toyle, wounds, armes, smart, and
inward fire,

That neuer man such mischiefes did torment
Death better were, death did he oft desire,
But death will neuer come when needes require
Whom so dismayd when that his foe beheld,
He cast to suffer him no more respite, *re-see*
But gan his sturdy sterne about to weld,
And him so strongly stroke, that to the ground
him feld

XXXIV *re-see*

It fortun'd, (as fayne it then befell)
Behynd his backe, unweeting, where he stood,
Of auncient time there was a springing well,
From which fast trickled forth a siluer flood,
Full of great vertues, and for med'cine good
Why lone, before that cursed Dragon got
That happy land, and all with innocent blood
Defyd those sacred waves, it rightly *re-see*
The well of life, ne yet his vertues had
forgot

XXXV

For unto life the dead it could restore,
And guilt of sinfull crimes cleane wash away,
Those that with sickness were infected sore
It could recure, and aged long decay
Renew, as one were borne that very day
Both Silo this, and Jordan, did excell,
And th' English Bath, and eke the German
Span, *re-see*
Ne can Cepheus, nor Helius, match this well
Into the same the knight back overthrowen
fell

XXXVI

Now gan the golden Phœbus for to steepe
His fierie face in billowes of the west,
And his faint steedes wated in Ocean deepe,
Whiles from their iournall labours they did
rest, *re-see*

When that infernall Monster, having kest
His wearie foe into that living well,
Gan high aduance his broad discoloured brest
Above his wonted pitch, with countenance fell,
And clapt his yron wings as if for he did
dwell *re-see*

XXXVII

Which when his pensive Lady saw from farre,
Great woe and sorrow did her soule assay,
As weening that the sad end of the warre,
And gan to highest God entirely pray
That feared chance from her to turne away
With folded hands, and knees full lowly bent,
All night shee watcht, ne once adowne would
lay

Her dainty limbs in her sad dreiment,
But praying still did wake, and waking did
lament *re-see*

XXXVIII

The morrow next gan carely to appeare,
That Titan rose to runne his daily race,
But carely, ere the morrow next gan leaue
Out of the sea faire Titans deawy face,
Rose the gentle virgin from her place,
And looked all about, if she might spy
Her loved knight to moue his munny pace
For she had great doubt of his safety,
Since late she saw him fall before his enemy

XXXIX

At last she saw where he upstartd brave
Out of the well, wherein he drenched lay
As Eagle, fiesh out of the ocean wave,
Where he hath lefte his plumes all hory gray,
And deckt himselfe with fethers youthly gay,
Take Eras hauke up mounts unto the skies, *re-see*
His newly-budded pineons to assay,
And marueles at himselfe stil as he flies
So new this new-borne knight to battell new
did rise

XL

Whom when the dauided feend so fiesh did
No wonder if he woundd at the sight, [spy
And doubted whether his late enemy *re-see*
It were, or other new supplied knight
He nay, to prove his late renewed might,
High brandishing his bright deaw-burning
blade,

Upon his crested scalp so sore did smite,
That to the cull a yawning wound it made
The deadly dint his dulled senses all dismayd

XLI

I wote not whether the reuenging steele
Were hardned with that holy water dew
Wherein he fell, or sharper edge did feele,
Or his baptized hands now greater grew, *re-see*
Or other secret vertue did ensue,
His never could the force of fleshy arme,
Ne molten mettall, in his blood embrew,
For till that stownd could neuer wight him
harne [chaime
By subtilty, nor slight, nor might, nor mighty

XLII

He cruell wound enraged him so sore,
That loud he yelled for exceeding paine,
As hundred ramping Lions seemd to roie,
Whom ravenous hunger did thereto constraime
Then gan he tosse aloft his stretched tiane,
And therewith scourge the buxome aires so sore,
That to his force to yelden it was faine,

No might his sturdy stoules might stand afore,
That high trees overthrow, and rocks in peeces
tore

And he The same advancing high above his head
With sharpe intended sting o' rude him smitt
That to the earth him drove, as stoules did
N' living weight would have him life be bott
The mortall sting his deadly melle short
Quite through his shield, and in his shoulder
as red,

Where fast it stucke he would th'out be got
The griefe thereof him wondrous sore shroud
Ne might his rawling paine with patience be
appeard

But yet more him full of his honour deare
Then of the grievous smart which him did
wring
I rom bethel soule he can him li bly reare
And strove to loose the far mixed sting,
Which when he saw he stode with struggles
flame, *for a moment*
Inflam'd with wrath his raging blade he left
And strooke so strongly that the knotty string
Of his huge taile he quite a sonde broke,
Live joints thereof he bowd and but the stump
him left

And But cannot thinke what outrage and what
eries, *that he* *a thousand*
With foule embouldred smoke and flashing fire
The hell bred beast threw forth unto the skie
That all was covered with darkness dire
Then trau'lit with rancour and enrage
He cast at once him to avenge for all
And gathering up himselfe out of the mire
With his ugren wings did fiercely fall
Upon his sunne bright shield and gript it
fast withall

Much was the man encumberd with his hold
In ferre to lose his weapon in his paw,
Ne wist yett how his talants to unfold,
Nor harder was from Cerberus growly jaw
To plucke a bone, then from his cruell clasp
To reue by strength the griped pace away
Thise he assaid it from his foote to draw,
And thrise in vaine to draw it did assay
It booted nought to thinke to robbe him of his
pry

Tho, when he saw no power might prevaile,
His trusty sword he cald to his last aid,
Wherewith he herselfe did his foe assaile
And double blowes about him stoutly laid,

That glorie, fire, and of the very paine
As spurted from the Ardeur to the daine
When he saw hamper'd as they edge are
Therewith at first he first him to untye
One of his goryng fowle him to detest
th' eyes

And he The other he fast fixed on his shield,
Whence no strength he could make him com-
strain
To loose, for yett the world did not yett
He smote therewith with all his might and might
That it might a vertuous paine as yett
sustain
Upon the point the sword he did fast
And made such a wound that he did quite
to woe

The paine yett missed not his might
But he was still on the shield, as it at first was
figne

For griefe thereof and unchely despayte,
From his infernall sonde he drew the three
Huge flames that danc'd all the best light
I would in dust ch' sm'le and brimstone blow
As burning, Acton from his boyl he drew
Duch he ch' out flames, and rook in pure
faine

And rag'd ribs a mountaines nether new,
In right emboldred clouds and ally smole,
That of the land with stretch and heuen with
heaven glowd

And he Then whereto, and for still postilene,
For him movd, *that he* *a thousand*
With full forward for his best of ferre,
To save his body from the scorching fire
Which he seen hellish entrails did expyre
It chaunst that way he did of junces did
gush
As he needed he to ward in the mire
His much he wored to ble to did shile,
And down he fell with dread of shame
terrible

There grew a goodly tree him fast beside,
Loaden with fruit and apples red and white
As they in pure vermillion had been dyed
Wherof ere it vertues over-all were said
For happy life to all which thereon feed,
And his eke ever lasting did befall
For at first it planted in that blessed steed
With his Almighty hand and did it call
The tree of life, the crone of our first father
full

XLVII

In all the world like was not to be found,
Save in that soile, where all good things did
grow, *then*
And freely sprong out of the fruitfull ground,
As incorrupted Nature did them sow,
Till that dredd Dragon all did overthrow
Another like fane tree eke grew thereby,
Whereof whose did eat, oftsoones did know
Both good and ill O mournfull memory!
That tree through one mans fault hath doen
us all to dy

XLVIII

From that first tree forth flowd, as from a
well,
A trickling streame of Balme, most soveraine
And dainty deare, which on the ground still
fell, *then, in a covey*
And overflowed all the fertile plaine,
As it had deawed bene with tunely raine
Life and long health that gracious ointment
gave, *[againe]*
And deadly wounds, could heale, and reare
The sencelesse corse appointed for the grave
Into that same he fell, which did from death
him save.

XLIX

For wigh thereto the ever damned *Best last*
Durst not approach, for he was deadly made,
And al that life preserv'd did detest,
Yet he it oft adventur'd to invade
By this the drouping day-light gan to fade,
And yeld his rowme to sad succeeding night,
Who with her sable mantle gan to shade
The face of earth and wayes of living right,
And hugh her burning torch set up in heaven
bright *under*.

L

When gentle Una saw the second fall
Of her deare knight, who, weary of long fight
And faint through losse of blood, moov'd not
at all,
But lay, as in a dreame of deepe delight,
Besmeard with pretious Balme, whose vertuous
might
Did heale his woundes, and scorching heat away,
Againe she stricken was with sore affright,
And for his safetie gan devoutly pray,
And watch the noyous night, and wait for
joyous day

LI

The joyous day gan early to appeare,
And layre Aurora from the deaw bed
Of aged Tithone gan herselfe to reare
With rosy cheekes, for shame as blushing red

Her golden locks for hast were loosely shed
About her cares, when Una her did marke
Climbe to her chairet, all with flowers spred,
From heaven high to chace the chearelesse
darke, *[larke]*
With mery note her lowd salutes the mounting

LII

Then freshly up arose the doughty knight,
All healed of his huits and woundes wide,
And did himselfe to battaile ready dight,
Whose early foe awaiting him beside
To have devourd, so soone as day he spyde,
When now he saw himselfe so freshly reare,
As it late fight had nought him dampnyde,
He woxe dismayd, and gan his fate to feare
Nathlesse with wonted rage he him advanced
neare

LIII

And in his first encounter, gaping wyde,
He thought atonce him to have swallowd
quight,
And rusht upon him with outrageous pryde,
Who him rencounting herce, as hauke in
flight,
Perforce rebutted backe. The weapon bright,
Taking advantage of his open jaw, *[might]*
Ran through his mouth with so importune
That deepe emperst his darksom hollow maw,
And, brack retrird, his life blood forth with all
did draw *scattered backe*.

LIV

So downe he fell, and forth his life did breath,
That vanish into smoke and cloudes swift,
So downe he fell, that th' earth him underneath
Did grone, as feeble so great load to lift,
So downe he fell, as an huge rocke clift, *[away]*
Whose *like* foundation waves have washt
With dreadfull poyses from the mayneland rift,
And rolling downe great Neptune doth dismay
So downe he fell, and like an heaped mountaine
lay

LV

The knight him selfe even trembled at his fall,
So huge and horrible a masse it seemd,
And his deare Lady, that beheld it all,
Durst not approach for dread which she mis-
deemd,
But yet at last, whenas the duefull feend
She saw not stirre, off-shaking vaine affright
She nigher drew, and saw that joyous end
Then God she prayd, and thankt her faithfull
knight,
That had atchievde so great a conquest by his
might

CANTO XII

Fayre Unto the Redcrosse Knight
Betrouthed is with joy
Though false Duesa it to barre,
Her false sleights doe imploy

¹
BEMO'D I see the heven nigh at hand
To which I meane my wearie course to bend,
Vere the maine shete, and beure up with the
land, *direct for course to*
The which afore is farr to be kend, *in the*
And seemeth safe from storms that may offend
There this fayre virgin weenie of her way
Must landed bee, now at her journeyes end,
There eke my feeble barke while may stay,
Till merv wind and weather call her thence
away

^{II} *pleasing*

Scarcely had Phoebus in the glooming East
Yett harness'd his syrie-footed teeme,
Ne reard above the earth his flaming creast,
When the first deadly smoke aloft did steeme,
That signe of last outbreathed life did seeme
Unto the watchman on the castle-wall,
Who thereby dead that balefull Beast did deeme.
And to his Lord and Lady lowd gan call,
To tell how he had scene the Dragons fatall fall

that the weaknes of flight
^{III} *age fame the*

Uprose with hasty joy, and feeble speed,
That aged Syre, the Lord of all that land,
And looked forth, to weet if trew indeed
Those tidings were, as he did understand
Which whenas trew by tryall he out fond,
He badd to open wyde his brisen gate,
Which long time had beene shut, and out of bond
Proclam'd joy and pence th rough all his state;
For dead now was their foe, which them forrayd
late

^{IV} *navages*

Then gan triumphnt Trompets sownd on hye,
That sent to hev'n the echoed report
Of their new joy, and happie victor
Gunst him, that had them long opprest with
And fast imprisoned in sieged fort [tort]
Then all the people, as in solemne feast,
To him assembled with one full consort,
Rejoycing at the fall of that great beist,
From whose eternall bondage now they were
relast. *for the world*

¹
Forth came that auncient Lord, and aged
Queene,
Ara'd in antique robes downe to the gownd,
And sad habiliments right well be-seene
And noble crew about them waited rownd
Of sage and sober peres, all gravely gownd,
Whom far before did march a goodly band
Of tall young men, all habie armes to shewd
But now they laurell branches bore in hand,
Glad signe of victory and peace in all their
land

^{VI}

Unto that doughtie Conquerour they came,
And him before themselves prostrating low,
Their Lord and Patrone loud did him pro-
clame,
And at his feet their lawrell boughes did throw
Soone after them, all dauncing on a row
The comely virgin came, with Lirlands dight
As fresh as flowres in meadow greene doe grow
When morning dew upon their leaves doth
light, [on light]
And in their haudes sweet Timbrels all upheld

^{VII} *crowd*

And them before the fry of children yong
Their wanton sportes and childish mirth did
play, *the use of*
And to the Maidens sownding timbrels song
In well attuned notes a joyous lay,
And made delightfull musick all the way,
Untill they came where that faire virgin stood
As fayre Diana in fresh summers day
Beholdes her nymphes enraung'd in havy wood,
Some wrestle some do run, some bathe in
christall flood

^{VIII}

young
So she beheld those maidens meriment
With cherrefull yew, who, when to her they
came, *with message*
Themselves to ground with gracious humble-se
And her ador'd by honorable name, [bent]

Lifting to heven her everlasting fame
Then on her head they sett a girland greene,
And crowned her with earnest and true
game *as a knight*
Who, in her self resemblance well besene,
Did seeme, such as she was, a goodly maiden
Queene

IX

And after all the rashall many ran,
Heaped together in rude rabblement,
To see the face of that victorious man,
Whom all admired as from heaven sent,
And gazd upon with gaping wonderment,
But when they came where that dead Dragon
lay, *[tent,*
Stretcht on the ground in monstrous large ex-
The sight with ydle feare did them dismay,
No durst approach him nigh to touch, or once
assay.

X

Some feard, and fledd, some feard, and well
it faynd, *clerly disarmed*
One, that would wiser seeme then all the rest,
Warnd him not touch, for yet perhaps remaynd
Some lingring life within his hollow brest,
Or in his wombe might lurke some hidden nest
Of many Dragonettes, his fruitfull seede
Another saide, that in his eyes did rest
Yet sparkling fyre, and badd thereof take
heed;
Another said, he saw him move his eyes indeed

XI

One mother, whenas her foolehardy chyld
Did come too neare, and with his talants play,
Halfe dead through feare, her litle babe re-
vlyd *neighbour, crosses on*
And to her gossibs gan in counsell say,
'How can I tell, but that his talants may
Yet scratch my sonne, or rend his tender hand?'
So diversly them selves in vaine they fray,
Whiles some more bold to measure him nigh
stand,
To prove how many acres he did spred of land

XII

Thus flockt all the folke him rownd about,
The whiles that hoarie king, with all his traine,
Being arrived where that champion stout -
After his foes defeasaunce did remaine,
Him goodly greetes, and fayre does entertayne
With princely gifts of yvory and gold, [paine
And thousand thanks him yeldes for all his
Then when his daughter deare he does behold,
Her dearly doth imbrace, and kisseth manifold
rejoice

XIII

And after to his Pallace he them bringes,
With shauimes, and trumpets, and with Clarion-
sweet, *clarionels*
And all the way the jovous people singes,
And with their garments strowes the paved
street, *[meet*
Whence mounting up, they fynd purveyaunce
Of all, that royl all Princes court became,
And all the floore was underneath their feet
Bespredd with costly scarlott of great name, *cl*
On which they lowly sitt, and sitting purpose
frame

XIV

What needes me tell their feast and goodly
guize, *marvell*
In which was nothing rotous nor vaine,
What needes of dainty dishes to devize,
Of comely services, or courtly trayne?
My narrow leaves cannot in them contayne
The large discourse of roiall Princes state
Yet was their manner then but bare and playne,
For th' antique world excesse and pryde did
hate *[late*
Such proud luxurious pompe is swollen up but

XV

Then, when with meates and drinckes of ever
kinde
Their fervent appetites they quenched had,
That auncent Lord gan sit occasion finde,
Of straunge adventures, and of perils sad
Which in his travell him befallen had,
For to demand of his renowned guest [sad,
Who then with utterance grave, and count'nance
From poynt to poynt, as is before exprest,
Discourst his voyage long, according his re-
quest

XVI

Great pleasure, mixt with pittifull regard, *aff*
That godly King and Queene did passionate, *see*
Whyles they his pittifull adventures heard,
That oft they did lament his lucklesse state,
And often blame the too importune fate
That heapt on him so many wrathfull wraikes,
For never gentle knight, as he of late,
So tossed was in fortunes cruell freakes
And all the while salt teares bedewd the
bearers cheeks

XVII

Then sayd that royall Pere in sober wise,
'Deare Sonne, great beene the evils which ye
bore
From first to last in your late enterprise,
That I note whether praise or pity more,
ne wold know not

For never living man I weene, so rare
In sea of deadly dangers was distract
But since now safe ye rescued have the shore,
And well arriv'd are, (high God be blest)
Let us devise of ease and everlasting rest.

XXIII

'O dearest Lord!' said then that doughty
knight
'O ease or rest I may not yet devise,
For by the truth which I to armes have plight,
I bownden in straight after this amprise,
As that your daughter can so well advise,
Bieke to retourne to that great Laery Queene
And her to serve sixe years in warlike wise,
Gunt that proud Pyrrhus king that works her
teene
Therefore I ought crave pardon, till I there have

XXIV

'Unhappy falls that hard necessity,
(Quoth he) 'the troubler of my happy peace,
And vowed foe of my felicity,
Ne I against the same can justly prece
But since that band ye cannot now release,
Nor doen undo, (for vowes may not be wane)
Soone as the terme of those sixe years shall
cease
Ye then shall hither backe retourne againe,
The marriage to accomplish youd betwixt you
twyne

XXV

'Which, for my part, I covet to performe
In sort as through the world I did proclame,
That who-so kild that monster most deforme
And him in hardy battaile overcome
Should have mine only daughter to his Dame
And of my kingdome hezre appurtenant bee
Therefore since now to thee perternes the same
By dew desert of noble chevalree, [to thee]
Both daughter and eke kingdome lo! I yield

XXVI

Then forth he called that his daughter sive
The fairest Un', his only daughter sive,
His only daughter and his only live
Who forth proceeding with sad sober cheere,
As bright as doth the morning starre appeere
Out of the East, with flaming lockes beaight,
To tell th drawing day is drawing neare
And to the world does bring long-wished light
So pure and fresh that Lady shewd herselfe in
sight

XXVII

So pure and fresh, as freshest flowre in May,
For she had laid her mournfull stole aside,
And widow-like sad wimple throwne away,
Wherewith her heavenly beantie she did hide,

Whiles on her wearie journey she did rule,
And on her now a garment she did weare
All hilly white withouten spot or pride,
That seemd like silke and silver woven
But neither silke nor silver then in did appeare

XXVIII

The blasing brightnesse of her beautes bame,
And glorious light of her shining free,
To tell were as to strive against the streame
My ragged rimes are all too rude and meeke
Her heavenly liniments for to exhaire
For her own dear loved knight,
All wond'ring with humilitie in place,
Did wonder much at her celestial sight
Oft had he seen her face, but never so faire

XXIX

So fairly dight when she in presence came,
She to her sive made humble reverence,
And bowed low, that her right well became,
And added grace unto her excellence
Who with great wisdom and grave eloquence
Thus gan to say—But, ere he thus had said,
With his speede and seeming great quickness,
Came running in, much like a man dismayd
A Messenger with letter, which his message
said

XXX

All in the open hall amazed stood
At sucht innesse of that young wight,
And wondred at his breathlesse hasty mood
But he for nought would stay his page right,
Fill fast before the king he did alight
Whereofling flat great humblesse he did make,
And kist the ground whereon his foot was right,
Then to his handes that writt he did betake
Which he disclosing read thus, as the paper
spoke

XXVI

'To thee, most mighty king of Iden sive,
Her greeting send in these said lines address
The wofull daughter and for-aken heire
Of that great Emperour of all the West
And bide thee be advized for the best
Ie thou thy daughter linck in holy band
Of wedlocke to that new unknowne guest
For he already plighted his right hand
Unto another love, and to another land

XXXI

To me, sad mayd or rather widow said,
He was affianced long time before,
And sacred pledge he both gave and had
A brave errant knight, infamous, and forswore
Witness the burning Altars, which he swore,
And guilty heavens of his bold perjury,
Which though he hath polluted oft of yore,

Yet I to them for judgement just doe fly,
And them conjure t' avenge this shamefull
injury.

XXVII

'Therefore, since mine he is, or free or bond,
Or false or trew, or living or else dead,
Withhold, O soverayne Prince, your hasty hond
From knitting league with him, I you alead,
Ne weene my right with strength adowne to
tread,

Through weaknesse of my widowed or woe,
For truth is strong her rightfull cause to plead
And shall finde friends, if need requireth soe
So bids thee well to fare Thy neither friend
nor foe, *Fidessa'*

XXIX

When he these bitter byting wordes had red,
The tydings straunge did him abashed make,
That still he sate long time astonish'd
As in great muse, ne word to creature spake
At last his solemn silence thus he brake,
With doubtfull eyes fast fix'd on his guest,
'Redoubted knight that for myne only sake
Thy life and honor late adventarest [pres
Let nought be hid from me that ought to be ex-

XXX

'What meane these bloody voves and idle
threats,
Throwne out from womanish impatient mynd?
What heavens? what altars? what, enraged
heates, *because unrequited*
Here heaped up with termes of love unkynd,
My conscience cleare with guilty bandis would
bynd?

High God be witness that I guiltlesse ame,
But if yourselfe, Sir knight, be faulty fynd
Or wrapp'd be in loves of former Dame,
With crime doe not it cover, but disclose the
same' *criminally, do not offend*

XXXI

To whom the Redcrosse knight this answer
sent

'My Lord my king be nought heiet dismayd,
Till well ye wote by grave commendment,
What woman, and wherefore, doth me upbrayd
With breach of love and loyalty betrayd
It was in my mishaps, as hitherward
I lately travell'd that unware I strayd
Out of my way, through perils straunge and
hard *world* [declard
That day should faile me ere I had them all

XXXII

'There did I find, or rather I was fownd
Of this false woman that Fidessa hight,
Fidessa hight the falsest Dame on grownd,
Most false Duessa, royall richly dight,
as richly as a royal personage

That easy was t' inveigle weaker sight
Who by her wicked arts and wy he skill,
Too false and strong for earthly skill or might,
Unwares me wrought unto her wicked will,
And to my foe betrayd when least I feared ill'

XXXIII

Then stepped forth the goodly royall Mayd,
And on the ground herselfe prostrating low,
With sober countenance thus to him sayd
'O' pardon me, my soveraine Lord to sheow
The secret treasons, which of late I know
To have bene wrought by that false sorceresse
Shée, onely she it is, that earst did throw
This gentle knight into so great distresse,
That death him did awaite in daily wretched-
nesse

Surprised, or dejected
And now it seemes, that she suborned hath
This crafty messenger with letters vaine, *false*
To worke new woe and improvidd scath. *See*
By breaking of the band betwixt us twaine,
Wherein she used hath the practicke paine *de*
Of this false footman, clokt with simplenesse,
Whome if ye please for to discover plaine,
Ye shall him Archimago find, I ghesse [lesse
The falsest man alive who tries, shall find no

XXXIV

The king was greatly moved at her speech,
And, all with sudden indignation fraught, *find*
Bad on that Messenger rude hands to reach
Eftsoones the Gard, which on his state did wait,
Attacht that faytor false, and bound him strait,
Who seeming sorely chauffed at his band,
As chafed beare whom cruel dogs doe bait,
With violence did tune them to withstand
And often semblance made to scape out of
their hand *crime of prison*

XXXV

But they him layd full low in dungeon deepe,
And bound him hand and foote with iron chains,
And with continual watch did warely keepe.
Who then would thinke that by his subtile
travails

He could escape fowle death or deadly pains?
Thus, when that Princes wrath was pacified,
He gan renew the late forbidden baine, *ban*
And to the knight his daughter deare he tude
With sacred rites and voves for ever to abyde

XXXVI

His owne two hands the holv knotts did knitt,
That none but death for ever can divide,
His owne two hands, for such a turne most fitt,
The housling fire did kindle and provide, *See*

And holy water thereon sprinkled wide,
At which the bush Teade a groome did light,
And sacred lamp in secret chamber hid,
Where it should not be quenched day nor night,
For feare of evil fates, but burnen ever bright

XXVIII

Then gan they sprinkle all the posts with
wine,
And made great feist to solemnize that day
They all perfumde with frankincense divine,
And precious odours felcht from far away,
That all the house did sweat with great aray
And all the while sweete Musicke did apply
Her curious skill the warbling notes to play,
To drive away the dull Melancholy,
The whiles one sung a song of love and gallie

XXIX

During the which there was an heavenly noise
Heard sound through all the Pallace pleasantly,
Like as it had bene many an Angels voice
Singing before th' eternall majesty,
In their trippl' triplicities on hye
Yett wist no creature whence that heavenly
Proceeded, yet each one felt secretly sweet
Himselfe thereby reste of his senses meef,
And ravished with rare impression in his sprite

XL

Great joy was made that day of young and
old,
And solenne feast proclaymd throughout the
land,

That their exceeding merth may not be told.
Suffice it heare by signes to understand
The usuall joyes at knitting of loves band
Thrise happy man the knight himselfe did
hold,

Possessed of his Ladies hart and hand,
And ever, when his eye did her behold,
His heart did seeme to melt in pleasures mani-
fold

XLI

Her joyous presence, and sweet company,
In full content he there did long enjoy,
No wicked envy, ne vile jealousy,
His deare delights were hable to annoy
Yet, swimming in that sea of blisfull joy,
He nought forgott how he a while had sworne,
In case he could that monstrous beast de-
stroy,

Unto his Faery Queene backe to retourne,
The which he shortly did, and Una left to
mourne

XLII

Now, strike your sailes, yee jolly Mariners,
For we be come unto a quiet rode,
Where we must land some of our passengers,
And light this weary vessell of her lode
Here she a while may make her safe abode,
Till she repaired have her tackles spent,
And wants supplide, And then againe abroad
On the long voyage whereto she is bent
Well may she speede, and surely wish her
intent!

THE SECOND BOOK
OF
THE FAERIE QUEENE

CONTAINING THE LEGEND OF SIR GUYON, OR OF TEMPLAUNCE

I

Right well I wote, most mighty Sovereaine,
That all this famous antique history
Of some th' abundance of an ydle braine
Will judged be, and painted forgery,
Rather then matter of just memory,
Sith none that breatheth living aire does know
Where is that happy land of Faery,
Which I so much doe vaunt, yet no where
show,
But vouch antiquities, which no body can
know

II

But let that man with better sence advize,
That of the world least part to us is red,
And daily how through hardy enterprize
Many great Regions are discovered,
Which to late age were never mentioned
Who ever heard of th' Indian Peru?
Or who in venturous vessell measured
The Amazon huge river, now found trew?
Or fruitfulest Virginia who did ever see?

III

Yet all these were, when no man did them
know,
Yet live from wisest ages hidden beene,
And later times things more unknowne shall
show
Why then should witlesse man so much mis-
weene,

That nothing is but that which he hath seene?
What if within the Moones fayre shining
spheare,
What if in every other starre unseene
Of other worldes he happily should heare,
He wonder would much more, yet such to
some appeare

IV

Of faery lond yet if he more inquire,
By certein signes, here sett in sondrie place,
He may it fynd, ne let him then admyre,
But yield his sence to bee too blunt and bace,
That no'te without an hound line footing trace
And thou, O fayrest Princesse under sky!
In thus fayre murrhour maist behold thy face,
And thine owne realmes in lond of Faery,
And in this antique ymage thy great auncestry

V

The which O' pardon me thus to enfold
In covert vele, and wrap in shadowes light,
That feeble eyes your glory may behold,
Which eils could not endure those beames
bright,
But would bee dazled with exceeding light
O' pardon, and vouchsafe with patient eare
The brave adventures of this faery knight,
The good Sir Guyon, gratusly to heare,
In whom great rule of Temp'raunce goodly
doth appeare

CANTO I

Guyon by Archimago abused,
The Redcrosse knight awakes
Finds Moriant and Amavia slaine
With pleasures poisoned baytes

THAT cunning Architect of cained guile,
Whom Princes late displeasure left in bands,
For falsed letters and suborned wile,
Soone as the Redcrosse knight he understands,
To bene departed out of Eden landes,
To serue againe his soveraine Lilliu Qucene,
His artes he moves and out of caitives handes
Himselfe he tries by secret meenes unseene,
His shackles emptie left, himselfe escaped
clene

II

And forth he fares full of malicious mynd,
To worken mischief, and avenging woe,
Where ever he that godly knight may find
His onely hart-sore and his onely foe,
Sith I'na now he alwayes must forgoe,
Whom his victorious handes did erst restore
To native crowne and kingdom late agoe
Where she enjoys sure peace for evermore,
As wetherbeaten ship arriv'd on happie shore

III

Him therefore now the object of his spight
And deadly food he makes him to offend
By forged treason or by open light
He seekes, of all his driftes the right end
Thereto his subtil engins he does bend,
His practick witt and his faire fild tongue
With thousand other delectes for well he kend
His credit now in doubt, all ballance hong
For hardly could bee hurt who was already
strong

IV

Still as he went he craftie stales did lay,
With cunning trawles him to entrap unware,
And privy spials plast in all his way, [fares,
To weete what course he takes and how he
To catch him at a vantage in his snare
But now so wise and wary was the knight
By tryall of his former harmes and cares
That he deseryde and shonned still his slight
The fish that once was caught new bait wil
hardly bite.

Nath'lesse th' Enchaunter would not spare
In hope to win occasion to his will, [his privie,
Which when he long awaited had in vayne,
He chaungd his mynd from one to other ill,
For to all good he enemy was still
Upon the way him fortun'd to meete
Layre marching underneath a shady hill,
A goodly knight, all arm'd in harnesse meete
That from his head no place appered to his
feete

VI

His carriage was full comely and upright
His countenance demure and temperate,
But yet so sterne and terrible in sight,
That heard his friendes and did his foes amate
He was an Elm borne of noble state
And nuckle worship in his native land,
Well could he tourney, and in harts debate
And knighthood tooke of good Sir Huons hand,
When with king Oberon he came to Faery land

VII

Him his accompani'd upon the way
A comely Palmer, clad in black attyre
Of rypst cares and heeres all hoarie gray,
That with a staffe his feeble steps did attyre,
I erst his long way his aged lumbes should tyre
And if by looks one may the mynd ared,
He seemd to be a sage and sober squire,
And ever with slow pace the knight did lead,
Who taught his trumpling steed with equall
steps to tread

VIII

Such when Archimago them did view,
He weened well to worke some uncouth wyle
Etsones untwisting his deceitfull clew,
He gan to weave a web of wicked guile,
And with faire countenance and flattering style
To them approaching, thus the knight bespake,
I wote some of Mars that seek with warlike
spoke, [make,
And great richelievements great your selfe to
Vouchsafe to stay your steed for humble musers
sal c

IX

He stayd his steed for humble misers sake,
And badd tell on the tenor of his playnt
Who feignyng then in every limb to quake
Through inward feare, and seeming pale and
faynt, [paynt
With piteous mone his percing speach gan
'Deare Lady! how shall I declare thy cace,
Whom late I left in languorous constraynt'
Would God! thy selfe now present were in
place [thee grace
To tell this ruefull tale thy sight could win

X

'Or rather would, O! would it so had chaunst,
That you, most noble Sir, had present beene
When that lewd rybould, with vyle lust
advauant,
Laid first his filthy hands on virgin cleene,
To spoyle her dauntie corps, so faire and sheene
As on the earth, great mother of us all,
With living eye more fayre was never seene
Of chastity and honour virginall [did call
Witnes, ye heavens, whom she in vaine to help

XI

'How may it be,' sayd then the knight halfe
wroth, [shent?'
'That knight should knighthood ever so have
'None but that saw,' (quoth he) 'would weene
for troth,
How shamefully that Mayd he did torment
Her looser golden lockes he rudely rent, [swoyd
And drew her on the ground, and his shaipe
Against her snowy brest he fiercely bent,
And threatned death with many a bloodie
word [abhor'd'
Tounge hates to tell the rest that eye to see

XII

Therewith moved from his sober mood,
'And lives he yet,' (said he) 'that wrought
this act?'
And doen the heavens afford him vitall food?'
'He lives,' (quoth he) 'and boasteth of the fact,
Ne yet hath any knight his courage crackt'
Where may that treachour then,' (sayd he)
'be found,
Or by what meanes may I his footing tract?'
'That shall I shew,' (sayd he) 'as sure as
hound [ing wound'
The stricken Deare doth chalenge by the bleed-

XIII

He stayd not leager talke, but with fierce yre
And zealous haste away is quickly gone
To seeke that knight, where him that crafty
Squyre
Suppos'd to be They do arrive anone

Where sate a gentle Lady all alone,
With garments rent, and heare discheveled,
Wringing her handes, and making piteous
mone
Her swollen eyes were much disfigured,
And her faire face with teares was fowly
blubbered

XIV

The knight, approching nigh, thus to her
said
'Faire Lady, through fowle sorrow ill bedight,
Great pittie is to see you thus dismayd,
And marre the blossom of your beauty bright
For thy appease your griefe and heavy plight,
And tell the cause of your conceived payne,
For, if he live that hath you doen despight,
He shall you do dew recompence agayne,
Or els his wrong with greater pussance main-
taine'

XV

Which when she heard, as in despightfull wise
She wilfully her sorrow did augment,
And offered hope of comfort did despise
Her golden lockes most cruelly she rent,
And scratcht her face with ghastly dreriment,
Ne would she speake, ne see, ne yet be seene,
But hid her visage, and her head downe bent,
Either for grievous shame, or for great teene,
As if her hart with sorrow had transfixed
beene

XVI

Till her that Squyre bespake 'Madame, my
life,
For Gods deare love be not so wilfull bent,
But doe vouchsafe now to receive relete,
The which good fortune doth to you present
For what bootes it to weepe and to wayment
When ill is chaunst, but doth the ill increase,
And the weake minde with double woe tor-
ment?' [appease
When she her Squyre heard speake, she gan
Her voluntarie paine, and feele some secret ease

XVII

Eftsoone she said, 'Ah! gentle trustie
Squyre,
What comfort can I, wofull wretch, conceive?
Or why should ever I henceforth desyre
To see faire heavens face, and life not leave,
Sith that false Traytour did my honour reave.'
'False traytour certes,' (saide the Faerie
knight)
'I read the man, that ever would deceave
A gentle Lady, of her wrong through might
Death were too litle paine for such a fowle
despight

XVIII

'But now, fayre Lady, comfort to you make,
And read you hath ye wrought this shameful
plight,

That short revenge the man may overtake,
Where-so he be, and soon upon him light.
'Certes,' (saide she) 'I wote not how he hight,
But under him a gray steede he did wield,
Whose sides with dappled circles weren dight.
I pright he rode, and in his silver shield [held]
He bore a bloodie Crosse that quartred all the

XIX

'Now by my head,' (saide Guyon) 'much I
muse, [amis]
How that same knight should doe so fowle
Or ever gentle Damzell so abuse
For may I holdly say, he surely is
A right good knight, and true of word & wis
I pre-ent was, and can it witness well, [pris]
When armes he wore, and straight did enter-
th' adventure of the Errant damozell,
In which he hath great glory wonne, as I
heare tell

XX

'Nathlesse he shortly shall againe be tryde,
And surely quit him of th' imputed blame,
His be ye sure, he dearely shall abyde,
Or make you good amendment for the same
All wrongs have mendes, but no amendes of
shame

Now therefore, Lady, rise out of your paine,
And see the saving of your blotted name.
Full loth she seemd thereto, but yet did faigne,
For she was inly glad her purpose so to gaine

XXI

Her purpose was not such as she did faigne,
No yet her person such as it was scene
But under simple shew, and semblant plaine,
Lurkt false Duesse secretly unscene,
As a chaste Virgin that had wronged beene
So had false Archimago her disguised,
To cloke her guile with sorrow and sad teene,
And eke himselfe had craftily devised
To be her Squire, and do her service well
aguisd.

XXII

Her, late forlorne and naked, he had found
Where she did wander in waste wilderness,
Lurking in rockes and caves far under ground,
And with greene mosse covering her nakednesse
To hide her shame and loathly filthinesse,
With her Prince Arthur of proud ornaments
And borrowd beauty spoyld. Her nathlesse
Th' enchanter finding fit for his intents
Did thus revest, and deckt with dew habi-
ments

XXIII

For all he did was to deceive good knights,
And draw them from pursuit of praise and
fame

To slug in slouth and sensuall delights,
And end their daies with irrenowned shame
And now exceeding grieffe him overcame,
To see the Redcrosse thus advanced hie,
Therefore this craftie engine he did frame,
Against his praise to stirre up enmure
Of such, as vertues like mote unto him allye.

XXIV

So now he Guyon guydes an uncouth way
Through woods and mountaines, till they came
at last

Into a pleasant dale that lowly lay
Betwixt two hills, whose high heads overlapt.
The valley did with coole shade overcast
Through midst thereof a little river rold,
By which there sate a knight with helme
unlaste,
Himselfe refreshing with the liquid cold,
After his travell long and labours manifold.

XXV

'Lo! yonder he,' cryde Archimago aloud
'That wrought the shameful fact which I did
shew,

And now he doth himselfe in secret shrowd,
To fly the vengeance for his outrage dew
But vaine, for ye shall dearely do him rew,
So God ye speed and send you good successes,
Which we far off will here abide to ven-
so thev him left inflam'd with wrathfulnesse,
That straight against that knight his speare
he did addresse

XXVI

Who, seeing him from far so fierce to pricke,
His warlike armes about him gan embrace,
And in the rest his ready speare did sticke
Tho, when as still he saw him towards pace,
He gan encounter him in equall race.
They bene y mett, both ready to affray,
When suddenly that warrior gan abace
His threatned speare, as if some new mishap,
Had him betide, or hidden danger did entrap,

XXVII

And cryde, 'Mercie, Sir knight' and mercie,
Lord,
For mine offence and heedelesse hardiment,
That had almost committed crime abhorrd,
And with reprochfull shame mine honour
shent,
Whiles cursed Steele against that badge I bent,

The sacred badge of my Redcemers death,
Which on your shield is set for ornament?
But his pierce foe his steed could stay uncath.
Who, prickt with courage kene, did cruell
battell breath.

XXVIII

But, when he heard him speake, straight way
he knew
His erour, and, himselfe inclynning, sayd,
'Ah' deare Sir Guyon, well becommeth you,
But me behoveth rather to upbraid,
Whose hastie hand so far from reason strayd,
That almost it did haynous violence
On that fyre ymage of that heavenly Mayd,
That decks and armes your shield with faire
defence [offence]
Your court'sie takes on you anothers dew

XXIX

So becue they both at one, and doen upreare
Their beyers bright each other for to greet,
Goodly comportance each to other beare,
And entertaine themselves with court'sies meet
Then said the Rederosse knight, 'Now mote
I weet,

Sir Guyon, why with so fierce saluance,
And fell intent, ye did it erst me meet,
For sith I know your goodly governaunce,
Great cause, I weene, you guided, or some un-
couth chaunce'

XXX

'Certes,' (said he) 'well mote I shame to tell
The fond encheason that me hither led.
A false infamous traitour late befell
Me for to meet, that seemed ill bested,
And playnd of grievous outrage, which he red
A knight had wrought against a Ladie gent,
Which to avenge he to this place me led,
Where you he made the marke of his intent,
And now is fled soule shame him follow where
he went'

XXXI

So can he turne his earnest unto game,
Through goodly handling and wise tem-
peraunce
By this his aged Guide in presence came,
Who, soone as on that knight his eye did
glance,
If-stoones of him had perfect cognizaunce,
Sith him in laery court he late avizd,
And sayd, 'Fayre somme, God give you happy
chbrunce,
And that deare Crosse uppon your shield devizd,
Wherewith above all knights ye goodly seeme
anguid'

XXXII

'Joy may you have, and everlasting fame.
Of late most hard atchiev'ment by you donne.
For which enrolled is your glorious name
In heavenly Regesters above the Sunne,
Where you a Saint with Saints your seat have
wonne

But wretched we, wherewith have left your marke,
Must now anew begin like race to runne
God guide thee, Guyon, well to end thy warke
And to the wished haven bring thy weary
barke'

XXXIII

'Palmer,' him answered the Rederosse knight
'His be the praise that this atchievment
wrought,
Who made my hand the organ of his might
More then goodwill to me attribute nought
For all I did, I did but as I ought
But you, faire Sir, whose pageant next ensue-
Well mote yee see thee, as well can wish your
thought,
That home ye may report thrise happy newes.
For well ye worthy bent for worth and gentle
thiewes.'

XXXIV

So courteous conge both did give and take.
With right hands plighted, pledges of good
will.
Then Guyon forward gan his voyage make
With his blacke Palmer, that him guided still
Still he him guided over dale and lull,
And with his steedy staffe did point his way,
His pace with reason, and with words, his will,
From fowle intemperaunce he ofte did stay,
And suffered not in wrath his hasty steps to
stray

XXXV

In this faire wize they traveld long & fere,
Through many hard assaies, which did betide,
Of which he honour still away did beere,
And spied his glory through all countreys wide.
At last, as chaunst them by a forest side
To passe, for succour from the scorching fire
They heard a iufull voice, that dauntly cride
With piercing shrilles and many a dolfull lay,
Which to attend awhile their forward steps
they stay

XXXVI

'But if that carelesse heaven,' (quoth she)
'despise
The doome of just revenge, and take delight
To see sad pageants of mas murdres,
As bowed by them to live in lyes despight,
Yet can they not warne death from wretched
wight

Come, then, come soone, come sweetest
 death, to me,
 And take away this long lent loathed light
 Sharpe be thy wounds, but sweete the medi-
 cines be, [dome free
 That long captiued soules from weary thral-

XXXXII

'But thou, sweete Babe, whom frowning
 froward fate
 Hath made sad witnesse of thy futhers fall,
 Sith heven thee deignes to hold in living state.
 Long maust thou live, and better thrive withall
 Then to thy lucklesse parents did befall
 Live thou, and to thy mother dead attest
 That cleare she dide from blemish criminall
 Thy litle hands embrewd in bleeding brest
 Loe! I for pledges leave So give me leave
 to rest'

XXXXIII

With that a deadly shriekeshe forth did throw
 That through the wood re-echoed againe,
 And after gave a grone so deepe and low
 That seemd her tender heart was rent in twaine,
 Or thrid with point of thorough-piercing
 paine
 As gentle Hynd, whose sides with cruell steele
 Through launched, forth her bleeding life does
 rane, [feele,
 Whiles the sad pang approching shee does
 Braies out her latest breath, and up her eyes
 doth seele.

XXXXIV

Which when that warriour heard, dismounting
 stract
 From his tall steed, he rusht into the thick,
 And soone arrived where that sad pourtraict
 Of death and dolour lay, halfe dead, halfe
 quick
 In whose white alabaster brest did stick
 A cruell knife that made a griesly wound,
 From which forth gusht a stream of gore blood
 thick,
 That all her goodly garments stound arownd,
 And into a deepe sanguine dide the grass
 grownd

XL

Pitfull spectacle of deadly smart,
 Beside a bubling fountaine low she lay,
 Which shee increased with her bleeding hart,
 And the cleane waves with purple gore did
 ray
 Als in her lap a lovely babe did play
 His cruell sport, in stead of sorrow dew,
 For in her streaming blood he did embay
 His litle hands, and tender joints embrew
 Pitfull spectacle as ever eie did see!

XLI

Besides them both, upon the soiled gras
 The dead corse of an armed knight was sprud,
 Whose armour all-with blood besprincled was,
 His rudd lips did smyle, and rosy red
 Did paint his chearefull cheekes, yet being ded,
 Seemd to have beene a goodly personage,
 Now in his freshest flowre of lusty-hed,
 Fitt to inflame faire Lady with loves rage,
 But that fiers fate did crop the blossome of his
 age.

XLII

Whom when the good Sir Guyon did behold,
 His hart gan wexe as starke as marble stone.
 And his fresh blood did freeze with fearefull
 cold,
 That all his sences seemd berefte attone
 At last his mighty ghost gan deepe to grone,
 As Lion, grudging in his great disdune,
 Mournes inwardly, and makes to him selfe
 mone,
 Til ruth and fraile affection did constraine
 His stout courage to stoupe, and shew his in-
 ward paine.

XLIII

Out of her gored wound the cruell steel
 He lightly snatcht, and did the floodgate stop
 With his faire garment, then gan softly feel
 Her feeble pulse, to prove if any drop
 Of living blood yet in her venes did hop
 Which when he felt to move, he hoped faire
 To call backe life to her forsaken shop
 So well he did her deadly wounds repaire,
 That at the last shee gan to breath out living
 aire.

XLIV

Which he perceiving greatly gan reioice,
 And goodly counsell, that for wounded hart
 Is meekest med'cine, tempered with sweete voice
 'A me' deare Lady, which the ymage art
 Of ruefull pittie and impatient smart,
 What direfull chaunce, armd with an enying fate,
 Or cursed hand, hath plaid this cruell part,
 Thus fowle to hasten your untimely date?
 Speake, O dem! Lady, speake! help never comes
 too late'

XLV

Therewith her dim eye-lids she up gan reare,
 On which the drery death did sitt as sad
 As lump of lead, and made durke clouds appeare
 But when as lum all in bright armour clad,
 Before her standing she espied had,
 As one out of a deadly dreame affright,
 She weakly started, yet she nothing drad
 Streight downe againe herselfe, in great des-
 pight, [and light
 She groveling threw to ground, as hating life

XLVI

The gentle knight hersoone with carefull prync
Uplifted hight, and softly did uphold
Thrice he her reard, and thrise she sunck againe,
Till he his armes about her sides gan fold,
And to her said, ' Yet if the stony cold
Have not all seized on your frozen hart,
Let one word fall that may your grief unfold,
And tell the secrete of your mortall smart
He oft finds present helpe who does his griefe
impart.'

XLVII

Then, casting up a deadly looke, full low
Shee sight from bottome of her wounded brest,
And after, many bitter throbs did throw,
With lips full pale and foltring tong opprest,
These words she breathed forth from riven chest
'Leave, ah! leave off, whatever wight thou bee,
To lett a weary wretch from her dew rest,
And trouble dyng soules tranquilltee,
Take not away, now got, which none would
give to me.'

XLVIII

'Ah! far be it,' (said he) 'Deare dame, from mee,
To hinder soule from hei desired rest,
Or hold sad life in long captivitee,
For all I seeke is but to have redrest
The bitter pangs that doth your heart infest
Tell then, O Lady! tell what fatall priefe
Hath with so huge misfortune you opprest,
That I may cast to compas your reliefe [griefe]
Or die with you in sorrow, and partake your

XLIX

With feeble hands then stretched forth on hye,
As heven accusing guilty of her death,
And with dry drops congealed in her eye,
In these sad wordes she spent her utmost breath
'Heare then, O man! the sorrowes that uneth
My tong can tell, so far all sence they pas
Loe! this dead corpe, that lies here underneath,
The gentlest knight, that ever on greene gras
Gay steed with spurs did pricke, the good Sir
Mortdant was

L

'Was, (ay the while, that he is not so now!)
My Lord, my love, my deare Lord, my deare
love!
So long as heavens just with equall brow
Vouchsafed to behold us from above
One day, when him high courage did emmove,
As wont ye knightes to seeke adventures wilde,
He pricked forth his puissant force to prove
Me then he left enwombed of this childe,
This luckles childe, whom thus ye see with
blood defild.

LI

'Him fortun'd (hard fortune ye may ghesse)
To come, where vile Acrasia does wonne,
Acrasia, a false enchaunteresse,
That many errant knightes hath fowle fordonne,
Within a wandring Island, that doth ronne
And stray in perious gulfe, her dwelling is
Fayre Sir, if ever there ye travell, shonne
The cursed land where many wend amis,
And know it by the name it hight the *Bowre*
of blis

LII

'Her blis is all in pleasure, and delight,
Wherewith she makes her lovers dronken mad,
And then with words, and weedes, of wondrous
might,
On them she workes her will to uses bad
My hestest Lord she thus beguiled had,
For he was flesh (all flesh doth fraylie breed)
Whom when I heard to beene so ill bestad,
Weake wretch, I wrapt my selfe in Palmers weed,
And cast to seek him forth through danger and
great dreed

LIII

'Now had fayre Cynthia by even tournes
Full measured three quarters of hei yeare,
And those three tymes had hid her crooked
hornes,
Whenas my wombe her burdein would forbear
And bad me call Lucina to me neare
Lucina came, a manchild forth I brought
The woods, the nymphes, my bowies, my mid-
wives, weare
Hard help at need! So deare thee, babe, I bought,
Yet nought too dear I deemd, while so my deare
I sought.

LIV

'Him so I sought, and so at last I fownd,
Where him that witch had thrall'd to hei will,
In chaines of lust and lewde desyres ybownd,
And so transformed from his former skill,
That me he knew not, nether his owne ill,
Till, through wise handling and faire govern-
I him recured to a better will, [aunce,
Purged from drugs of fowle intemperaunce
Then meanes I gan devise for his deliveraunce

LV

'Which when the vile Enchaunteresse per-
cerv'd,
How that my Lord from hei I would reprove,
With cup thus charm'd him parting she deceiv'd,
"Said verse, give death to him that death does
"And losse of love to her that loves to live, [give,
"So soone as Bacchus with the Nymph does
Soparted we, and on our journey drive, [linckel'

Till, coming to this well, he stoupt to duncke
The charme fullid, dead suddinly he downe
did sincke

III

'Which when I, wretch'—Not one word more
she sayd,
But breaking off the end for want of breath,
And sliding soft, as downe to sleepe her layd,
And ended all her woe in quiet death
That seeing, good Sir Guyon could unenth
from terns abstayne, for grieve his hart did
grate,
And from so heavie sight his head did wreath,
Accusing fortune, and too cruell fate,
Which plunged had faire I ad in so wretched
state

IIII

Then turning to his Palmer said, 'Old svre,
Behold the ymage of mortallitie,
And feeble nature cloth'd with fleshy tyre
When raging passion with herce tyrannys
Robs reason of her dew regalitie,
And makes it servant to her brist part,
The strong it weakens with inhirmitie,
And with bold sure armes the weakest hart
The strong through pleasure soonest fallies, the
weake through smart'

IIII

'But temperance' (said he) 'with golden
squire
Betwixt them both can measure out a merue,
Neither to melt in pleasures whott desire
Nor frive in hartlesse grieve and dolefull tene
Thirse happy man, who fares them both
atweene'
But sith this wretched woman overcome
Of angu-h, rather then of crime, hath bene,

Reserve her cause to her eternall doome,
And, in the meane, vouchsafe her honorable
toombe'

IIX

'Palmer,' quoth he, 'death is an equall doome
To good and bad, the common In of rest
But after death the triall is to come,
When best shall bee to them that lived best,
But both alike, when death hath both suppress,
Religious reverence doth buriall teene,
Which whose wants, wants so much of his rest
For all so great shame after death I weene,
As selfe to dyen bad, unburied bad to beene.'

IIX

So both agree their bodies to engrave
The great earthes wombe they open to the sky,
And with sad Cypress-seemely it embrace,
Then, covering with a clad their closed eye,
They lay therein their corpes tenderly,
And bid them sleepe in everlasting pece
But, ere they did their utmost obsequy,
Sir Guyon, more affection to increase relence
By nempt a sacred vow, which none should as

IIX

The dead knights sword out of his sheath he
drew,
With which he cutt a lock of all their heare,
Which meddling with their blood and earth he
threw
Into the grave, and gan devoutly sweare,
'Such and such evil God on Guyon reare,
And worse and worse, young Orphane, be thy
payne,
If I, or thou, dew vengeance doe forbeare,
Till guiltie blood her guerdon doe obtayne'
So shedding many teares they closed the earth
agayne

CANTO II

Babes bloody handes may not be clensd
The face of golden Meane
Her sisters two Extremities,
Strive her to banish cleane

I

Thus when Sir Guyon with his faithfull guide
Had with dew rites and dolorous lament
The end of their sad Tragedie uptide,
The litle babe up in his armes he hent,
Who with sweet plesaunce, and bold blan-
dishment,
Gan smile on them, that rather ought to weepe,
As carelesse of his woe, or innocent
Of that was doen, that ruth emperced deepe
In that knights hart, and wordes with bitter
teares did sleepe

II

'Ah' lucklesse babe, borne under cruell
starre,
And in dead parents balefull ashes bred,
Full litle weenest thou what sorrowes are
Left thee for porcion of thy livelyed,
Poore Orphane' in the wild world scattered,
As budding braunch rent from the native
tree,
And thrown forth, till it be withered
Such is the state of men Thus enter we
Into this life with woe, and end with miserie'

III

Then, soft himselfe inclining on his knee
Downe to that well, did in the water weene
(So love does loath disdainefull mistee)
His guiltie handes from bloody gore to cleene
He washt them oft and oft, yet nought they
beene

For all his washing clemer Still he strove,
Yet still the litle handes were bloody seene
The which him into great amazement drove,
And into diverse doubt his wavering wonder
dove

IV

He wist not whether blott of fowle offence
Might not be purged with water nor with bath;
Or that high God, in lieu of innocence,
Imprinted had that token of his wrath,
To shew how sore bloodguiltinesse he hat'th,
Or that the charme and veneme which they
dronck,

Their blood with secret filth infected hath,
Being dislused through the senceless tronck,
That through the great contagion direfull
deadly stonck.

V

Whom thus at gaze the Palmer gan to bodd
With goodly reason, and thus faire bespake,
'Ye bene right hard amated, gracious Lord,
And of your ignorance great mercie make,
Whiles cause not well conceived ye mistake
But know, that secret vertues are infused
In every fountaine and in everie lake, [chused,
Which who hath skill them rightly to have
To proove of passing wonders bath full often
used.

VI

'Of those, some were so from their source in-
dewd [pap
By great Dame Nature, from whose fruitfull
Their welheads spring and are with moisture
dewd

Which feedes each living plant with liquid sap,
And filles with showres faire Flores painted
But other some, by guiste of later grace, [lap
Or by good prayers, or by other hap,
Had vertue pourd into their waters bace,
And thenceforth were renownd and sought
from place to place

VII

'Such is this well, wrought by occasion
strange,
Which to her Nymph befell Upon a day,
As she the woodes with bow and shaftes did
raunge,
The harlesse Hand and Roburke to dismay,

Dan Faunus chaunst to meet her by the way
And, kindling the at her faire-burning eye,
Inflamed was to follow beauties play,
And chased her that fast from him did fly,
As hynd from her, so she fled from her enemy

VIII

'At last, when fayling breath began to faint,
And saw no meanes to scape, of shame affraid,
She set her downe to weepe for sore constraint,
And to Diana calling lowd for ayde,
Her deare besought to let her die & mayd
The goddesse heard, and suddaine, where she
sate [mayd
Welling out streames of teares, and quite dis-
With stony feare of that rude rustick mate,
Transformd her to a stone from stedfast sin-
gins state.

IX

'Lo' now she is that stone, from whose two
heads, [flow
As from two weeping eyes, fresh streames do
Yet colde through feare and old conceived
dreads,
And yet the stone her semblance seemes to show,
Shapt like a maide, that such ye may her know
And yet her vertues in her water byde,
For it is chaste and pure as purest snow,
Ne lets her waves with any filth beedyde, [tryde.
But ever like herselfe, unstained litle beene

X

'From thence it comes, that this habes bloody
hand
May not be censed with water of this well
Ne ceres, Sir, strive you it to withstand
But let them still be bloody, as befell,
That they his mother's innocence may tell,
As she bequenthd in her last testament,
That, as a sacred Symbole, it may dwell
In her sonnes flesh, to mind evengement, [ment'
And be for all chaste Dames an endlesse moni-

XI

He hearkned to his reason, and the childe
Uptaking, to the Palmer gave to beare,
But his sad fathers armes with blood defilde,
An heave load, himselfe did lightly reare,
And turning to that place, in which whyleare
He left his lustie steed with golden sell [there
And goodly gorgeouse haire, him found not
By other accident, that easte befell, [not tell
He is convaide, but how, or where, here fits

XII

Which when Sir Guy on saw, all were he with
Yet algates mote he soft himselfe apperse,
And fairly fare on foot how ever loth
His double burden did him sore disease

So long they traveled with litle ease,
Till that at last they to a Castle came,
Built on a rocke adjoining to the sea;
It was an auncient worke of antique fame,
And wondrous strong by nature, and by skil-
full frame

XIII

Therein three sisters dwelt of sundry sort,
The children of one sire by mothers three,
Who dying whylome did divide this fort
To them by equall shares in equall fee
But stryfull mind and diverse qualtee
Drew them in partes and each made others foe
Still did they strive and daily disagree,
The eldest did against the youngest goe, [woe,
And both against the middest meant to worken

XIV

Where when the knight arriv'd, he was right
well
Receiv'd, as knight of so much worth became,
Of second sister, who did far excell
The other two Medina was her name
A sober sad and comely courteous Dame,
Who rich array'd, and yet in modest guise,
In goodly garments that her well became,
Favre marching forth in honorable wize,
Him at the threshold mett, and well did en-
terprize

XV

She led him up into a goodly bowre,
And comely courted with meet modestie,
Ne in her speech, ne in her haviour,
Was lightnesse scene or looser vanitie,
But gracious womanhood, and gravitie,
Above the reason of her youthly yeeres
Her golden lockes she roundly did up tie
In braided tresses, that no looser heares
Did out of order stray about her daintie eeres

XVI

Whilist she her selfe thus busily did frame
Seemely to entertaine her new-come guest,
Newes hereof to her other sisters came,
Who all this while were at their wanton rest
Accounting each her friend with lavish fest
They were two knights of perelesse pisseaunce,
And famous far abroad for warlike gest,
Which to these Ladies love did countenance,
And to his mistresse each himselfe strove to
advantage

XVII

He that made love unto the eldest Dame,
Was hight Sir Huddibras, an hardy man,
Yet not so good of deedes as great of name,
Which he by many rash adventures wan,

Since errant armes to sew he first began
More huge in strength then wise in workes he
And reason with foole-hardize over ran, [was,
Sterne melancholy did his courage pass,
And was, for terroure more, all wrnd in shyning
brass

XVIII

But he that lov'd the youngest was Sansloy,
He, that faire Una late fowle outraged,
The most unruly and the boldest boy
That ever warlike weapons managed,
And all to lawlesse lust encouraged [might,
Through strong opinion of his matchlesse
Ne ought he car'd whom he endamaged
By tortious wrong, or whom bereav'd of right
He, now this Ladies Champion, chose for love
to fight

XIX

These two gay knights, vowd to so diverse
loves,
Each other does envy with deadly hate,
And daily warre against his foeman meetes,
In hope to win more favour with his mate,
And th' others plessing service to abate,
To magnifie his owne But when they heard
How in that place straunge knight arriv'd late,
Both knightes and ladies forth right angry far'd,
And fiercely unto battell sterne themselves
prepar'd

XX

But ere they could proceede unto the place
Where he abode, themselves at discord fell,
And cruell combat joind in middle space
With horrible assault, and fury fell,
They heipt huge strokes the scorned life to
quell,
That all on upore from her settled seat,
The house was ravid, and all that in did dwell
Seemd that lowde thunder with amazement
great [fouldring heat,
Did rend the rattling shaves with flames of

XXI

The noyse thereof cold forth that stranger
knight,
To weet what dreadfull thing was therein hond,
Where whenas two brave knightes in bloody
fight
With deadly rancour he enraunged fond,
His sunbrord sheild about his wrest he bond.
And shyning blade unsheatht, with which he
ran
Unto that stead, their strife to understand,
And at his first arrivall them began
With goodly meynes to pacifie, well as he can

XXII

But they, him spying, both with greedy forse
 Attonce upon him ran, and him beset
 With strokes of mortall steele without remorse,
 And on his shield like yron sledges bet
 As when a Beare and Tygre, being met
 In cruell fight on Lybcke Ocean wide,
 Espye a traveler with feet surbet,
 Whom they in equall pray hope to divide,
 They stint their strife and him assaile on
 evere side

XXIII

But he, not like a weary travelere,
 Their sharp assault right boldly did rebut,
 And suffred not their blowes to byte him nere,
 But with redoubled buffes them backe did put
 Whose grieved mindes, which choler did englut,
 Against themselves turning their wrathfull
 spight, [cut,
 Gan with new rage their shieldes to hew and
 But still, when Guyon came to part their fight,
 With heave load on him they freshly gan to
 smight

XXIV

As a tall ship tossed in troublous seas,
 Whom raging windes, threatning to make the
 pray
 Of the rough rockes, doe diversly disease,
 Meetes two contrarie billowes by the way,
 That her on either side doe sore assay,
 And boast to swallow her in greedy grave,
 Shee, scorning both their spights, does make
 wide way,
 And with her brest breaking the fomy wave,
 Does ride on both their backs, and faire her
 self doth save

XXV

So boldly he him beares, and rusheth forth
 Betweene them both by conduct of his blade
 Wondrous great prowess and heroick worth
 He shewd that day, and rare ensample made,
 When two so mighty warriors he dismade
 Attonce he wards and strikes, he takes and
 paines,
 Now first to yield, now forcing to invade,
 Before, behind, and round about him laies,
 So double was his paines, so double be his
 prase

XXVI

Straunge sort of fight, three valiaunt knights
 to see
 Three combates joine in one, and to darraine
 A triple warre with triple enmittee,
 All for their Ladies froward love to gaine,

Which gotten was but hate. So lovedoes raine
 In stoutest minds, and maketh monstrous
 warre,
 He maketh waire, he maketh peace againe,
 And yett his peace is but continual jarre
 O miserable men that to him subject arre!

XXVII

Whilst thus they mingled were in furious
 armes,
 The faire Medina, with her tresses torne
 And naked brest, in pittie of their harmes,
 Emongst them ran, and, falling them beforene,
 Besought them by the womb which them had
 born, [deare,
 And by the loves which were to them most
 And by the knighthood which they sure had
 sworn,
 Their deadly cruell discord to forbear,
 And to her just conditions of faire peace to
 heare

XXVIII

But her two other sisters, standing by,
 Her lowd gamsaid, and both their champons
 Pursue the end of their strong enmitie, [bad
 As ever of their loves they would be glad
 Yet she with pittie words, and counsell sad,
 Still strove their stubborne rages to revoke,
 That at the last, suppressing fury mad,
 They gan abstaine from dint of dreffull stroke,
 And hearken to the sober speaches which she
 spoke

XXIX

'Ah, puissaunt Lords' what cursed evil
 Or fell forinnyes, in your noble harts [Spight,
 Her helish brond hath kindled with despight,
 And stir'd you up to worke your wilfull smarts?
 Is this the joy of armes? be these the parts
 Of glorious knighthood, after blood to thrust,
 And not regard dew right and just desarts?
 Vaine is the vaunt, and victorie unjust,
 That more to mighty hands then rightfull cause
 doth trust.

XXX

'And were there rightfull cause of difference,
 Yet were not better faire it to accord
 Then with bloodguiltinesse to heape offence,
 And mortal vengeance joyne to crime abhord?
 O' fly from wrath, fly, O my liefast Lord!
 Sad be the sights, and bitter frutes of warre,
 And thousand furies wait on wrathfull sword,
 Ne ought the praise of prowess more doth
 marie
 Then fowle revenging rage, and base contentious
 jarre

So
 T^h But lovely concord, and most sacred peace,
 Doth nourish vertue, and fast friendship breeds,
 Weake she makes strong, and strong thing does
 increase,

Till at the pitch of highest praise exceeds
 Brave be her warres, and honorable deeds,
 By which she triumphes over yre and pride,
 And winnes an Olive garland for her meeds
 Be therefore, O my deare Lords' p^ride,
 And this misseeming discord meekely lay aside

Her gracious words their rancour did appall,
 And suncke so deepe into their boyling breasts,
 That downe they lett their cruell weapons fall,
 And lowly did abase their lofty crests
 To her faire presence and discrete behests
 Then she began a treaty to procure,
 And establish terms betwixt both their requests,
 That as a law for ever should endure,
 Which to observe in word of knights they
 did assure.

Which to confirme, and fast to bind their
 le^ges,
 After their weary sweat and bloody toile,
 She them besought, during their quiet tregue,
 Into her lodging to repaire awhile,
 To rest themselves, and grace to reconcile
 They soone consent soforth with her they fare
 Where they are well receiv'd, and made to spoile
 Themselves of soiled armes, and to prepare
 Their minds to pleasure, and their mouths to
 dainty fare

And those two froward sisters, their faire
 loves,
 Came with them eke, all were they wondrous
 And fined cheare, as for the time behoves,
 But could not colour yet so well the troth,
 But that their natures bad appeard in both,
 For both did at their second sister grutch
 And mly grieve, as doth an ludden moth
 The inner garment frett, not th' utter touch
 One thought her cheare too litle, th' other
 thought too much

Clissa (so the eldest light) did deeme
 Such entertainment base, ne ought would eat,
 Ne ought would speake, but evermore did seeme
 As discontent for want of merrth or meat
 No voice could her Paramour intrent
 Her once to show, ne court, nor dalliaunce
 But with bent lowering browes, as she would
 threat,

She could, and frownd with froward coun-
 tenaunce,
 Unworthy of faire Ladies comely governaunce

But young Perissa was of other mynd,
 Full of disport, still laughing, loosely light,
 And quite contrary to her sisters kynd,
 No measure in her mood no rule of right,
 But poured out in pleasure and delight
 In wine and meates she flowd above the banck,
 And in excess exceeded her owne might
 In sumptuous tire she joyd her selfe to prance,
 But of her love too lavish (litle have she
 thanck'd)

Past by her side did sitt the bold Sansloy,
 Fitt mate for such a mincing minceon
 Who in her loosenesse tooke exceeding joy,
 Might not be found a franker framon,
 Of her lewd parts to make companion
 But Huddibras, more like a Malecontent,
 Did see and grieve at his bold fashion,
 Hardly could he endure his hardmen's,
 Yett still he satt, and mly did him selfe tor-
 ment

Betwixt them both the faire Medina sate
 With sober grace and goodly carriage
 With equall measure she did moderate
 The strong extremities of their outrage
 That forward pure she ever would assewage,
 When they would strive dew reason to exceed,
 But that same froward twaine would accorage,
 And of her plenty adde unto their need
 So kept she them in order, and her selfe in heed

Thus fairely shee attempted her feast
 And pleas'd them all with meete satiety
 At last when lust of meat and drinke was
 She Gay on deare be-ought of curtesie [ceast,
 To tell from whence he came through jeopardy,
 And whither now on new adventure bownd
 Who with bold grace, and comely gravity,
 Drawing to him the eyes of all around
 From lofty siege began these words aloud to
 sownd

'This thy demand O Lady doth revive
 Fresh memory in me of that great Queene,
 Great and most glorious virgin Queene alive,
 That with her soveraine power, and scepter
 All I acry land does p^recariously sustene [shene,
 In widest Ocean she her throne does reare,
 That over all the earth it may be scene,

As morning Sunne her beames dispredden
 cleare, [appeare.
 And in her face saue peace and mercy doth
 Eftssoones deuid redresse for such annoyes
 Me, all unfit for so great purpose, she em-
 ploies

XLI

In her the riches of all heavenly grace
 In chiefe degree are heaped up on hye
 And all, that els this worlds enclosure bace
 With great or glorious in mortall eye,
 Adornes the person of her Majestye,
 That men, beholding so great excellence
 And rare perfection in mortalitie,
 Doe her adore with sacred reverence,
 As th' Idole of her makers great magnificence

XLII

'To her I homage and my service owe,
 In number of the noblest knightes on ground,
 Mongst whom on me she deigned to bestowe
 Order of Maidenhead, the most renown'd
 That may this day in all the world be found
 An vncarely solemne feast she wontes to hold,
 The day that first doth lead the yeare around,
 To which all knightes of worth and courage bold
 Resort, to heare of straunge adventures to be
 told

XLIII

'There this old Palmer shewd himselfe that
 day,
 And to th' mighty Princesse did complaine
 Of grievous mischiefes which a wicked Fayr
 Had wrought, and many whelmd in deadly
 paine,
 Whereof he crav'd redresse My Sovereaine,
 Whose glory is in gracious deeds, and joye
 Throughout the world her mercy to maintaine,

XLIV

'Now hath faire Phebe with her silver face
 Thrice seene the shadowes of the neather
 Sith last I left th' honorable place, [world,
 In which her roiall presence is enrold,
 Ne ever shall I rest in house nor hold,
 Till I th' false Acrasius have wonne,
 Of whose fowle deedes, too hideous to bee told,
 I wnesse am, and thus their wretched sonne,
 Whose wofull parents she hath wickedly for-
 donne'

XLV

'Tell on, fayre Sir,' said she, 'that dolefull
 tale, [restraine,
 From which sad ruth does seeme you to
 That we may pittie such unhappie bale,
 And learne from pleasures poyson to abstaine
 Ill by ensample good doth often gavne'
 Then forward he his purpose gan pursew,
 And told the story of the mortall payne,
 Which Mordant and Amavia did rew,
 As with lamenting eyes him selfe did lately rew

XLVI

Night was far spent, and now in Ocean deep
 Orion, flying fast from hissing snake,
 His flaming head did hasten for to steep,
 When of his pitteous tale he end did make
 Whilst with delight of that he wisely spake
 Those guesstes, beguiled did beguile their eyes
 Of kindly sleepe that did them overtake
 At last, when they had markt the chaunged
 skyes, [to rest him hies
 They wist their houre was spent, then each

CANTO III

Vaine Braggadocchio, getting Guy-
 ous horse, is made the scorne
 Of knight hood trew, and is of fayre
 Belphebre fowle forlorne

I

Soone as the morrow say rew with purple beames
 Disperst the shadowes of the misty night,
 And Titan, playing on the eastern streames,
 Gan cleare the deawy ayre with springing light,
 Sir Guyon, mindfull of his vow & plight,
 Uprose from drowse couch, and him address
 Unto the journey which he had beight
 His purasant armes about his noble brest,
 And many-folded shield he bound about his
 wrest.

II

Then, taking Congé of that virgin pure,
 The bloody-handed babe unto her truth
 Did earnestly committ, and her conjure
 In vertuous lore to traine his tender youth,
 And all th' gentle noriture ensu'th,
 And that, so soone as ryper yeares he raught,
 He might, for memory of that daves ruth,
 Be called Ruddy mane, and thereby taught
 To avenge his Parents death on them that had
 it wrought

III

So forth he far d, as now befell, on foot,
Sith his good steed is lately from him gone,
Patience perforce helpless what myr it boot
To frett for anger, or for grieke to mone
His Palmer now shall foot no more alone.
So fortune wrought, as under greene woodes
ryde

He lately heard thit dving Lady grone,
He left his steed without, and speare besyde,
And rushed in on foot to avd her ere she dyde

IV

The whyles a lo-ell wandring by the way
One that to bountie never cast his mynd,
Se thought of honour ever did assy
His brser brest, but in his kestrell kynd
A pleasing vaine of glory he did frnd,
To which his flowing tounge and troublous
spright [clynd
Gave him great avd, and made him more in-
He, that brve steed there finding ready dight,
Purloyned both steed and speare, and ran awa
full light.

Now gan his hart all swell in jollity,
And of him selfe great hope and help conceiv d,
That puffd up with smoke of vanity,
And with selfe-loved personage deceiv d,
He gan to hope of men to be receiv'd [bee
For such as he him thought, or faine would
But for in court gav portance he perceiv'd,
And gallant shew to be in greatest gree,
Eftsoones to court he cast t' advance his first
degree

VI

And by the way he chanced to espy
One sitting ydle on aunny brnch,
To him avaunting in great bravery. [prnch,
As Peacocke that his painted plumes doth
He smote his courser in the trembling flanch,
And to him threatned his hart thrilling speare
The seely man seeing him ryde so rynch,
And ayme at him, fell flatt to ground for feare,
And crying, 'Mercy' loud, his pitious handes
gan reare.

VII

Thereat the Searcrow wexed wondrous proud,
Through fortune of his first adventure sayre,
And with bigthundering voiceerersld him loud
'Vile Captive, vassall of dread and despayre,
Unworthis of the commune breathed avre,
Why livest thou, dead dog a lenger day,
And doest not unto death thyselfe prepayre?
Dy, or thyselfe my captive yeld for ay
Great favour I thee graunt for aunswere thus
to stay'

VIII

'Hold, O deare Lord' hold your dead-doing
hand,
Then loud he cryde, 'I am your humble
'As wretch,' (quoth he) 'thy destines withstand
My wrathfull will, and doe for mercy call
I give thee life therefore prostrated fall,
And kisse my stirrup, that thy homage bee'
The Miser threw him selfe, as an Offall,
Streight at his foot in base humilitee,
And cleeped him his liege, to hold of him
in fee

IX

So happy peace they made and faire accord
Eftsoone this hegeman gan to weare more
bold,
And when he felt the folly of his Lord,
In his owne kind he gan him selfe unfold,
For he was wile witted, and growne old
In cunning sleighes and practick knavery
From that day forth he cast for to uphold
His ydle humour with fine flattery
And blow the bellows to his swelling vanity

X

Trompart, fitt man for Braggadochio,
To serve at court in view of vaunting eye
Vaine-glorious man when fluttering wind does
blow
In his light winge, is lifted up to skye,
The scorn of knighthood and trav chevalrie,
To thinke, without desert of gentle de d
And noble worth, to be advanced hie
Such praise is hime, but honour, vertues
meed, [seed
Doth beare the fayrest flowre in honourable

XI

So forth they pas, a well concerted payre
Till that at length with Archimage they meet
Who seeing one, that shone in armour sayre,
On goodly courser thondring with his feet,
Eftsoones supposed him a person meet
Of his revenge to make the instrument,
For since the Redecrosse knight he erst did meet
To been with Guyon knitt in one consent,
The ill, which earst to him, he now to Guyon
ment

XII

And coming close to Trompart gan inquire
Of him, what mightie warrior that mote bee,
That rode in golden sell with single spere,
But wanted sword to wreake his enmittee?
'He is a great adventurer,' (said he) [gone,
'That hath his sword through hard assay for-
And now hath vowd, till he avenged bee

Of that despyght, never to wearen none
That speare is him enough to doen a thousand
grone.'

XIII

Th' enchaunter greatly joyed in the vaunt,
And weened well ere long his will to win,
And both his foes with equall foyle to daunt.
Tho to him louting lowly did begin
To plaime of wronges, which had committed bin
By Guyon, and by that false Rederosse knight,
Which two, through treason and deceitfull gnm,
Had slayne Sir Mordant and his Lady bright
That mote him honour win to wreak so foule
despyght

XIV

Therewith all suddenly he seemed enragd,
And threatend death with dreadfull countenance,
As if their lives had in his hand beene gagd,
And with stiffe forces shaking his mortall launce,
To let him weete his doughtie valiaunce.
Thus said Old man great sure shal be thy
meed, [geaunce
If, where those knights for feare of dewy en-
due Lorke, thou certainly to mee areed,
That I may wreake on them their hainous
hatefull deed'

XV

'Certes, my Lord,' (said he) 'that shall I
soone,
And give you eke good helpe to their decay.
But mote I wisely on advise to doon,
Give no ods to your foes, but doe purray
Your selfe of sword before that bloody day,
For they be two the prowrest knights on ground,
And oft approv'd in many hard assay,
And eke of surest steele that may be fownd,
Do arme your self against that day, them to
confownd'

XVI

'Dotard,' (said he) 'let be thy deepe advise
Seemes that through many yeaeres thy wits
thee faile,
And that weake eld hath left thee nothing wise,
Els never should thy judgement be so frayle
To measure manhood by the sword or mayle.
Is not enough fowre quarters of a man,
Withouten sword or shield, an hoste to quyle?
Thou htle wotest what this right-hand can
Speake they which have beheld the battailes
which it wan'

XVII

The man was much abashed at his boast,
Yet well he wist that whoso would contend
With either of those knightes on even coast,
Should neede of all his armes him to defend,

Yet feared least his boldnesse should offend,
When Braggadocchio saide, 'Once I did
swaere, [to end,
When with one sword seven knightes I brought
Thenceforth in battaile never sword to beare,
But it were that which noblest knight on earth
doth weare.'

XVIII

'Perdy, Sir knight,' saide then th' enchaunter
blive,
'That shall I shortly purchase to your hond,
For now the best and noblest knight alive
Prince Arthur is, that wounnes in Faerie lond
He hath a sword that flames like burning brond
The same by my device I undertake
Shall by to morrow by thy side be fond'
At which bold word that boaster gan to quake,
And wondred in his minde what mote that
Monster make

XIX

He stayd not for more bidding, but away
Was sudden vanished out of his sight [play
The Northerne winde his wings did broad dis-
At his commaund, and reared him up light
From off the earth to take his aerie flight
They lookt about, but nowhere could espye
Tract of his foot then dead through great af-
fright
They both nigh were, and each bad other flye
Both fled attonce, ne ever backe retourned eye,

XX

Till that they come unto a forrest greene,
In which they shrowd themselves from cause-
les feare, [beene
Yet scare them followes still where so they
Each trembling leafe and whistling wind they
heare,
As ghastly bug, does greatly them affeare
Yet both doe strive their fearefulnesse to faine
At last they heaid a horne that shrilled cleare
Throughout the wood that ecchoed againe,
And made the forrest ring, as it would rive in
twaine.

XXI

Eft through the thicke they heard one rudely
rush,
With noise whereof he from his lofty steed
Downe fell to ground, and crept into a bush,
To hide his coward head from dyng dreed
But Trompart stoutly staid to taken heed
Of what might hap Eftsoone there stepped
A goodly Ladie clad in hunters weed, [foorth
That seemed to be a woman of great worth,
And by her stately portance borne of heavenly
birth.

XXII

Her face so faire as flesh it seemed not,
But hevenly pourtraict of bright Angels bow,
Cleare as the skye, withouten blame or blot,
Through goodly mixture of complexions dew,
And in her cheekes the vermill red did shew
Like roses in a bed of lillies shed,
The which ambrosiall odours from them threw,
And gazers sence with double pleasure fed,
Hable to heale the sick, and to revive the ded.

XXIII

In her faire eyes two living lamps did flame,
Kindled above at th' hevenly makers light,
And darted fyrie beames out of the same,
So passing persant, and so wondrous bright,
That quite bereav'd the rash beholders sight
In them the blinded god his lustfull fyre
To kindle oft assayd, but had no might,
For, with dredd Majestic and awfull re,
She broke his wanton darts, and quenched bace
desyre.

XXIV

Her yvorie forehead, full of bountie brave,
Like a broad table did it selfe disprede,
For Love his lustie triumphes to engrave,
And write the battailes of his great godhead
All good and honour might therein be red,
For there their dwelling was And, when she
spake, [shew]
Sweete wordes like droppung honny she did
And twixt the perles and rubins softly bruke
A silver sound, that heavenly musick seemed
to make.

XXV

Upon her eyelids many Graces sate,
Under the shadow of her even browes,
Working belgardes and amorous retrate,
And everie one her with a grace endowes,
And everie one with meekenesse to her bowes
So glorious mirrour of celestiall grace,
And soveraine monument of mortall ones,
How shall frail pen describe her heavenly face,
For feare, through want of skill, her beauty to
disgrace?

XXVI

So faire, and thousand thousand times more
faire,
She seemed, when she presented was to sight,
And was clad, for heat of scorching aune,
All in a silken Camus lilly whight,
Purified upon with many a folded plight,
Which all above besprinkled was throughout
With golden agulets, that glistred bright
Like twynckling starres, and all the skirt
Was hemd with golden fringe. [about]

XXVII

Below her ham her weed did somen hat trayne,
And her streight legs most bravely were em-
In gilden buskins of costly Cordwayne, [bayld]
All hard with golden bendes, which were
entayld
With curious antickes, and full fayre aumayld
Before, they fastned were under her knees
In a rich jewell, and therein entrayld
The ends of all the knots, that none might see
How they within their fouldings close en-
wrapped bee

XXVIII

Like two faire marble pillours they were scene,
Which doe the temple of the Gods support,
Whom all the people decke with gurlands
And honour in their festivall resort, [greene]
Those same with stately grace and princely
port [grace].
She taught to tread, when she herselfe would
But with the woody Nymphes when she did
play,
Or when the flying Libbard she did chace,
She could them nimbly move, and after fly
apace

XXIX

And in her hand a sharpe bore-speare she
held,
And at her backe a bow and quiver gay,
Stuft with steels-headed dartes, wherewith she
queld
The salvage beastes in her victorious play,
Knt with a golden bauldricke, which forelay
Athwart her snowy brest, and did divide
Her damtie paps, which, like young fruit in
Now little gan to swell, and being tude [May],
Through her thin weed their places only sig-
nified.

XXX

Her yellow lockes, crisped like golden wyre,
About her shoulders weren loosely shed,
And, when the winde amongst them did in-
They wayed like a penon wyde disprede, [spyre],
And low behinde her backe were scattered
And, whether art it were or heedlesse hap,
As through the flouring forrest rash she fled,
In her rude heares sweet flowres themselves
did lap, [did enwrap].
And flourishing fresh leaves and blossomes

XXXI

Such as Diana by the sandy shore
Of swift Eurotas, or on Cynthus greene, [lore],
Where all the Nymphes have her unwarres for-
Wandresh alone with bow and arrowes keene,

To seeke her game Or as that famous Queene
Of Amazons, whom Pyrrhus did destroy,
The day that first of P'ame she was seene,
Did shew her selfe in great triumphant joy,
Tosuccour the weake state of sad afflicted Troy.

XXXII

Such when as hartlesse Tiompart her did
see,
He was dismayed in his coward minde,
And doubted whether he himselfe should shew,
Or fly away, or bide alone behinde,
Both feare and hope he in her face did finde
When she at last him spying thus bespake
'Hayle, Gloomie' didst not thou see a bleeding
Hynde, [strake]
Whose right haunch earst my stedfast arrow
If thou didst, tell me, that I may her over
take'

XXXIII

Wherewith reuiv'd, thus answerd forth he
threw
'O Goddesse, (for such I thee take to bee)
For nether doth thy face terrestriall shew,
Nor voice sound mortall, I avow to thee,
Such wounded beast as that I did not see,
Sith earst into this forrest wild I came
But note thy goodly hed forgive it mee,
To weete which of the gods I shall thee name,
That unto thee dew worship I may rightly
frame'

XXXIV

To whom she thus—but ere her words ensend,
Unto the bush her eye did sudden glaunce,
In which vaine Braggadocchio was mwend,
And saw it stirre she lefte her percing launce
And towards gan a deadly shafte aduance,
In mind to marke the beast At which sad
stone
Tiompart forth stept to stay the mortall
chance,
Out crying, 'O' what ever heavenly powre,
Or earthly wight thou be, withhold this deadly
howre.

XXXV

'O' stay thy hand, for yonder is no game
For thy fiers arrows, them to exorcize, I name
But loe! my Lord, my liege, whose warlike
Is far renownd through many bold emprise,
And now in shade he shrowded yonder lies',
She staid with that he crould out of his nest,
Forth creeping on his captive hands and thies,
And, standing stoutly up, his lofty crest
Did fiercely shake, and rowze as comming late
from rest

XXXVI

As fearfull fowle, that long in secret cave
For dread of soring hauke hei selfe hath hid,
Nor caring how, hei silly life to save,
She her gay painted plumes disorderd,
Seeing at last hei selfe from danger rid,
Peepes forth, and soone renews her native
She gins her feathers fowle disfigured [hide
Prowdly to prune, and sett on every side,
She shakes off shame, ne thinks how erst she
did her lude

XXXVII

So when her goodly visage he beheld
He gan himselfe to vaunt but, when he viewed
Those deadly tooles, which in her hand she
Soone into other titts he was transmewd, [held,
Till she to him hei gracious speach renewd
'All haile, Sir knight' and well may thee be-
tall,
As all the like, which honor have pursewd
Through deeds of armes and prowess martiall
All vertue merits praise, but such the most of
all'

XXXVIII

To whom he thus 'O fairest under skie'
Trew be thy words, and worthy of thy praise,
That warlike feats doest highest glorifie
Therein I have spent all my youthly daies,
And many battailes fought and many faires
Throughout the world, wher-so they might be
Endeavouring my dredded name to raise [found,
Above the Moone, that fame may it resound
In her eternall tiomp, with laurell garland
cround

XXXIX

'But what art thou, O Lady' which doest
range
In this wilde forest, where no pleasure is,
And doest not it for ioyous court exchange,
Emongst thine equall pees, where happy blis
And all delight does raigne, much more then
this?
There thou maist love and dearly loved be,
And swim in pleasure, which thou here doest
mis [see
There maist thou best be seene, and best maist
The wood is fit for beasts, the court is fitt for
thee'

XL

'Who-so in pompe of prowdestate' (quoth she)
'Does swim, and bathes him selfe in courtly
blis,
Does waste his dayes in darke obscuritee,
And in oblivion ever buried is,
Where ease abownds with eath to doe amiss
But whols limbs with labours, and his mynd
Behaves with cares, cannot so easy mis

Abroad in armes, at home in studious kynd,
Who seekes with painfull toyle shall honor
soonest fynd

XLI

'In woods, in waves, in warres, she wents to dwell,
And wil be found with perill and with paine;
No can the man that moulds in idle cell
Unto her happy mansion attaine
Before her gate high God did Sweate ordaine,
And wakefull watches ever to abide,
But easy is the way and passage plaine
To pleasures pillage it may soone be spide,
And day and night her dores to all stand open wide

XLII

'In Princes court'—the rest she would have sayd,
But that the foolish man, fild with delight
Of her sweete words that all his sence dismayd,
And with her wondrous beauty ravisht quight,
Gan burne in filthy lust, and, leaping light,
Thought in his bastard armes her to embrace
With that she, swaring backe, her Javelin bright
Against him bent, and fiercely did menace
So turned her about, and fled away apace

XLIII

Which when the Pesaunt saw, amazi he stood,
And grieved at her flight, yet durst he nott
Pursue her steps through wild unknown wood
Besides he heard her wrath, and threatned shott,
Whiles in the bush he lay, not yett forgott
Ne car d he greatly for her presence vayne,
But turning said to Trompart, 'What fowle
blott

Is this to knight, that Lady should awayne
Depart to woods untoucht, and leave so proud
disdayne'

XLIV

'Perdy,' (said Trompart) 'lett her pas at will,
Least by her pre-cence daunger mote betall,
for who can tell (and sure I feare it ill)
But that shee is some powre celestrall?
I or whiles she spake her great words did appall,
My feeble corage, and my heart oppresse,
That yet a quake and tremble over-all'
'And I,' (said Braggadocchio) 'thought no lesse,
When first I heard her horn sound with such
ghastlinesse

XLV

'For from my mothers wombe this grace I
Me given by eternall destiny, [have]
That earthly thing may not my corage braye
Dismay with feare, or rouse one foot to flye,
But either hellish feends, or powres on hye
Which was the cause, when earst that horne I
heard,
Weening it had beene thunder in the skye,
I hid my self from it as one affeard,
But, when I other knew, my self I boldly reard

XLVI

'But now, for feare of worse that may betide,
Let us soone hence depart' They soone agree
So to his steed he gott, and gan to ride
As one unfit therefore, that all might see
He had not trayned bene in chevalree
Which well that valiant courser did discerne,
For he despyd to tread in den degree,
But chaufin and som'd with corage here and
sterne, [ferne]
And to be easd of that base burden still did

CANTO IV

Guy on does Furor blind in chaines,
And stops occasion
Delivers Phaon, and therefore
By strife is rayd upon

I

In brave poursuitt of honorable deed,
There is I know not (what) great difference
Betweene the vulgar and the noble seed,
Which unto things of valorous pretence
Seemes to be borne by native influence,
As feates of armes, and love to entertaine
But chiefly skill to ride seemes a science
Proper to gentle blood some others faine
To menage steeds, as did this vaunter, but in
vaine.

II

But he, the rightfull owner of that steede,
Who well could menage and subdew his pride,
The wyles on foot was forced for to need
With that blecke Palmer, his most trusty
gu de,
Who suffred not his wandring feete to slide,
But when strong passion, or weake fleshli-
nesse,
Would from the right way seeke to draw him
wide,

He would, through temperaunce and stedfastnesse,
Teach him the weak to strengthen, and the
strong suppress

III

It fortun'd, forth faring on his way,
He saw from far, or seemed for to see,
Some troublous uprore or contentious fray,
Whereto he drew in hast it to agree
A mad man, or that feigned mad to bee,
Drew by the heare along upon the grownd
A handson stripling with great crueltie,
Whom sore he bett, and gor'd with many a
wound,
That cheekes with teares, and s; des with blood,
did all abownd.

IV

And him behynd a wicked Hag did stalke,
In ragged robes and filthy disaray,
Her other leg was lame, that she no'te walke,
But on a staffe her feeble steps did stay
Her lockes, that loathly weie and hoarie gray,
Grew all afore, and loosely hong unrold,
But all behinde was bald, and worne away,
That none thereof could ever taken hold,
And eke her face ill-favour'd, full of wrinckles
old

V

And ever as she went her tounge did walke
In fowle reproch, and termes of vile despight,
Provoking him, by her outrageous talke,
To heape more vengeance on that wretched
wight
Sometimes she raught him stones, wherewith to
smite,
Sometimes her staffe, though it her one leg
were,
Withouten which she could not goe upright,
Ne any evil meanes she did forbear,
That might him move to wrath, and indigna-
tion reare

VI

The noble Guyon, mov'd with great remorse,
Approching, first the Hag did thrust away,
And after, adding more impetuous forse,
His mighty hands did on the madman lay,
And pluckt him backe, who, all on fire streight
way,
Against him turning all his fell intent,
With beastly brutish rage gan him assay,
And smott, and butt, and kicht, and scratcht,
and rent,
And did he wist not what in his avengement.

VII

And sure he was a man of mickle might,
Had he had governaunce it well to guyde,
But, when the frantick fitt inflam'd his spright,
His force was vaine, and strooke more often
wyde,
Then at the aymed marke which he had eyde
And oft himselfe he chaunst to hurt unwares,
Why lest reason, blent through passion, nought
descryde,
But, as a blindfold Bull, at randon fares,
And where he luts nought knowes, and whom
he hurts nought cares.

VIII

His rude assault and rugged handelng
Straunge seemed to the knight, that aye with
foe
In sayre defence and goodly menaging
Of armes was wont to light, yet nathemoe
Was he abashed now, not fighting so,
But more enterched through his currish play,
Him sternly grypt, and hailing to and fro,
To overthrow him strongly did assay,
But overthrew him selfe unwares, and lower
lay

IX

And being downe the villem soie did bente
And bruze with clownish fistes his manly
face,
And eke the Hag, with many a bitter threat,
Still cald upon to kill him in the place.
With whose reproch, and odious menace,
The knight emboyling in his haughtie hart
Knitt all his forces, and gan soone unbrace
His grasping hold so lightly did upstart,
And drew his deadly weapon to maintaine his
part.

X

Which when the Palmer saw, he loudly
cryde,
'Not so, O Guyon! never thinke that so
That Monster can be maistred or destroyd:
He is not, ah! he is not such a foe,
As steale can wound, or strength can over-
thro
That same is Furor, cursed cruel wight,
That unto knighthood workes much shame
and woe,
And that same Hag, his aged mother, hight
Occasion, the roots of all wrath and despight

XI

'With her, whoso will raging Furor tame,
Must first begin, and well her amenge
First her restraine from her reprochfull blame
And evil meanes, with which she doth enrage

Her frantick sonne, and kindles his corage,
Then, when she is withdrawne or strong with-
stood,

It's eath his ryle fury to asuage,
And calme the tempest of his passion wood
The bankes are overflowne when stopped is the
flood.'

XII

Therewith Sir Guyon left his first emprise,
And, turning to that woman, fast her hent
By the hoare lockes that hong before her eyes,
And to the ground her threw yet nould she
stent

Her bitter raving and foule revilement,
But still provokt her sonne to wreake her
wrong,

But nathelesse he did her still torment,
And, catching hold of her ungratious tonge
Thereon an yron lock did fasten firme and
strong

XIII

Then, whenas use of speach was from her rest,
With her two crooked handes she signes did
make,

And beckned him, the last help she had left,
But he that last left helpe away did take,
And both her handes fast bound unto a stake,
That she note stirre Then gan her sonne to
flye

Full fast away, and did her quite forsake,
But Guyon after him in hast did hye,
And soone him overtooke in sad perplexitye.

XIV

In his strong armes he stifly him embraste,
Who him gausstriving nought at all prevauld,
For all his power was utterly defaste,
And furious fitts at earst quite weren quaild
Ofte he re'nforst, and ofte his forces fayld,
Yet yeld he would not, nor his rancor slack.
Then him to ground he cast, and rudely havid,
And both his hands fast bound behind his
bricke,
And both his feet in fetters to an yron racke.

XV

With hundred yron chaines he did him bind,
And hundred knots, that did him sore con-
straine,

Yet his great yron teeth he still did grand
And grimly gnash, threatening revenge in vaine
His burning eyen, whom bloody strakes did
scare [fyre,
Stared full wide, and threw forth sparkes of
And more for rancor dispyght then for great
paine,

Shakt his long locks coloured like copper-wyre,
And butt his tawny beard to shew his raging
yre.

XVI

Thus when as Guyon Furor had captivd,
Turning about he saw that wretched Squyre,
Whom that mad man of life nigh late deprivd,
Lying on ground, all solid with blood and
myre
Whom whenas he perceivd to respyre,
He gan to comfort, and his woundes to dresse.
Being at last recured, he gan inquire [trese,
What hard mishap him brought to such dis-
And made that caytives thrall, the thrall of
wretchednesse

XVII

With hart then throbbing, and with watry
eyes, [the hap,
'Fayre sir' (quoth he) 'what man can shun
That hidden lyes unware him to surpryse?
Misfortune waites advantage to entrap
The man most wary in her whelming lap
So me werke wretch, of many weakest one,
Unweeting and unware of such mishap,
She brought to mischief through Occasion,
Where this same wicked villain did me light
upon.

XVIII

'It was a faithlesse Squire, that was the sourse
Of all my sorrow and of these sad teares,
With whom from tenderdag of commune nourse
Attence I was upbrought, and est, when yeaeres
More ype my reason lent to chose our Peares,
Our selves in league of loved love wee knitt,
In which we long time, without jealous feares
Or faultie thoughts, contynewd as was fitt,
And for my part, I now, dissembled not a whit.

XIX

'It was my fortune, commune to that age,
To love a Lady fayre of great degree,
The which was borne of noble parentage,
And set in highest seat of dignitee,
I et seemd no lesse to love then lov'd to bee
Long I her serv'd, and found her faithfull still,
Ne ever thing could cause us disagree.
Love, that two harts makes one, makes eke one
will, [fulfill
Lach strove to please, and others pleasure to

XX

'My friend, nigh Philemon, I did partake
Of all my love and all my privitie,
Who greatly joyous seemed for my sake,
And gracious to that Lady as to mee,

Ne ever wight that mote so welcome bee
As he to her, withouten blott or blame,
Ne ever thing that she could think or see,
But unto him she would impart the same
O wretched man, that would abuse so gentle
Dame!

XXX

'At last such grace I found, and merces I
wrought,
That I that Lady to my spouse had wonne,
Accord of friendes, consent of Parents sought,
Affiance made, my happinesse begonne,
There wanted nought but few rites to be donne,
Which marriage make that day too farre did
seeme
Most joyous man, on whom the shining Sunne
Did shew his face, my selfe I did esteeme,
And that my falsder friend did no less joyous
decme

XXXI

'But ear that wished day his beame discloed,
He, either envying my toward good,
Or of him selfe to treason ill disposd,
One day unto me came in friendly mood,
And told for secret, how he understood
That Lady, whom I had to me assynd,
Had both distaind her honorable blood,
And eke the futh which she to me did bynd,
And therefore wisht me stay till I more truth
should fynd

XXXII

'The gnawing anguish, and sharp gelysy,
Which his sad speach infixed in my brest,
Riukled so sore, and festerd inwardly,
That my engreaved mynd could find no rest,
Till that the truth thereof I did out wrest,
And him besought, by that same sacred band
Betwixt us both, to counsell me the best
He then with solenne oath and plighted hand
Assurd, ere long the truth to let me understand

XXXIII

'Ere long with like againe he boorded mee,
Saying, he now had boulded all the floure,
And that it was a groomme of base degree,
Which of my love was purlener Paramoure
Who used in a darkesome inner bowre
Her oft to meete which better to approve,
He promised to bring me at that howre,
When I should see that would me nearer move,
And drive me to withdraw my blind abused love

XXXIV

'This gracelesse man, for furtherance of his
guile,
Did court the handmayd of my Lady deare,
Who, glad t' embosome his affection vile,
Did all she might more pleasing to appeare.

One day, to worke her to his will more neare,
He woo'd her thus Pryene, (so she light,)
What great despight doth fortune to thee beare,
Thus lowly to abase thy beautie bright,
That it should not deface all others lesser light?

XXXV

'But if she had her least helpe to thee lent,
T' adorne thy forme according thy desart,
Then blazing pride thou wouldest soone have
blent, [part,
And staynd their prayes with thy least good
Ne should faile Claribell with all her art,
Tho' she thy Lady be approach thee neare
For prooffe thereof, this evening, as thou art,
Aray thy selfe in her most gorgeous geare,
That I may more delight in thy embracement
deare

XXXVI

'The Mayden, proud through praise and mad
through love,
Him hearkned to, and soone her selfe arayd,
The whiles to me the trechour did remove
His craftie engyn, and, as he had sayd,
Me leading, in a secret corner layd,
The sad spectatour of my 'Tragedie' [play d,
Where left, he went, and his owne false part
Disguised like that groomme of base degree,
Whom he had feignd th' abuser of my love to
bee

XXXVII

'Eft-soones he came unto th' appointed place
And with him brought Pryene, rich arayd,
In Claribell's clothes Her proper face
I not discerned in that darkesome shade,
But weend it was my love with whom he playd
Ah God! what horror and tormenting guete
My hart, my hande, mine eyes, and all assayd!
Me hieser were ten thousand deathes priefe
Then wounde of genolous worme, and shame of
such repriefe

XXXVIII

'I home retounning, slaught with fowle
despight,
And chawing vengeance all the way I went,
Soone as my loathed love appeard in sight,
With wrathfull hand I slew her innocent,
That after soone I dearely did lament,
For, when the cause of that outrageous deede
Demanded, I made plaine and evident,
Her faultie Handmayd, which that bale did
breede, [hei weede
Confest how Phulemon her wrought to chaunge

XXXIX

'Which when I heard, with horrible affright
And hellish fury all enraged, I sought
Upon my selfe that vengeable despight

H 2

To punish yet it better first I thought
To weake my wrath on him that first it
wrought

To Phulemon, false faytour Phulemon,
I cast to pay that I so dearely bought.
Of deadly drugs I gave him drinke anon,
And washt away his guilt with guilty potion

XXXX

'Thus heaping crime on crime, and griefe on
griefe,

To losse of love adjoining losse of frend,
I meant to purge both with a third mischefe,
And in my woes beginner it to end
That was Pryene, she did first offend,
She last should smart with which cruell
intent,

When I at her my murderous blade did bend,
She fled away with ghastly dremment,
And I, pursewing my full purpose, after went

XXXX

'Teare gave her wings, and rage enforst my
sight,

Through woods and plaines so long I did her [chance]
Till this mad man, whom your victorious might
Hath now fast bound, me met in middle space
As I her, so he me poursew'd apiece,
And shortly overtooke I, breathing yre,
Sore chaffed at my stay in such a cace,
And with my heat kindled his cruell fyre,
Which kindled once, his mother did more rage
inspyre.

XXXX

'Betwixt them both they have me doen to dye,
Through wounds, and strokes, and stubborne
handelng,

That death were better then such agony
As griefe and fury unto me did bring
Of which in me yet stickes the mortall sting,
That during life will never be appeas'd'

When he thus ended had his sorrowing,
Said Guyon, 'Squire, sore have ye beene
diseas'd, [rance be eas'd]
But all your hurts may soone through tempe-

XXXX

Then gan the Palmer thus, 'Most wretched
man,

That to affections does the bridle lend'
In their beginning they are weake and wan,
But soone through suffrance growe to flourefull
end [tend,

Whiles they are weake, betimes with them con-
For, when they once to perfect strength do grow,
Strong warres they make, and cruell battay,
bend

Garnet fort of Reason, it to overthrow
Wrath, gelosy, griefe, love, this Squire have
laide thus low.

XXXX

'Wrath, gerlonie, griefe, love, do thus expell
Wrath is a fire, and gealose a weede,
Griefe is a flood, and love a monster fell,
The fire of sparkes, the weede of litle seede,
The flood of drops, the Monster filth did breede.
But sparkes, seed, drops, and filth, do thus delay,
The sparkes soone quench, the springing seed
outwee'd,

The drops dry up, and filth wipe cleane away
So shall wrath, gealose, griefe, love, die and
deceay'

XXXX

'Unlucky Squire,' (saide Guyon) 'sith thou
hast

I dnc into my mischefe through intemperance,
Henceforth take heede of that thou now hast
past,

And guide thy wries with warte governaunce,
Least worse betide thee by some later chaunce.
But read how at thou nam'd, and of what kin'
Phaon I hight,' (quoth he) 'and do advance
Mine auncestry from famous Coradin,
Who first to raise our house to honour did
begin'

XXXX

Thus as he spake, lo' far away they spyde
A varlet running towards hastily,
Whose flying feet so fast their way applyde,
That round about a cloud of dust did fly,
Which mingled all with white, did dim his eye
He soone approached panting, breathlesse, whot,
And all so cold that none could him deserv
His countenance was bold and bashed not
For Guyons lookes, but scornfull yeglance
it him shot

XXXX

Behind his backe he bore a brasen sheld,
On which was drawn faire, in colours sit,
A flaming fire in midst of bloods red,
And round about the wreath this word was
writ,

Burnt I doe burne Right well besceem'd it
To be the shield of some redoubted knight,
And in his hand two dartes, exceeding sit
And deadly shup, he held, whose heads were
dight

In poyson and in blood of malice and despyght

XXXX

When he in presence came, to Guyon first
He boldly spake, 'Sir knight, if knight thou
Abandon this forestalled place at erst, [bee,
For feare of further harme, I counsell thee,

Or bide the chaunce at thine owne jeoparddee.
The knight at his great boldnesse wondered,
And, though he scord his ydle vanitee,
Yet mildly him to purpose answered,
For not to grow of nought he it conjectured

XL

'Varlet, this place most dew to me I deeme,
Yielded by him that held it forcibly
But whence should come that harme, which
thou dost seeme
To threat to him that mindes his chaunce
t' abye?'

'Perdy,' (sayd he) 'here comes, and is hard by,
A knight of wondrous powre and great assay,
That never yet encountred enemy
But did him deadly daunt, or fowle dismay,
Ne thou for better hope, if thou his presence
stay'

XLI

'How hight he then,' (sayd Guyon) 'and
from whence?'

'Pyrochles is his name, renowned farre
For his bold feates and hardy confidence,
Full oft approv'd in many a cruell warre,
The brother of Cymochles, both which arre
The sonnes of old Acrates and Despight,
Acrates, sonne of Phlegeton and Jarre,
But Phlegeton is sonne of Herebus and Night,
But Herebus sonne of Aeternitie is hight

XLII

'So from immortall race he does proceede,
That mortall hands may not withstand his
might,

Drad for his derring doe and bloody deed,
For all in blood and spoile is his delight
His am I Atin, his in wrong and right,
That matter make for him to worke upon,
And stirre him up to strife and cruell fight.
Fly therefore, fly this fearefull stead anon,
Least thy foolharduze worke thy sad confusion'

XLIII

'His be that care, whom most it doth concerne,'
(Sayd he) 'but whither with such hasty flight'

Art thou now bownd? for well mote I discerne
Great cause, that carries thee so swifte and
light'

'My Lord,' (quoth he) 'me sent, and strenght
To seeke Occasion where so she bee [behight
For he is all disposd to bloody fight,
And breathes out wrath and hainous crueltee
Hard is his hap that first falls in his jeoparddee'

XLIV

'Mad man,' (said then the Palmer) 'that does
seeke

Occasion to wrath, and cause of strife
Shee comes unsought, and shonned followes eke.
Happy ' who can abstaine, when Rancor rise
Kindles Revenge, and threats his rusty knife.
Woe never wants where every cause is caught
And rash Occasion makes unquiet life'

'Then loe! wher bound she sits, whom thou
hast sought,' [brought'
Said Guyon 'let that message to thy Lord be

XLV

That when the varlett heard and saw, strenght
way [knight,
He waxed wondrous wroth, and said, 'Vile
That knights and knighthood doest with shame
upbray,

And shewst th' ensample of thy childish might,
With silly weake old woman that did fight'
Great glory and gay spoile, sure hast thou gott,
And stoutly prov'd thy pussaunce here in sight
That shall Pyrochles well requite, I wott,
And with thy blood abolish so reprochfull blott.

XLVI

With that one of his thrillant darts he threw,
Headed with yre and vengeable despight
The quivering steele his aymed end wel knew,
And to his brest it selfe intended right
But he was wary, and, ere it empight
In the meant marke, advaunst his shield atweene,
On which it seizing no way enter might,
But backe rebownding left the forehead keene
Eftsomes he fled away, and might no where be
seene.

CANTO V

Pyrochles does with Guyon fight,
And Farors chaine ne outyes,
Who him sore wounds whiles Atin to
Cymochles for ayd fyes

I

Who ever doth to temperaunce apply
His stedfast life, and all his actions frame,
Trust me, shal find no greater enemy
Then stubborne perturbation to the same,
To which right wel the wise doe give that name,
For it the goodly perce of sturd minde
Does overthrow, and troublous warre proclaim
His owne woes author, who so bound it findes,
As did Pyrochles, and it wilfully unbides

II

After that varlets flight, it was not long
Ere on the plaine fast pricking Guyon spide
One in bright armes embattel'd full strong,
That, as the Sunne beames do glauce and glide
Upon the trembling wave, so shined bright
And round about him threw forth sparkling fire
That seemd him to enflame on every side
His steed was bloodie red, and fomed ire,
When with the maistring spur he did him
roughly stire.

III

Approching nigh, he never staid to greet,
Ne chaffar words, proude corage to provoke,
But priekt so fier, that underneath his feet
The smouldring dust did rownd about him
smoke,

Both horse and man nigh able for to choke
And fayrly couching his steeleheaded speare,
Him first saluted with a sturdy stroke
It booted nought Sir Guyon, comming neare,
To thincke such hideous puissance on foot to
beare,

IV

But lightly shunned it, and, passing by,
With his bright blade did smite at him so fell,
That the sharpe steele, arriving forcibly
On his broad shield, bitt not, but glauncing fell
On his horse necke before the quilted sell,
And from the head the body sundred quight.
So him dismounted low he did compell
On foot with him to matchen equall fight
The truncked beast fast bleeding did him
fowly dight.

V

Sore bruized with the fall he slow arose,
And all enraged thus him loudly shent,
'Disleall Knight, whose coward corage chose
To wreake it selfe on beast all innocent.
And shund the marke at which it should be
ment, [fray]
Therby thine armes seem strong but manhood
So hast thou oft with guile thine honor blent,
But litle may such guile thee now avail, [fay]
If wonted force and fortune doe me not much

VI

With that he drew his flaming sword, and
strooke

At him so hercelv that the upper marge
Of his sevenfolded shield away it tooke,
And glauncing on his helmet, made a large
And open gash therein were not his targe
That broke the violence of his intent, [charge,
The weary sowle from thence it would dis-
Nathelesse so sore a buff to him it lent, [bent.
That made him reele, and to his brest his bever

VII

Exceeding wroth was Guyon at that blow,
And much ashamd that stroke of living arme
Should him dismay, and make him stoup and low,
Though otherwise it did him litle harme
Tho, hurling high his iron breced arme,
He smote so manly on his shoulder plate,
That all his left side it did quite disarme,
Yet there the steel staid not, but only bite
Deepe in his flesh, and opened wide a red
floodgate.

VIII

Deadly dismayd with horror of that dint
Pyrochles was, and grieved eke entyre,
Yet nithemore did it his fure stint,
But added flame unto his former fire,
That wel nigh melt his hart in raging ire
Ne thenceforth his approved skill to ward,
Or strike, or hurtle rownd in warlike gyre,
Remembred he, ne car'd for his safeguard,
But rudely rag'd, and like a cruell tygre far'd

IX

He hewd, and lasht, and sovnd, and thondred
blowes,

And every way did seeke into his life, [throwes,
Ne plate, ne male, could ward so might
But yelded passage to his cruell knife
But Guyon, in the heat of all his strife,
Was wary wise and closely did awayt
At auntages, whilste his foe did rage most wise
Sometimes athwart, sometimes he strook him
strait, [such bayt
And falsed oft his blowes t illule him with

X

Like as a Lyon, whose imperall powre
A proud rebellious Unicorn defies,
T' avoide the rash assault and wrathful stowre
Of his fiers foe him to a tree applies, [spyes,
And when him running in full cour- o he
He slips aside, the whiles that furious beast
His precious horne, sought of his enmyes,
Strikes in the stocke, ne thence can be releast,
But to the mighty victor yelds a bounteous
feast

XI

With such fure sleight him Guyon often
sawd

Till at the last all breathlesse, weiry, fuint,
Him spring, with fresh onset he assayd,
And kindling new his corage seemung quaint,
Strooke him so lungely, that through great con-
straint

He made him stoup perforce unto his knee,
And doe unwilling worship to the Saint,
That on his shield depainted he did see: [hee
Such homage till that instant never learned

XII

Whom Guyon seeing stragg, poursewed fast
The present offer of fure victory,
And soone his dreadfull blade about he cast,
Wherewith he smote his taughty crest so live,
That straight on growne made him full low to
lie,

Then on his brest his victor foote he thrust.
With that he cryde, 'Merev' doe me not dye,
Ne deeme thy force by fortunes doome unjust,
That hath (mangre her spight) thus low me
laid in dust'

XIII

Utsouones his cruel hand Sir Guyon stayd,
Tempring the passion with advizement slow,
And maistring might on enmy dismayd,
For th' equall die of warre he well did know
Then to him said, 'Live, and alleagaunce owe
To him that gives thee life and libertie,
And henceforth by this dues ensample traw,

That hasty wroth, and heedlesse hazardry,
Doe breede repentance late, and lasting in-
famy'

XIV

So up he let him rise, who, with grim looke
And count'naunce sterne, upstanding, gan to
grind

His grated teeth for great disdeigne, and shooke
His sandy lockes, long hanging downe behind,
Knotted in blood and dust, for grief of mind
That he in ods of armes was conquered
Yet in himselfe some comfort he did find,
That him so noble knight had mastered,
Whose bounty more then might, yet both, he
wondered.

XV

Which Guyon marking said, 'Be nought
agrieved,
Sir knight, that thus ye now subdewed are
Was never man, who most conquestes atchiev'd,
But sometimes had the worse, and lost by warre,
Yet shortly gaynd that losse exceeded farre
Losse is no shame, nor to bee lesse then foe,
But to bee lesser then himselfe doth marre
Both losers lott, and victours playse alsoe
Vaine others overthrowes who selfe doth over-
throw

XVI

'Fly, O Pyrochles' sa the dreadfull warre
That in thy selfe thy lesser partes do move,
Outrageous anger, and woe-working jarre,
Direfull impatience, and hart-murding love
Those, those thy foes, those warriors far
remove,

Which thee to endlesse bale captived lead
But sith in might thou didst my mercy prove,
Of courtesie to mee the cause read [dread
That thee against me drew with so impetuous

XVII

'Dreadlesse,' (said he) 'that shall I soone
declare [tort

It was complaind that thou hadst done great
Unto an aged woman, poore and bare,
And thralld her in chaines with strong effort,
Voide of all succour and needfull comfort,
That ill besemes thee, such as I thee see,
To worke such shame Therefore, I thee exhort
To chaunge thy will, and set Occasion free,
And to her captive sonne yeld his first libertie'

XVIII

Thereat Sir Guyon smilde, 'And is that all,'
(Said he) 'that thee so sore displeased hath?
Great mercy, sure, for to enlarge a thrall,
Whose freedom shall thee turne to greatest
seath!

Nath'lesse now quench thy whott emboyling
 wrath
 Loel there they bee, to thee I yield them free,
 Theret he, wondrous glad, out of the path
 Did lightly leape, where he them bound did see,
 And gan to breake the bands of their captiuitee

XXIX

Soone as Occasion felt her selfe untvde,
 Before her sonne could well asoyled bee,
 She to her use returnd, and streight deſide
 Both Guyon and Pyrochles, th' one (and
 shee)
 Because he wonne, the other, because hee
 Was wonne So matter did she make of
 nought,
 To stirre up strife, and garre them disagree
 But, soone as Furor was enlargd, she sought
 To kinde his quench't fyre, and thousand causes
 wrought

XXX

It was not long ere she inflam'd him so
 That he would nigres with Pyrochles fight,
 And his redeemer chalengd for his foe,
 Because he had not well mainteind his right,
 But yielded had to that same straunger knight
 Now gan Pyrochles wey as wood as hee,
 And him affronted with impudent might
 So both together fiers engrasped bee,
 Whyles Guyon standing by their uncount strife
 does see

XXI

Him all that while Occasion did provoke
 Against Pyrochles, and new matter fram'd
 Upon the old, him stirring to bee wroke
 O! his late wronges, in which she oft him
 blamd
 For suffering such abuse as knight-hood sham'd,
 And him disabled quyte. But he was wise,
 Ne would with vaine occasions bee inflam'd,
 Yet others she more urgent did devise,
 Yet nothing could him to impatience entise

XXII

Their fell contention still increased more,
 And more thereby increased Furors might,
 That he his foe has hurt and wounded sore,
 And him in blood and durt deformed quight
 His mother eke, more to augment his spight,
 Now brought to him a flaming fyre brand,
 Which she in Stygian lake, ay burning
 bright,
 Had kindled that she gave into his hand,
 That armd with fire more hardly he mote him
 withstond

XXIII

Tho gan that villain wey so fiers and strong,
 That nothing might sustaine his furious force,
 He cast him downe to ground, and all along
 Drew him through durt and myre without
 remorse,
 And fowly battered his comely corse,
 That Guyon much disdeigned so loathly sight
 At last he was compeld to cry perforce,
 'Help, O Sir Guyon' helpe, most noble knight,
 To ridd a wretched man from handes of bellish
 wight'

XXIV

The knight was greathly moved at his plavnt,
 And gan him dight to succour his distress,
 Till that the Palmer, by his grave restrynt,
 Him stayd from yielding pitifull redresse,
 And said, 'Deare sonne, thy causelesse ruth
 repreſſe,
 Ne let thy stont hart melt in pittie rayne
 He that his sorrow sought through wisfalsnesse,
 And his foe fettred would release agayne,
 Deserves to taste his follies fruit, repented
 payne.'

XXV

Guyon obayd So him away he drew
 From needlesse trouble of renewing light
 Already fought, his voyage to pourse
 But rash Pyrochles varlett, Atin light,
 When late he saw his Lord in heavey plight
 Under Sir Guyons puissant stroke to fall,
 Him deeming dead as then he seemd in sight,
 Fledd fust away to tell his funerall
 Unto his brother, whom Cymochles men did

XXVI

He was a man of rare redoubted might,
 Famous throughout the world for warlike
 prayse,
 And glorious spoiles, purchast in perillous fight.
 Full many doughtie knightes he in his dayes
 Had doen to death sudden in equall frayes
 Whose carkases, for terrour of his name,
 Of fowles and beastes he made the piteous
 prayes,
 And hong their conquerd armes, for more de-
 fame,
 On gallow trees, in honour of his dearest Dame

XXVII

His dearest Dame is that Ench-unteresse,
 The vile Acrasia, that with vaine delights,
 And vnde pleasures in her Bowre of Blisse,
 Does charme her lovers, and the feeble sprights

Can call out of the bodies of fraile wightes,
Whom then she does transforme to monstrous
heues,
And horribly misshapes with ugly sightes,
Captiv'd eternally in yron mewes [shewes
And darksom dens, where Titan his face never

XXVIII

There Atin fownd Cymochles sojourning,
To serve his Lemans love for he by kynd
Was given all to lust and loose living,
When ever his fiers handes he free mote fynd.
And now he has pourd out his ydle mynd
In daintie delices, and lavish joyes,
Having his warlike weapons cast behynd,
And flowes in pleasures and vaine pleasing
toyes,
Mingled amongst loose Ladies and lascivious
boyes

XXIX

And over him art, stryving to compayre
With nature, did an Arber greene disprede,
Framed of wanton Yvie, flouing fayre,
Through which the fragrant Eglantine did
spread
His pricking armes, entrayld with roses red,
Which dantie odours round about them threw
And all within with flowres was garnished,
That, when myld Zephyrus amongst them blew,
[colors shew
Did breath out bounteous smels, and painted

XXX

And fast beside there trickled softly downe
A gentle streame, whose murmuring wave did
play
Amongst the pumy stones, and made a sowne,
To lull him soft asleepe that by it lay
The wearie Traveler, wandring that way,
Therein did often quench his thristy heat,
And then by it his wearie limbes display,
Whiles creeping slomber made him to forget
His former payne, and wypt away his toilsom
sweat

XXXI

And on the other syde a pleasaunt grove
Was shott up high, full of the stately tree
That dedicated is t' Olympick Jove,
And to his sonne Alcides, whenas hee
In Nemus gayned goodly victoree
Therein the mery birdes of every sorte
Chaunted alowd their chearefull harmonie,
And made amongst them selves a sweete con-
sort,
That quickned the dull spright with musicall
comfort

XXXII

There he him found all carelesly displaid,
In secrete shadow from the sunny ray,
On a sweet bed of lillies softly laid,
Amidst a flock of Damzelles fresh and gay,
That rownd about him dissolute did play
Their wanton folles and light meriments
Every of which did loosely disaray
Her upper partes of meet habiliments,
And shewed them naked, deckt with many
ornaments

XXXIII

And every of them strove with most delights
Him to aggrate, and greatest pleasures shew
Some framd faire lookes, glancing like evening
lights,
Others sweet wordes, dropping like honny dew,
Some bathed kisses, and did soft embrew
The sugred licour through his melting lips
One boasts her beautie, and does yield to view
Her dainty limbes above her tender hips,
Another hei out boasts, and all for tryall
strips

XXXIV

He, like an Adder lurking in the weedes,
His wandring thought in deepe desire does
steepe,
And his frayle eye with spoyle of beauty feedes
Sometimes he falsely faines himselfe to sleepe,
Whiles through their lids his wanton eyes do
peepe
To steale a snatch of amorous concept,
Whereby close fire into his heart does creepe
So he them deceives, deceiv'd in his deceipt,
Made dronke with drugs of deare voluptuous
receipt.

XXXV

Atin, arriving there, when him he spyde
Thus in still waves of deepe delight to wade,
Fiercly approaching to him lowdly cryde,
'Cymochles, oh no, but Cymochles shide,
In which that manly person late did fade
What is become of great Acrates sonne?
Or where hath he hong up his mortall blade,
That hath so many haughty conquests wonne?
Is all his force forlorne, and all his glory donne?

XXXVI

Then, pricking him with his sharp-pointed
dart, [knight,
He saide, 'Up, up' thou womanish weake
That here in Ladies lap entombed art,
Unmindfull of thy praise and provest might,
And weetlesse eke of lately wrought despyght,
Whiles sad Pyrochles lies on sencelesse ground,
And groneth out his utmost grudging spright

Through many a stroke and many a streaming
wound,
Calling thy help in vaine that here in joyes art
dround

XXXVII

Suddenly out of his delightfull dreame
The man awoke, and would have questiond
more,
But he would not endure that wofull theame
For to dilate at large, but urged sore,
With percing wordes and pittifull implore,
Him hasty to arise. As one affright
With hellish feends, or Furies made upore,

He then uprose, inflamd with fell despight,
And called for his armes, for he would algates
fight

XXXVIII

They beneybrought, he quickly does him dight,
And lightly mounted passeth on his way,
Ne Ladies loyes, ne sweete entreaties, might
Appease his hert, or hastie passage stay,
For he has vowd to beene avengd that day
(That day it selfe him seemed all too long)
On him, that did Pyrochles deare dismay
So proudly pricketh on his courser strong,
And Atin as him pricks with spurs of shame
and wrong

CANTO VI

Guyon is of immodest Merth
Led into loose desyre,
Fights with Cymochles, whilles his bro
ther burns in furious fyre

I

A HARDER les-son to learne Continence
In joyous pleasure then in grievous paine,
For sweetnesse doth allure the weaker sence
So strongly, that unceathes it can refraine
From that which feeble nature covets faine
But grieve and wrath, that be her enemies
And foes of life, she better can abstaine
Yet vertue vauntes in both her victories,
And Guyon in them all shewes goodly mar-
steries

II

Whom bold Cymochles traveling to finde,
With cruell purpose bent to wreake on him
The wrath which Atin kindled in his mind,
Came to a river, by whose utmost brim
Waiting to passe, he saw whereas did swim
Along the shore, as swift as glimnce of eye,
A litle Gondelay, bedecked trim
With boughes and arbours woven cunningly,
That like a litle Forrest seemed outwardly

III

And therein sate a Lady fresh and fyre,
Making sweet solace to herselfe alone
Sometimes she song as lowd as larke in tyre,
Sometimes she laught, as merry as Pope Jone,
Yet was there not with her else any one,
That to her might move cause of meriment
Matter of merth enough, though there were
none,
She could devise, and thousand waies invent
To feede her foolish humour and vaine joll-
ment

IV

Which when far off Cymochles heard and saw,
He lowdly cald to such as were aboard
The litle barke unto the shore to draw,
And him to ferry over that deepe ford
The merry mariner unto his word [way
Soone hearkned, and her painted bote straight-
Turnd to the shore, where that same warlike
She in receiv'd, but Atin by no way [Lord
She would admit, albe the knight her much
did pray

V

Etstoones her shallow ship away did slide,
More swift then swallow sheres the liquid skye,
Withouten care or Pilot it to guide,
Or winged canvas with the wind to fly
Onely she turnd a pin, and by and by
It cut away upon the velding wave,
Ne cared she her course for to apply, [have
For it was taught the way which she would
And both from rocks and flats it selfe could
wisely save

VI

And all the way the wanton Damsell found
New merth her passenger to entertaine,
For she in pleasaunt purpose did abound,
And greatly joyed merry tales to faine,
Of which a store-house did with her remaine
Yet seemed, nothing well they her became,
For all her wordes she drownd with laughter
vaine,
And wanted grace in utt'ring of the same,
That turned all her pleasaunce to a scoffing
game,

VII

And other whiles vaine toyes she would devise,
As her fantastike wit did most delight
Sometimes her head she fondly would aguize
With gaudy grlonds, or, fresh flowrets dight
About her necke, or rings of rushes plight
Sometimes, to do him laugh, she would assay
To laugh at shaking of the leaves light
Or to behold the water worke and play
About her litle frigot, therein making way

VIII

Her light behaviour and loose dalliaunce
Gave wondrous great contentment to the
knight,
That of his way he had no sovenaunce,
Nor care of row'd reuenge and cruell fight,
But to weake wench did yeld his martiall
might
So easie was to quench his flamed minde
With one sweete drop of sensuall delight.
So easie is t'appease the stormy winde [kind
Of malice in the calme of pleasaunt woman

IX

Diverse discourses in their way they spent,
Mongst which Cymochles of her questioned
Both what she was, and what that usage ment,
Which in her cott she daily practiced?
'Vaine man,' (saide she) 'that wouldst be
reckoned
A straunger in thy home, and ignoraunt
Of Phedria, (for so my name is red)
Of Phedria, thine owne fellow seruaunt,
Forthou to serue Acrasia thy selfe doest vaunt

X

'In this wide Inland sea, that lught by name
The Idle lake, my wandring ship I row,
That knowes her port, and thither styles by
ayme,
Ne care, ne feare I how the wind do blow,
Or whether swift I wend, or whether slow
Both slow and swift alike doserue my tourne,
Ne swelling Neptune ne lowd thundring Ioue
Can chaunge my cheare, or make me ever
mourne [bourne'
My litle boat can safely passe this perillous

XI

Whiles thus she talked, and whiles thus she
toyd,
They were far past the passage which he spake,
And come unto an Island waste and royd,
That floted in the midst of that great lake,
There her small Gondelay her port did make,

And that gay payre, issewing on the shore,
Disburnd her Their way they forward take
Into the land that lay them faire before,
Whose pleasaunce she him shewd, and plenti-
full great store.

XII

It was a chosen plott of fertile land,
Emongst wide waves sett, like a litle nest,
As if it had by Natures cunning hand
Bene choycely picked out from all the rest,
And laid forth for ensample of the best:
No dautie flowre or herbe that growes on
grownd,
No arborett with painted blossomes drest
And smelling sweete, but there it might be
fownd [al arownd
To bud out faire, and throwe her sweete smels

XIII

No tree whose braunches did not bravely
spring,
No braunch whereon a fine bird did not sitt,
No bird but did her shrill notes sweetely sing,
No song but did containe a lovely ditt
Trees, branches, birds, and songs, were framed
For to allure fraile mind to carelesse ease [fitt
Carelesse the man soone woxe, and his weake
witt
Was overcome of thing that did him please,
So pleased did his wrathfull purpose faire ap-
pease

XIV

Thus when shee had his eyes and senses fed
With false delights, and filld with pleasures
Into a shady dale she soft him led, [vayn,
And layd him downe upon a grassy playn,
And her sweete selfe without dredd or disdain
She sett beside, laying his head disarmd
In her loose lap, it softly to sustayn,
Where soone he slumbred fearing not be harmd
The whiles with a love she thus him sweetely
charm'd

XV

'Behold, O man! that toilesome paines doest
take, [grows,
The flowers, the fields, and all that pleasaunt
How they them selves doe thine ensample make,
Whiles nothing envious nature them forth
throwes
Out of her fruitfull lap, how no man knowes,
They spring, they bud, they blossome fresh
and faire, [showes,
And decke the world with their rich pompous
Yet no man for them taketh paines or care,
Yet no man to them can his carefull paines
compare

CII

'The lilly, Lady of the flowing field,
The flowre-delice, her lovely Paramoure,
Bid thee to them thy fruitlesse labors yield,
And soone cleave off this toy some weary stoure
Loe, loe! how brave she decks her bounteous
boure,
With silken curtens and gold coverletts,
Therein to shrowd her sumptuous Belamoure.
Let nether spinnes nor carls, ne cares nor
fretts,
But to her mother Nature all her care she

CIII

'Why then doest thou, O man! that of them
Art Lord and eke of nature Sovaine, [all
Willfully make thy selfe a wretched thrall,
And waste thy joyous howres in needlesse
paine,
Seeking for daunger and adventures vaine?
What bootes it al to have, and nothing use?
Who shall him rewe that swimming in the
maine
Will die for thirst, and water doth refuse?
Refuse such fruitlesse toils, and present pleasures
chuse.'

CIV

By this she had him lulled fast asleepe,
That of no worldly thing he care did take
Then she with liquor strong his eyes did steepe.
That nothing should him hastily awake
So she him left, and did her selfe betake
Unto her boat again, with which she clefte
The slouthfull wave of that great griesly lake
Soone shee that Island far behind her left
And now is come to that same place where
first she wette.

CV

By this time was the worthy Guy on brought
Unto the other side of that wide strand
Where she was rowing and for passage sought
Him needed not long call shee soone to hand
Her ferry brought, where him she by ding fond
With his sad guide him selfe she tooke aboard
But the Blaque Palmer suffred still to stand,
Ne would for price or prayers once afford
To ferry that old man over the perilous foord

CVI

Guyon was loth to leave his guide behind,
Yet being entred might not bracke retyre,
For the flutt bark, obaying to her mind,
Forth launched quickly as she did desire,
Ne gave him leave to bid that aged sire
Adieu, but nimbly ran her wonted course
Through the dull billowes thicke as troubled
mire,

Whom nether wind out of their seat could force
Nor timely tides did drive out of their sluggish
source.

CVII

And by the way, as was her wonted guise,
Her mery sitt shee freshly gan to reire,
And did of joy and jollity devise
Her selfe to cherish, and her guest to cheere
The knight was courteous, and did not forberre
Her honest merrith and pleasure to partake,
But when he saw her toy, and gibe, and gearre,
And passe the bonds of modest merimake,
Her dalliance he despis'd, and follies did forsake.

CVIII

Yet she still followed her former style,
And said and did all that mote him delight,
Till they arrived in that pleasant Ile,
Where sleeping late she left her other knight.
But whenas Guyon of that land had sight,
He wist him selfe amuse, and angry said,
'Ah, Dame! perdy ye have not doen me right,
Thus to mislead mee, whyles I you obayd
Me litle needed from my right way to have
straid'

CIX

'Pure Sir, (quoth she) benot displeasd at all
Who fares on sea may not commaund his way
Ne wind and weather at his pleasure call
The sea is wide, and eery for to stry,
The wind un-table, and doth never stay
But here a while ye may in safety rest,
Till sea-on serve new passage to assay
Better safe port then be in fear distrest'
I herewith she laughd, and did her earnest end
in jest.

CX

But he, halfe discontent, mote nathelesse
Himselfe appease, and rowed forth on shore;
The joyes whereof and happy fruitfulnessse,
Such as he saw she gan him lay before,
And all, though pleasaunt, yet she made much
more [spring.
The fields did laugh, the flowres did freshly
The trees did bud, and early blossomes bore,
And all the quire of birds did sweetly sing
And told that gardins pleasures in their
caroling

CXI

And she, more sweete then any bird on
bough,
Would oftentimes amongst them beare a part,
And strive to passe (as she could well enough)
Their native musicke by her skilful art
So did she all that might his constant hart
Withdraw from thought of warlike enterprize,
And drowne in dissolute delights apart,

Where noise of armes, or view of martiall guize,
Might not revive desire of knightly exercize

XXVI

But he was wise, and wary of her will,
And ever held his hand upon his hart,
Yet would not seeme so rude, and thence ill,
As to despise so curteous seeming part
That gentle Lady did to him impart
But, fairly tempring, fond desire subdewd,
And ever her desired to depart
She list not heare, but her disports poursewd,
And ever bad him stay till time the tide
renewd

XXVII

And now by this Cymochles howre was spent,
That he awoke out of his ydle dreame,
And, shaking off his drowsy dreriment,
Gan him avize, howe ill did him beseme
In slouthfull sleepe his molten hart to steme,
And quench the brond of his conserued yre
Tho up he started, stird with shame extreme,
Ne staid for his Damsell to inquire,
But marched to the Strond there passage to
require

XXVIII

And in the way he with Sir Guy on mett,
Accompanyde with Phædria the faire
Eftsoones he gan to rage, and inly frett,
Crying, 'Let be that Lady debonaire,
Thou recreant knight, and soone thy selfe
prepara

To batteile, if thou meane her love to gayn
Loe, loe! already how the fowles in aire
Doe flocke, awaiting shortly to obtayn
Thy carcas for their pray, the guerdon of thy
payn'

XXIX

And therewithall he fiersly at him flew,
And with importune outrage him assayld,
Who, soone prepar'd to field, his sword forth
drew,
And him with equall vawle countervayld
Their mightie strokes their habergeons dis-
mayld,
And naked made each others manly spalles,
The mortall steele despiteously entayld
Deepe in their flesh, quite through the yron
walles,
That a large purple streame adowne their
giambeux failles.

XXX

Cymochles, that had never mett before
So pussant foe, with envious despight
His prowd presumed force increased more,
Disdeigning to bee held so long in fight.

Sir Guyon, grudging not so much his might
As those unknightly raylinges which he spoke,
With wrathfull fire his corage kindled bright,
Thereof devising shortly to be wroke,
And doubling all his powres redoubled every
stroke.

XXXI

Both of them high attonce their handes en-
haunst, [sway
And both attonce their huge blowes down did
Cymochles sword on Guyons shield yglauust,
And thereof nigh one quarter sheard away,
But Guyons angry blade so fiers did play
On th' others helmet, which as Titan shone,
That quite it clove his plumed crest in tway,
And bared all his head unto the bone,
Wherewith astonisht, still he stood as sence-
lesse stone

XXXII

Still as he stood, fayre Phædria, that beheld
That deadly danger, soone atweene them ran,
And at their feet her selfe most humbly feld,
Crying with pitteous voyce, and count'nance
wan,
'Ah, well away! most noble Lords, how can
Your cruell eyes endure so pitteous sight,
To shed your lives on ground? Wo worth the
man,
That first did teach the cused steele to bight
In his owne flesh, and make way to the living
spright'

XXXIII

'If ever love of Lady did empierce
Your yron brestes, or pittie could find place,
Withhold your bloody handes from battaill
fierce,
And, sith for me ye fight, to me this grace
Both yeld, to stay your deadly stryfe a space'
They stayd a while, and forth she gan pro-
ceede
'Most wretched woman and of wicked race,
That am the authour of this hainous deed,
And cause of death betwene two doughtie
knights do breed!

XXXIV

'But, if for me ye fight, or me will serve,
Not this rude kind of battaill, nor these armes
Are meet, the which doe men in bale to sterve,
And doolefull sorrow heape with deadly harmes
Such cruell game my scarmoges disarmes
Another warre, and other weapons, I
Doe love, where love does give his sweet
Alarmes
Without bloodshed, and where the enemy
Does yeld unto his foe a pleasaunt victory

XXV

'Debatefull strife, and cruell enmity,
The famous name of knight hood fowly shend,
But lovely peace, and gentle amity,
And in Amours the passing howres to spend,
The nightie martiall handes doe most com-
Of love they over greater glory bore [mend
Then of their armes, Mars is Cupidoes frend,
And is for Venus loves renown med more
Then all his wars and spoiles, the which he did
of yore'

XXVI

Therewith she sweetly smild. They, though
full bent

To prove extremities of bloody fight,
Yet at her spech their rages gan relent,
And calmed the sea of their tempestuous spight
Such powre have pleasing wordes such is the
Of courteous clemency in gentle hart [might
Now after all was ceast, the Faery knight
Besought that Damzell suffer him depart,
And yield him ready passage to that other part

XXVII

She no lesse glad then he desirous was
Of his departure thence, for of her joy
And vaine delight she saw he light did pas,
A foe of folly and unmodest toy,
Still solemne sad, or still disdainfull coy,
Delighting all in vices and cruell warre,
That her sweet peace and pleasures did annoy,
Troubled with terrour and unquiet jarre,
That she well pleased was thence to amove him
farre

XXVIII

Tho him she brought aboard, and her swift bote
Forthwith directed to that futher strand,
The which on the dull waves did lightly float,
And soone arrived on the shallow sand,
Where gladsome Guy on saled forth to land,
And to that Damsell thanks gave for reward
Upon that shore he spied Atin stand,
There by his maister left, when late he far'd
In Phadrias flutt barch over that perious shard

XXIX

Well could he him remember, sith of late
He with Pyrochles sharp debatement made
Streight gan he him revile, and bitter rate,
As Shepherdes curre, that in darke eveninges
shade

Hath tracted forth some salvage beastes trade
'Vile Miscreant,' (said he) 'wither dost thou
flye [invade'

The shame and death, which will thee soone
What coward hand shall doe thee next to dye,
That art thus fowly fledd from famous enemy?

XL

With that he stiffly shooke his steelhead dart
But sober Guy on, hearing him so rayle,
Though somewhat moved in his nightie hart,
Yet with strong reason maistred passion
fraile,

And passed say rely forth He, turning taile,
Back to the strand retr'd, and there still stayd,
Awaiting passage which him late did faile,
The whiles Cymochles with that wanton mayd
The hasty heat of his avowed revenge delayd

XLI

Why lest there the varlet stood, he saw from
furre

An armed knight that towards him fast ran,
He ran on foot, as if in lucklesse warre
His forlorne steed from him the victour wan
He seemed breathlesse, hartlesse, faint, and wan,
And all his armour pranked was with blood,
And soyl'd with durty gore, that no man can
Discerne the hew thereof He never stood,
But bent his hastie course towards the ylle
flood.

XLII

The varlett saw, when to the flood he came,
How without stop or stay he fierly lept,
And deepe him selfe beducked in the same,
That in the lake his loftie crent was stept,
Ne of his asfetic seemed care he kept,
But with his raging armes he rudely flasht
The waves about, and all his armour swept,
That all the blood and filth away was washt,
Yet still he bet the water, and the billowes
dasht

XLIII

Atin drew nigh to weet what it mote bee,
For much he wondred at that uncouth sight
Whom should he but his owne deare Lord
there see,
His owne deare Lord Pyrochles in sad plight,
Ready to drowne him selfe for fell despight
'Harrow now out and well away' he cryde,
'What dismall day hath lent this cursed light
To see my Lord so deadly damnyde?
Pyrochles, O Pyrochles' what is thee betyde?'

XLIV

'I burne, I burne, I burne' then lowd he
cryde,
'O' how I burne with implacable fyre,
Yet nought can quench mine ivy flaminge, dyde,
Nor sea of licour cold, nor lake of myre
Nothing but death can doe me to respire'
'Ah! be it,' (said he) 'from Pyrochles farre
After pursewing death once to requyre,

Or think, that ought those puissant hands
may marre [starre'
Death is for wretches borne under unhappy

XLV

'Perdye, then is it fitt for me,' (said he)
'That am, I weene, most wretched man alive,
Burning in flames, yet no flames can I see,
And dying dayly, dayly yet revive
O Atin' helpe to me last death to give'
The varlet at his plaint was grieved so sore,
That his deepe wounded hart in two did rive,
And, his owne health remembring now no more,
Did follow that ensample which he blam'd afore.

XLVI

Into the lake he leapt his Lord to ayd,
(So Love the dread of daunger doth despise)
And of him catching hold him strongly stayd
From drowning. But more happy he then wise,
Of that seas nature did him not arise
The waves thereof so slow and sluggish were,
Engrost with mud which did them fowle agrise,
That every weichty thing they did upheare,
Ne ought mote ever swick downe to the
bottom there.

XLVII

Whyles thus they struggled in that ydle wave,
And strove in vaine, the one him selfe to
drowne,
The other both from drowning for to save,
Lo' to that shore one in an aunient gowne,
Whose hoary locks great gravitie did crowne,
Holding in hand a goodly arming sword,
By fortune came, ledd with the troublous sowne
Where drenched deepe he fownd in that dull
ford [Lord.
The carefull servaunt stryving with his raging

XLVIII

Him Atin spyng knew right well of yore,
And lowdly cald, 'Help, helpe' O Archimage'
To save my Lord in wretched plight foilore,
Helpe with thy hand, or with thy counsell sage

Weake handes, but counsell is most strong in
age'

Him when the old man saw, he wondred sore
To see Pyrochles there so rudely rage,
Yet sithens helpe, he saw, he needed more
Then pitty, he in hast approached to the shore,

XLIX

And cald, 'Pyrochles' what is this I see?
What hellish fury hath at earst thee hent?
Furious ever I thee knew to bee,
Yet never in this straunge astonishment'
'These flames, these flames' (he cryde) 'doe
me torment' [see
'Whia flames,' (quoth he), when I thee present
In daunger rather to be drent then brent?'
'Harrow! the flames which me consume,'
(said hee) [bee
'Ne can be quencht, within my secret bowelles

L

'That cursed man, that cruel feend of hell,
Furor, oh! Furor hath me thus bedight
His deadly woundes within my liver swell,
And his whott fyre burnes in mine entrailles
bright,
Kindled through his infernall brond of spight,
Sith late with him I batteull vaine would boste,
That now, I weene, Joves dreaded thunder light
Does scorch not halfe so sore, nor damned
ghoste
In flaming Phlegeton does not so felly roste.'

LI

Which when as Archimago heard, his griefe
He knew right well, and him attonce disarm'd,
Then searcht his secret woundes, and made a
priefe
Of every place that was with bruizing harmd,
Or with the hidden fire too inly warmd
Which doen, he balmes and herbes thereto
apply de,
And evermore with mightie spels them charmd,
That in short space he has them qualify de,
And him restord to helth that would have
algates dy de

CANTO VII.

Guyon findes Mammon in a delve
 Sunning his treasure here,
 Is by him tempted, and led downe
 To see his secret store

I

As Pilot well expert in perillous wave,
 That to a stedfast starre his course hath bent,
 When foggy mistes or cloudy tempests have
 The faithfull light of that faire lampe yblent,
 And cover'd heaven with hideous dreriment,
 Upon his card and compas turnes his eye,
 The masters of his long experiment,
 And to them does the steddly helme apply,
 Bidding his winged vessell fauere forward fly

II

So Guyon having lost his trustie guyde,
 Late left beyond that Ydle lake, proceeds
 Yet on his way, of none accompanyde,
 And evermore himselfe with comfort feedes
 Of his own vertues and praise-worthie deedes
 So, long he rode, yet no adventure found,
 Which fume of his shrill trumpet worthy reedes,
 For still he traveld through wide wastfull
 ground, [around
 That nought but desert wilderness shewed all

III

At last he came unto a gloomy glade,
 Cover'd with boughes and shrubs from heavens
 light,
 Whereas he sitting found in secret shade
 An uncouth, salvage, and uncivill wight,
 Of grisly hew and fowle ill favour'd sight,
 His face with smoke was tann'd, and eyes were
 bearded,
 His head and beard with soot were ill bedight,
 His cole-blacke hands did seeme to have ben
 seard [clawes appeard
 In smythes fire-spitting forge, and nayles like

IV

His yron cote, all overgrowne with rust,
 Was underneath enveloped with gold, [dust,
 Whose glistering glosse, darkned with blith,
 Well yet appeared to have bene of old
 A worke of rich entayle and curious mould,
 Woven with antickes and wild vmagery,
 And in his lap a masse of coine he told,
 And turned upside downe, to feede his eye
 And covetous desire with his huge treasury.

V

And round about him lay on every side
 Great heapes of gold that never could be spent,
 Of which some were rude owre, not purifide
 Of Mulcibers devouring element,
 Some others were new driven, and distent
 Into great Ingoves and to wedges square,
 Some in round plates withouten monument,
 But most were stamp'd, and in their metal bare
 The antique shapes of kungs and kesars
 straunge and rare

VI

Soone as he Guyon saw, in great affright
 And haste he rose for to remove aside [sight,
 Those pretious hils from stranger's envious
 And downe them poured through an hole full
 Into the hollow earth, them there to hide. [wide
 But Guyon, lightly to him leaping, staid
 His hand that trembled as one terrifide,
 And though himselfe were at the sight dismay'd,
 Yet him perforce restraynd, and to him doubt-
 full sayd

VII

'What art thou, man, (if man at all thou art)
 That here in desert hast thine habitaunce,
 And these rich hils of welth dost hide apart
 From the worldes eye, and from her right
 usauance?
 Thereat, with staring eyes fixed askaunce,
 In great disdain he answerd 'Hardy Elf,
 That drest view my dreffull countenaunce,
 I read thee rash and heedlesse of thy selfe,
 To trouble my still seate, and heapes of pre-
 tious pelfe.

VIII

'God of the world and worldlings I me call,
 Great Mammon, greatest god below the skye,
 That of my plenty poure out unto all,
 And unto none my graces do envye
 Riches, renewme, and principaity,
 Honour, estate, and all this worldes good,
 For which men swynck and sweat incessantly,
 Fro me do flow into an ample flood,
 And in the hollow earth have their eternall brood

IX

'Wherefore, if me thou deigne to serve and sew,
At thy commaund lo! all these mountaines bee
Or if to thy great mind, or greed; view,
All these may not suffice, there shall to thee
Ten times so much be nombred francke and
free'

[vaine,

'Mammon,' (said he) 'thy godheads vaunt is
And idle offers of thy golden fee,
To them that covet such eye-glutting gaine
Proffer thy giftes, and fittet servants enter-
taine

X

'Me ill besits, that in der-doing armes
And honours suit my vowed daies do spend,
Unto thy bounteous baytes and pleasing
charmes,

With which weakemen thou witchest, to attend,
Regard of worldly mucke doth fowly blend,
And low abase the high heroicke spright,
That joyes for crownes and kingdomes to con-
tend

[delight,

Faire shields, gay steedes, bright armes be my
Those be the riches fit for an advent'rous knight.'

XI

'Vaine glorious Life,' (saide he) 'doest not thou
weet,
That money can thy wantes at will supply?
Shields, steeds, and armes, and all things for
thee meet,

It can purvey in twynckling of an eye,
And crownes and kingdomes to thee multiply
Do not I kings create, and throw the crowne
Sometimes to him that low in dust doth ly,
And him that raignd into his rowme thrust
downe,

[renowne?]

And whom I lust do heape with glory and

XII

'All otherwise' (saide he) 'I riches read,
And deeme them roote of all disquietnesse,
First got with guile, and then preserv'd with
dread,

And after spent with pride and lavishnesse,
Leaving behind them grieve and heavynesse
Infinite mischuefes of them doe arise,
Strife and debate, bloodshed and bitterness,
Ontrageous wrong, and hellish covetize,
That noble heart as great dishonour doth despize

XIII

'Ne thine be kingdomes, ne the scepters thine,
But realmes and ruleis thou doest both con-
found,
And lo! all truth to treason doest incline
Witness the guiltlesse blood pourd oft on
ground,

The crowned often slaine, the slaver croud,
The sacred Diademe in peeces rent,
And purple rooe gored with many a wound,
Castles surprizd, great cities sackt and brent
So mak'st thou kings, and gay nest wrongfull
government

XIV

'Long were to tell the troublous stormes that
tosse

The private state, and make the life unsweet
Who swelling sayles in Caspian sea doth
crosse,

And in frayle wood on Adrian gulf doth fleet,
Doth not, I weene, so many evils meet'
Then Mammon waxing wroth, 'And why then,'
sayd,

'Are mortall men so fond and indiscreet
So evil thing to seeke unto their end,
And having not complaine, and having it up-
braid?'

XV

'Indeede,' (quoth he) 'through fowle intem-
perance,

Frayle men are oft captiv'd to covetise,
But would they thinke with how small allow-
aunce

Untoubl'd Nature doth her selfe suffice,
Such superfluities they would despise,
Which with sad cares empeach our native joyes
At the well-head the purest streames arise,
But mucky filth his braunching armes unnoyes,
And with uncomely weedes the gentle wave
accloyes

XVI

'The antique world, in his first flowing youth,
Fownd no defect in his Creators grace,
But with glad thanks, and unreprieved truth,
The gifts of soveraine bounty did embrace
Like Angels life was then mens happy cace,
But later ages pride, like corn-fed steed,
Abusd her plenty, and fat swolne encrease
To all licentious lust, and gan exceed
The measure of her meane and naturall first
need

XVII

'Then gan a cursed hand the quiet wombe
Of his great Grandmother with Steele to wound,
And the hid treasures in her sacred tombe
With Sacrledge to dig Thence he fownd
Fountaines of gold and silver to abound,
Of which the matter of his huge desire
And pompous pride eftswoones he did compownd.
Then avance gan through his vaines inspire
His greedy flames, and kindled life-devouring
fire'

XVIII

'Sonne,' (said he then) 'lett beth bitter scorne,
And leaue the rudenesse of that antique age
To them that li'd therein in state forlorne
Thou, that doest liue in later times, must wage
Thy workes for wealth, and life for gold engage
If then thee list my offered grace to use,
Take what thou please of all this surplussage,
If thee list not, leaue haue thou to refuse
But thing refused doe not afterward accuse'

XIX

'Me list not' (said the Elfin knight) 'receaue
Thing offered, till I know it well be gott,
Ne wote I but thou didst these goods bereaue
From rightfull owner by unrighteous lott,
Or that bloodguiltinesse or guile them blott'
'Perds' (quoth he) 'yet neuer ere did I see,
Ne tong did tell ne hand these handled not,
But saie I haue them kept in secret mew
From heuens sight and powre of al which
them pour-ew'

XX

'What secret place' (quoth he) 'can safely hold
So huge a masse, and hide from heuens eye?
Or where hast thou thy wonne that so much
gold

Thou canst preserve from wrong and robbery?
'Come thou,' (quoth he) 'and see' So by and by
Through that thicke covert he him led, and
found

A darkesome way, which no man could descry,
That deep descended through the hollow
ground, [arownd,
And was with dread and horror compassed]

XXI

At length they came into a larger space,
That stretcht it selfe into an ample playne,
Through which a beuten broad high way did
trice,

That straight did lead to Plutoes griesly rayne
By that wayes side there sate internall Payne,
And fast beside him sat tumultuous Strife
The one in hand an iron whip did straine,
The other brandished a bloody knife,
And both did gnash their teeth, and both did
threaten life

XXII

On thother side in one consort there sate
Cruell Revenge, and rancorous Despight,
Disloyall Treason and hart-burning Hate,
But growning Gealousy out of their sight
Sitting alone, his bitter lips did bight,
And trembling Feare still to and fro did flye,
And found no place wher safe he shroud him
might

Lamenting Sorrow did in darknes lye, [eye
And shame his ugly face did hide from living

XXIII

And over them sad horror with grim hew
Did alwaies rore, beating his iron wings,
And after him Owles and Night-ravens flew,
The hatefull messengers of heauy things,
Of death and dolor telling sad tidings,
Whiles sad Celeno, sitting on a chesse,
A song of bale and bitter sorrow sang,
That hart of flint asonder could haue rift;
Which having ended after him she flyeth
swifte,

XXIV

All these before the gates of Pluto lay,
By whom they passing spake unto them
nought,
But th' Elfin knight with wonder all the way
Did feed his eye, and hid his inner thought
At last him to a little dore he brought,
That to the gate of Hell, which gaped wide,
Was next adjoining, ne them parted ought
Betwixt them both was but a litle stride,
That did the house of Richesse from hell-mouth
diuide

XXV

Before the dore sat selfe-consuming Care,
Day and night keeping wart wretch and wurd
For feire hast Force or Fraud should unaware
Breake in and spoile the treasure there in gard
Ne would he suffer Sleepe once thitherward
Approch albe his drowns den were next,
For next to death is Sleepe to be compar'd,
Therefore his house is unto his annex
Here Sleep, ther Richesse, and Hel gate them
both betwext

XXVI

So soon as Mammon there arriv'd, the dore
To him did open and afforded way
Him followed the Sir Guy on evermore,
Ne darkenesse him, ne danger might dismay,
Soone as he entred was, the dore straight way
Did shutt, and from behind it forth there lept
An ugly feend, more fowle then dismall dev,
The which with monstrous stalks behind him
stept, [kept
And erer as he went dew watch upon him

XXVII

Well hoped hee, ere long that hardy guest,
If ever covetous hand or lustfull eye,
Or lips he layd on thing that likt him best,
Or ever sleepe his eye-strings did untie,
Should be his pray And therefore still on hye
He over him did hold his cruell clawes,
Threatning with greeds grape to doe him dye,

And rend in peeces with his ravenous pawes,
If ever he transgrest the fatall Stygian lawes

XXVIII

That houses forme within was rude and
strong,

Like an huge cave hewne out of locky clifte,
From whose rough vout the ragged breaches
hong

Embost with massy gold of glorious guifte,
And with rich metall loaded every rifte,
That heavy runne they did seeme to threat,
And over them Arachne high did lifte
Her cunning web, and spred her subtil net,
Enwrapped in fowle smoke and clouds more
black then Jett

XXIX

Both rooffe, and floore, and walls, were all of
gold,

But overgrowne with dust and old decay,
And hid in darkenes, that none could behold
The hew thereof, for vew of cherefull day
Did never in that house it selfe display,
But a faint shadow of uncertein light
Such as a lamp, whose life does fade away,
Or as the Moone, cloathed with cloudy night,
Does show to him that walkes in feare and sad
affright

XXX

In all that rowme was nothing to be seene
But huge great yron chests, and coffers strong,
All bard with double bends, that none could
Them to efforce by violence or wrong [weene
On every side they placed were along,
But all the grownd with sculs was scattered,
And dead mens bones, which round about were
flog,
Whose lives, it seemed, whilome there were shed,
And their vile carcases now left unburied

XXXI

They forward passe, ne Guyon yet spoke
Till that they came unto an yron dore, [word,
Which to them opened of his owne accord,
And shewd of riches such exceeding store,
As eie of man did never see before,
Ne ever could within one place be fownd,
Though all the wealth which is, or was of yore,
Could gathered be through all the world arownd,
And that above were added to that under
grownd

XXXII

The charge thereof unto a covetous Spright
Commanded was, who thereby did attend,
And warily awaited day and night,
From other covetous feends it to defend,

Who it to rob and ransacke did intend
Then Mammon, turning to that warriour, said,
'Loe' here the worldes blis loe' here the end,
To which al men doe ayme, rich to be made
Such grace now to be happy is before thee laid'

XXXIII

'Ceites,' (sayd he) 'I n'll thine offred grace,
Ne to be made so happy doe intend
Another blis before mine eyes I place,
Another happines, another end
To them that list these base regards I lend,
But I in armes, and in atchievements brave,
Do rather choose my fitting houes to spend,
And to be Lord of those that riches have,
Then them to have my selfe, and be their ser-
vile slave'

XXXIV

Thereat the feend his gnashing teeth did grate,
And griev'd so long to lacke his greedie pray,
For well he weened that so glorious bay te
Would tempt his guest to take thereof assay
Had he so doen, he had him snatcht away,
More light then Culver in the Faulcons fist
Eternall God thee save from such decay'
But, whenas Mammon saw his purpose mist,
Him to entrap unwares another way he wist.

XXXV

Thence forward he him ledd, and shortly
brought

Unto another rowme, whose dore forthright
To him did open, as it had bene taught
Therein an hundred raunges weren pight,
And hundred founnaces all burning bright
By every founnace many feendes did hyde,
Deformed creatures, horrible in sight,
And every feend his busie paines applyde
To melt the golden metall, ready to be tryde

XXXVI

One with great bellows gathered filling ayre,
And with fust wand the fewell did inflame,
Another did the dying bionds repayre
With yron tongs, and sprinkled offe the same
With liquid waves, hers Vulcans rage to tame,
Who, may string them, renewd his former heat
Some scumd the drosse that from the metall
came,
Some stird the molten owre with ladles great,
And every one did swyncke, and every one did
sweat

XXXVII

But, when an earthly wight they present saw
Glistring in armes and battalious aray,

From their whot work they did themselves
withdraw

To wonder at the sight, for till that day
They never creature saw that eame thit way
Their staring eyes sparkling with fervent fire
And ugly shapies did nigh the man dismay,
That, were it not for shame, he would retyre,
Till that him thus bespake their sovaine
Lord and sire,

XXXX

'Behold, thou Faeries sonne with mortall
Thit living eye before did never see [eye,
The thing, that thou didst crave so earnestly,
To weet whence all the wealth late shewd by
Proceeded, lo! now is revealed to thee [mee
Here is the fountaine of the worldes good
Now, therefore, if thou wilt enriched bee,
Arise thee well, and change this wifull mood,
Lest thou perhaps hereafter wish, and be
withstood'

XXXX

'Suffice it then, thou Money God,' (quoth hee)
'That all thine vyle offers I refuse
All that I need I have what needeth mee
To covet more then I have cause to use?
With such vaine shewes thy worldlings vyle
abuse,

But give me leave to follow mine emprise'
Mammon as much displeas'd, yet to hee chuse,
But beare the rigour of his bold mesprise
And thence him forward led him further to
entise

XL

He brought him, through a darksome narrow
strait,

To a broad gate all built of beaten gold
The gate was open, but therein did wait
A sturdie villain, striding stiffe and bold,
As if the highest God he self he would
In his right hand an yron club he held
But he himselfe was all of golden mould,
Yet had both life and sence, and well could
weld [quell

That cur'd weapon, when his cruell foes he

XII

Disdayne he call'd was, and did disdayne
To be so cild, and who so did him call
Sterne was his looke, and full of stomache
vayne,

His portance terrible, and stature tall
Far passing th' light of men terrestriall,
Like an hugo Giant of the Titans race, [small
Thit made him seeme all creatures great and
And with his pride all others powre desce
More sitt amongst black fiendes then men to
have his place.

XLII

Soone as those glitterand armes he did espie,
That with their brightnesse made that dark-
nes light,

His harmefull club he gan to hurtle bye,
And thre ten battell to the Faery knight,
Who likewise gan himselfe to battell light,
Till Mammon did his hasty hand withhold,
And counsell'd him abstaine from perillous fight,
For nothing might abash the villain bold,
Nemortall sterle emperce his mis-created mould.

XLIII

So having him with reason pacified,
And that hers Carle commanding to forbear,
He brought him in. The rowme was large
and wide,

As it some Gayd or solenne Temple were
Many great golden pillours did upbere
The massy rooffe, and riches huge stayne,
And every pillour decked was full dore
With crownes, and Diademes, and titles vaine,
Which mortall Princes wore while they on
earth did ravne

XLIV

A route of people there assembled were
Of every sort and nation under skye,
Which with great uprore preceid to draw nere
To th' upper part where was advanced he
A stateli siege of sovaine majestie
And thereon sitt a woman, gorgeously gay
And richly cladd in robes of roialtie,
Thit never earthly Prince in such array
His glory did enhance, and pompous pryde
display

XLV

Her face right wondrous faire did seeme to
bee, [threw
That her broad beauties beam great brightnes
Through the dim shride, that all men might
it see

Yet was not that same her owne native hew,
But wrought by art and counterfitted shew,
Thereby more lovers unto her to call
Nath'lesse most hevenly sure in deed and vew
She by creation was, till she did fall
Thenceforth she sought for helps to cloke her
crime withall.

XLVI

There, as in glistring glory she did sitt,
She held a great gold chaine ylincked well
Whose upper end to highest heven was knitt,
And lower part did reach to lowest Hell,
And all that preceid did round about her swell
To crichen hold of that long chaine, thereby
To climbe aloft, and others to excell

That was Ambition, rash desire to sty,
And every luck thereof a step of dignity

LXVII

Some thought to raise themselves to high
By riches and unrighteous reward, [degree
Some by close shouldring, some by flatteree,
Others through friendes, others for base regard,
And all by wrong waies for themselves pre-
paid

Thosethat were up themselves kept others low,
Those that were low themselves held others
hard,

Ne suffred them to rise or greater grow,
But every one did strive his fellow downe to
throw

LXVIII

Which whenas Guy on saw, he gan inquite,
What meant that preace about that Ladies
throne,

And what she was that did so high aspyre?
Him Mammon answered, 'That goodly one,
Whom all that folke with such contention
Doe flock about, my deare, my daughter is
Honour and dignitie from her alone
Derived are, and all this worldes blis,
For which ye men doe strive, few gett, but
many mis

LXIX

'And fayre Philotome she rightly hight
The fairest wight that wonneth under skie,
But that this darksome neather world her light
Doth dim with horror and deformity,
Worthie of heven and hye felicitie,
From whence the gods have her for envy
thrust

But, sith thou hast found favour in mine eye,
Thy spouse I will her make, if that thou lust,
That she may thee advance for works and
merits just'

L

'Gramercy, Mammon,' (said the gentle
knight)

'For so great grace and offred high estate,
But I, that am fraile flesh and earthly wight,
Unworthy match for such immortall mate
My selfe well wote, and mine unequall fate
And were I not, yet is my trouth yphlight,
And love avowd to other Lady late,
That to remove the same I have no might
To chaunge love causelesse is reproch to warlike
knight'

LI

Mammon emmowed was with inward wrath,
Yet, forcing it to fayre, him forth thence ledd,
Through gruesly shadowes by a beaten path,
Into a garden goodly garnished

With hearbs and fruits, whose kinds mote not
be iedd

Not such as earth out of her fruitfull wombe
Throwes forth to men, sweet and well savored,
But disfull deadly black, both leafe and bloom,
Fitt to adorne the dead, and deck the dreary
tombes.

LII

There mournfull Cy presse grew in greatest
store,

And trees of bitter Gall, and Heben sad,
Dead sleeping Poppy, and black Hellebore,
Cold Coloquintida, and Tetra mad,
Mortall Samnitie, and Cicuta bad,
With which th' unjust Atheniens made to dy
Wise Sociates, who, thereof quaffing glad,
Poured out his life and last Philosophy
To the fayre Critias, his dearest Belamy'

LIII

The Garden of Proserpina this hight,
And in the midst thereof a silver seat,
With a thicke Arber goodly over-dight,
In which she often usd from open heat
Her selfe to shroud, and pleasures to entreat
Next thereunto did grow a goodly tree,
With braunches broad dispredd and body great,
Clothed with leaves, that none the wood mote
see,
And loaden all with fruit as thicke as it might
bee

LIV

Their fruit were golden apples glistring bright,
That goodly was their glory to behold
On earth like never grew, ne living wight
Like ever saw, but they from hence were sold,
For those which Hercules, with conquest bold
Got from great Atlas daughters, hence began,
And planted there did bring forth fruit of gold,
And those with which th' Euboean young man

was
Swift Atalanta, when through craft he her out
ran

LV

Here also sprong that goodly golden fruit,
With which Acontius got his lover trew,
Whom he had long time sought with fruitlesse
suit

Here eke that famous golden Apple grew,
The which amongst the gods false Ate threw,
For which th' Idean Ladies disagreed,
Till partiall Paris dempt it Venus dew,
And had of her fayre Helen for his meed,
That many noble Greekes and Trojans made
to bleed.

LVI

The warlike Elfe much wondred at this tree,
So fayre and great that shadowed all the
ground.

And his broad braunches, laden with rich fee,
Did stretch themselves without the utmost
bound

Of this great garden, compast with a mound,
Which over-hanging, they themselves did
steepe

In a blacke flood, which flow'd about it round
That is the river of Cocytus deepe,
In which full many soules do endlesse wayle
and weepe.

LVII

Which to behold he clomb up to the bancke,
And looking downe saw many damned wightes
In those sad waves, which dreffull deadly
stancke,

Plonged continually of cruell Sprigites,
That with their piteous cryes, and yelling
shrigites,

They made the further shore resounden wide.
Amongst the rest of those same ruefull sightes,
One cursed creature he by chaunce espide, [side
That drenched lay full deepe under the Garden

LVIII

Deepe was he drenched to the nymost chin,
Yet gaped still as coveting to drinke
Of the cold liquor which he waded in,
And stretching forth his hand did often thinke
To reach the fruit which grew upon the
brincke, [mouth,

But both the fruit from hand, and flood from
Did fly abacke, and made him vainely swinke
The whiles he sterv'd with hunger, and with
drouth,

He daily dyde, yet never throughly dyen couth.

LIX

The knight, him seeing labour so in vaine,
Askt who he was, and what he ment thereby?
Who, growning deepe, thus answerd him againe,
'Most cursed of all creatures under skye,
Lo' Tantalus, I here tormented lye
Of whom high Jove wont whylome feasted
bee,

Lo' here I now for want of food doe dye
But, if that thou be such as I thee see, [mee'
Of grace I pray thee, give to eat and drinke to

LX

'Nay, nay, thou greedy Tantalus,' (quoth he)
'Abide the fortune of thy present fate,
And unto all that live in high degree,
Unsaupre be of mind intemperate,
To teach them how to use their present state.'

Then gan the cursed wretch alowd to cry,
Accusing highest Jove and gods ingrate,
And eke blaspheming heiven bitterly,
As author of unjustice, there to let him dye

LXI

He lookt a htle further, and espyde
Another wretch, whose carcas deepe was drent
Within the river, which the same did hyde,
But both his hundes, most filthy seculent,
Above the water were on high extent,
And saynd to wash themselves incessantly,
Yet nothing cleaner were for such intent,
But rather fowler seemed to the eye,
So lost his labour vaine and ydle industry.

LXII

The knight him calling asked who he was?
Who, lifting up his head, him answerd thus;
'I Pilate am, the falsest Judge, alas!
And most unjust, that, by unrighteous
And wicked doome, to Jewes despitous
Delivered up the Lord of life to dye,
And did acquite a murderer felonous,
The whiles my handes I washt in purty,
The whiles my soule was soyld with fowle in-
iquity

LXIII

Infinite moe tormented in like paine
He there beheld, too long here to be told
Ne Mummion would there let him long remayne,
For terrour of the tortures manifold,
In which the damned soules he did behold,
But roughly him bespake 'Thou tearefull foole,
Why takest not of that same fruite of gold?
Ne sittest downe on that same silver stoole,
To rest thy weary person in the shadow coole?'

LXIV

All which he did to do him derdly fall
In frayle intemperaunce through sinfull bayt,
To which if he inclyned had at all, [wyt,
That dreadfull feend, which did behinde him
Would him have rent in thousand peeces strait
But he was wary wise in all his way,
And well perceived his deceitfull sleight,
Ne suffred lust his safety to betray
So goodly did beguile the Guyler of his pray

LXV

And now he has so long remained there,
That vitall powres gan weye both weake and wan
For want of food and sleepe, which two upbeare,
Like mightie pillours, this frayle life of man,
That none without the same endure can
For now three dayes of men were full out-
wrought,
Since he thus hardy enterprize began

Forthy great Mammon fayrely he besought
Into the world to guyde him backe, as he him
brought

I XVI

The God, though loth, yet was constraynd
t' obay,
For lenger time then that no living wight

Below the earth might suffred be to stay
So backe againe him brought to living light
But all so soone as his eniebled spright
Gan sucke this vitall ayre into his brest,
As overcome with too exceeding might,
The life did flit away out of her nest,
And all his sences were with deadly fit opprest

CANTO VIII.

Sir Guyon, layd in swowne, is by
Acrates sonnes despoild,
Whom Arthure soone hath reskewed,
And Paynum brethren foyld.

I

AND is there care in heaven? And is there
love

In heavenly spirits to these creatures bace,
That may compassion of their euilles move?

There is else much more wretched were the
cace

Of men then beasts But O' th' exceeding
Of highest God that loves his creatures so,
And all his workes with mercy doth embrace,
That blessed Angels he sends to and fro, [for
To serve to wicked man, to serve his wicked

II

How oft do they their silver bowers leave,
To come to succour us that succour want
How oft do they with golden pineons cleave
The fitting skyes, like flying Pursuivant
Against fowle teendes to ayd us militant
They for us fight, they watch and dewly ward,
And then bright Squadions round about us
plant,
And, all for love, and nothing for reward
O' why should heavenly God to men have such
regard?

III

During the while that Guyon did abide
In Mamons house, the Palmer, whom whyleare
That wanton Mayd of passage had denide,
By further search had passage found elsewhere,
And, being on his way, appoched neare
Where Guyon lay in traunce, when suddenly
He heard a voyce that called lowd and cleare,
'Come hither' hither' O, come hastily'
That all the fields resounded with the ruefull
cry

IV

The Palmer lent his eare unto the noyce,
To weet who called so importunely
Againe he heard a more efforced voyce,
That bad him come in haste He by and by

His feeble feet directed to the cry,
Which to that shady delye him brought at last,
Where Mammon eist did sunne his threasury,
There the good Guyon he found slumbring fast
In senecles dreame, which sight at first him
sore aghast

V

Beside his head there satt a faire young man,
Of wondrous beauty and of freshest yeares,
Whose tender bud to blossomie new began,
And flourish faire above his equall peares
His snowy front, curled with golden heares,
Like Phoebus face adorn'd with sunny rayes,
Divinely shone, and two shapely winged
sheares,
Decked with diverse plumes, like painted Jayes,
Were fixed at his backe to cut his ayery wayes

VI

Like as Cupido on Idean hill,
When having laid his cruell bow away
And mortall arrowes, wherewith he doth fill
The world with murderous spoiles and bloody
pray,
With his faire mother he him dights to play,
And with his goodly sisters, Graces three
The Goddesses, pleased with his wanton play,
Suffers her selfe through sleepe beguild to bee,
The whiles the other Ladies mind theyr mery
glee

VII

Whom when the Palmer saw, abasht he was
Through fear and wonder that he nought could
say,
Till him the childe bespoke, 'Long lackt, alas'
Hath bene thy faithfull aide in hard assay,
Whiles deadly hnt thy pupill doth dismay
Behold this heavy sight, thou reverend Sire!
But dread of death and dolor doe away,
For life ere long shall to her home retire,
And he that breathlesse seems shal corage both
respire.

VIII

'The charge, which God doth unto me arrett,
Of his deare sfsety, I to thee commend,
Yet will I not forgoe, ne yet forgett
The care thereof my selfe unto the end,
But evermore him succome, and defend
Agunst his foe and mine watch thou, I pray,
For evil is at hand him to offend'
So having said, eftsoones he gan display
His painted nimble wings, and vanisht quite
away

IX

The Palmer seemg his leste empty place,
And his slow eyes beguiled of their sight,
Wore sore afraid, and standing still a space
Gaz'd after him, as fowle escapt by flight
At last, him turning to his charge behight,
With trembling hand his troubled pulse gan
try,
Where finding life not yet dislodged knight,
He much rejoyst, and could it tenderly,
As chicken newly hatcht, from dreaded destiny

X

At last he spide where towards him did pace
Two Paynim knights al arm'd as bright as
skie,
And them beside an aged Sire did trace,
And far before a light-footed Page did lie,
That breathed strife and troublous enmitie.
Those were the two sonnes of Acrates old,
Who, meeting erst with Archimago she
Foreby, that idle strond, of him were told
That he which erst them combattet was Guy on
bold

XI

Which to venge on him they dearily vowd,
Where ever that on ground they mote him
find
False Archimago provokte their corage prowd,
And stryful Atin in their stubborne mind
Coles of contention and what vengeaunce tind
Now bene they come whereas the Palmer sate,
Keeping that slombred corse to him assind
Well knen they both his person, sith of late
With him in bloody armes they risshly did
debate

XII

Whom when Pyrochles saw, inflam'd with rage
That sere he fowl bespake 'Thou dotard vile,
That with thy brutenesse shendst thy comely
Abandon soone, I read, the crytive spoile [age,
Of that same outcast carcass, that erewhile
Made it selfe famous through false trechery,
And crownd his coward crest with knightly
stile,

Loe! where he now inglorious doth lye,
To prove he liv'd it that did thus sowly dye'

XIII

To whom the Palmer fearlesse answered
'Certe, Sir knight, ye bene too much to blame,
Thus for to blott the honor of the dead,
And with fowle cowardize his carcass shame,
Whose living handes immortalizd his name
Vile is the vengeunce on the rshes cold,
And eny base to birke at sleeping fame
Was never wight that treason of him told
Your self his provesse prov'd, and found him
fiers and bold'

XIV

Then sayd Cymochles 'Palmer, thou doest
dote,
Ne erst of provesse ne of knighthood deeme,
Save as thou seest or hearst But well I wote,
That of his pussaunce triall made extreme
Yet gold al is not that doth golden seeme,
Ne all good knights that shake well speare and
shield
The worth of all men by their end esteeme,
And then dew praise ordeu reproch them yeld,
Bad therefore I him deeme that thus lies dead
on field'

XV

'Good or bad,' gan his brother hers reply,
'What doe I recke, with that he dido entire?
Or what doth his bad death now satisfy
The greedy hunger of revenging yre, [sire?
Sith wrathfull hand wrought not her owne de-
yet since no way is leste to wreake my spight,
I will him reave of armes, the victors hire,
And of that shield, more worthy of good knight,
For why should a dead dog be deckt in armour
bright?'

XVI

'Fay Sir,' said then the Palmer supphaunt,
'For knightoods love doe not so fowle a deed,
Ne blame your honor with so shamefull vauht
Of vile revenge To spoile the dead of weel
Is sacrilege, and doth all sinnes exceed
But leave these relicks of his living might
To decke his herce, and trap his tomb-blacke
steed'
[Have sight,
'What herce or steed' (said he) 'should he
But be entombd in the raven or the knight?'

XVII

With that, rude hand upon his shield he laid,
And th' other brother gan his helme unlace,
Both mercely bent to have him disaraid,
Till that they spyde where towards them did
pace

An armed knight, of bold and bouuteous grace,
Whose squire bore after him an heben launce
And covered shield Well kend him so far -pace
Th' enchaunter by his armes and amenaunce,
When under him he saw his Lybian steed to
prounce,

XXII

And to those brethren sayd, 'Rise, rise by live,
And unto batter doe y our selves addresse;
For yonder comes the provest knight alive,
Prince Arthur, flowre of grace and noblesse,
That hath to Paynym knights wrought gret
distresse,

And thousand Sir'zins fowly donne to dye'
That word so deepe did in their harts impress,
That both eftsoones upstart furiously,
And gan themselves prepare to battell greedily

XXIX

But fiers Pyrochles, lacking his owne sword,
The want thereof now greatly gan to plaine,
And Arclumage besought, him that afford
Which he had brought for Braggadochio vaine
'So would I,' (said th' enchaunter) 'glad and
faine

Beteeme to you this sword, you to defend,
Or ought that els your honour might main-
taine,

But that this weapons powre I well have kend
To be contrary to the worke which ye intend

XX

'For that same knights owne sword this is,
of yore
Which Merlin made by his almightie art
For that his nourling, when he knighthood
swore,

Therewith to doen his foes eternall smart.
The metall first he mixt with Medewart,
That no enchantment from his dint might
save,

Then it in flames of Aetna wrought apart,
And seven times dipped in the bitter wave
Of hellish Styx, which hidden vertue to it gave.

XXI

'The vertue is, that nether steele nor stone
The stroke thereof from entraunce may defend,
Ne ever may be used by his fone,
Ne forst his rightful owner to offend,
Ne ever will it breake, ne ever bend.
Wherefore *Morddure* it rightfully is hight
In vaine therefore, Pyrochles, should I lend
The same to thee, against his lord to fight,
For sure yt would deceive thy labor and thy
might.'

XXII

'Foolish old man,' said then the Pagan wroth,
'That weenest words or charms may force
withstond

Soone shalt thou see, and then beleve for troth,
That I can carve with this inchaunted brond
His Lords owne flesh.' Therewith out of his
hond

That vertuous steele he rudely snatcht away,
And Guyons shield about his wrest he bond.
So ready dight fierce battaile to assay,
And match his brother proud in battalious aray

XXIII

By this, that straunger knight in presence
came,

And goodly salued them, who nought againe
Him answered, as courtesie became, [daine,
But with sterne lookes, and stomachous dis-
Gave signes of grudge and discontentment
vaine

Then, turning to the Palmer, he gan spy
Where at his feet, with sorrowfull demayne
And deadly hew, an armed corse did lye,
In whose dead face he redd great magnanimity.

XXIV

Sayd he then to the Palmer 'Reverend Syre,
What great misfortune hath betidd this knight?
Or did his life her fatall date expyre,
Or did he fall by treason, or by fight?
How ever, sure I rewe his pitteous plight.'

'Not one, nor other,' sayd the Palmer grave,
'Hath him befallne, bnt cloudes of deadly night
A while his heavy eylds cover'd have, [wave
And all his sences drowned in deep sencelesse

XXV

'Which those his cruell foes, that stand here-
by,

Making advauntage, to revenge their spight,
Would him disaime and treaten shamefully,
Unworthe usage of redoubted knight.
But you, faire Sir, whose honourable sight
Doth promise hope of helpe and timely grace,
Mote I beseech to succour his sad plight,
And by your powre protect his feeble case?
First prayse of knighthood is fowle outrage to
deface.'

XXVI

'Palmer, (said he) 'no knight so rude, I weene,
As to doen outrage to a sleeping ghost,
Ne was there ever noble corage scene,
That in advauntage would his puissaunce bost
Honour is least where oddes appeareth most
May bee, that better reason will aswage
The rash revengers heat Words, well dispost,

Have secrete powre t' appease inflamed rage.
If not, leave unto me thy knights last patron-
age.

XXI II

Thou, turning to those brethren, thus bespoke.
'Ye warlike parre, whose valorous great might,
It seemes, just wronges to vengeance doe
provoke, [knight,
To wrenke your wrath on this dead seeming
Mote ought allay the storme of your despight,
And cettie patience in so furious heat?
Not to debate the chaigne of your right,
But for his carkas pardon I entreat,
Whom fortune hath already laid in lowest seat.'

XXI III

To whom Cymochiles said, 'For what art thou,
That mak'st thy selfe his dayes-man, to prolong
The vengeance prest? Or who shall let me
now

On this vnde body from to wreak my wrong,
And made his carkas as the outcast dog?
Why should not that dead carrion satisfye
The guilt which, if he lived had thus long,
His life for dew revenge should deare aby?
The trespass still doth live, albee the person dye.

XXI IV

'Indeed,' then said the Prince, 'the evill donne
Dyes not, when breath the body first doth leave
But from the grandayre to the Nephewes sonne.
And all his seede the curse doth often chaine,
Till vengeance utterly the guilt beane
So straightly God doth judge. But gentle
Knight,

That doth against the dead his hand upheave
His honour staines with rancour and despight,
And great disparagment makes to his former
might.'

XXI V

Pyrochles gan reply the second tyme,
And to him said 'Now, felon, sure I read,
How that thou art partaker of his crime
Therefore, by Termagaunt thou shalt be dead
With that his hand, more sad then Iomp of
lead,

Uplifting high, he weened with Morddure,
His owne good sword Morddure, to cleave his
head

The faithfull steele such treason no'ld endure
But, swarring from the marke, his Lordes list
did assure

XXI VI

Yet was the force so furious and so fell,
That horse and man it made to reele as de
Nathlesse the Prince would not forsake his sell,
For well of yore he learned had to ryde,

But full of anger fiercely to him cryde;
'Kalse traitour! miscreant! thou broken bast-
The law of armes to strike foe undetide-
But thou thy treasons fruit, I hope, shalt taste
Right sowre, and feele the law the which thou
hast defast.'

XXI VII

With that his balefull speare he fiercely bent
Against the Pagans brest, and therewith
thought

His cased life out of her lodge have rent;
But ere the point arrived where it ought,
That seven fold shield, which he from Guyon
brought,

He cast between to ward the latter stownd:
Through all those foldes the steelehead passage
wrought, [to ground
And through his shoulder perat, wherewith
He growling fell, all gored in his gushing
wound

XXI VIII

Which when his brother saw, fraught with
great griefe
And wrath, he to him leaped furiously,
And fowly saide 'By Mahonne, cursed thiefe,
That dirfull stroke thou dearely shalt aby-
Then, hurling up his harmefull blade on hy,
Smote him so hugely on his haughtie cress,
That from his saddle forced him to fly,
I is mote it neede downe to his manly brest
Have cleft his head in twaine, and life thence
disposent

XXI IX

Now was the Prince in daungerous distresse,
Wanting his sword when he on foot should
fight

His single speare could doe him small redresse
Against two foes of so exceeding might,
The least of which was match for any knight.
And now the other, whom he earst did daunt,
Had reard him selfe againe to cruel fight
Three times more furious and more puissant,
Unmindfull of his wound, of his fate ignorant.

XXI X

So both attonce him charge on either syde
With hideous strokes and importable powre,
That forced him his ground to traverse wide,
And wisely watch to ward that deadly stowre;
For in his shield, as thicke as storme showre,
Their strokes did raine yet did he never
quail,

Ne backward shrinke, but as a stedfast towre,
Whom foe with double battie doth assaile,
Them on her bulwarke beares, and bids them
nought availe

XXVII

So stoutly he withstood their strong assay,
Till that at last, when he advantage spyde,
His poynant speare he thrust with puissant
sway [wyde,
At proud Cymochles, whiles his shield was
That through his thigh the mortall steele did
gyde

He, swarving with the force, within his flesh
Did breake the lance, and let the head abyde
Out of the wound the red blood flowed fresh,
That underneath his feet soone made a purple
plesh.

XXVIII

Horribly then he gan to rage and rayle,
Cursing his Gods, and him selfe damming deepe
Als when his brother saw the red blood rayle
Adowne so fast, and all his armour steepe,
For very fellesse lowd he gan to weepe,
And said, 'Cay tive, curse on thy cruell hond,
That twise hath spedd, yet shall it not thee
keepe
From the thurd brunt of this my fatall brond
Lo! where the dreadfull Death behynd thy
backe doth stond.'

XXIX

With that he strooke, and thother strooke
withall, [might
That nothing seemd mote beare so monstrous
The one upon his covered shield did fall, [byte,
And glauncing downe would not his owner
But thother did upon his troncheon smyte,
Which hewing quite asunder, further way
It made, and on his hacqueton did lyte,
The which dividing with importune sway,
It seizd in his right side, and there the dint
did stay.

XXX

Wyde was the wound, and a large lukewarme
blood,
Red as the Rose, thence gushed grievously,
That when the Paynym spyde the streaming
blood,
Gave him great hart and hope of victory
On th' other side, in huge perplexity
The Prince now stood, having his weapon broke,
Nought could he hurt, but still at warde did ly
Yet with his troncheon he so rudely stroke
Cymochles twise, that twise him forst his foot
revoke

XLI

Whom when the Palmer saw in such distresse,
Sir Guy on's sword he lightly to him raught,
And said, 'Fayre Sonne, great God thy right
hand blesse,
To use that sword so well as he it ought!'

Glad was the knight, and with fresh courage
fraught,

When as againe he armed felt his hond
Then like a Lyon, which hath long time saught
His robbed whelpes, and at the last them fond
Amongst the shepheard swaynes, then wexeth
wood and yond.

XLI

So fierce he laid about him, and dealt blowes
On either side, that neither mayle could hold,
Ne shield defend the thunder of his throwes
Now to Pyrochles many strokes he told,
Eft to Cymochles twise so many fold,
Then, backe againe turning his busie hond,
Them both atonce compeld with courage bold
To yield wide way to his hart-thrilling brond,
And though they both stood stuffe, yet could
not both withstand

XLII

As shage Bull, whom two fierce mastives
bayt,
When rancour doth with rage him once engore,
Forgets with wary warde them to awayt,
But with his dreadfull hornes them drives afore,
Or flings aloft, or treades downe in the flore,
Beathing out wrath, and bellowing disdaine,
That all the forest quakes to heare him rore
So rag'd Prince Arthur twist his foemen
twaine, [sustaine,
That neither cou'd his mightie poussaunce

XLIII

But ever at Pyrochles when he smitt,
(Who Guy on's shield cast ever him before,
Whereon the Faery Queenes pourtract was
writt,)

His hand relented and the stroke forbore,
And his deare hart the picture gan adore,
Which oft the Paynym sav'd from deadly
stowre [more,
But him henceforth the same can save no
For now arrived is his fatall howre, [powre.
That no'te avoyded be by earthly skill or

XLIV

For when Cymochles saw the fowle reproch,
Which them appeached, prickt with guiltie
shame

And inward grieve, he fiercely gan approach,
Resolv'd to put away that loathly blame,
Or dye with honour and desert of fame,
And on the haubergh stroke the Prince so sore,
That quite disparted all the linked frame,
And pierced to the skin, but bit no more,
Yet made him twise to reele, that never moov'd
afore.

XLV

Whereat renfierst with wrath and sharp regret,
He stroke so hugely with his borrowd blade,
That it empiert the Pagans burganet,
And, cleaving the hard Steele, did deepe invade
Into his head, and cruell passage made
Quite through his brayne. He, tombing
downe on ground, [shade
Breathd out his ghost, which, to th' infernall
Fast flying, there eternall torment found
For all the sunnes wherewith his lowd life did
abound.

XLVI

Which when his german saw, the stony feare
Ran to his hart, and all his sence dismayd,
No thenceforth life ne corage did appeare,
But as a man whom hellish feendes have frayd,
Long trembling still hestood at last thus sayd,
'Traytour, what hast thou doen? flow ever
may
Thy cursed hand so cruelly have swayd
Against that knight! Harrow and well away!
After so wicked deeds why liv'st thou lenger
day?'

XLVII

With that all desperate, as loathing light,
And with revenge desyring soone to dye,
Assembling all his force and utmost might,
With his owne sward he fierce at him did flye,
And strooke, and soynd, and lasht outrageously,
Withouten reason or regard. Well knew
The Prince, with patience and sufferance sh,
So hasty heat soone cooled to subdew
Tho, when this breathlesse woxe, that batted
gan renew

XLVIII

As when a windy tempest bloweth hie,
That nothing may withstand his stormy
stowre, [flye,
The cloudes, as thinges affraid, before him
But all so soone as his outrageous powre
Is layd, they fiercely then begin to showre,
And, as in scorne of his spent stormy spight,
Now all attonce their malice forth do poure
So did Prince Arthur beare himselfe in fight,
And suffred rash Pyrochles waste his ydle
might

XLIX

At last, when as the Sarazin perceiv'd
How that straunge sword refusd to serve his
need, [deceiv'd,
But when he stroke most strong the dunt
He slong it from him, and, devoyd of dreed,
Upon him lightly leaping without heed
Twixt his two mighty armes engrasped fast,
Thinking to overthrowe and downe him
tred

But him in strength and skill the Prince surpass,
And through his nimble sleight did under him
down cast.

L

Nought booted it the Paynum then to strive,
For as a Buttur in the Eagles clawe,
That may not hope by flight to scape alive,
Still waytes for death with dread and trem-
bling aw,
So he, now subject to the victours law,
Did not once move, nor upward cast his eye,
For vile disdaune and rancour, which did
gnaw

His hart in twaine with sad melancholy;
As one that loathed life, and yet despyd to
dye.

LI

But full of princely bounty and great mind,
The Conquerour nought cared him to slay,
But casting wronges and all revenge behind,
More glory thought to give life then decay,
And sayd, 'Paynum, this is thy dismall day,
Yet if thou wilt renounce thy miscreance,
And my trew hegeman yield thy selfe for ay,
Life will I graunt thee for thy valaunce,
And all thy wronges will wipe out of my
sovernaunce'

LII

'Foole!' (sayd the Pagan) 'I thy gift defye,
But use thy fortune as it doth befall,
And say, that I not overcome doe dye,
But in despite of life for death doe call.'
Wroth was the Prince, and sorry yet withall,
That he so wilfully refused grace,
Yet sith his fate so cruelly did fall,
His shining Helmet he gan soone unlace,
And left his headlesse body bleeding all the
place

LIII

By this Sir Guy on from his traunce awakt,
Life having maystered her sencelesse foe,
And looking up, whenas his shield he lakt
And sword saw not, he wexed wondrous woe,
But when the Palmer, whom he long ygue
Had lost, he by him spyde, right glad he grew,
And saide, 'Deare sir, whom wandring to and
fro

I long have lakt, I joy thy face to vew..
Firme is thy faith, whom daunger never from
me drew

LIV

'But read, what wicked hand hath robbed mee
Of my good sword and shield?' The Palmer,
glad
With so fresh hew uprysing him to see,
Him answered. 'Fayre sonne, be no what sad

For want of weapons, they shall soone be had
So gan he to discourse the whole debate,
Which that straunge knight for him sustained
had,

And those two Sarazins confounded late,
Whose carcasses on ground were horribly pros-
trate

LV

Which when he heard, and saw the tokens
trew,
His hart with great affection was embayd,
And to the Prince, bowing with reverence dew
As to the patrone of his life, thus sayd, [ayd
'My Lord, my liege, by whose most gracious
I live this day, and see my foes subdewd,

What may suffice to be for meede repayd
Of so great graces as ye have me shewd,
But to be ever bound'—

LVI

To whom the Infant thus, 'Fayre Sir, what
need

Good turnes be counted as a servile bond
To bind their dooers to receive their meed?
Are not all knightes by oath bound to withstond
Oppressours powre by armes and puissant
hond'

Suffice that I have done my dew in place'
So goodly purpose they together fond
Of kindnesse and of courteous aggrace,
The whiles false Archimuge and Atin fled apace

CANTO IX

The house of Temperance, in which
Doth sober Alma dwell,
Besiegd of many foes, whom straung-
er knightes to flight compell

I

Of all Gods workes which doe this worlde
adorne,

There is no one more faire and excellent
Then is mans body, both for powre and forme,
Whiles it is kept in sober government,
But none then it more fowle and indecent,
Distempred through misrule and passions
bace,

It growes a Monster, and incontinent
Doth loose his dignity and native grace
Behold, who list, both one and other in this
place

II

After the Paynim brethren conquer'd were,
The Briton Prince recov'ring his stolne sword,
And Guy on his lost shield, they both yfere
Forth passed on their way in fayre accord,
Till him the Prince with gentle court did bord
'Sir knight, mote I of you this court'sy read,
To weet why on your shield, so goodly scord,
Beare ye the picture of that Ladies head?
Full lively is the semblaunt, though the sub-
stance dead'

III

'Fayre Sir,' (sayd he) 'if in that picture dead
Such life ye read, and vertue in vaine shew;
What mote ye weene, if the tiew lively-head
Of that most glorious visage ye did vew
But yf the beauty of her mind ye knew,
That is, her bounty, and imperiall powre,

Thousand times fairer than her mortall hew,
O' how great wonder would your thoughts
devoune,
And infinite desue into your spirite poure

IV

'Shee is the mighty Queene of Faery,
Whose faire retiaint I in my shield doe beare,
Shee is the flowre of grace and chastity
Throughout the world, renown med far and neare,
My liege, my liege, my Sovereaine, my deare,
Whose glory shineth as the morning staire,
And with her light the earth enlumines
cleare

Far reach her mercies, and her praises farre,
As well in state of peace, as pussaunce in
warre'

V

'Thrise happy man,' (said then the Briton
knight)
'Whom gracious lott and thy great valhaunce
Have made thee soldier of that Princesse
bright,

Which with her bounty and glad countenance
Doth blesse her servants, and them high
advance

How may straunge knight hope ever to aspire,
By faithfull service and meete amenaunce,
Unto such blisse? sufficient were that hire
For losse of thousand lives, to die at her
desire.'

VI

Said Guyon, 'Noble Lord, what meed so
Or grace of earthly Prince so soveraine, [great,
But by your wondrous worth and warlike feat
Ye well may hope, and easely attaine?
But were your will her sold to entertaine,
And numbred be mongst knights of Mayden-
hed,

Great guerdon, well I wote, should you remaine,
And in her fav or high bee reckoned,
As Arthegall and Sophy now beene honored'

VII

'Certes,' (then said the Prince) 'I God avow,
That sith I armes and knighthood first did
plight,

My whole desire hath beene, and yet is now,
To serve that Queene with al my powre and
might

Seven times the Sunne, with his lamp-burning
Hath walkte about the world, and I no lesse,
Sith of that Goddesse I have sought the sight,
Yet no where can her find such happinesse
Heven doth to me envy, and fortune favour-
lesse.'

VIII

'Fortune, the foe of famous chevisaunce,
'Seldom,' (said Guyon) 'yields to vertue
aide,

But in her way throwes mischiefe and mis-
Whereby her course is stopt and passage stand
But you, faire Sir, be not herewith dismayd,
But constant keepe the way in which ye stand,
Which, were it not that I am els delaid
With hard adventure which I have in hand,
'labour would to guide you through al Faer
land'

IX

'Gramercy Sir,' said he, 'but mote I weete
What strange adventure doe ye now pur-sue?
Perhaps my succour or advizement meete
Mote stead you much your purpose to subdew
Then gan Sir Guyon all the story shew
Of false Acrasia and her wicked wiles,
Which to avenge the Palmer him forth drew
From Faery court. So talked they, the while
They wasted had much way, and measured
many miles

X

And now faire Phoebus gan decline in haste
His weary wagon to the Western vale,
Whenas they spide a goodly castle, plaste
Foreby a river in a pleasunt dale,
Which choosung for that evenings hospitale,
They thither marcht but when they came in
sight,

And from their sweaty Coursers did avale,

They found the gates fast barred long ere night,
And every loup fast lockt, as fearing toes des-
pight.

XI

Which when they saw, they weened towle
reproch

Was to them doen, their entraunce to forestall,
Till that the Squire gan nigher to approach,
And wind his horne under the castle wall,
That with the noise it shooke as it would fall.
Eftsoones forth looked from the highest spire
The watch, and lowd unto the knights did call,
To weete what they so rudely did require?

Who gently answered, They entraunce did
desire.

XII

'Fly fly, good knights,' (said he) 'fly fast
away,

If that your lives ye love, as meete ye should;
Fly fast, and save your selves from neare de-
cay,

Here may ye not have entraunce, though we
We would, and would againe, if that we
But thousand enemies about us rave, [could,
And with long siege us in the castle hold.
Seven yeares thus wize they us besieged have,
And many good knights slaine that have us
sought to save'

XIII

Thus as he spoke, loe' with outrageous cry,
A thousand villains rownd about them swarmed
Out of the rockes and caves adjoining rye,
Vile captive wretches, ragged, rude, deformed,
All threatening death, all in strange manner
armd,

Some with unweldy clubs, some with long
Some rusty knifes, some staves in fier warnd:
Sterne was their looke, like wild amazed
steares,

Staring with hollow eyes, and stiffe upstanding
heares

XIV

Fierly at first those knights they did assaile,
And drove them to recoile, but when againe
They gave fresh charge, their forces gan to
liable their encounter to sustaine, [fayle,
For with such puissance and impetuous maine
Those Champions broke on them, that first
them fly,

Like scattered Sheepe, whenas the Shepherds
A Lyon and a Tigre doth espye, [forest nee
With greedy pace forth rushing from the

XV

A while they fled, but soone retourned againe
With greater fury then before was fownd,

And evermore their cruell Capitaine [rownd,
Sought with his raskall routs t'enclose them
And, overronne, to tread them to the grownd
But soone the knights with their bright burn-
ing blades [fownd,
Broke their rude troupes and orders did con-
Hewing and slashing at their idle shades,
For though they bodies seem, yet substance
from them fades

XVI

As when a swarme of Gnats at eventide
Out of the fennes of Allan doe arise, [wide,
Their murmuring small trompetts sownden
Whiles in the aire their clustring army flies,
That as a cloud doth seeme to dim the skyes,
Ne man nor beast may rest, or take repast
For their sharpe wounds and noyous injuries,
Till the fierce Northerne wind with blustering
blast [cast
Doth blow them quite away, and in the Ocean

XVII

Thus when they had that troublous rout
disperst,
Unto the castle gate they come againe,
And entraunce crav'd which was denied erst
Now when report of that their perious paine,
And combrous conflict which they did sustaine,
Came to the Ladies eare which there did dwell,
Shée forth issewed with a goodly traine
Of Squires and Ladies equipaged well,
And entertained them right fairely, as befell.

XVIII

Alma she called was, a virgin bright,
That had not yet felt Cupides wanton rage,
Yet was shée woo'd of many a gentle knight,
And many a Lord of noble parentage,
That sought with her to lincke in marriage
For shée was faire as faire mote ever bee,
And in the flowre now of her freshest age,
Yet full of grace and goodly modestee, [see
That even heven rejoyced her sweete face to

XIX

In robe of lilly white she was arayd,
That from her shoulder to her heele downe
raught,
The traine whereof loose far behind her strayd,
Braunched with gold and perle most richly
wrought, [taught
And borne of two faire Damsels which were
That service well Her yellow golden heare
Was trimly woyen and in tresses wrought,
Ne other tire she on her head did weare,
But crowned with a garland of sweete Rosiere.

XX

Goodly shée entertaind those noble knights,
And brought them up into her castle hall,
Where gentle court and gracious delight
Shée to them made, with mildnesse virginall,
Shewing her selfe both wise and liberall
Then, when they rested had a season dew,
They her besought of favour speciall
Of that faire Castle to afford them vew
Shée graunted, and, them leading forth, the
same did shew

XXI

First she them led up to the Castle wall,
That was so high as foe might not it clime,
And all so faire and fensible withall,
Not built of bricke, ne yet of stone and lime,
But of thing like to that Egyptian slime,
Whereof king Nine whilome built Babel towre.
But O great pittie! that no lenger time
So goodly workmanship should not endure
Soone it must turne to earth, no earthly thing
is sure

XXII

The frame thereof seemd partly circulare,
And part triangulare, O worke divine!
Those two the first and last proportions are,
The one imperfect, mortall, feminine,
Th' other immortall, perfect, masculine,
And twixt them both a quadrate was the base,
Proportiond equally by seven and nine,
Nine was the circle sett in heavens place
All which compacted made a goodly Diapase.

XXIII

Therein two gates were placed seemly well
The one before, by which all in did pas,
Did th' other far in workmanship excell,
For not of wood, nor of enduring bras,
But of more worthy substance fram'd it was
Doubly disparited, it did locke and close,
That when it locked none might thorough pas,
And when it opened, no man might it close,
Still open to then frindes, and closed to their
foes.

XXIV

Of hewen stone the porch was fayrely wrought,
Stone more of valew, and more smooth and
fine,
Then Jett or Marble far from Ireland brought,
Over the which was cast a wandring vine,
Enchaced with a wanton vine twine,
And over it a fayre Portecullis hong,
Which to the gate directly did incline
With comely compasse and compacture strong,
Nether unseemly short, nor yet exceeding
long

XXV

Within the Barbican a Porter sate,
Day and night duely keeping watch and ward,
Nor wight nor word mote passe out of the gate,
But in good order, and with dew regard,
Utters of secrets he from thence debarde,
Bablers of folly, and blazers of cryme.
His Iarumbell might lowd and vnde be hard
When cause requird, but neuer out of time;
Early and late it rong, at evening and at prime

XXVI

And rownd about the porch on every syde
Twise sixteen warders satt, all armed bright
In glistering steels, and strongly fortifyde
Tall yeomen seemed they and of great might,
And were enraunged ready still for fight.
By them as Alma passed with her guesates,
They did obeysaunce, as beseeemed right,
And then againe retourned to their restes
The Porter eke to her did lout with humble
gestes.

XXVII

Thence she them brought into a stately Hall,
Wherein were many tables fayre dispred,
And ready dight with drapets festiual,
Against the vnaundes should be ministrd
At th' upper end there sate, yclad in red
Downe to the ground, a comely personage,
That in his hand a white rod menaged
He Steward was, light Diet, ripe of age,
And in demeanure sober, and in counsell sage

XXVIII

And through the Hall there walked to and fro
A jolly woman, Marshall of the same, [fro
Whose name was Appetite he did bestow
Both guesates and meate, when ever in they
came,
And knew them how to order without blame,
As him the Steward bidd They both attone
Did dewty to their Lady, as became,
Who, passing by, forth led her guesates anone
Into the kitchen roome, no spard for nicenesse
none

XXIX

It was a vault ybuilt for great dispence,
With many raunges reard along the wall,
And one great chumney, whose long tonnell
thence
The smoke forth threw And in the midst of all
There piced was a caudron wide and tall
Upon a mightie fornice, burning whott
More whott then Acton, or flaming Mongoball
For day and night it brent, ne ceased not,
So long as any thing it in the caudron gott

XXX

But to delay the heat, least by mischaunce
It might breake out and set the whole on fyre,
There added was by goodly ordinaunce [styre
An huge great payre of bellows, which did
Continually, and cooling breath inspyre
About the Caudron many Cookes accoyld
With hookes and laddes, as need did requyre
The whyles the vnaundes in the vessell boyld
They did about their businesse sweat, and
sorely toyl

XXXI

The maister Cooke was cald Concoction,
A carefull man, and full of comely guyse.
The kitchen clerke, that hight Digestion,
Did order all th' Achates in seemely wyse,
And set them forth, as well he could devise.
The rest had severall offices assaynd,
Some to remove the scum as it did rise,
Others to beare the same away did mynd,
And others it to use according to his kynd

XXXII

But all the liquour, which was fowle and
waste,
Not good nor serviceable elles for ought,
They in another great rownd vessell plaste.
Fill by a conduit pipe it thence were brought,
And all the rest, that noyous was and nought,
By secret wyres, that none might it espy,
Was close conveyd, and to the backgate brought,
That cleped was Port Esquiline, whereby
It was as olded quite, and throwne out privily

XXXIII

Which goodly order and great workmans skill
Whenas those knightes beheld, with rare delight
And gazing wonder they their mindes did fill,
For never had they seene so straunge a sight.
Thence backe againe fare Alma led them right,
And soone into a goodly Parlour brought,
That was with rowl all arras richly dight,
In which was nothing pourtrahed nor wrought,
Not wrought nor pourtrahed, but easie to be
thought

XXXIV

And in the midst thereof upon the floure
A lovely bery of faire Ladies sate,
Courtred of many a jolly Paramoure,
The which them did in modest wise amate,
And each one sought his Lady to aggrate
And eke amongst them litle Cupid playd
His wnton sportes, being retourned late
I rom his fierce warres, and having from him
layd
His cruel bow, wherewith he thousands hath
dismayd.

XXXX

Diverse delights they fownd them selves to
 please, [Joy,
 Some song in sweet consort, some laught for
 Some plaide with strawes, some ydly satt at ease,
 But other some could not abide to toy,
 All pleasance was to them grieve and annoy
 This frownd, that faund, the thurd for shame
 did blush,
 Another seemed envious or coy,
 Another in her teeth did gnaw a rush,
 But at these straungers presence every one
 did hush

XXXX

Soone as the gracious Almy came in place,
 They all attonce out of their seates arose,
 And to her homage made with humble grace
 Whom when the knights beheld, they gan dis-
 pose
 Themselves to court, and each a damzell chose
 The Prince by chaunce did on a Lady light,
 That was right faire and fresh as morning
 rose
 But somewhat sad and solemne eke in sight,
 As if some pensive thought constrained her
 gentle spright

XXXXVII

In a long purple pall, whose skirt with gold
 Was fretted all about, she was arayd,
 And in her hand a Poplar bough did hold
 To whom the Prince in courteous manner sayd,
 'Gentle Madame, why beene ye thus dismayd
 And your faire beutie doe with sadness spill?
 Loves any that you hath thus ill apayd?
 Or doen you love? or doen you lack your will?
 What ever bee the cause, it sure beseeemes you
 all'

XXXXVIII

'Fayre Sir,' said she, halfe in disdainful wise,
 'How is it that this mood in me ye blame,
 And in your selfe doe not the same advise?
 Him ill beseeemes anothers fault to name,
 That may unwares bee blotted with the same
 Pensive I yeeld I am, and svid in mind,
 Through great desire of glory and of fame,
 Ye ought, I weene, are ye therem behynd,
 That have three years sought one, yet no
 where can her find'

XXXX

The Prince was mly moved at her speech,
 Well weeting trew what she had rashly told,
 Yet with faire semblaunt sought to hyde the
 breach,
 Which chaunge of colour did perforce unfold,
 Now seeming flaming whott, now stony cold
 Tho, turning soft aside, he did inquyre

What wight she was that Poplar branch did
 hold?

It answered was, her name was Prays-desire,
 That by well doing sought to honour to aspyre.

XL

The whyles the Faery knight did entertayne
 Another Damsell of that gentle crew,
 That was right fayre and modest of demayne,
 But that too oft she chaung'd her native hew
 Straunge was her tyre, and all her garment
 blew,

Close rownd about her tuckt with many a plight
 Upon her sist the bird, which shoneth yew,
 And keepes in covert close from living wight,
 Did sitt, as yet ashaund how rude Pan did her
 dight

XLI

So long as Guyon with her commoned,
 Unto the grownd she cast her modest eye,
 And ever and anon with rosy red
 The bashfull blood her snowy cheekes did dye,
 That her became, as polisht ivory
 Which cunning Craftesman hand hath overlayd
 With fayre vermilion or pure Castory
 Great wonder had the knight to see the mayd
 So straungely passioned, and to her gently
 said

XLII

'Fayre Damzell, seemeth by your troubled
 cheare,
 That either me too bold ye weene, thus wise
 You to molest, or other ill to feare
 That in the secret of your hart close lyes,
 From whence it doth, as cloud from sea, arise
 If it be I, of pardon I you pray,
 But if ought else that I mote not devyse,
 I will, if please you it discurre, assay
 To ease you of that ill, so wisely as I may'

XLIII

She answerd nought, but more abasht for shame
 Held downe her head, the whyles her lovely face
 The flashing blood with blushing did inflame,
 And the strong passion mard her modest grace,
 That Guyon mervayld at her uncouth case,
 Till Alma him bespake 'Why wonder wee,
 Faire Sir at that which ye so much embrace?
 She is the fountain of your modestee
 You shamefast are, but Shamefastnes it selfe
 is shee'

XLIV

Thereat the Elfe did blush in privtee,
 And turnd his face away, but she the same
 Dissembled faire, and faynd to oversee
 Thus they awhile with court and goodly game

Themselves did cherishe each one with his Dame
Till that great Lady thence away them sought
To view her Castles other wondrous frame
Up to a stately Turret she them brought,
Ascending by ten steps of Alabaſter wrought

XIV

That Turrets frame most admirable was,
Like highest heaven compassed around,
And lifted high above this earthly mass,
Which it surcird as hills doon lower ground.
But not on ground mote like to this be found
Not that, which antique Cadmus whylome
built
In Tholes, which Alexander did confound
Nor that proud towre of Troy, though richly
guilt, [Greece was spilt,
From which young Hector's blood by cruell]

XV

The rooffe hereof was arched over head,
And deckt with flowers and herbars daintily
Two goodly Becons, set in watchet's stead,
Therein gave light, and shined continually,
For they of living fire most subtilly
Were made, and set in silver sockets bright,
Cover'd with lids devis'd of substance shy,
That readily they shut and open might
O' who can tell the prayes of that makers
might?

XVI

Ne can I tell, ne can I stay to tell
This parts greit workmanship and wondrous
That all this other world's worke doth excell,
And likest unto that heavenly towre
That God hath built for his owne filesd' house
Therein were divers rowmes, and divers stages,
But three the chiefest and of greatest powre,
In which there dwelt three honorable ages,
The wisest men, I weene, that lived in their
ages

XVII

Not he, whom Greece, the Nourse of all good
art,

By Phœbus doome the wisest thought alive
Might be compar'd to these by many parts
Nor that sage Pylan sage, which did survive
Three ages, such as mortall men contrive
By whose advise old Prims eittie fell,
With these in priue of pollicies mote strive
These three in these three rowmes did soude
dwell,

And counselled faire Alma how to governe well

XVIII

The first of them could thynge to come for
The next could of thinges present best adviſe

The third thinges past could keep in memory
So that no time nor reason could arise,
But it in the same could one of these comprise.
For the first did in the forefront sit,
That nought mite hinder his quicke judgement
He had a sharpe foresight and working wit
That never idle was, ne ever would rest a whit

I.

His chamber was decorated all within
With sondry colours, in the which were writ
Infinite shap's of thinges dispersed thin;
Some such as in the world were never yet.
Ne can I devise be of mortall wit,
Some daily scene and known by their names,
Such as in idle fantasies do sit,
Infantall Hags, Centaurs, Serpents, Hippogriffs,
Apes, Lyons, Eagles, Oules, fowles, lovers,
children, Dames

II

And all the chamber filled was with flies
Which buzzed all about, and made such sound
That they encountered all mens eares and eyes
Like many swarms of Bees assembled round
After their lives with honny do abound
All these were idle thoughts and fantasies,
Devices, dreames, opinions unsound,
Shewes, visions, sooth sayes, and prophesies
And all that fained, as leasings, tales, and lies.

III

Iron, steele, and all arte he which wrought there,
That hight Phantasies by his nature bore,
A man of yeates yet fresh, as mote appeare,
Of swarth complexion a bit of crabbed brow,
That him full of melancholy did shew.
Bent hollow beetle browes, sharpe staring eyes,
That mad or foolish seemed one by his view
Mote deeme him borne with ill-disposed skyes,
When oblique Saturne sate in th' house of
agonies

III

Whom Alma having shewed to her guests,
Thence brought them to the second rowme,
whose walls

Were painted up with memorable yeates
Of famous Wicards, and with pictures
Of Magistrates, of courts, of tribunals,
Of common wealthes, of states, of pollicies,
Of lawes, of judgements, and of decretals,
All artes all sciences, all Philosophy, (wittily
And all that in the world was as thought

IV

In this that rowme was full, and them among
There sat a man of ripe and perfect age
Who did them meditate all his life long
That through continuall practice and usage

He now was growne right wise and wondrous
sage: [see

Great pleasure had those straunger knights to
His goodly reason and grave personage,
That his disciples both desyrd to bee,
But Alma thence them led to th' hindmost
rowme of three.

LV

That chamber seemed ruinous and old,
And therefore was removed far behind,
Yet were the wals, that did the same uphold,
Right firme and strong, though somewhat they
declin'd.

And therein sat an old old man, halfe blind,
And all decrepit in his feeble corse,
Yet lively vigour rested in his mind,
And recompens't them with a better score
Weake body wel is chang'd for minds redoub-
led force

LVI

This man of infinite remembraunce was,
And things foregone through many ages held,
Which he recorded still as they did pas,
Ne suffred them to perish through long eld,
As all things els the which this world doth
weld,

But laid them up in his immortall scrine,
Where they for ever incorrupted dweld
The warres he well remembred of king Nine,
Of old Assaracus, and Inachus divine

LVII

The yeares of Nestor nothing were to his,
Ne yet Mathusalem, though longest liv'd,
For he remembred both their infancis
Ne wonder then, if that he were depriv'd
Of native strength now that he them surviv'd
His chamber all was hang'd about with rolls
And old records from auncient times deriv'd,

Some made in books, some in long parchment
scrolls,
That were all worm-eaten and full of canker
holes

LVIII

Amidst them all he in a chaire was sett,
Tossing and turning them withouten end,
But for he was unhabile them to sett,
A litle boy did on him still attend
To reach, when ever he for ought did send,
And oft when thinges were lost, or laid amis,
That boy them sought and unto him did lend
Therefore he Anamnestes cleped is,
And that old man Eumnestes, by their pro-
pertis

LIX

The knightes there entring did him reverence
dew,
And wondred at his endlesse exercise
Then as they gan his Library to view,
And antique Regesters for to avise,
There chaunced to the Princes hand to rize
An auncient booke, hight Briton monuments,
That of this lands first conquest did devise,
And old division into Regiments,
Till it reduced was to one mans governements

LX

Sir Guy on chaunst eke on another booke,
That hight *Antiquitee of Faery lond*
In which whereas he greedily did looke,
Th' offspring of Elves and Faeries there he found,
As it delivered was from hond to hond
Whereat they, burning both with fervent fire
Their countrys auncestry to understand,
Crav'd leave of Alma and that aged sure
To read those bookes, who gladly graunted
their desire

CANTO X

A chronicle of Briton Kings,
From Brute to Uthers rayne,
And rolls of Elfin Emperours,
Till tyme of Gloriane

I

Who now shall give unto me words and sound,
Equall unto this haughty enterprise? [ground
Or who shall lend me wings, with which from
My lowly verse may loftily arise,
And lift it selfe unto the highest skyes?
More ample spirit than hitherto was wound
Here needes me, whiles the famous auncestry es

Of my most dreaded Sovereigne I recount,
By which all earthly Princes she doth far sur-
mount

II

Ne under Sunne that shines so wide and faire,
Whence all that lives does borrow life and light,
Lives ought that to her linage may compare,
Which though from earth it be derived right

Yet doth it selfe stretch forth to herens light,
And all the world with wonder overspred,
A labor huge, exceeding far my might
How shall trule pen, with feine disparaged,
Conceive such sovaine glory and great
bounty hel?

III

Argument worthy of Maonian quill,
Or rather worthy of great Phoebus rote,
Whereon the ruines of great Ossa hill,
And triumphes of Phlegrean Iove, he wrote,
That all the Gods admired his lofty note.
But if some relish of that heavenly lay
His learned daughters would to me report
To deeke my song withall I would asay
Thy name O sovaine Queene! to blazon far
away

IV

The name, O sovaine Queene! thy reline,
and race,
From this renowned Prince derived arise,
Who mightily upheld that rovall mace (farre
Which now thou bearest, to thee descended
From mighty kings and conquerours in warre,
Thy fathers and great Grandfathers of old,
Whose noble deeds above the Northern starre
Immortall fame for ever hath enrolld (told
As in that old mans booke they were in order

V

The land which warlike Britons now possess,
And therein have their mighty empire rayd,
In antique times was call'd age wilderness,
Unpeopled unmann'd, unprov'd unpeas'd,
No was it land then no was it payd
Amid the ocean waves, no was it sought
Of merchants farre for profits then: I prayd,
But was all desolate, and of some thought
By sea to have bene from the Calanke mayn-
land brought

VI

Ne did it then deserve a name to have
Till that the venturous Varner that way
Learning his ship from the white rocks to
save,
Which all along the Southerne sea coast lay
Threatning unlieke wrecke and rash decay,
For safety that same his sea marke made
And namd it ALBION. But later daye,
Funding in it fit ports for fishers trade
Gan more the same frequent, and further to
invade

VII

But far in land a salvage nation dwelt
Of hideous Grunts, and halfe beastly men,
That never tasted grace nor goodnes felt,
But wild like beastes lurking in loathsome den

And flying fast as Roebucke through the fen,
All naked witho it shame or care of cold,
By hunting and by spoiling livened
Of stature huge, and eke of courage bold,
That sonnes of men amazd their sternnesse to
behold,

VIII

But whence they sprang, or how they were
begott,
I mooth is to assure, underneath to we
That monstrous error, which doth cause all
That Disobedience fifty daughters shene
Into this land by chynure have driven bene.
Where, companying with seeds and fifty
Spright
Through vaine illusion of this last unkinde,
They brought forth Grunts, and such dread-
ful wights

As far exceedd them in their unnumberd nights

IX

They left this land, and with their filthy crewe
Polluted this same gentle soyle long time
That their owne mother forthd their beast-
ness,
And gan abhorre her broods and indly crime
All were they borne of her owne native slime.
Until that Brutus, mightily derivd
From rovall stocke of old Ascanes line,
Driven by fatal error here arrivd
And them of their unjust possession d. pr. id

X

But ere he had established his throne
And spred his empire to the utmost shore,
He fought great battles with his sage son,
In which he them did slayd evermore
And many Grunts left on growing floor
That well can witness yet unto this day
The western Ho. h beprincled with the gore
Of mighty Gormod, whome in stout fray
Corineus conquered, and cruelly did slay

XI

And eke that ample Pitt yet far renownd
For the large leape which Debon did compell
Coulde make being eight lugs of ground
Into the which a tourning backe he fell
But those three monstrous stones doe most
excell
Which that huge sonne of hideous Albion
Whose father Hercules in France did quell,
Great Godmer threw, in three contention
At bold Canutus, but of him was slaine anon

XII

In meed of these great conquests by them
Corineus had that Province utmost west (north,

To him assigned for his worthy lott,
Which of his name and memorable gest
He called Cornwaile, yet so called best,
And Debona shayre was that is Devonshyre
But Canute had his portion from the rest,
The which he cald Canutum, for his hyre,
Now Caninum, which Kent we comenly inkyre

XIII

Thus Brute this Realme unto his rule sub-
dewd,
And raigned long in great felicity,
Lov'd of his frends and of his foes eschewd
He left three sonnes, his famous progeny,
Borne of fayre Inogene of Italy
Mongst whom he parted his imperiall state,
And Loerine left chiefe Lord of Britany
At last ripe age bid him surrender late
His life, and long good fortune, unto finall
fate.

XIV

Loerine was left the soveraine Lord of all
But Albanaet had all the Northerne part,
Which of himselfe Albama he did call,
And Camber did possesse the Western quart.
Which Severie now from Logris doth depart
And each his portion peaceably enjoyd,
Ne was there outward breach, nor grudge in
hart,
That once their quiet government annoyd,
But each his pynus to others profit still em-
ployd

XV

Untill a nation strange, with visage swart,
And courage fierce that all men did asray,
Which through the world then swarmed in
every part,
And overflowd all countries far away,
Like Noyes great flood, with their importunt
This land invad'd with like violence [sway,
And did themselves through all the North dis-
play
Untill that Loerine for his Realmes defence,
Did head against them make and strong muni-
ficcence

XVI

He them encountred, a confused rout,
Foreby the River that whylome was light
The ancient Abus, where with courage stout
He them defeated in victorious fight,
And chaste so fiercely after fearefull flight,
That forst their chieftain, for his safeties sake,
(Their Chieftain Humber named was aright,)
Unto the mighty streame him to betake,
Where he an end of battell and of life did
make,

XVII

The king retourned proud of victory,
And insolent wax through unwonted ease,
That shortly he forgot the jeopardy,
Which in his laud he lately did appease,
And fell to vaine voluptuous disease
He lov'd faire Ladie Fstild, leudly lov'd,
Whose wanton pleasures him too much did
please,
That quite his hart from Guendolene remov'd,
From Guendolene his wife, though alwaies
faithful prov'd

XVIII

The noble daughter of Corineus
Would not endure to bee so vile disdaind,
But, gathering force and corage valorous,
Encountred him in battell well ordaind,
In which him vanquish't she to fly constraind
But she so fast pursu'd, that him she tooke
And threw in bonds, where he till death re-
maind,
Als his faire Leman flying through a brooke
She overhent, nought moved with her piteous
looke,

XIX

But both herselfe, and eke her daughter deare,
Regotten by her kingly Paramoure,
The faire Sabrina, almost dead with feare,
She there attached, far from all succoure,
The one she slew upon the present floure,
But the sad virgin, innocent of all,
Adowne the rolling river she did poure,
Which of her name now Severie men do call
Such was the end that to disloyall love did fall

XX

Then for her sonne, which she to Loerin bore,
Madan was young, unmeet the rule to sway,
In her owne hand the crowne she kept in store,
Till ryper years he raught and stronger st ay,
During which time her powre she did display
Through all this Realme the glory of her sex,
And first taught men a woman to obey
But, when her sonne to mans estate did wax,
She it surrendred, ne her selfe would lenger
vex.

XXI

Tho Madan raignd, unworthie of his race,
Forwith all shame that sacred throne he lild
Next Memprise, as unworthy of that place,
In which being consorted with Manild,
For thirst of single kingdom him he kild
But Ebranek saved both their infamies
With noble deedes, and warreyd on Brunchild
In Hienard, where yet of his victories
Brave monuments remaine, which yet that land
envies

XXII

An happy man in his first dayes he was,
And happy father of faire progeny
For all so many weekes as the yere las,
So many children he did multiply
Of which were twentie sonnes, which did apply
Their mundes to prayse and chivalrous desyre
Those germans did subdue all Germany,
Of whom it light, but in the end their Syre
With foule repulse from Fraunce was forced to
relyre

XXIII

Which blott his sonne succeeding in his seat,
The second Brute, the second both in name
And eke in semblance of his pissaunce great,
Right well recurd, and did awry that blame
With recompence of everlasting fame
He with his victour sword first opened
The bowels of wide Fraunce, a forlorne Dame,
And taught her first how to be conquered,
Since which, with sondrie spoiles she hath been
ransacked

XXIV

Let Sculdis tell, and let tell Hamra,
And let the marsh of Esthambruges tell,
What colour were their waters that same day,
And all the moore twixt Elversham and Dell,
With blood of Henauls which therein fell.
How oft that day did sad Brunchildis see
The greene shield dyde in dolorous vernell?
That not *Scuth quirdh* it mote seeme to bee,
But rather *y scuth gogh*, signe of sad crueltee

XXV

His sonne, king Leill, by fathers labour long,
Enjoyd an heritage of lasting peace,
And built Carleill, and built Carleon strong
Next Huddibras his realme did not encrease,
But taught the land from wars to cease
Whose footsteps Bladad following, in artes
Excell'd at Athens all the learned prece,
From whence he brought them to these salvage
parts,
And with sweet science mollified their stub-
borne harts

XXVI

Ensamble of his wondrous faculty,
Behold the boiling bathes at Carbadon,
Which seeth with secret fire eternally,
And in their entrailles, full of quick Brimston,
Nourish the flames which they are warmd
upon,
That to their people wealth they forth do well,
And health to every forreyne nation
Yet he at last, contending to excell
The race of men, through flight into fond
mischance fell

XXVII

Next him king Leir in happie peace long
raynd,
But had no issue male him to succeed,
But three faire daughters, which were well
upbraynd
In all that seemed fitt for kingly seed
Amongst whom his realme he equally decreed
To have divided Tho, when feeble age
Nigh to his utmost dute he saw proceed,
He cald his daughters, and with speeches sage
Inquyr'd, which of them most did love her
parentage?

XXVIII

The eldest, Gonorill, gan to protest [lov'd,
That she much more than her owne life him
And Regan greater love to him y'lovest
Then all the world, when ever it were proof'd,
But Cordeill said she lov'd him as behoo'd
Whose simple answer, wanting colours sayre
To prunt it forth, him to displeasance moo'd,
That in his crown he counted her no havre,
But twixt the other twain his kingdom whole
did shrike

XXIX

So wedded th' one to Maglan king of Scottes,
And thother to the king of Cambria, [lottes,
And twixt them shryd his realme by equal
But without dowre the wise Cordelia
Was sent to Agrippus of Celtia
Their aged Syre, thus eased of his crowne,
A private life led in Albania
With Gonorill, long had in great renowne,
That nought him griev'd to beene from rule
deposed downe.

XXX

But true it is that, when the oyle is spent,
The light goes out, and weeke is throwne awry
So, when he had resign'd his regiment,
His daughter gan despise his drouping day,
And weene wry of his continuall stay
Who to his daughter Regan he repayrd,
Who him at first well used every way,
But when of his departure she despayrd,
Her bounties she abated, and his cheere empayrd.

XXXI

The wretched man gan then avise too late,
That love is not where most it is profest,
Too truly true in his extremest state
At last, resolv'd likewise to prove the rest,
He to Cordelia him selfe addrest,
Who with entyre affection him receiv'd,
As for her Syre and king her seemed best,
And after all an army strong she leav'd,
To war on those which him bad of his realme
bereav'd

XXVII

So to his crowne she him restord againe,
In which he dyde, made ripe for death by eld,
And after wold it should to her remaine,
Who peaceably the same long time did weld,
And all mens harts in dew obedience held,
Till that her sisters children, woxen strong,
Through proud ambition against her rebeld
And overcommen kept in prison long, [hong
Till weary of that wretched life her selfe she

XXVIII

Then gan the bloody brethiren both to raine,
But fierce Cundah gan shortly to envy
His brother Morgan, prickt with proud disdaine
To have a pere in part of soveranty,
And kindling coles of cruell enmy,
Raisd warre, and him in battell overthrow
Whence as he to those woody hilles did fly,
Which hight of him Glamorgan, there him
slew
Then did he raigne alone, when he none equall
knew

XXIX

His sonne Rival' his dead rowme did supply,
In whose sad time blood did from heaven rayne
Next great Gurgustus, then faire Cæcily,
In constant peace their kingdomes did contayne
After whom Lago, and Kinmarke did rayne,
And Gorbogud, till far in years he grew
Then his ambitious sonnes unto them twayne
Arraught the rule, and from their father drew,
Stout Ferrex and sterne Porrex him in prison
threw

XXX

But O! the greedy thirst of royall crowne,
That knowes no kinned, nor regards no right,
Sturd Porrex up to put his brother downe,
Who, unto him assembling foraigne might,
Made warre on him, and sell him selfe in fight
Whose death t'avenge, his mother mercesse,
Most mercesse of women, Wyden hight,
Her other sonne fast sleeping did oppresse,
And with most cruell hand him murdered
pittlesse

XXXI

Here ended Brutus sacred progeny, [borne
Which had seven hundred yeres thus scepter
With high renowme and great felicity [borne
The noble branch from th' antique stocke was
Through discord, and the roiall throne forlorne
Thenceforth this Realme was into factions rent,
Whilist each of Brutus boasted to be borne,
That in the end was left no monument
Of Brutus, nor of Britons glorie auncient

XXXII

Then up arose a man of matchlesse might,
And wondrous wit to menage high assayres,
Who, sturd with pittie of the stressed plight
Of this sad realme, cut into sondry shayres
By such as claymd themselves Brutes right-
full hayres,
Gathered the Princes of the people loose
To taken counsell of their common cares,
Who, with his wisdom won, him streight did
choose [loose.
Their king, and swore him fealty to win or

XXXIII

Then made he head against his enemies,
And Ymner slew of Logris miscreate,
Then Ruddoc and proud Stater, both allyes,
This of Albany newly nominate,
And that of Cambry king confirmed late,
He overthrow through his owne valhaunce,
Whose countries he redus'd to quiet state,
And shortly brought to civile governaunce,
Now one, which earst were many made through
variance.

XXXIV

Then made he sacred lawes, which some men
Were unto him reveald in vision, [say
By which he freed the Travellers high-way,
The Churches part, and Ploughmans portion,
Restraining stealth and strong extortion,
The grations Numa of great Britany,
For till his dayes, the chiefe dominion
By strength was wielded without pollicy
Therefore he first wore crowne of gold for
dignity.

XL

Donwallo dyde, (for what may live for ay?)
And left two sonnes, of pearlesse prowesse
both,
That sacked Rome too dearly did assay,
The recompence of their perjured oth,
And ransackt Greece wel tryde, when they
were wroth,
Besides subjected France and Germany,
Which yet their praises speake, all be they
And mly tremble at the memory [loth,
Of Brennus and Belinus, kinges of Britany.

XLI

Next them did Gurgunt, great Belinus sonne,
In rule succede, and eke in fathers praise,
He Easterland subdewd, and Denmarkewonne,
And of them both did foy and tribute raise,
The which was dew in his dead fathers daies
He also gave to fugitives of Spayne,
Whom he at sea found wandring from their
waies,

A sent to Ireland safely to remayne,
Which they should hold of him, as subject to
Britayne.

XLII

After him fained Guitheline his hayre,
The justest man and trewest in his daies,
Who had to wife Dame Mertia the fayre,
A woman worthy of immortal praise, [lives,
Which for this Realme found many goodly
And wholesome Statutes to her husband
brought.

Her many deend to have bene of the Feyes,
As was Agerie that Numa taught
Those yet of her be Mertian lawes both nam'd
and thought

XLIII

Her sonne Sisillus after her did rayne,
And then Kimarus, and then Danus
Next whom Morindus did the crowne sustayne,
Who, had he not with wrath outrageous
And cruell rancour dim'd his valorous
And mightie deedes, should matched have
the best.

As well in that same field victorious
Against the forreine Morand, he exprest,
Yet lives his memorie, though carcas sleepe in
rest.

XLIV

Five sonnes he left, begotten of one wife,
All which successively by turnes did rayne
First Gorboman, a man of vertuous life
Next Archigald, who for his proud chadayne
Deposed was from principedome soverayne,
And pitteous Elidure put in his sted,
Who shortly it to him restord agayne,
Till by his death he it recovered
But Peridure and Vigent him dethronized.

XLV

In wretched prison long he did remaine,
Till they outrigned had their utmost date,
And then therein resezsed was againe,
And ruled long with honorable state,
Till he surrendered Realme and life to fate.
Then all the sonnes of these five brethren raynd
By dew successe, and all their Nephewes late,
Even thirtee eleven descents the crowne retaynd,
Till aged Hely by dew heritage it gaynd

XLVI

He had two sonnes, whose eldest, called Lud,
Left of his life most famous memory,
And endless monuments of his great good
The run'd wals he did reedifye
Of Troynovant, gainst force of enmy,
And built that gate which of his name is hight,
By which he lyes entombd solemnly

He left two sonnes, too young to rule aright,
Androgeus and Tenantius, pictures of his might

XLVII

Whilst they were young, Cassibalan, their
Was by the people chosen in their sted, [kine,
Who on him tooke the roall Diademe,
And goodly well long time it governed,
Till the provide Romanes him disquieted,
And warlike Caesar, tempted with the name
Of this sweet Island never conquered,
And envying the Britons blazed fame,
(O hideous hunger of dominion!) hither came.

XLVIII

Yet wise they were repulsed backe againe,
And twice renforst backe to their ships to fly,
The whales with blood they all the shore did
staine,
And the gray Ocean into purple dy
Ne had they footing found at last, perdie,
Had not Androgeus, false to native soyle,
And envious of Uncles soveraintie,
Betray'd his country unto forreine spoye.
Nought els but treason from the first this land
did foyle.

XLIX

So by him Caesar got the victory,
Through great bloodshed and many a sad assay,
In which himselfe was charged heavily
Of har'lv Nennius, whom he yet did slay,
But lost his sword, vet to be seene this day.
Thenceforth this land was tributarie made
T'ambitious Rome, and did their rule obey,
Till Arthur all that reckoning defrayd -
Yet oft the Briton kings against them strongly
swayd.

L

Next him Tenantius raynd, then Kimbeline,
What time th' eternall Lord in fleshy slime
Enwombed was, from wretched Adams line
To purge away the guilt of sinfull crime,
O joyous memorie of happy time,
That heavenly grace so plenteously displayd
(O too high ditty for my simple rime!)
Soone after this the Romanes him warryd,
For that their tribute he refusd to let be payd

LI

Good Claudius, that next was Emperour,
An army brought, and with him battaile fought,
In which the king was by a Treachetour
Disguised slaine, ere any thereof thought;
Yet ceased not the bloody fight for ought;
For Arvirage his brothers place supplide
Both in his armes and crowne, and by that
draught

Did drive the Romanes to the weaker syde,
That they to peace agreed. So all was paci-
fyde

LII

Was never king more highly magnifide,
Nor dredd of Romanes, then was Arrage,
For which the Emperour to him allide
His daughter Genuiss' in marriage
Yet shortly he renounst the vassallage
Of Rome againe, who hither hastily sent
Ve-pasian, that with great spoile and rage
Forwasted all, till Genuissa gent
Persuaded him to ceasse, and her lord to relent

LIII

He dide, and him succeeded Marius,
Who joyd his dayes in great tranquillity.
Then Coyll, and after him good Lucius,
That first receivd Christianity,
The sacred pledge of Christes Evangely
Yet true it is, that long before that day
Hither came Joseph of Arimathy, [say,
Who brought with him the holy grayle, they
And preachd the truth, but since it greatl
did decay

LIV

This good king shortly without issew dide,
Whereof great trouble in the kingdome grew,
That did her selfe in sondry parts divide,
And with her powre her owne selfe overthrew,
Whilste Romanes daily did the weake subdew
Which seeing, stout Bunduca up arose,
And taking armes the Britons to her drew,
With whom she marched streight against her
foes, [close.
And them unware besides the Severne did en-

LV

There she with them a cruell battell tryde,
Not with so good successe as shee deserv'd,
By reason that the Captaines on her syde,
Corrupted by Paulinus, from her swerv'd
Yet, such as were through former flight pre-
serv'd
Gathering againe, her Host she did renew,
And with fresh corage on the victor serv'd
But being all defeated, save a few, [slew.
Rather then fly, or be captiv'd, her selfe she

LVI

O famous monument of womens prayse!
Matchable either to Semiramis,
Whom antique history so high doth raise,
Or to Hypsipyl', or to Thomyris
Her Host two hundred thousand numbred is,
Who, whiles good fortune favoured her might,
Triumphed oft against her enemies,

And yet, though overcome in haplesse fight,
Shee triumphed on death, in enemies despight.

LVII

Her reliques Fulgent having gathered,
Fought with Severus, and him overthrew,
Yet in the chace was slaine of them that fled,
So made them victors whome he did subdew
Then gan Carausius tyrannize anew,
And gainst the Romanes bent their proper
powre,
But him Allectus treacherously slew,
And tooke on him the robe of Emperoure
Nath lesse the same enjoyed but short happy
howre

LVIII

For Asclepiodate him overcame,
And left inglorious on the vanquisht playne,
Without or robe or rag to lude his shame
Then afterwards he in his stead did raigne,
But shortly was by Coyll in battell slaine
Who after long debate, since Lucies tyme,
Was of the Britons first crownd Sovereine
Then gan this Realme renew her passed prime
He of his name Coylechester built of stone and
lime.

LIX

Which when the Romanes heard, they hither
sent
Constantius, a man of mickle might,
With whome king Coyll made an agreement,
And to him gave for wife his daughter bright,
Fayre Helena, the fairest living wight,
Who in all godly thewes and goodly praise
Did far excell, but was most famous light
For skil in Musicke of all in her daies,
As well in curious instruments as cunning
laies

LX

Of whom he did great Constantine begett,
Who afterward was Emperour of Rome,
To which whiles absent he his mind did sett,
Octavius here lept into his roome,
And it usurped by unrighteous doome
But he his title justifie by might,
Slaying Traherne, and having overcome
The Romane legion in dreadfull fight
So settled he his kingdome, and confirmd
his right.

LXI

But wanting issew male, his daughter deire
He gave in wedlocke to Maximian,
And him with her made of his kingdome heire,
Who soone by meanes thereof the Empire wan,
Till murdered by the freends of Gratian [land,
Then gan the Hunnes and Picts invade this
During the raigne of Maximian,

Who dving left none helpe them to withstand,
But that they overran all parts with easy
hand.

I XVI

The weary Britons, whose war-hable youth
Was by Maximian lately led away,
With wretched miseries and woefull ruth,
Were to those Pagans made an open pray,
And daily spectacle of sad decay
Whome Romane warres, which now four
hundred yeares
And more had wasted, could no whit dismay,
Till, by consent of Commons and of Peares,
They crown'd the second Constantine with
joyous teares.

I XVII

Who having oft in battell vanquished
Those spoylefull Picts, and swarming Easter-
lings,
Long time in pence his realme established,
Yet oft annoy'd with sondry borderings,
Of neighbour Scots, and forrein Scatterlings
With which the world did in those daies
abound
Which to outbarre, with painefull pyonings
From sea to sea he heapt a mighty mound,
Which from Aleclud to Panwelt did that bor-
der bound

I XVIII

Three sones he dving left, all under age,
By meynes whereof their uncle Vortigere
Usurpt the crowne during their pupillage,
Which th' Infants tutors gathering to feare,
Them closely into Armorick did beare
For dread of whom, and for those Picts an-
noyes,
He sent to Germany strange aid to reare
From whence eftsoues arrived here three
hues
Of Saxons, whom he for his safety employes

I XIX

Two brethren were their Captaynes, which
hight
Hengist and Horsa, well approv'd in warre,
And both of them men of renown'd might,
Who making vantage of their civile jarre,
And of those foreevners which came from
farre,
Grew great, and got large portions of land,
That in the Realme ere long they stronger
arre
Then they which sought at first their helping
And Vortiger have forst the kingdome to
aband

I XXI

But by the helpe of Vortimere his sonne,
He is againe unto his rule restord,
And Hengist, seeming sad for that was donne,
Received is to grace and new accord, [word
Through his faire daughters face and flatering
Soone after which three hundred Lords he slew
Of British blood, all sitting at his bord,
Whose dolefull monuments who list to rew,
Th' eternall marks of treason may at Stenheng
sew

I XXII

By this the sonnes of Constantine, which fled,
Ambrose and Uther, did ripe yeares attayne,
And, here arriving, strongly challenged
The crowne which Vortiger did long detain
Who, flying from his guilt, by them was
slayne, [death
And Hengist eke soon brought to shamefull
Thenceforth Aurelius peaceably did raine,
Till that through poison stopp'd was his breath,
So now entomb'd lies at Stoneheng by the
heath

I XXIII

After him Uther, which Pendragon hight,
Succeeding—There abruptly it did end,
Without full point, or other Censure right,
As if the rest some wicked hand did rend,
Or th' Author selfe could not at least attend
To finish it that so untimely breach
The Prince him selfe halfe seemed to offend,
Yet secret pleasure did offence emperch,
And wonder of antiquity long stopt his speech

I XXIV

At last, quite ravisht with delight to heare
The royall Offspring of his native land,
Crye out Deare country! O! how dearely
deare
Ought thy remembrance and perpetuall band
Be to thy foster Childe, that from thy hand
Did commun breath and nouriture receive
How brutish is it not to understand
How much to her we owe, that all us gave,
That gave unto us all what ever good we have

I XXV

But Guy on all this while his booke did read,
Ne yet has ended, for it was a great
And ample volume, that doth far exceed
My leasure so long leaves here to repeat
It told how first Prometheus did create
A man, of many parts from beasts deriv'd,
And then stole fire from heaven to animate
His worke, for which he was by Jove depriv'd
Of life him self, and hart-strings of an Aegle
rev'd,

LXXI

That man so made he called Elfe, to weete
Quick, the first author of all Elfin kynd,
Who, wandring through the world with wearene
feet,
Did in the gardins of Adonis fynd
A goodly creature, whom he deemd in mynd
To be no earthly wight, but either Spright,
Or Angell, th' authour of all woman kynd,
Therefore a Fry he her according hight,
Of whom all Faeryes spring, and fetch their
hynage right

LXXII

Of these a mighty people shortly grew,
And puissant kinges which all the world
warryd
And to them selves all Nations did subdew
The first and eldest, which that scepter swayd,
Was Lysin, him all India obeyd,
And all that now America men call
Next him was noble Elfinan, who laid
Cleopolis foundation first of all
But Elsilme enclosd it with a golden wall

LXXIII

His sonne was Elfinell, who overcame
The wicked Gobbelines in bloody field,
But Elfant was of most renowned fame,
Who all of Christall did Panthea build
Then Elsar, who two brethren gyauantes kild,
The one of which had two heades, th' other
three
Then Elsinor, who was in magick skild,
He built by art upon the glassy See
A bridge of bris, whose sound heuens thunder
seem'd to bee.

LXXIV

He left three sonnes, the which in order raynd,
And all their Offspring, in their dew descents,

Even seven hundred Princes, which maintaynd
With mightie deedes their sondry govern-
ments,
That were too long their infinite contents
Here to record, ne much materiall.
Yet should they be most famous monuments,
And brave en-ample, both of martiall
And civil rule, to kinges and states imperall.

LXXV

After all these Elficleos did rayne,
The wise Elhcleos, in great Majestie,
Who mightily that scepter did sustayne,
And with rich spoyle and famous victorie
Did high aduance the crowne of Faery
He left two sonnes, of which saure Elseron,
The eldest brother, did untimely dy,
Whose emptie place the mightie Oberon
Doubly supplide, in spousall and dominion

LXXVI

Gret was his power and glorie over all
Which, him before, that sacred seate did fill,
That yet remains his wide memorrall
He dying left the fairest Tanquill,
Him to succcede therein, by his last will
Fairer and nobler liveth none this howre,
Ne like in grace, ne like in learned skill,
Therefore they Glorian call that glorious flowre
Long mayst thou, Glorian, live in glory and
gret powre

LXXVII

Begnyld thus with delight of novelties,
And naturall desire of countryes state,
So long they redd in those antiquities,
That how the time was fled they quite forgate,
Till gentle Almy, seeing it so late,
Perforce their studies broke, and them besought
To thinke how supper did them long awaite
So halfe unwilling from their bookes them
brought,
And fayrely feasted as so noble knyghtes sh

CANTO XI

The enimies of Temperaunce
Besiege her dwelling place
Prince Arthure them repelles, and fowle
Malerger doth deface

I

WHAT warre so cruel, or what siege so sore,
As that which strong affections doe apply
Against the sorte of reason evermore,
To bring the sowle into captivity?

Their force is fiercer through infirmity
Of the fraile flesh, relenting to their rage,
And exercise most bitter tyrannye
Upon the partes brought into their bondage
No wretchednesse is like to sinfull vellenage

II

But in a body which doth freely yeld
His partes to reasons rule obedient,
And letteth her that ought the scepter weeld,
All happy peace and goodly government
Is settled there in sure establishment
There Alma, like a virgin Queene most bright
Doth flourish in all beauteie excellent
And to her guesstes doth bounteous banquet dight,
Attempted goodly well for health and for
delight.

III

Early, before the Morne with cremosin ray
The windowes of bright heaven opened had,
Through which into the world the dawning
day
Might looke, that maketh every creature glad,
Uprose Sir Guyon, in bright armour clad,
And to his purpos'd journey him prepar'd
With him the Palmer eke in habit sad
Him selfe address to that adventure hard
So to the rivers syde they both together far'd

IV

Where them awaited ready at the ford
The Ferriman, as Alma had behight,
With his well rigged bote They goe aboard,
And he eisoones gan launch his barke forth-
right.
Fre long they rowed were quite out of sight,
And fast the land behynd them fled away
But let them pas, whiles wind and wether
right
Doeserveth their turnes here I a while must stay,
To see a cruell fight doen by the prince this
day

V

For all so soone as Guyon thence was gon
Upon his voyage with his trustie guide,
That wicked band of villemes fre-h begon
That castle to assaile on every side,
And lay strong siege about it far and wide.
So huge and infinite their numbers were,
That all the land they under them did hyde,
So fowle and ugly, that exceeding ferre
Their visages imprest when they approached
neare.

VI

Them in twelve troupes their Ciptem did
dispart,
And round about in fittest steades did place,
Where each might best offend his proper part,
And his contrary object most deface
As every one seem'd meetest in that cace
Seven of the same against the Castle gate
In strong entrenchments he did closely place,

Which with incessaunt force and endlesse hate
They battred day and night, and entraunce
did awate.

VII

The other five five sondry wayes he sett
Against the five great Bulwarke of that py le,
And unto each a Bulwarke did arrett,
T^e assayle with open force or hidden guile,
In hope thereof to win victorious spoile
They all that charge did fervently apply
With greedie malice and importune towle,
And planted there their huge artillery,
With which they davyly made most dreadfull
battery

VIII

The first troupe was a monstrous rablement
Of fowle misshapen wightes, of which some
were
Headed like Owles, with beekes uncomely bent,
Others like Dogs, others like Gryphons dreare,
And some had wings, and some had clawes to
terro
And every one of them had Lyncees eyes,
And every one did bow and arrowes beare
All those were lawlesse lustes, corrupt envyes,
And covetous aspects, all cruell enimies

IX

Those came against the bulwarke of the Sight
Did lay strong siege and battailous assault,
Ne once did yield it respite day nor night,
But soone as Titon gan his head exault,
And soone againe as he his light withhault,
Their wicked engins they against it bent
That is, each thing by which the eyes may
fault
But two then all more huge and violent,
Beaute and Money, they that Bulwarke sorely
rent

X

The second Bulwarke was the Hearing sence,
Gainst which the second troupe assigment
makes,
Deformed creatures, in straunge difference,
Some having heads like Harts, some like to
Snakes [brakes
Some like wilde Bores late rouned out of the
Slaunders reproches, and fowle infamies
Liesinges, backbitinges, and vain-glorious
crakes,
Had counsels, praxes, and false flatteries
All those against that fort did bend their
batteries

XI

I likewise that same third Fort, that is the
Smell,
Of that third troupe was cruell assayd,

Whose hideous shapes were like to seedes of
 heil, [dismayd
 Some like to houndes, some like to Apes,
 Some like to Puttockes, all in plumes arrayd,
 All shap't according their conditions
 1 or by those ugly formes weren pourtrayd
 Foolish delights, and fond abusions,
 Which doe that sence besiege with light
 illusions.

VII

And that fourth band which cruell buttry
 hent
 Against the fourth Bulwarke that is the Taste,
 Was, as the rest, a grisly rablement. [faste
 Some mouth'd like greedy Ostriges, some
 Like loathly Tordes, some fashioned in the
 Like swine, for so deformd is luxury, [wasie
 Surfeit misdiect, and unthrifue waste,
 Vaine festes, and ydle superfluitie
 All those thus sences Fort assaile incessantly

VIII

But the fift troupe, most horrible of hew
 And ferce of fore, is dreadfull to report,
 For some like Spiders, some did like spiders
 shew,
 And some like ugly Urchins thick and short.
 Cruelly they assayed that fift Fort,
 Armed with darts of sensuall Delight,
 With stunges of carnall lust, and strong effort
 Of seeking pleasure, with which day and night
 Against that same fift Bulwarke they continued
 fight

IX

Thus these twelue troupes with dreddfull
 pursuance
 Against that Castle restlesse siege did lay,
 And evermore their hideous Ordinaunce
 Upon the Bulwarke cruelly did play.
 That now it gan to threaten decay
 And evermore their wicked Capitayn
 Provoked them the breache to assay.
 Sometimes with threats, sometimes with hope
 of gaine, [stayn
 Which by the ransack of that peece they should

X

On th' other side, th' assailed Castles ward
 Their steadfast stonds did mightily maintaine,
 And mane bold repulse and many hard
 Atchivement wrought, with perill and with
 payne,
 That goodly frame from ruine to sustaine
 And those two brethren Gnautes did defend
 The walles so stoutly with their turke mayne,
 That never entrance any durst pretend,
 Bat they to dreddfull death their growning ghost
 did send

XVI

The noble Virgin, Ladie of the Place,
 Was much dismayed with that dreadfull sight,
 For never was she in so evill case,
 Till that the Prince, seeing her wofull plight,
 Gan her recomfort from so sad affright,
 Offring his service, and his dearest life
 For her defence against that Carle to fight,
 Which was their chiefe and th' authour of that
 strife
 She him remerci'd as the Patrone of her life

XVII

Est-roones himselfe in glitterand armes he
 dight
 And his well proved weapons to him hent,
 So, taking courteous congé, he belight
 Those gates to be unbar'd and forth he went
 Faire mote he thee, the provest and most
 gent,
 That ever brandish'd bright steele on hye
 Whome soone as that unruly rablement
 With his gay Squire re-viewing did espie, [cry
 They reard a most outrageous dreadfull yelling

XVIII

And therewithall attonce at him let fly [snow,
 Their sluttirg arrowes, thicke as flakes of
 And round about him flocke impetuously,
 Like a great water flood that tomling low
 From the high mountaines, threatens to over-
 flow
 With sudden fury all the fertile playne,
 And the sad husbandmans long hope doth
 throw [vaine,
 Adowne the streame, and all his vowe make
 Nor bounds nor brinks his headlong ruine may
 sustayne

XIX

Upon his shield their heaped hayle he bore,
 And with his sword disperst the raskall
 flockes,
 Which fled a-ponder, and him fell before,
 As withered leaves drop from their dried
 stockes, [locks
 When the wroth Western wind does reave their
 And underneath him his courageous steed
 The herce Spumador, trode them downe like
 docks.
 The herce Spumador, borne of heavenly seed,
 Such as Laomedon of Phobus rice did breed

XX

Which suddaine horror and confus'd cry
 When as their Captaine heard in haste he rode
 The cause to weet, and fault to remedy
 Upon a Tye gre swift and herce he rode,

That as the winde ran underneath his lode,
Whiles his long legs nigh raught unto the
ground.

Full large he was of limbe, and shoulders brode,
But of such subtil substance and unsound,
That like a ghost he seem'd whose grave-
clothes were unbound.

XXI

And in his hand a bended bow was seene,
And many arrowes under his right side,
All deadly dangerous, all cruell keene,
Hended with flint, and fethers bloody dide,
Such as the Indians in their quivers hide
Those could he well direct and streight as line,
And bid them strike the marke which he had
eyde,

Ne was there salve, ne was there medicine,
That mote recure their wounds, so nily they
did tude

XXII

As pale and wan as ashes was his looke,
His body leane and meagre as a rake,
And skin all withered like a dried rooke,
Thereto as cold and drev as a snike,
That seem'd to tremble evermore and quake,
All in a cany as him he was bedight,
And girded with a belt of twisted brike
Upon his head he wore an Helmet light,
Made of a dead mans skull, that seem'd
ghastly sight.

XXIII

Malerger was his name, and after him
There follow'd fast at hand two wicked Hags,
With horry lockes all loose and visage grim
Their feet unshod, their bodies wrapt in rags,
And both as swift on foot as chived Stags,
And yet the one her other legges had lame,
Which with a staffe, all full of litle snags
She did support, and Impotence her name
But th other was Impatience, arm'd with
raging flame

XXIV

Soone as the Carle from far the Prince espide
Glistring in armes and warlike ornament,
His Beast he fell prickt on either side,
And his mischievous bow full readie bent
With which at him a cruell shaft he sent
But he was wrie, and it warded well
Upon his shuekl, that it no further went,
But to the ground the idle quarrell fell
Then he another and another did expell

XXV

Which to prevent the Prince his mortall speare
Soone to him raught, and there at him did
ride,

To be avenged of that shot why leare,
But he was not so hardy to abide
That bitter stownd, but turning quicke aside
His light-foot beast, fled fast away for feare
Whom to poursesue the Infant after hude
So fast as his good Courser could him beare,
But labour lost it was to weene approach him
neare

XXVI

For as the winged wind his Tigre fled,
That ven of eye could scarce him overtake,
Ne scarce his feet on ground were seene to tread
Through hils and dales he speedy way did
make,
Ne hedge ne ditch his readie passage brake,
And in his slight the villem turn'd his face
(As wonts the Tartar by the Caspian lake,
Whennas the Russian him in fight does chase)
Unto his Tygres taile, and shot at him apace

XXVII

Apace he shot, and yet he fled apace,
Still as the greedy knight nigh to him drew,
And oftentimes he would relent his pace,
That him his foe more fiercely should pour-
sen
But when his uncooth manner he did see,
He gan avize to follow him no more.
But keepe his standing, and his shiffes eschew,
Untill he quite had spent his perious store,
And then assayle him fresh, ere he could shift
for more

XXVIII

But that lame Hag, still as abroad he strow
His wicked arrowes, gathered them againe,
And to him brought, fresh batteill to renew,
Which he esping cast her to re-traine
From yielding succour to that cursed Swaine.
And her attaching thought her hands to tye,
But soone as him dismounted on the plaine
That other Hag did far away espye
Binding her sister, she to him ran hastily,

XXIX

And cetching hold of him, as downe he lent,
Him backward overthrowen, and downe him
strid
With their rude handes and gryevous grapple-
ment,
Till that the villem, comming to their aid,
Upon him fell, and lode upon him layd
Full litle wanted but he had him shing
And of the battell bilefull end had made
Had not his gentle Squire beheld his princ.
And commen to his reskew, ere his bitter
bane,

XX

So greatest and most glorious thing on
ground
May often need the helpe of weaker hand,
So feeble is mans state, and life unsound,
That in assurance it may never stand,
Till it dissolue be from earthly band
Prooue be thou, Prince, the prouest man a ye,
And noblest borne of all in Britayne land,
Yet thee herce Fortune did so nearely drive,
That, had not grace thee blest, thou shouldest
not suruiue

XXXI

The Squire arriving fiercely in his armes
Snatcht first the one, and then the other Jade,
His chiefest letts and authors of his harmes,
And them perforce withheld with threatned
blade,
Least that his Lord they should behinde invade,
The whiles the Prince, prickt with reprochful
shame,
As one awake out of long slombring shade,
Revuyng thought of glory and of fame,
United all his powres to purge him selfe from
blame.

XXXII

Like as a fire, the which in hollow cave
Hath long bene underkept and down suppress,
With murmurous disdayne doth nily raze,
And grudge in so streight prison to be prest,
At last breakes forth with furious unrest,
And strives to mount unto his native seat,
All that did earst it hinder and molest, [heat,
Yt now deuoures with flames and scorching
And carries into smoake with rage and horror
great

XXXIII

So mightely the Briton Prince him rouza
Out of his holde, and broke his caytiue bands,
And as a Beare, whom angry curres haue touzd,
Having off-shakt them and escapt their hands,
Becomes more fell, and all that him withstands
Treads down and overthrowes Now had the
Carle
Alighted from his Tigre, and his hands
Discharged of his bow and deadly quarle,
To seize upon his foe flatt lying on the marle

XXXIV

Which now him turnd to disauantage deare,
For neither can he fly, nor other harme,
But trust unto his strength and manhood
meare,
Sith now he is far from his monstrous swarme,
And of his weapons did himselfe disarme
The knight, yet wrothfull for his late disgrace,
Fiercely aduaunst his valorous right arme,

And him so sore smott with his yron mace,
That groveling to the ground he fell, and fild
his place

XXXV

Wel weened hee that field was then his owne,
And all his labor brought to happy end,
When sudden up the vilaine overthrowne
Out of his swowne arose, fresh to contend,
And gan him selfe to second battaill bend,
As hurt he had not beene Thereby there lay
An huge great stone, which stood upon one
end,
And had not bene removed many a day;
Some land-marke seemd to bee, or signe of
sundry way

XXXVI

The same he snatcht, and with exceeding
sway
Threw at his foe, who was right well aware
To shonne the engin of his meant decay,
It booted not to thinke that throw to beare,
But grownd he gave, and lightly lept areare
Est herce retourning, as a faulcon fayre,
That once hath failed of her souse full noare,
Remounts againe into the open ayre,
And unto better fortune doth her selfe pre-
payre

XXXVII

So brave retourning, with his brandisht blade
He to the Carle him selfe agayn addrest,
And strooke at him so sternely, that he made
An open passage through his riven brest,
That halfe the steele behind his backe did rest,
Which drawing backe, he looked euermore
When the hart blood should gush out of his
chest,
On his dead corse should fall upon the fere,
But his dead corse upon the flore fell nathe-
more

XXXVIII

No drop of blood appeared shed to bee,
All were the wound so wide awl wonderous
That through his carcas one might playnly
see
Halfe in amaze with horror hideous,
And halfe in rage to be deluded thus,
Again through both the sides he strooke him
quight,
That made his spright to grone full piteous,
Yet nathemore forth fied his groning spright,
But freshly, as at first, preparad himselfe to
fight.

XXXIX

Thereat he smitten was with great affright,
And trembling terror did his hart apall,
Ne wist he what to thinke of that same sight,
Ne what to say, ne what to doe at all

He doubted least it were some magick
Illusion that did beguile his sense,
Or wandering ghost that wanted funerill,
Or nery spirits under false pretence,
Or hellish feend rayed up through diuine
science

XI

His wonder far exceeded reasons reach,
That he began to doubt his dazeled sight,
And oft of error did himselfe appeach
Flesh without blood, a person without spirit,
Wounds without hurt, a body without might,
That could doe harme, yet could not harmed
bee,

That could not die, yet seemd a mortall wight
That was most strong, in most intricate,
Like did he neuer heare, like did he neuer see

XII

Awhile he stood in this astonishment,
Yet would he not for all his great dismay
Give over to effect his first intent,
And th' utmost meanes of victory assay,
Or th' utmost yeeue of his owne decay
His owne good sword Mordure, that neuer
faul'd

At need till now, he lightly threw away,
And his bright shuld that nought him non
array'd

And with his naked hands him forcibly assaill'd

XIII

Twixt his two mighty armes him up he
smite,

And crusht his carcas so against his brest
That the disdainfull soule he thence dispart,
And eke ylle breath all utterlie exprest
Tho when he felt him dead, adowne he kest
The lumpish corse unto the seneclesse ground
Adowne he kest it with so puissant wreat,
That backe againe it did nyste rebound,
And gaue against his mother earth a greene-
full sound

XIV

As when Joves harness bearing Bird from
hve

Stoupes at a flying heron with proud displayne,
The stone dead quarres falls so forcibly
That it reboundes against the lowly playne,
A second fall redoubting brake agayne
Then thought the Prince all peril sure was
past,

And that he victor onely did remaine,
No sooner thought, then that the Carle as fast
Can heap huge strokes on him, as ere he down
was cast.

XV

Nigh his wits end then wore th' amazed
knight,

And thought his labor lost, and travell vayne,
Against this lifelesse shadow so to fight
Yet life he saw, and felt his mighty mayne,
That, whiles he marvelld still, did still him
payne;

Fortly he gan coun other wayes adize
How to take life from that dead living
swaine,

Whom still he marked froshly to arise
From th' earth, and from her womb new spirits
to reprice.

XVI

He then remembered well, that had bene said
How th' Earth his mother was, and first him
bore,

She eke, so often as his life decayd,
Did life with sure to him restore
And reu'd him up much stronger then before,
So soon as he unto her wombe did fall
Therefore to ground he would him cast no
more,

Ne him commit to grue torn trail
But beare him farre from hope of succour
usuall

XVII

Tho up he caught him twixt his puissant
hands

And having scrud out of his earnest cooe
The lothfull life now loosd from smfull bands,
Upon his shoulders carried him perforce
Above three furlonges, taking his full course
Until he came unto a standing lake
Him thenceunto he threw without remorse
Ne stir, till hope of life did him forsake
So end of that Carles dayes, and his owne
paynes did make.

XVIII

Which when those wicked Hags from far did
spye

Like two mad dogs they ran about the lands,
And th' one of them with dreadfull yelling
crye

Throwing away her broken chames and bands,
And having quencht her burning her brands,
Hedlong her selfe did cast into that lake
But impotence with her owne wilfull hands
One of Maleces cursed dartes did talc
So rayd her trembling hurt, and wicked end
did make.

XIX

Thus now alone he conquerour remaines
Tho, camming to his Squire that kept his steed,

Thought to have mounted, but his feeble
vaines
Him sauld thereto, and serued not his need,
Through losse of blood which from his wounds
did bleed,
That he began to faint, and life decay
But his good Squyre, him helping up with
speed,
With stedfast hand upon his horse did stay,
And led him to the Castle by the beaten
way.

LIIX
Where many Groomes and Squyres ready were
To take him from his steed full tenderly,
And eke the fayrest Alma mett him there
With balme, and wine, and costely spicery,
To comfort him in his infirmity
Esteemes shee caused him up to be conuayd,
And of his armes despoyled easily
In sumptuous bed shee made him to be layd,
And at the while his wounds were dressing by
him stayd.

CANTO XII.

Guyon, by Palmers gouernance,
Passing through perilles great,
Doth overthrow the Bowre of Ills,
And Acrasy defeat

I

Now ginnes that goodly frame of Temper-
ance
Favrely to rise, and her adorned hed
To pricke of highest pryse forth to aduunce,
Formerly grounded and fast setteled
On firme foundation of true bountyhed
And this brave knight, that for this vertue
fights,
Now comes to point of that same perillous sted,
Whose Pleasure dwelles in sensuall delights,
Mongst thousand dangers, and ten thousand
Magick mights

II

Two dayes now in that sea he sayled has,
Ne ever land beheld, ne living wight,
Ne ought sawe perill still as he did pas
Tho when appeared the third Morrow bright
Upon the waves to spred her trembling light,
An hideous roring far away they heard,
That all their senses filled with affright,
And streight they saw the raging surges reard
Up to the skyes, that them of drowning made
afferrd.

III

Said then the Boteman, 'Palmer, stee aright,
And keepe an even course, for yonder way
We needes must pas (God doe us well acquight)
That is the Gulfe of Greedinesse, they say,
That deepe engorgeth all this worldes pray,
Which having swallowd up excessiely,
He soone in vomit up againe doth lry,
And belcheth forth his superfluy,
That all the seas for feare doe seeme awry to fly

IV

'On thother syde an hideous Rocke is pight
Of mightie Magnes stone, whose craggie chift
Depending from on high, dreadfull to sight,
Over the waves his rugged armes doth lift,
And threatneth downe to throw his ragged rift
On whoso cometh nigh, yet nigh it drawes
All passengers, that none from it can shift
For, while they fly that Gulfes devouring jaws,
They on this rock are rent, and sunck in helples
waves'

V

Forward they passe, and strongly he them
rowes,

Untill they nigh unto that Gulfe arrive,
Wherestreames more violent and greedy growes
Then he with all his pursuance doth stryve
To strike his oares, and mightily doth drive
The hollow vessel through the threatfull wave,
Which, gaping wide to swallow them alive
In th' huge abyse of his engulging grave,
Doth rere at them in vaine, and with great
terror rave

VI

They, passing by, that grisely mouth did see
Sucking the seas into his entralles deepe,
That seemd more horrible then hell to bee,
Or that darke dreadfull hole of Tartare steepe
Through which the damned ghosts doen often
creepe
Backe to the world, bad liuers to torment
But nought that falls into this direfull deepe
Ne that approacheth nigh the wyde descent,
May backe retourne, but is condemned to be
drent.

L

VII

On thother side they saw that perillous Roche,
Threatning it selfe on them to runate,
On whose sharp cliftes the ribs of vessels broke,
And shivered slups, which had bene wrecked.
Yet stuck with carcases exanimate [late,
Of such, as having all their substance spent
In wanton joves and lustes intemperate,
Did afterwards make shipwrick violent
Both of their life and fame, for ever fowly blent.

VIII

Forthly this hight The Roche of vile Reproch,
A dangerous and detestable place,
To which nor fish nor fowle did once approch,
But velling Meaves, with Seagullies hoars and
 bace,
And Cormorants, with birds of ravenous race,
Which still sat waiting on that wastfull clift
For spoile of wretches, whose unhappy cace,
After lost credit and consumed thirst,
At last their driven bath to this despairefull
 drift

IX

The Palmer seeing them in safetie past,
Thus said, ' Behold th' ensamples in our sights
Of lustfull luxurie and thirstlesse wast
What now is left of miserable wightes,
Which spent their looser daies in leud delightes,
But shame and sad reproch, here to be red
By these rent reliques, speaking their ill
Let all that live hereby be counselled [plights?
To shunne Roche of Reproch, and it as death
 to dred "

X

So forth they rowed, and that Ferryman
With his stiffe oares did brush the sea so
 strong,
That the hoare waters from his frant ran,
And the light bubbles daunced all along,
While the salt brine out of the billowes sprong
At last sir off they many Islundes spy
On every side floting the floodes among
Then said the knight ' Lo ' I the land deserv,
Therefore, old Sir, thy course doe thereunto
 applv

XI

' That may not bee,' said then the Ferryman,
' Let's wee unweeting hap to be fordonne
For those same Islands, seeming now and then,
Are not firme land, nor any certein wonne,
But strigling plots which to and fro doe runne
In the wide waters therefore are they hight
The Wandering Islands Therefore doe them
 shonne [wight
For they have ofte drawne many a wandring
Into most deadly daunger and distressed plight

XII

' Yet well they seeme to him, that farre doth
 sew,
Both faire and fruitfull, and the grownd dispreed
With grassy greene of delectable hew,
And the tall trees with leaves appareled
Are deckt with blossoms di dain white and red,
That mote the passengers thereto allure,
But whosoever once hath fastened
His foot thereon, may never it recure,
But wandreth evermore uncertein and unsure.

XIII

' As th' Isle of Delos whylome, men report,
Amid th' Aegrean sea long time did stray,
Ne made for shipping any certein port,
Till that Latona traveling that way,
Flying from Junoes wrath and hard assay,
Of her fayre twins was there delivered.
Which afterwards did rule the night and day
Thenceforth it firmly was established,
And for Apolloes temple highly herried.'

XIV

They to him hearken, as bescemeth meete,
And passe on forward so their way does lie,
That one of those same Islands, which doe
 fleet
In the wide sea, they needes must passen by,
Which seemd so sweet and pleasaunt to the
 eye,
That it would tempt a man to touchen there
Upon the banck they sitting did espy
A daintie damsell dressing of her heare,
By whom a little skippet floting did appeare.

XV

She them espying, loud to them can call,
Bidding them nigher draw unto the shore,
For she had cause to buse them withall,
And therewith lowdly laught But nathemore
Would they once turne, but kept on as afore
Which when she saw, she left her lockes un-
 dight,
And running to her boat withouten ore,
From the departing land it launched light,
And after them did drive with all her power
 and might.

XVI

Whom overtaking, she in merry sort
Them gan to bord, and purpose diversly
Now faining dalliaunce and wanton sport,
Now throwing forth lewd wordes immodestly.
Till that the Palmer gan full bitterly
Her to rebuke for being loose and light
Which not abiding, but more scornfully

Scoffing at him that did her justly wite,
She turnd her bote about, and from them
rowed quite.

XVII

That was the wanton Phædrin, which late
Did ferry him over the Idle lake.
Whom nought regarding they kept on their
gate,

And all her vaine allurements did forsake,
When then the wary Boteman thus bespake
'Here now behoveth us well to avyse,
And of our safety good heede to take,
For here before a perilous passage lyes,
Where many Mermaids haunt making false
melodies

XVIII

'But by the way there is a great Quicksand,
And a whirlepoole of hidden jeopardy,
Therefore, Sir Palmer, keepe an even hand
For twixt them both the narrow way doth lye.
Scarse had he saide, when hard at hand they
spy

That quicksand nigh with water covered,
But by the checked wave they did descrie
It plaine, and by the sea discoloured
It called was the quicksand of Unthrifty hed

XIX

They, passing by, a goodly Ship did see
Laden from far with precious merchandize,
And bravely furnished as ship might bee,
Which through great disaventure, or mesprize,
Her selfe had runne into that hazardize,
Whose mariners and merchants with much
toyle

Labour'd in vaine to have recur'd their prize.
And the rich wares to save from pittieus spoyles;
But neither toyle nor travaill might her backe
recoyle.

XX

On th' other side they see that perilous Poole,
That called was the Whirlepoole of decay,
In which full many had with haplesse doole
Beene suncke, of whom no memorie did stay
Whose circled waters rapt with whirling sway,
Like to a restlesse wheele, still ronning round,
Did covet, as they passed by that way,
To draw their bote within the utmost bound
Of his wide Labyrinth, and then to have them
dround

XXI

But th' heedful Boteman strongly forth did
stretch
His brawnie armes, and all his bodie straine
That th' utmost sandy breach they shortly
fetch,
Whiles the dredd daunger does behind remaine.

Suddenely they see from midst of all the Maine
The surging waters like a mountaine rise,
And the great sea, puft up with proud dis-
daine,

To swell above the measure of his guise,
As threatning to devour all that his powre
despise.

XXII

The waves come rolling, and the billowes rore
Outragiously, as they enraged were,
Or wrathfull Neptune did them drive before
His whirling charet for exceeding feare,
For not one puffe of winde there did appeare,
That all the three thereat woxe much afrajd,
Unweeting what such horreur straunge did
reare.

Estsoones they saw an hideous hoast arrayd
Of huge Sea monsters, such as living sence
dismayd

XXIII

Most ugly shapes and horrible aspects,
Such as Dame Nature selfe mote feare to see,
Or shame that ever should so fowle defects
From her most cunning hand escaped bee,
All dreddfull pourtraicts of deformitee
Spring-headed Hydres, and sca-shouldring
Whales,

Great whirlepooles which all fishes make to flee,
Bright Scolopendraes arm'd with silver scales,
Mighty Monoceroses with immeasured tayles

XXIV

The dreadful Fish that hath deserv'd the name
Of Death, and like him lookes in dreadfull
hew,

The grisly Wasserman, that makes his game
The flying ships with swiftnes to pursen
The horrible Sea-satyre, that doth shew
His fearefull face in time of greatest storme,
Huge Ziffius, whom Mariners eschew
No lesse then rockes, (as travellers informe)
And greedy Rosmarines with visages deforme

XXV

All these, and thousand thousand many more,
And more deformed Monsters thousand fold,
With dreadfull noise and hollow rombling
rore

Came rushing, in the fomy waves enroll,
Which seem'd to fly for feare them to behold.
Ne wonder, if these did the knight appall,
For all that here on earth we dreadfull hold,
Be but as bugs to fearen babes withall,
Compared to the creatures in the seas en-
troll.

XXVI

'Feare nought,' then saide the Palmer well
 auid

'For these same Monsters are not these in deed,
 But are into these fearefull shapes disguiz'd
 By that same wicked witch, to worke us dreed,
 And draw from on this journey to proceed'
 Tho lifting up his vertuous staffe on hye
 He smote the sea, which calmed was with
 speed,
 And all that dreadfull Armie fast gan fixe
 Into great Tethys bosome, where they hidden
 lye.

XXVII

Qut from that danger forth their course they
 kept,

And as they went they heard a ruefull cry
 Of one that wayld and pittifully wept,
 That through the sea resounding plants did fly
 At last they in an Island did espy
 A seemely Maiden sitting by the shore,
 That with great sorrow and sad agony
 Seemed some great misfortune to deplore,
 And lowd to them for succour called evermore.

XXVIII

Which Guy on hearing streight his Palmer brd
 To sterc the bote towards that dolefull Mayd,
 That he might know and ease her sorrow sad,
 Who, him avizing better, to him sayd
 'Faure Sir, be not displeas'd if disobayd
 For ill it were to hearken to her cry,
 For she is only nothing ill apayd,
 But onely womaniish fine forgery [my
 Your stubborne hart t affect with fraile infir-

XXIX

'To which when she your courage hath incl-
 cind

Through foolish pity, then her guilefull bayt
 She will embosome deeper in your mind,
 And for your ruine at the last awayt.
 The Knight was ruled, and the Boteman strait
 Held on his course with staved stedfastnesse,
 Ne ever shroncke, ne ever sought to bayt
 His tyred armes for toy le-ome wearinesse.
 But with his oares did sweepe the watry wilder-
 nesse.

XXX

And now they nigh approached to the sted
 Whereas those Mermaids dwelt it was a still
 And calmy bay, on th' one side sheltered
 With the brode shadow of an hoare hill
 On th' other side an high rocke toured still,
 That twixt them both a pleasant port they
 And did like in halfe Theatre fulfill [made

There those five sister- had continuall trade,
 And used to bath themselves in that decept-
 full shade

XXXI

They were faure Ladies, till they fondly
 strid

With th' Heliconian maides for maystery
 Of whom they, over-comen, were depriv'd
 Of their proud beaute and th' one moyste
 Transformd to fish for their bold surquedry:
 But th' upper halfe their hew retained still,
 And their sweet skill in wonted melody:
 Which ever after they abusd to ill, [did kill
 T allure weake travellers, whom gotten they

XXXII

So now to Guyon, as he passed by,
 Their pleasant tunes they sweetly thus ap-
 'O thou favre sonne of gentle Faery, [ply de
 That art in mightie armes most magnific
 Above all knights that ever battell tryde,
 O' turne thy rudder hitherward awhile
 Here may thy storme-bett vessell safely rde,
 Thus is the Port of rest from troublous toyie,
 The worldes sweet In from paine and wear-
 some turmoile.'

XXXIII

With that the rolling sea, resounding soft,
 In his big base them sily answered
 And on the rocke the waves breaking aloft
 A solemne Meane unto them measured,
 The whiles sweet Zephyrus lowd whistled
 His treble a strange kind of harmony,
 Which Guyons senses softly tuckeled,
 That he the boteman had row easly [lodv
 And let him hear some part of their rare me-

XXXIV

But him the Palmer from that vanity
 With temperate advice discourssell'd,
 That ther it past, and horlly gan descry
 The land to which their course they level'd,
 When suddenly a grosse fog over-spread
 With his dull vapour all that desert has,
 And heavens chearefull face enveloped,
 That all things one, and one as nothing was,
 And this great Universe seemd one confus-
 mas

XXXV

Thereat they greatly were dismayd ne wist
 How to direct their way in darkenes wide-
 But feard to wander in that wastefull mist,
 For tumbling into mischiefes unespide
 Worse is the danger hidden then descride.
 Suddenly an innumerable flight [cride,
 Of harmefull fowles about them fluttering

And with their wicked wings them ofte did
smight,
And sore annoy ed, groping in that griesly night.

XXXVI

Even all the nation of unfortunate
And fatall birds about them flocked were,
Such as by nature men abhorre and hate,
The ill-faste Owle, deaths dreadfull messengere,
The hoars Night-raven, trump of dolefull dreere,
The lether-winged Batt, dayes enemy,
The ruefull Strich, still waiting on the bere,
The whistler shrill, that whoso heeres doth dy,
The hellish Harpyes, prophets of sad destiny

XXXVII

All those, and all that els does horror breed
About them flew, and fild their sayles with
fearre
Yet stayd they not, but forward did proceed,
Whiles th' one did row, and th' other stuff
steare,
Till that at last the weather gan to cleare,
And the faire land it selfe did playnly sheow
Said then the Palmer, 'Lo! where does appeare
The sacred soile where all our perills grow
Therefore, Sir knight, your ready arms about
you throw'

XXXVIII

He hearkned, and his armes about him tooke,
The whiles the nimble bote so well her sped,
That with her crooked keele the land she
Then forth the noble Guy on sallied, [strooke
And his sage Palmer that him governed,
But th' other by his bote behind did stay
They marched layrly forth, of nought y died
Both firmly armed for every hard [stray,
With constancy and care, gaunst daunger and
dismay

XXXIX

Ere long they heard an hideous bellowing
Of many beasts, that roard outrageously,
As if that hungers poynt or Venus sting
Had them enrag'd with fell surquedry
Yet nought they feard, but past on hardily,
Untill they came in vew of those wilde beasts,
Who all attonce, gaping full greedily,
And rearing fiercely their up-taring crests,
Ran towards to deuoure those unexpected
guests

XL

But soone as they approcht with deadly threat,
The Palmer over them his staffe upheld [fert
His mighty staffe, that could all charmes de-
lifesoones their stubborne corages were queld,

And high advanced crests downe meekely
feld,
Instead of slaying, they them selves did feare,
And trembled as them passing they beheld
Such wondrous powre did in that staffe appeare,
All monsters to subdew to him that did it
beare.

XLI

Of that same wood it fram'd was cunningly,
Of which Caduceus whilome was made,
Caduceus, the rod of Mercury, [mynde
With which he wons the Stygian realmes
Through ghastly horror and eternall shade
Th' infernall feends with it he can asswage,
And Orcus tame, whome nothing can persuade,
And rule the Furies when they most doe rage,
Such vertue in his staffe had eke this Palmer
sage.

XLII

Thence passing forth, they shortly doe arryve
Whereas the Bowre of Bliss was situate,
A place pickt out by choyce of best allye,
That natures worke by art can imitate
In which whatever in this worldly state
Is sweete and pleasing unto living sense,
Or that may dayntest fantasy aggrate,
Was poured forth with plentiful dispenche,
And made there to abound with lavish affluence

XLIII

Goodly it was enclosed round about,
As well their entred guesstes to keep within,
As those unruly beasts to hold without,
Yet was the fence thereof but weake and thin
Nought feard theyr force that fortilage to win,
But wisedomes powre, and temperaunces
might,
By which the mightiest things efforced bin
And eke the gate was wrought of substaunce
light,
Rather for pleasure then for battery or fight

XLIV

Yt framed was of precious yvory
That seemd a worke of admirable witt,
And therein all the famous history
Of Jason and Medea was ywritt,
Her mighty charmes, her furious loyng itt,
His goodly conquest of the golden sleece,
His falsed fayth, and love too lightly flitt,
The wondrous Argo, which in venturous peece
First through the Euxine seas bore all the
flowr of Greece

XLV

Ye might have scene the frothy billowes fry
Under the ship as thorough them she went,

That seemd the waves were into yvory,
Or yvory into the waves were sent,
And otherwhere the snowy substance sprent
With yermell, like the boyes blood therein
shed,
A piteous spectacle did represent,
And otherwhiles, with gold besprinkled,
It seemd thenchanted flame which did
Crusened.

XVII

All this and more might in that goodly gate
Be red, that ever open stood to all [state
Which thither came, but in the Porch there
A comely personage of stature tall,
And semblance pleasing, more then naturall,
That travelers to him seemd to entize
His looser garment to the ground did fall
And flew about his heeles in wanton wize,
Not itt for speedy pace, or manly exercise.

XVIII

There in that place him Genius did call
Not that celestial powre, to whom the care
Of life, and generation of all
That lives, pertenes in charge particulare
Who wondrous things concerning our welfare,
And strange phantomes doth lett us ofte
foresee,
And ofte of secret ill bids us beware
That is our Selfe, whom though we do not see,
Yet each doth in him selfe it well perceive to bee

XIX

Therefore a God him sage Antiquity
Did wisely make, and good Agasthe call,
But this same was to thit quite contrary,
The foe of life, that good enevs to all,
That secretly doth us procure to fall [us see
Through guilefull semblants which he makes
He of this Garden had the governall,
And Pleasures porter was devised to bee,
Holding a staffe in hand for mere forwaitee

XX

With diverse flowres he duntly was deckt,
And strowed rownd about, and by his side
A mighty Mazer bowle of wine was sett,
As if it had to him bene sacrifice,
Wherewith all new-come guests he graty side
So did he eke Sir Guy on passing by,
But he his ydle curtesie deside,
And overthrew his bowle disdainfully,
And broke his staffe with which he charmed
semblants sly

L

Thus being entred, they behold rownd
A large and spacious plume, on every side

Strowed with pleasauns, whose faire grassy
grownd
Wanted with greene, and goodly beautifide
With all the ornaments of Floraes pride
Wherewith her mother Art as halfe in scorne
Of niggard Nature, like a pompous bride
Did decke her, and too lavishly adorne,
When forth from virgin bowre she comes in
th' early morne

II

Therewith the Heavens alwayes joviall
Lookte on them lovly, still in stedfast state
Ne suffred storme nor frost on them to fall,
Their tender buds or leaves to violate
Nor scorching heat, nor cold intemperate
I' affect the creatures which therein did dwell,
But the milde ayre with ser-on moderate
Gently attempted and disposed so well,
That still it breathed forth sweet spirt and
holesom smell

III

More sweet and holesome then the pleasaunt
hill
Of Rhodope, on which the Nymphie that bore
A gyaunt brbe herselfe for griefe did kill,
Or the Thessalian Tempe, where of yore
Kyre Daphne Phrebus hart with love did
gore,
Or Ida, where the Gods lov'd to repayre,
When ever they their heavenly bowres forelore,
Or sweet Parnasse, the haunt of Muses favre;
Or Eden selfe, if ought with Eden more com-
pare

III

Much wondred Guy on at the fyre aspect
Of that sweet place, yet suffred no delight
To sneke into his sence, nor mind affect
But passed forth, and lookt still forward right,
Bryding his will and maystering his might,
Till that he came unto another gate.
No gate, but like one, being goodly dight [late
With bowes and brunches, which did broad di-
Their clasping armes in winton wreathings
intricate

IV

So fashioned a Porch with rare device
Arch over head with an embracing vine,
Whose boughes hanging downe seemd to en-
tice
All passers by to taste their luscious wine,
And did them selves into their hands incline,
As freely offering to be gathered,
Some deepe empurpled as the Hyacinthe,
Some as the Rubine laughing sweetely red
Some like faire Emeraudes, not yet well
ripened

I V

And them amongst some were of burnisht
gold,
So made by art to beautify the rest,
Which did themselves amongst the leaves en-
fold,
As lurking from the view of covetous guest,
That the weake boughes, with so rich load
opprest
Did bow adowne as overburdened
Under that Porch a comely dame did rest
Clad in fyre weedes but fowle disordered,
And garments loose that seemd unmeet for
womanhed.

I V I

In her left hand a Cup of gold she held,
And with her right the riper frut did reach,
Whose sappy liquor, that with fulnesse sweld,
Into her cup she scrud with daintie breich
Of her fine fingers, without fowle empeach,
Th it so faire winepresse made the wine more
sweet
Thereof she usd to give to drinke to each.
Whom passing by she happened to meet
It was her guise all Strangers goodly so to
greet.

L V I I

So she to Guyon offred it to tast,
Who, taking it out of her tender hond,
The cup to ground did violently cast,
That all in peeces it was broken sond,
And with the liquor stained all the lond
Whereat Excesse exceedingly was wroth,
Yet no'te the same amend, ne yet withstond,
But suffered him to passe, all were she loth,
Who, nought regarding her displeasure, forward
goth.

I V I I I

There the most daintie Paradise on ground
It selfe doth offer to his sober eye,
In which all pleasures plenteously abownd,
And none does others happinesse enve,
The painted flowres, the trees upshooting hye,
The dales for shade, the hilles for breathing
space,
The trembling groves, the christall running by,
And, that which all faire workes doth most
aggrace, [place
The art which all that wrought appeared in no

L I X

One would have thought, (so cunningly the
rude
And scorned partes were mingled with the fine)
That nature had for wantonnesse en ude
Art, and that Art at nature did repine;

So striving each th' other to undermine,
Each did the others worke more beautify,
So diff'ring both in willes agreed in fine
So all agreed, through sweete diversity,
Thus Gardin to adorne with all variety

I X

And in the midst of all a fountaine stood,
Of richest substance that on earth might bee,
So pure and shiny that the silver flood
Through every channell running one might
see,
Most goodly it with curious ymagerees
Was overwrought, and shapes of naked boyes,
Of which some seemd with lively jollitee
To fly about, playing their wanton toyes,
Why lest others did them selves embay in liquid
joyes

L X I

And over all of purest gold was spred
A tangle of yve in his native hew,
For the rich metall was so coloured,
That wight who did not well avay'd it reu
Would surely deeme it to bee yve treu
Low his lascivious armes adown did creepe,
That themselves dipping in the silver dew
Their fleecy flowres they fearefully did steepe,
Which drops of Christall seemd for wantones
to weep.

I X I I

Inifit streames continually did well
Out of this fountaine, sweet and faire to see,
The which into an ample laver fell,
And shortly grew into so great quantitie,
That like a lile like it seemd to bee,
Whose depth exceeded not three cubits hight,
That through the waves one might the bottom
see,
All pay'd beneath with Jaspai shining bright,
That seemd the fountaine in that sea did sayle
upright

L X I I I

And all the margent round about was sett
With shady Laurell trees, thence to defend
The sunny beames which on the billowes bett,
And those which therein bathed mote offend
As Guyon hapned by the same to wend,
Two naked Damzelles he therein espyde,
Which therein bathing seemed to contend
And wrestle wantonly, ne car'd to hyde
Their dainty partes from view of any which
them eyd

L X I V

Sometimes the one would lift the other quight
Above the waters, and then downe againe
Her plong, as over-maystered by might,
Where both awhile would covered remaine,

And each the other from to rise restraîne,
The whales their snowy lumbes, as through a
vele,
So through the christall waves appeared plaine
Then suddenly both wold themselves unhele,
And th' amarous sweet spoiles to greedy eyes
revele.

LXV

As that faire Starre, the messenger of morne
His dewy face out of the sea doth reire,
Or as the Cyprian goddess, newly borne
Of th' Ocean's fruitfull froth, did first appeare
Such seemed they, and so their yellow heare
Christalline humor dropped downe apace
Whom such when Guyon saw, he drew him
neare,
And somewhat gan relent his earnest pace,
His stubborne brest gan secret pleasaunce to
embrace

LXVI

The wanton Maidens, him espying, stood
Gazing awhile at his unwonted guise,
Then th' one her selfe low ducked in the flood,
Abasht that her a stranger did avise,
But thother rather higher did arise,
And her two lilly paps aloft displayd,
And all that might his melting hart entyce
To her delights she unto him bewrayd,
The rest hidd underneath him more desirous
made

LXVII

With that the other likewise up arose,
And her faire lockes, which formerly were
bownd
Up in one knott, she low adowne did lose,
Which flowing low and thick her cloth'd arownd,
And th' yorie in golden mantle gownd
So that faire spectacle from him was rest,
Yet that which rest it no lesse faire was fownd
So hidd in lockes and waves from lookers theft,
Nought but her lovely face she for his looking
left

LXVIII

Withall she laughed, and she blusht withall,
That blushing to her laughter gave more grace,
And laughter to her blushing, as did fall
Now when they spyde the knight to slacke his
Them to behold, and in his sparkling face
The secrete signes of kindled lust appeare,
Their wanton meriments they did encrease,
And to him beckned to approach more neare,
And shewd him many sights that corage cold
could reare.

LXIX

On which when gazing him the Palmer saw,
He much rebuked those wandering eyes of his,

And counseled well him forward thence did
draw.

Now are they come nigh to the Bowre of blis,
Of her fond favorites so nam'd amis,
When thus the Palmer 'Now, Sir, well avise,
For here the end of all our travaill is
Here wonnes Acrisia, whom we must surprize,
Els she will slip away, and all our drift despise.

LXX

Litsoones they heard a most melodious sound,
Of all that mote delight a dauntie care,
Such as attonce might not on living ground,
Save in this Paradise, be heard el sew here
Right hard it was for wight which did it heare,
To read what manner musicks that mote bee,
For all that pleasing is to living eare
Was there consorted in one harmonie,
Birdes, voices, instruments, wundes, waters,
all agree

LXXI

The joyous birdes, shrouded in chearefull shade
Their notes unto the voice attempted sweet,
Th' Angelicall soft trembling voices made
To th' instruments divine response meet,
The silver sounding instruments did meet
With the base murmur of the waters fall,
The waters fall with difference discreet,
Now soft, now loud, unto the wind did call,
The gentle warbling wind low answered to all

LXXII

There, whence that Musick seemed heard to
bee,
Was the faire Witch her selfe now solacing
With a new I over, whom, through sorcerce
And witchcraft, she from farre did thither
bring
There she had him now laid aslumbering
In secret shade after long wanton joyes,
Whilst round about them pleasantly did sing
Many faire ladies and lascivious boies,
That ever mixt their song with light licentious
toyes

LXXIII

And all that while right over him she hong
With her false eyes fast fixed in his sight,
As seeking medicine whence she was stong,
Or greedily depasturing delight,
And oft inclining downe, with kisses light
For feare of waking him, his lips bedewd,
And through his humid eyes did sucke his
spright,
Quite molten into lust and pleasure lewd,
Wherein she sighed soft, as if his case she
rewd.

LXXIV

The whiles some one did chaunt this lovely lay

Ah! see, whose fayre thing doest same to see,
In springing flowre the image of thy day
Ah! see the Virgin Rose, how sweetly shee
Doth first peepe forth with bashfull modestee,
That fairer seemes the lesse y e see her may.
Lo! see soone after how more bold and free
Her bared bosome she doth broad display,
Lo! see soone after how she fades and falls
away.

LXXV

So passeth, in the passing of a day,
Of mortall life the lease, the bud, the flowre,
Ne more doth flourish after first decay, [bowre
That earst was sought to deck both bed and
Of many a lady, and many a Paramowre
Gather therefore the Rose whilst y e is prime,
For soone comes age that will her pride de-
flowre,
Gather the Rose of love whilst y e is time,
Whilst loving thou mayst loved be with equall
crime

LXXVI

He ceast, and then gan all the quire of birdes
Their diuerse notes to attune unto his lay,
As in approvaunce of his pleasing wordes
The constant payre heard all that he did say,
Yet swaried not, but kept their forward way
Through many covert groves and thicketts close,
In which they creeping did at last display
That wanton Lady with her lover lose, [pose
Whose sleepe head she in her lap did soft dis-

LXXVII

Upon a bed of Roses she was layd, [sin,
As faunt through hent, or dight to pleasant
And was araid, or rather disarayd,
All in a vele of silke and silver thin,
That had no whit her alablaster skin, [bee
But rather shewd more white, if more might
More subtil web Arachne cannot spin,
Nor the fine nets, which oft we w oven see
Of scorched deaw, do not in th' ayre more
lightly flee

LXXVIII

Her snowy brest was bare to ready spoyle
Of hungry eies, which n'ote therewith beild,
And yet, through languour of her late sweet
toyle, [tild,
Few drops, more cleare then Nectar, forth dis-
That like pure Orient perles adowne it trild,
And her faire eyes sweet smyling in delight,
Moyntened their fierie beames, with which she
thrild

Fraile harts, yet quenched not, like starry light,
Which, sparckling on the silent waves, does
seeme more bright.

LXXIX

The young man, sleeping by her, seemd to be
Some goodly swayne of honorable place,
That certes it great pitty was to see
Him his nobility so fowle deface
A sweet regard and amiable grace,
Mixed with manly sternesse, did appeare,
Yet sleeping, in his well proportiond face,
And on his tender lips the downy heare
Did now but freshly spring, and silken blos-
soms beare

LXXX

His warlike Armes, the ydle instruments
Of sleeping praise, were hong upon a tree,
And his brave shield, full of old monuments,
Was fowly rust, that none the signes might
Ne for them ne for honour cared hee, [see
Ne ought that did to his advauncement tend,
But in lewd loves, and wastfull luxurie,
His dayes, his goods, his bodie, he did spend
O horrible enchantment, that him so did blend!

LXXXI

The noble Elfe and carefull Palmer drew
So nigh them, minding nought but lustfull
game, [threw
That sudein forth they on them rusht, and
A subtil net, which only for that same
The skilfull Palmer formallly did frame
So held them under fast, the whiles the rest
Fled all away for feare of fowler shame
The faire Enchauntresse, so unwares oppress,
Tryde all her arts and all her sleights thence
out to wrest.

LXXXII

And eke her lover stiove, but all in vaine,
For that same net so cunningly was wound,
That neither guile nor force might it distraine
They tooke them both, and both them strongly
bound [found
In captive bandes, which there they readie
But her in chaines of adamant he tyde,
For nothing else might keepe hei safe and
sound
But Verdant (so he hight) he soone untyde,
And counsell sage in sted thereof to him ap-
plyde

LXXXIII

But all those pleasaunt bowres, and Pallace
brave,
Gone broke downe with rigour pittlesse,
Ne ought their goodly workmanship might save
Them from the tempest of his wrathfulnesse,

But that their blisse he turn'd to balefulnesse
 Their groves he feld, their gardins did deface,
 Their arbors spoyle, their Cabinets suppress,
 Their banket houses burne, their buildings rize;
 And, of the say rest late, now made the fowlest
 place.

LXXIX

Then led they her away, and eke that knight
 They with them led, both sorrowfull and sad
 The way they came, the same retourn'd they
 right,

Till they arriv'd where they lately had
 Charm'd those wild-beasts that rag'd with
 furie mad,

Which, now waking, fierce at them gan fly,
 As in their mistresse reskew whom they lad,
 But them the Palmer soone did pacify
 Then Gayon askt, what meant those beasts
 which there did ly?

LXXX

Sayd he, 'These seeming beasts are men in-
 deed,

Whom this Enchauntresse hath transformed,
 [thus,] Why lome her lovers which her lustes did feed,
 Now turned into figures hideous,
 According to their mindes like monstrous'
 'Sad end,' (quoth he) 'of life intemperat,

And mourneful meed of joyes delicious'
 But, Palmer, if it mote thee so aggrate,
 Let them returned be unto their former state.'

LXXXI

Streight way he with his vertuous staffe them
 strooke,

And streight of beastes they comely men be-
 Yet being men they did unmanly looke {came,
 And stared ghastly, some for inward shame,
 And some for wrath to see their captive Dame
 But one above the rest in speciall {name,
 That had an hog beene late, hight Grylle by
 Reprned greatly, and did hun miscall
 That had from hoggish forme him brought to
 naturall

LXXXII

Saide Gayon, 'See the mind of beastly man,
 That hath so soone forgot the excellence
 Of his creation, when he life began,
 That now he chooseth with vile difference
 To be a beast, and lacke intelligence' {kinde
 To whom the Palmer thus 'The donghill
 Delights in filth and fowle incontinence
 Let Grylle be Grylle, and have his hoggish minde,
 But let us hence depart whilst nether serves
 and winde'

THE THIRDE BOOKE

OF

THE FAERIE QUEENE

CONTAYNING THE LEGEND OF BRITOMARTIS, OR OF CHASTITY

I

IT falls me here to write of Chastity,
The sayrest vertue, far above the rest
For which what needes me fetch from Faery
Forreine ensamples it to haue exprest?
Sith it is shrined in my Soveraines brest,
And formd so lively in each perfect part,
That to all Ladies, which have it profest,
Need but behold the pourtraict of her hart,
If pourtrayd it might bee by any living art

II

But living art may not least part expresse,
Nor life-resembling pencill it can paynt
All were it Zeuxis or Praxiteles,
His daedale hand would faile and greatly saynt,
And her perfections with his error t ynt
Ne Poets witt, that passeth Painter farre
In picturing the parts of beauty daynt,
So hard a workmanship adventure darre,
For fear, through want of words, her excellence to marie

III

How then shall I, Apprentice to the skill
That whilome in divinest wits did ryne,
Presume so high to stretch mine humble quill?
Yet now my luckelesse lott doth me constrainye

Hereto perforce But, O dredd Soverayne!
Thus far-forth pardon, sith that choicest witt
Cannot y our glorious pourtraict figure playne,
That I in colourd shoves may shadow itt,
And antique praises unto present persons fitt.

IV

But if in living colours, and right hew,
Thy selfe thou covet to see pictured,
Who can it doe more lively, or more trew,
Then that sweete veise, with Nectar sprinke
In which a gracious servaunt pictured [eled,
His Cynthia, his heavens sayrest light?
That with his melting sweetnes ravished,
And with the wonder of her beames bright,
My senses lulled are in slomber of delight.

V

But let that same delitious Poet lend
A litle leave unto a rusticke Muse [mend
To sing his mistiesse pryse, and let him
If ought amis her liking may abuse
Ne let his sayrest Cynthia refuse
In mirrours more then one her selfe to see,
But either Gloriana let her chuse,
Or in Belphebe fashioned to bee, [chastitee
In th' one her rule, in th' other her rare

CANTO I

Guy on encountreth Britomart
Fayre Florimell is chased
Dinesses traines and Malecas
taes champions are defaced

I

THE famous Briton Prince and Faery knight,
After long wayes and perulous paines endur'd,
Having their weary limbes to perfect plight
Restord, and sory wounds right well re-
cur'd,

Of the faire Alma greatly were procur'd
To make there lenger sojourn and abode,
But when thereto they might not be allur'd,
From seeking praise and deeds of armes abrode,
They courteous conge tooke, and forth together
yode

II

But the captiv'd Acrasia he sent,
Because of travell long, a nigher way,
With a strong guard, all reskow to prevent,
And her to Faery court safe to convey,
That her for witness of his hard assay
Unto his Faery Queene he might present
But he him selfe tooke another way,
To make more trill of his hardiment, [went,
And seek adventures as he with Prince Arthure,

III

Long so they travell'd through wastefull
wyes, [wonne,
Where daungers dwelt, and perils most did
To hunt for glory and renowned pryv'e
Full many Countreies they did overonne,
From the uprising to the setting Sunne,
And many hard adventures did atchieve,
Of all the which they honour ever wonne
Seeking the weake oppressed to relieve, [grieve
And to recover right for such as wrong did

IV

At last, as through an open plaine they rode,
They espied a knight that towardsprick'd rode,
And him beside an aged Squire there rode,
That seem'd to couch under his shield three-
square,
As if that age badd him that burden spare,
And yield it those that stouter could it wield,
He them esp'ing gan him selfe prepare,
And on his arme addresse his goodly shield
That bore a Lion passant in a golden field.

V

Which seeing, good Sir Guy on deare be-sought
The Prince of grace to let him runne that turne
He granted then the Faery quickly taught
His poyvant speare, and sharply gan to spurne
His fomy steed, whose fiery feete did burne
The verlant gras as he thereon did tread,
Ne did the other bracke his foote returne,
But fiercely forward came withouten dread.
And bent his dreadful speare against the
others head.

VI

They beene ymett, and both theyr points
arriv'd,
But Guy on drove so furious and fell, [have arriv'd,
That seem'd both shield and plate it would
Nathelasse it bore his foe not from his sell,
But made him stagger, as he were not well
But Guy on selfe, ere well he was aware,
Nigh a speares length behind his crouper fell,
Yet in his fall so well him selfe he bare,
That mischievous mischaunce his life and
limbs did spare

VII

Great shame and sorrow of that fall he tooke,
For never yet, with warlike armes he bore
And shivering speare in bloody hold first shooke,
He found him selfe dishonored so sore.
Ah! gentlest knight, that ever armor bore
Let not thee grieve dismounted to have beene,
And brought to grownd that never wast before,
For not thy fault, but secret powre unseene
That speare enchanted was which layd thee
on the greene.

VIII

But wrenedst thou what might thee over-
threw,
Much greater griefe and shamesfuller regret
For thy hard fortune then thou wouldst
renew,
That of a single damzell thou wert mett
On equal plaine, and there so hard besett
I ven the famous Britomart it was,
Whom strange adventure did from Britayne
set
To seeke her lover (love far sought alas!)
Whose image shee had seene in Venus looking
glas

IX

Full of disdainfull wrath he fierce arose
For to revenge that fowle reprochessfull shame,
And snatching his bright sword began to
close
With her on foot, and stoutly forward came
Dye rather would he then endure that same
Which when his Palmer saw, he gan to feare
His toward perill, and untoward blame,
Which by that new encounter he should reare
For death sate on the point of that enchanted
spare

X

And hast'ing towards him gan faire per-
suade
Not to provoke misfortune, nor to weene
His speares default to mend with cruell blade,
For by his mightie Science he had seene
The secrete vertue of that weapon keene,
That mortall puissance mote not withstand.
Nothing on earth mote alwaies happy beene
Great hazard were it, and adventure fond,
To loose long gotten honour with one evill
hond

XI

By such good meenes he him discoursell'd
From prosecuting his revenging rage
And eke the Prince like treaty handeled,
His wrathfull will with reason to aswage,
And laid the blame not to his carriage,
But to his starting steed that swar'd asyde,
And to the ill purveyaunce of his page,

That had his furnitures not firmly tyde,
So is his angry corage fawrly pacifide

XII

Thus reconclement was betweene them knitt,
Through goodly temperaunce and affection
chaste;

And either vowd with all their power and witt
To let not others honour be defaste
Of friend or foe, who ever it embaste,
Ne armes to beare agunst the others syde
In which accord the Prince was also plaste,
And with that golden chaine of concord tyde
So goodly all agreed they forth yfere did ryde

XIII

O' goodly usage of those antique tymes,
In which the sword was servaunt unto right,
When not for malice and contentious crimes,
But all for prays, and prooffe of manly might,
The martiall brood accustomed to fight
Then honour was the meed of victory,
And yet the vanquished had no de-pight
Let later age that noble use envy,
Vyle rancor to avoid and cruel surquedry

XIV

Long they thus traveled in friendly wise,
Through countreyes wiste, and eke well
chuse,

Seeking adventures hard, to exercise
Their puissaunce, whylome full dearnly tride
At length they came into a forest wyde,
Whose hideous horror and sad trembling sownd
Full griesly seemd Therein they long did
ryde,

Yet tract of living creature none they fownd,
Save Beares, Lyons, and Bulls, which romed
them rownd

XV

All suddnly out of the thickest brush,
Upon a milkywhite Palfrey all alone,
A goodly Lady did foreby them rush,
Whose face did seeme as cleare as Christall
stone,

And eke, through feare, as white as whales bone
Her garments all were wrought of beaten gold,
And all her steed with tinsell trappings shone,
Which fledd so fast that nothing mote him hold,
And scarce them leasure gave her passing to
behold

XVI

Still as she fledd her eye she backward threw,
As fearing evill that pursu'd her fast,
And her faire yellow locks behind her flew,
Loosely disperst with puff of every blast

All as a blazing starre doth farre outcast
His hearie beames, and flaming lockes dis-
predd,

At sight whereof the people stand aghast,
But the sage wisard telles, as he has redd,
That it importunes death and dolefull dreiv-
hedd,

XVII

So as they gazed after her a while,
Lo' where a guesse foster forth did rush,
Breathing out beastly lust her to defile
His tyreling Jade he fiersly forth did push
Through thicke and thin, both over banck and
bush,

In hope her to attaine by hooke or crooke,
That from his gory sydes the blood did gush
Large were his limbes, and terrible his looke,
And in his clownish hand a sharp bore speare
he shooke

XVIII

Which outrage when those gentle knights
did see,

Full of great env and fell gealosy
They stayd not to avise who first should fly,
But all spurd after, fast as they mote fly,
To reskew her from shamefull villany,
The Prince and Guy on equally by hie
Her selfe pursu'd, in hope to win thereby
Most goodly meede, the iurest Dame alive
But after the foule foster Timias did strive

XIX

The whies faire Britomart, whose constant
mind

Would not so lightly follow beauties chace,
Ne reekt of Ladies Love, did stay behynd,
And them awayed there a certaine space,
To weet if they would turne bricke to that place,
But when she saw them gone she forward
went,

As in her journey, through that perloous Pace,
With stedfast corage and stout hardiment
Ne evill thing she feard, ne evill thing she ment

XX

At last, as nigh out of the wood she came,
A stately Castle far away she spyde,
To which her steps directly she did frame
That Castle was most goodly edifyde,
And plaste for pleasure nigh that Forrest syde.
But faire before the gate a spations playne,
Mantled with greene, it selfe did spredde wyde,
On which she saw six knights, that did dar-
rayne

Fiers battall aganst one with cruell might and
mayne

XXI

Mainely they all attonce upon him laid,
And sore beset on every side arownd, [maid,
That nigh he breathlesse grew, yet nought dis-
Ne ever to them yielded foot of grownd,
All had he lost much blood through many a
wound,

But stoutly dealt his blowes, and every way,
To which he turned in his wrathfull stownd,
Made them recoile, and fly from dredd decay,
That none of all the six before him durst assay

XXII

Like dastard Curres that, having at a bay
The salvage beast embost in weerie chace,
Dare not adventure on the stubborne pray,
Ne byte before, but come from place to place
To get a snatch when turned is his face
In such distresse and doubtfull jeopardy
When Britomart him saw, she ran in pace
Unto his reskew, and with earnest cry
Badd thosesame six forbear that single enemy

XXIII

But to her cry they list not lenden eere,
Ne ought the more their mightie strokes sur-
cease

But gathering him round about more neare,
Their dreffull rancour rather did encrease,
Till that she rushing through the thickest
preasse

Perforce disparted their compacted gyre,
And soone compeld to hearken unto peace
Tho gan she myldly of them to inqyre
The cause of their dissention and outrageous yre.

XXIV

Whereto that single knight did answer frame
'These six would me enforce by oddes of might
To chaunge my hese, and love another Dame,
That death me hefer were then such despyght,
So unto wrong to yeld my wrested right
For I love one, the truest one on grownd,
Ne list me chaunge, she th' Errant Damzell
hight,

For whose d're sake full many a bitter stownd
I have endured, and tasted many a bloody
wound.'

XXV

'Certes,' (said she) 'then beene ye saxe to blame,
To weene your wrong by force to justifi,
For knight to leave his Lady were great shame
That faithfull is, and better were to dy
All losse is lesse, and lesse the infamy,
Then losse of love to him that loves but one
Ne may love be compeld by maistryers

For soone as maistry comes sweet Love anone
Taket hys nimble winges, and soone away is
gone'

XXVI

Then spake one of thosesix, 'There dwelleth
Within this castle wall a Lady fyve, [here
Whose soveraine beautie hath no living pere
Thereto so bounteous and so debonayre,
That never any mote with her compayre.
She hath ordaind this law, which we approve,
That every knight which doth this way repaire,
In case he have no lady nor no love,
Shall doe unto her service, never to remove

XXVII

'But if he have a Lady or a Love,
Then must he her forgoe with fowle desyme,
Or els with us by dint of sword approve,
That she is fairer then our fairest Dame
As did this knight, before ye hither came'
'Perdy,' (said Britomart) 'tho chouse is hard,
But what reward had he that overcame?'
'He should advanced bee to high regard,'
(Said they) 'and have our Ladies love for his
reward

XXVIII

'Therefore aread Sir, if thou have a love'
'I love hath I sure' (quoth she) 'but Lady none;
Yet will I not from mine own love remove,
Ne to your Lady will I service done,
But wreake your wronges wrought to this
knight alone,
And prove his cause' With that, her mortall
speere
She mightily entered towards one,
And downe him smot ere well awar he weare,
Then to the next she rode, and downe the next
did beare

XXIX

Ne did she stay till three on ground she layd
That none of them himselfe could reare againe
The fourth was by that other knight dismayd,
All were he wearie of his former paine,
That now there do but two of six remaine
Which twodid yeld before she did them smight.
'Ah!' (said she then) 'now may ye all see
plaine
That truth is strong, and trew love most of
that for his trusty servants doth so strongly
fight

XXX

'Too well we see,' (sude they) 'and prove too
well [might
Our faulty weakenes, and your matchlesse
Forthy, faire Sir, yours be the Damozell,
Which by her owne law to your lot doth light,

And we your liegemen faith unto you plight
So underneath her feet their swords they mard,
And, after, her besought, well as they might,
To enter in and reape the dew reward
She graunted, and then in tvey all together
far'd

XXXI

Long were it to describe the goodly frame,
And stately port of Castle Joyeous,
(For so that Castle light by commun name)
Where they were entertaynd with courteous
And comely glee of many grations
Faure Ladies, and of many a gentle knight,
Who, through a Chamber long and spacious,
Eftsoones them brought unto their Ladies
sight,
That of them cleeped was the Lady of Delight

XXXII

But for to tell the sumptuous aray
Of that great chamber should be labour lost,
For living wit, I weene, cannot display
The roiall riches and exceeding cost
Of every pillour and of every post,
Which all of purest bullion framed were, [best;
And with great perles and pretious stones em-
That the bright glister of their beames cleare
Did sparkle forth great light, and glorious did
appeare.

XXXIII

These stranger knights, through passing,
forth were led
Into an inner rowme, whose royaltee
And rich pur euance might unneath be red
Mote Princes place be seeme so deekt to bee
Which stairel manner whenas they did see,
The image of superfluous riotize,
Exceeding much the state of meane degree,
They greatly wondred whence so sumptuous
guize [deuize
Might be maintaynd, and each gan diversely

XXXIV

The wals were round about appareiled
With costly clothes of Arras and of Tournay,
In which with cunning hand was pourtrahed
The love of Venus and her Paramoure,
The fayre Adonis turned to a flowre,
A worke of rare deuice and wondrous wit
First did it shew the bitter balfull towre,
Which her essayd with many a fervent fit,
When first her tender hart was with his beaute
smit.

XXXV

Then with what sleights and sweet allure-
ments she
Entyst the Boy, as well that art she knew,

And wooed him her Paramoure to bee,
Now making girlonds of each flowre that grew,
To crowne his golden lockes with honour dew,
Now leading him into a secret shade [ew,
From his Beauperes, and from bright heavens
Where him to sleepe she gently would per-
swade,
Or bathe him in a fountaine by some covert
glade

XXXVI

And whilst he slept she over him would spread
Her mantle, colour'd like the starry skyes,
And her soft arme lay underneath his head,
And with ambrosiall kisses bathe his eyes,
And whilst he bath'd with her two crafty spies
She secretly would search each daintie him,
And throw into the well sweet Rosemaryes,
And fragrant violets, and Paunces trim,
And ever with sweet Nectar she did sprinkle
him

XXXVII

So did she steale his heedlesse hart away,
And joy'd his love in secret unespide.
But for she saw him bent to cruell play,
To hunt the salvage beast in Forrest wyde,
Dreadfull of daunger that mote him betide,
She oft and oft adviz'd him to reframe
From chase of greater beastes, whose brutish
pride
Mote breede him scath unwares but all in
vaine, [doth ordaine?
For who can shun the chance that dest'ny

XXXVIII

Lo! where beyond he lyeth languishing,
Deadly engored of a great wilde Bore;
And by his side the Goddesses growling
Makes for him endlesse mone, and evermore
With her soft garment wipes away the gore
Which staynes his snowy skin with hatefull
hew:
But, when she saw no helpe might him restore,
Him to a dainty flowre she did transmeu,
Which in that cloth was wrought as if it lively
grew.

XXXIX

So was that chamber clad in goodly wize.
And round about it many beds were dight,
As whilome was the antique worldes guize,
Some for untimely ease, some for delight,
As pleased them to use that use it might,
And all was full of Damzels and of Squires,
Dauncing and reveling both day and night,
And swimming deepe in sensuall desyres,
And Cupid still emongest them kindled lustfull
fyres

XL

And all the while sweet Musicke did divide
Her looser notes with Lydian harmony,
And all the while sweet birdes thereto applide
Their daintie lyes and dulcet melody,
As caroling of love and jollitie,
That wonder was to heare their trim consort
Which when those knights beheld, with scornefull eye
They deigned such lascivious disport,
And loath'd the loose demeanure of that wanton sort.

XLI

Thence they were brought to that great Ladies view,
Whom they found sitting on a sumptuous bed,
That glisterd all with gold and glorious shew,
As the proud Persian Queene accustomed.
She seemd a woman of great bountifull,
And of rare beautie, saving that askance
Her wanton eyes, all signes of womanhood,
Did roll too lightlie and too often glance.
Without regard of grace or comely amenaunce.

XLII

Long worke it were, and needlesse to devise
Their goodly entertainment and great glee
She caused them be led in courteous wize
Into a bowre, disarmed for to be,
And cheerd well with wine and spice
The Rederose Knight was soon disarmed there
But the brave Mayd would not disarmed bee
But onely vented up her umbriere,
And so did let her goodly visage to appere

XLIII

As when faire Cynthia, in darke some night
Is in a noyous cloud enveloped, [light
Where she may finde the substance thin and
Breakes forth her silver beames, and her bright
hed
Discovers to the world discomfited
Of the poore traveler that went astray
With thousand blessings she is heried
Such was the beautie and the shining ray,
With which faire Britomart gave light unto
the day

XLIV

And eke those six, which lately with her fought,
Now were disarmd, and did them selves present
Unto her ven, and company unsought
For they all seeme courteous and gent
And all six brethren borne of one parent
Which had them trayned in all civillite,
And goodly taught to tilt and turnament

Now were they hiegmens to this Ladie free,
And her knights service ought, to hold of her
in fee.

XLV

The first of them by name Garlande lught,
A jolly per-on and of comely yew,
The second was Parlante a bold knight,
And next to him Jocante did ensue,
Basciant did him selfe most courteous shew,
But fierce Bacciante seemd too fell and keene,
And yett in armes Noctante greater grew
All were faire knights, and goodly well becene,
But to faire Britomart they all but shadowes
beene.

XLVI

For shee was full of amiable grace
And manly terror mixed therewithall
That as the one sturd up affections base,
So th' other did mens rash desires apill,
And hold them backe that would in error fall
As hee that hath espide a vermillion Rose,
To which sharp thornes and breres the way
forstall

Dare not for dread his hardy hand expose,
But wishing it far off his idle wish doth lose.

XLVII

Whom when the Lady saw so faire a wight
All ignorant of her contrary sex,
(For shee her weend a fresh and lusty knight)
Shee greatly gan enamoured to wee
And with vaine thoughts her falsed fancy wee
Her sickle hart conceivd hasty fyre
Like sparkes of fire which fall in slender sleve
That shortly brent into extreme desyre,
And ransackt all her veines with passion entyre

XLVIII

Fiftsoones shee grew to great impatience
And into termes of open outrage brust
That plume discovered her incontinence;
Ne reckt shee who her meaning did mistrust
For she was given all to fleshy lust,
And poured forth in sensuall delight,
That all regard of shame she had discust,
And meet respect of honor putt to flight
So shamelesse beauty soone becomes a loathly
sight

XLIX

Faire Ladies, that to love captivd arre
And chaste desires doe nourish in your mind,
Let not her fault your sweete affections marre
Ne blott the bounty of all womankind [and
Amongst thou-and good one wanton Dime to
Amongst the Roses grow some wicked weeds.
For this was not to love, but lust, inclind;

For love does alwaies bring forth bounteous
deeds,
And in each gentle hart desire of honor breeds

L

Nought so of love this looser Dame did skill,
But as a cole to kindle fleshly flame,
Giving the bridle to her wanton will,
And treading uuder foote her honest name
Such love is hate, and such desire is shame.
Still did she rove at her with crafty glaunce
Of her false eyes, that at her hart did ayme,
And told her meaning in her countenance,
But Britomart dissembled it with ignorance

LI

Supper was shortly dight, and downe they satt,
Where they were served with all sumptuous fare,
Whiles fruitfull Ceres and Lyæus fatt
Poured out their plenty without spight or spare
Nought wanted there that dainty was and rare,
And aye the cups their bancks did overflow,
And aye betwene the cups she did prepare
Way to her love, and secret darts did throw,
But Britomart would not such gulfull message
know

LII

So, when they slaked had the fervent heat
Of appetite with meates of every sort,
The Lady did faire Britomart entreat
Her to disarm, and with delightfull sport
To loose her warlike limbs and strong effort,
But when shee mote not thereunto be wonne,
(For shee her sexe under that straunge purport
Did use to hide, and plaine appaunce shonne)
In playner wise to tell her grievance she
begonne

LIII

And all attonce discovered her desire [griefe,
With sighes, and sobs, and plants, and piteous
The outward sparkes of her inburning fire,
Which spent in vaine, at last she told her
briefe,
That but if she did lend her short reliefe
And doe her comfort, she mote algates dye
But the chaste damzell, that had never priefe
Of such malengine and fine forgerye
Did easely beleve her strong extremitie

LIV

Full easy was for her to have belefe,
Who by self-feeling of her feeble sexe,
And by long triall of the inward griefe
Wherewith imperious love her hart did vex,
Could judge what paines doe loving harts
perplexe
Who meanes no guile be guiled soonest shall,
And to faire semblance doth light faith annexe

The bird that knowes not the false fow lers call,
Into his hidden nett full easely doth fall

LV

Forthy she would not in discourteise wise
Scorne the faire offer of good will profest,
For great rebuke it is love to despise,
Or rudely sdeigne a gentle harts request,
But with faire countenance, as beseeemed best,
Her entertaynd nath'lesse shee mylly deemd
Her love too light, to wooe a wandring guest,
Which she misconstruing, thereby esteemd
That from like inward fire that outward smoke
had steemd

LVI

Therewith a while shee her flit farcy sedd,
Till she mote winne fit tyme for her desire,
But yet her wound still inward freshly bledde,
And through her bones the false instilled fire
Did spred it selfe, and venime close inspire
Tho were the tables taken all away,
And every knight, and every gentle Squire,
Gan choose his Dame with *Buscimano* gay,
With whom he ment to make his sport and
courtly play

LVII

Some fell to daunce, some fel to hazardry,
Some to make love, some to make mery ment,
As diverse witts to diverse things apply,
And all the while faire Malecasta bent
Ilei crafty engins to her close intent
By this th' eternall lampes, wherewith high Jove
Doth light the lower world, were halfe yspent,
And the most daughters of huge Atlas strove
Into the Ocean deepe to drive their weary
drove.

LVIII

High time it seemed then for everie wight
Them to betake unto their kindly rest
Eftsoones long waxen torches weren light
Unto their bowres to guyden every guest
Tho, when the Britonesse saw all the rest
Avoided quite, she gan her selfe despoile,
And safe committ to her soft feathered nest,
Wher through long watch, and late daies
weary toile, [quite assoile
She soundly slept, and carefull thoughts did

LIX

Now whenas all the world in silence deepe
Yshrouded was, and every mortall wight
Was drowned in the depth of deadly sleepe,
Faure Malecasta, whose engrieved spright
Could find no rest in such perplexed plight,
Lightly arose out of her wearie bed,
And, under the blacke veile of guilty Night,
Her with a scarlott mantle covered [loped
That was with gold and Ermines faire enve-

LXI

Then prating softe, and trembling as joynt,
Her fearfull feete towards the bowre shemov'd,
Where she for secret purpose did appoynt
To lodge the warlike maide unwisely loov'd,
And, to her bed approaching, first she prov'd
Whether she slept or wak'te with her softe hand
She softly felt if any member moov'd,
And lent her wary eare to understand
If any puffe of breath or signe of sence shee fond

LXII

Which whenas none she fond, with easy chiffe
For feare least her unwares she should abrayd
Th' embroder'd quilt she lightly up shee lift,
And by her side her selfe she softly layd,
Of every finest finger touch affraid,
Ne any noise she made ne word shee spak,
But only sigh'd. At last the royall Mayd
Out of her quiet slomber did awake (take
And chaung'd her weary side the better ease to

LXIII

Where feeling one close couch'd by her side,
She lightly lept out of her filed bedd,
And to her weapon ran, in minde to gride
The loathed leachour. But the Dame, halfe
dedd
Through sudden feare and ghastly drench'd
Did shriek alowd, that through the house it
rang,
And the whole family therewith adred,
Rashly out of their roused couches ran,
And to the troubled chamber all in armes did
throng

LXIV

And the sixe knights that ladies Champions
And eke the Reders knight ran to the townd,
Halfe arm'd and halfe unarmed, with them
attons

Where when confus'dly they came, they fownd
Their lady lying on the senselesse ground
On thother side they saw the warlike Mayd
All in her snow-white smocke, with locks un-
bownd,
Threatning the point of her avenging blade,
That with so troublous terror they were all
dismay'd,

LXV

About their Lady first they flockt around,
Whom having laid in comfortable couch,
Shortly they reard out of her frozen snownd,
And afterwarde they gan with fowle reproch
To stirre up strife, and troublous contecke
broch
But by ensample of the last dayes losse,
None of them rashly durst to her approach.
Ne in so glorious spoile themselves embowe
Her succourd of the Champion of the bloody
Crosse

LXVI

But one of those sixe knights, Gardinteight,
Drew out a deadly bow and arrow keene,
Which forth he sent, with felonous de pight
And fell intent, against the virgin chene
The mortall stele stayd not till it was come
To gow her side: yet was the wound not deepe.
But lightly ran her soft silken skin,
That drops of purple blood therout did weene,
Which did her lilly smock with stames of ver-
meil steep

LXVII

Wherewith enrag'd she fiercely at him flew,
And with her flaming sword about him flew,
That none of them soule mischick could eschew,
But with her dreadfull strokes were all dis-
mayd

Here, there and every where about her swayd
Her wrathfull stroke, that none mude it abyde,
And eke the Reders knight gave her good
ayd

As joyning foot to foot, and syde to syde,
Flat in short space their foes they have quite
terrifyd

LXVIII

Tho, whenas all were put to shamefull flight
The noble Bntomartis her arrayd
And her brist arm'd about her body dyght
For nothing would she linger there be stayd,
Where so loose life and so ungentle trait,
Was used of knightes and ladies warring gent.
So ere they ere the grosse Larches greasy shade
Was all d'part out of the firmament,
They took their steeds, and forth upon their
journey went,

CANTO II.

The Redcrosse knight to Britomart
 Describeth Artegall
 The wondrous myrrour, by which she
 In love with him did fall.

I

HERE have I cause in men just blame to find,
 That in their proper praise too partiall bee,
 And not indifferent to woman kind,
 To whom no share in armes and chivalree
 They doe impart, no maken memoree
 Of their brave gestes and prowesse martiall
 Scarce do they spare to one, or two, or three,
 Rowme in their writtes, yet the same writing
 small [glories all
 Does all their deedes deface, and dims their

II

But by record of antique times I finde
 That women wont in warres to beare most sway,
 And to all great exploits themselves inclind,
 Of which they still the girland bore away,
 Till envious Men, fearing their rules decay,
 Gan coyn streight lawes to curb their liberty,
 Yet with they warlike armes have laide away,
 They have exceld in artes and policy,
 That now we foolish men that prais gin eke
 t'envy.

III

Of warlike p'f'urance in ages spent.
 Bethou, faire Britomart, whose prayse I wryte,
 But of all wisdom bee thou precedent,
 O soveraine Queene! whose prayse I would
 endyte,
 Endite I would as dentie doth exycte,
 But ah! my rymes too rude and rugged are,
 When in so high an object they do lyte,
 And, stryving hit to make, I feare, doe marre.
 Thy selte thy praises tell, and make them
 knowne farre.

IV

She, travailing with Guyon, by the way
 Of sondry thinges faire purpose gan to find,
 T'abridg their journey long, and lingring day,
 Mongst which it fell into that Faeries mind
 To aske this Briton Maid, what uncouth wind
 Brought her into those partes, and what inquest
 Made her dissemble her disguised kind?
 Faire Lady she him seemd, like Lady drest
 But fairest knight alive, when armed was her
 brest.

V

Thereat she sighing softly had no powre
 To speake a while, ne ready answer make,
 But with hart-thrilling throbs and bitterstowre,
 As if she had a fever itt, did quake,
 And every daintie limbe with horrow shake,
 And ever and anone the rosy red
 Flisht through her face, as it had beene a flake
 Of lightnag through bright heaven fulmined
 At last, the passion past, she thus him answered

VI

'Faure Sir, I let you weete, that from the howre
 I taken was from nourses tender pap,
 I have been trained up in warlike stowre,
 To tossen speare and sheld, and to asfrap
 The warlike ryder to his most mishap
 Sithence I loathed have my life to lead,
 As Ladies wont, in pleasures wanton lap,
 To singler the fine needle and nyce thread,
 Me lever were with point of soemans speare be
 dead

VII

'All my delight on deedes of armes is sett,
 To hunt out perilles and adventures hard,
 By sea, by land, where so they may be mett,
 Onely for honour and for high regard,
 Without respect of riches or reward
 For such intent into these partes I came,
 Withouten compasse or withouten card,
 Far fro my native soyle, that is by name
 The greater Britayne, here to seek for praise
 and fame

VIII

'Fime blazed hath, that here in Faery lond
 Doe many famous knightes and Ladies wonne,
 And many strange adventures to bee fond,
 Of which great worth and worship may be
 wonne,
 Which to prove, I this voyage have begonne
 But mote I weete of you, right courteous
 knight,
 Tydings of one that hath unto me donne
 Late foul dishonour and reprochfull spight,
 The which I seeke to wreake, and Artegall
 he light'

IX

The worde gone out she bakke agayne would
As her repenting so to haue missayd, [call,
But that he, it uptaking ere the fall,
Her shortly answered 'Faure martiall Mayd,
Certes y e misauised beene t' upbrayd
A gentle knight with so unknaghtly blame,
For, weet ye well, of all that euer playd
At tilt or tourney, or like warlike game,
The noble Arthegall hath ever borne the name

X

'Forthy great wonder were it, if such shame
Should euer enter in his bounteous thought,
Or euer doe that mote deseruen blame
The noble corage never weeneth ought
That may unworthy of it selfe be thought.
Therefore, faire Dymrell, be ye well ware,
Least that too farre ye haue y our sorrow sought
You and y our country both I wish welfare,
And honour both, for each of other worthy
are'

XI

The royall Maid wote mly wondrous glad,
To heare her Love so highly magnifyde,
And joyd that euer she affixed had
Her hart on knight so goodly glorifyde,
How euer finely she it faind to hyde
The loving mother, that nine monethes did
berre
In the deere closett of her painefull syde
Her tender babe, it seeing safe appeare,
Doth not so much rejoyce as she rejoyced
there

XII

But to occasion him to further talke,
To feed her humor with his pleasing stile,
Her list in stryfull termes with him to balke,
And thus replyde 'How euer, Sir, ye fyle
Your courteous tongue his prayes to compyle,
It all besemes a knight of gentle sort,
Such as ye haue him boasted, to beguyle
A simple maide, and worke so hainous tort,
In shame of knighthood, as I largely can
report

XIII

'Let bee therefore my vengeance to dissuade,
And read where I that fytour false may find'
'Ah' but if reason faire might you persuade
To slake y our wrath, and mollify y our mind'
(Said he) 'perhaps ye should it better find
For hardie thing it is to weene by might
That man to hard conditions to bind,
Or euer hope to match in equall fight,
Whose prowesse paragone saw never living
wight

XIV

'Ne soothlich is it easie for to read
Where now on earth, or how, he may be fownd,
For he ne wonneth in one certeine stead,
But restlesse walketh all the world around,
Ay doing thinges that to his fame redownd,
Defending Ladies cruse and Orphans right,
Wherso he heares that any doth confownd
Them comfortlesse through tyranny or might
So is his soveraine honour raise to heveng
hight.'

XV

His feeling wordes her fiele sence much
And softly sunck into her molten hart [pleased,
Hart that is mly hurt is greatly eased
With hope of thing that may allegge his
smart,
For pleasing wordes are like to Magick art,
That doth the charmed Snake in slomber lay
Such secrete erse felt gentle Britomart,
Yet list the same efforce with faind gannesay,
So dischord ofte in Musick makes the sweeter
lay —

XVI

And sayd, 'Sir knight, these ydle termes
forbeare,
And, aith it is uneth to finde his haunt,
Tell me some markes by which he may ap-
if chance I him encounter paravunt, [peare,
For perdy one shall other slay, or daunt
What shape, what shield, what armes, what
steed, what steedd,
And what so else his person most may vaunt?'
All which the Redecrosse knight to point aredd,
And him in euerie part before her fashioned

XVII

Yet him in euerie part before she knew,
Howeuer list her now her knowledge sayne,
Sith him whylome in Britayne she did vew,
To her revealed in a mirrhour playne,
Whereof did grow her first engraffed payne,
Whose root and stalke so bitter yet did taste,
That but the fruit more sweetnes did contayne,
Her wretched dayes in dolour she mote waste,
And yield the pray of love to lothsome death
at last.

XVIII

By straunge occasion she did him behold,
And much more straungely gan to love his
sight,
As it in bookes hath written beene of old
In Dehenwuth, that now South-wales is hight,
What time king Ryence raign'd and dealed
right,
The great Magicien Merlin had deviz'd,
By his deepe science and hell-dreaded might,

A looking glasse, right wondrously agniz'd,
Whose vertues through the wyde worlde soone
were solemniz'd

XXIX

It vertue had to shew in perfect sight
Whatever thing was in the world contaynd,
Betwixt the lowest earth and hevens light,
So that it to the looker appertaynd
Whatever foe had wrought, or frend had faynd,
Therein discovered was, ne ought mote pas,
Ne ought in secret from the same remaynd,
Forthy it round and hollow shaped was,
Like to the world itselfe, and seemd a world
of glas.

XX

Who wonders not, that reades so wonderous
worke?

But who does wonder, that has red the Towre
Wherein th' Aegyptian Phao long did lurke
From all mens vew, that none might her dis-
coure,

Yet she might all men vew out of her bowre?
Great Ptolomee it for his lemans sake
Ybould all of glasse, by Magicke powre,
And also it impregnable did make, [brake
Yet when his love was false he with a peaze it

XXI

Such was the glassy globe that Merlin made,
And gave unto king Ryence for his gard,
That never foes his kingdome might invade,
But he it knew at home before he hard
Tydings thereof, and so them still debar'd
It was a famous Present for a Prince,
And worthy worke of infinite reward,
That treasons could bewray, and foes convince
Happy this Realme, had it remayned ever
since!

XXII

One day it fortun'd fayre Butomart
Into her fathers closet to repayre,
For nothing he from her reserv'd apart,
Being his onely daughter and his hayie,
Where when she had espyde that murrhour
fayre,
Her selfe while therein she vewd in vaine
Tho, her avizing of the vertues raie
Which thereof spoken were, she gan againe
Her to bethinke of that mote to her selfe per-
taine.

XXIII

But as it falleth, in the gentlest harts
Imperious Love hath highest set his throne,
And tyranizeth in the bitter smarts
Of them that to him buxome are and prone

So thought this Mayd (as maydens use to
done)

Whom fortune for her husband would allot
Not that she lusted after any one,
For she was pure from blame of sunfull blott,
Yet wist her life at last must lincke in that
same knot

XXIV

Eftsoones there was presented to her eye
A comely knight, all arm'd in complete wize,
Through whose bright ventayle, lifted up on
His manly face, that did his foes agrize, [hye,
And fiends to termes of gentle truce entize,
Lookt forth, as Phoebus face out of the east
Betwixt two shady mountaynes doth anze
Portly his peison was, and much increast
Through his Heroicke grace and honorable
gest.

XXV

His crest was coverd with a couchant Hownd,
And all his armour seemd of antique mould,
But wondrous massy and assured sownd,
And round about yfretted all with gold,
In which there written was, with cyphres old,
Achilles armes, which Arthegall did win
And on his shield enveloped sevenfold
He bore a crown'd little Ermeln,
That deckt the azure field with her fayre
pouldred skyn

XXVI

The Damzell well did vew his Personage
And likd well, ne further fastned not,
But went her way, ne her unguilty age
Did weene, unwares, that her unlucky lot
Lay hidden in the bottome of the pot.
Of hurt unwist most daunger doth redound,
But the false Archer, which that arrow shot
So slyly that she did not feele the wound,
Did smyle full smoothly at her weetelesse wo-
full stound

XXVII

Thenceforth the fether in her lofty crest,
Ruffed of love, gan lowly to availe,
And her proud portance and hei princely gest,
With which she earst tryumphed, now did
quaile
Sad, solemne, sowre, and full of fancies fraile,
She woxe, yet wist she nether how, nor why
She wist not, silly Mayd, what she did aile,
Yet wist she was not well at ease perdy,
Yet thought it was not love, but some melan-
choly.

XXVIII

So soone as Night had with her pallid hew
Defaste the beautie of the shyning skye,
And reffe from men the worldes desired vew,
She with her Nourse adowne to sleepe did lye,

But sleepe full far away from her did fly
In steerd thereof sad sighes and sorrowes deepe
Kept watch and ward about her warily,
That nought she did but wayle, and ofter
steepe [she did weepe
Her dainty couch with teares which closely

XXX

And if that any drop of slombring rest
Did chaunce to still into her weary spright
When feeble nature felt her selfe opprest,
Streight-way with dreames, and with fantas-
tick sight

Of dreadfull things, the same was put to flight,
That oft out of her bed she did astart,
As one with view of ghastly fends affright
Tho gan she to renew her former smart, [hart
And thinke of that fayre visage written in her

XXXI

One night, when she was tost with such un-
rest, [hight,

Her aged Nourse, whose name was Glaucé
Feeling her leape out of her lorthed nest,
Betwixt her feeble armes her quickly keight,
And downe againe her in her warme bed dight
'Ah' my deare daughter, ah' my dearest
dread,

What uncouth sit, (said she) 'what evill plight
Hath thee opprest, and with sad dreary head
Chaunged thy lively cheare, and living made
thee dead ?

XXXII

'For not of nought these sudden ghastly
All night afflict thy naturall repose, [feares
And all the day, when as thine equall peares
Their sit disports with faire delight doe chose,
Thou in dull corners doest thy selfe inclose,
Ne tastest Princes pleasures, ne doest spread
Abroad thy fresh youths fayrest flowre, but
lose

Both leafe and fruite, both too untimely shed,
As one in wilfull bale for ever buried

XXXIII

'The time that mortall men their weary cares
Dolay away, and all wilde bestes do rest,
And every river eke his course forbeares,
Then doth this wicked evill thee infest,
And rise with thousand throbs thy thrilled
brest

Like an huge Aetn' of deepe engulfed gryefe,
Sorrow is heaped in thy hollow chest, [ryfe,
Whence forth it breakes in sighes and anguish
As smoke and sulphure mingled with confused
stryfe,

XXXIV

'Ay me' how much I feare least love it bee!
But if that love it be, as sure I read
By known signes and passions which I see,
Be it worthy of thy race and royall seed,
Then I avow, by this most sacred head
Of my deare foster childe, to ease thy griefe
And win thy will Therefore away doe dread,
For death nor danger from thy dew reliefe
Shall me debarre tell me therefore, my hestest
hefe'

XXXV

So having sayd, her twixt her armes twaine
Shee straightly stravnd, and colled tenderly,
And every trembling joint and every vaine
Shee softly felt, and rubbed busily,
To doe the frozen cold away to fly,
And her faire dewy eyes with kisses deere
Shee ofte did bathe and ofte againe did dry,
And ever her importund not to feire
To let the secret of her hart to her appeare

XXXVI

The Damzell purd, and then thus fearfully
'Ah' Nurse, what needeth thee to eke my
Is not enough that I alone doe dye, [payne
But it must doubled bee with death of twaine?
Fornought for me but death there doth remaine'
'O daughter deere' (said she) 'desperre no
what,

For never sore but might a salve obtaine
That blinded God, which hath ye blindly smut,
Another arrow hath y our lovers hart to hit'

XXXVII

'But mine is not' (quoth she) 'like other
wound,

For which no reason can finde remedy'
'Was never such but mote the like be found,'
(Said she) 'and though no reason may appli
Salve to y our sore, yet love can higher sty
Then reasons reach, and oft hath wonders
donne'

'But neither God of love nor God of skye
Can doe' (said she) 'that which cannot be
donne' [ere begonne,

'Things ofte impossible' (quoth she) 'seeme,

XXXVIII

'These idle wordes' (said she) 'doe nought
aswage [breed

My stubborne smart, but more annoiaunce
For no, no usuall fire, no usuall rage
Yt is, O Nourse' which on my life doth feed,
And sucks the blood which from my hart doth
bleed

But since thy faithful zeale lets me not hyde
My crime, (if crime it be) I will it reed

Nor Prince nor peer it is whose love hath gyrd
My feeble last of late, and launched this
wound wyde.

XXXIII

'Nor man it is, nor oyle of Bering wight,
For thou art hope I might unto me draw,
But this do shade as I end last of a knight,
Whose deede or person yet I never saw,
Hath I subjected to his small law
This eare, and day, as thou instructest me,
I in my father's wrong draw out our sin,
And pleased with that see my goodly deed.
I wote the hidden Locke with care I wote
I wote.'

XXXIV

'Sulore it hath infixed faster hold
Wit in my bleeding bowells, and so sore
Now rancid this all become felle doleful hold
That all my enter loe with pain is gone
And th' ulcer groweth day more and more;
Ne can my rest in soe a life be led
Other then my hard fortune to dispell
And to quench as the hearte fed from the tree
Till death make an end of my dole and
tolerance.'

XL

'Doe thou' (said she) 'what need ye be dismayd?
O my make as such Master of you is my do?
Of much more unworth thing I was afraid,
Of filthy lust contrary unto kinde
But this affliction nothing straunge I finde.
For I loe with reason can you are approve
To love the semblance pleasing in it your
milde
And will your heart when ye cannot see
No guilt in you, but in the tyranny of love.'

XLI

'Not soth' Arabian Mervel doth as I for mynd
Nor sooth of Babil spake of a pining heart
But he 'd that native flesh against all kynd,
And so to their purpose wold and on art
Yet playd Pashe of a more monstrous part,
That he 'd a Beld, and learned a heart to be
Such shamefull lustre who loathes not, which
depart
From course of nature and of modesty?
Sweet he, such bewitching banke from last fate
or joye.'

XLII

'But thus, my Deare, (to chafe thy heart, my
deare)
Though strange beginning I had, yet fixed is
On us that words may perhaps appeare;
And certes seen as bestowed not and is

For thou dost have thou and eternall bliss!
With that, uplean on her elbow wroke,
Her alabaster breast she soft did kisse, (quake,
Which all, if it while she felt to paine and
As if an Earth-quake were at last she thus
bespoke,

XLIII

'Holds, my your words do ward me little care,
For though my love be not so badly bent
As thou yet blame, yet may it nought appease
My raging smart, no ought my shame relent,
But rather doth my helpe lesse griefe augment,
For thou, how ever shame all and undid
Yet dost possess their horrible intent.
Shewest thou of sorrowes that it cryd d fade,
So was their fortune good, though wicked were
their minde,

XLIV

'But wretched fortune mine, though minde be
free,
Can have no cure nor hope of my desire,
But for I am shadowed with a deede for deed,
And like a shadowe vexe, whole with entire
Affliction I do languish and expine.
I forger then to playe a foolish chylde,
Who having cowed in a frontaine shere
His face was with the face turned beguylde,
In order, love a shew the body far es childe.'

XLV

'No gh' like' (quoth shee) 'for that same
wretched day
Was of love with the velle Paramour,
Both love and looe, without hope of joy,
For which he faded to a watry flowre
But better tortune thine, and better howre,
Which lov at the shadow of a warlike knight,
No shadow but a body hath in powre
That body where ever that it light, might
May keene be by cyphers, or by Magicle

XLVI

'But if thou may with reason yet requesse
The growing evil, or it strength have gott,
And thee abandoned woly do possess,
Against it strongly strive, and yield thee nott
Till thou in open ebbe adowne be smott
But if the passion master thy frailty might,
So that needs love or death must be thy lott,
Then, I asse to thee, by wrong or right
To compass thy desire, and bid that loved
knight.'

XLVII

Her cheerefull words much cheerd the feeble
spright
Of the wiche virgin, that her downe she layd

In her warme bed to sleepe, if that she might,
And the old-woman caretully displayd
The clothes about her round with busy ayd,
So that it last a litle creeping sleepe
Surprisd her sence: Shee, therewith well apayd,
The drunken lamp down in the oyl did sleepe,
And sett her by to watch, and sett her by to
weepe.

XLVIII

Enerv, the morrow next, before that day
His jovous face did to the world revele,
They both uprose and tooke their ready way
Unto the Church, their prayers to appele
With great devotion, and with little zeale
For the faire Damzel from the holy herse
Her love-sick hart to other thoughts did steale,
And that old Dame said many an idle verse,
Out of her daughters hart fond fancies to re-
verse

XLIX

Retourned home, the roy all Infant fell
Into her former sitt, for-why no powre
Nor guidaunce of herselfe in her did dwell
But th' aged Nourse, her calling to her bowre,
Had gathered Rew and Savine, and the flowre
Of Camphora, and Calamint, and Dill,
All which she in a earthen Pot did poure,
And to the brim with Colttwood did it fill,
And many drops of milke and blood through it
did spill.

L

Then, taking thrise three heares from off her
head,
Them trebly breaded in a threefold lace,

And round about the Pots mouth bound the
threåd,

And, after having whispered a sprce
Certain sad words with hollow voice and brce,
Shee to the virgyn sayd, thurse sayd she itt,
'Come daughter, come, come, spit upon my
face,
Spitt thurse upon me, thurse upon me spitt,
Th' uneven number for this busines is most
fitt.'

LI

That sayd, her rownd about she from her turnd,
She turned her contrary to the Sunne,
Thurse she her turnd contrary, and returnd
All contrary, for she the right did shunne,
And ever what she did was streight undonne
So thought she to undoe her daughters love,
But love, that is in gentle brest begonne,
No ydle charmes so lightly may remove
That well can witnesse who by triall it does
prove

LII

No ought it mote the noble Mayd awayle,
Ne slake the fure of her cruell flame, [wayle,
But that shee still did waste, and still did
That, through long languour and hart-burning
brame,
She shortly like a pynd ghost became
Which long hath waited by the Stygian strond
That when old Glauc. saw, for feare least blame
Of her miscarriage should in her be fond,
She wist not how t'amend, nor how it to with-
stond

CANTO III

Merlin bewrayes to Britomart
The state of Arthegall,
And shews the famous Progeny,
Which from them springen shall

I

Most sacred fyre, that burnest mightily
In living brests, kindled first above
Emongst th' eternall spheres and lamping sky,
And thence poud into men, which men call
Love! [more
Not that same which doth base affections
In brutish munde, and filthy lust inflame,
But that sweete fit that doth true beauteie love,
And choseth vertue for his dearest Dame,
Whence spring all noble deedes and never
dying fame

II

Well did Antiquity a God thee deeme
That over mortall munde hast so great might,
To order them as best to thee doth seeme,
And all their actions to direct aright
The fatal purpose of divine foresight
Thou doest effect in destined descents,
Through deepe impression of thy secret
might,
And stirredst up th' Hero's high intents,
Which the late world admires for wondrous
moniments

III

But thy dredd dartes in none doe triumph
more,

Ne braver prooffe in any of thy powre
Shew d'st thou, then in this royall Maid of yore,
Making her seekes an unknowne Paramoure,
From the worlds end, through many a bitter
stowe [rayse
From whose two loynes thou afterwards did
Most famous fruites of matrimoniall bowie,
Which through the earth have spreadd their
living prayse,
That fame in tromp of gold eternally displayes.

IV

Begin then, O my dearest sacred Dame!
Daughter of Phoebus and of Memorre,
That doest ennoble with immortall name
The warlike Worthies. from antiquitye,
In thy great volume of Eternitye
Begin, O Cho! and recount from hence
My glorious Soveraines goodly auncestrye,
Till that by dew degrees, and long protense,
Thou have it lastly brought unto her Excellence

V

Full many wayes within her troubled mind
Old Glaunce cast to cure this Ladies griefe,
Full many waies she sought, but none could find,
Nor herbes, nor charmes, nor counsel, that is
chafe

And choicest med'cine for sick harts reliefe
P' thy great care she tooke, and greater feare,
Least that it should her turne to fowle reprieve
And sore reproch, when so her father deare
Should of his dearest daughters hard misfortune
heare.

VI

At last she her avise, that he which made
That mirrhour, wherein the sicke Damosell
So straungely vewed her straunge lovers shade,
To weet, the learned Merlin, well could tell
Under what coast of heaven the man did dwell,
And by what means his love might best be
wrought

For, though beyond the Africk Ismael
Or th' Indian Peru he were, she thought
Him forth through infinite endeavour to have
sought.

VII

Forthwith them selves disguising both in
straunge

And base atyre, that none might them bewray,
To Maridunum, that is now by chaunge [way
Of name Cayr-Merdin cald, they tooke their
There the wise Merlin w hylome wont (they say)
To make his wonne, low underneath the ground,
In a deepe delve, farie from the vew of day,

That of no living wight he mote be found,
When so he counseld with his sprights encom-
past round.

VIII

And, if thou ever happen that same way
To travell, go to see that dreadful place
It is an hideous hollow cave (they say)
Under a Rock that lyes a litle space
From the swift Barry, tumbling downe apace
Amongst the woody hilles of Dynewre
But dare thou not, I charge, in any cace
To enter into that same balefull Bowre,
For feare the cruell Feendes should thee un-
wares devoure

IX

But standing high aloft low lay thine eare,
And there such ghastly noyse of yron chaines
And brasen Caudrons thou shalt rombing
heare, [paines
Which thousand sprights with long enduring
Doe tosse, that it will stonn thy feeble braines,
And oftentimes great grones, and grievous
stownds, [straines,
When too huge toile and labour them con-
And oftentimes loud strokes and ringing
sowndes [rebowndes
From under that deepe Rock most horribly

X

The cause, some say, is this A litle whyle
Before that Merlin dyde, he did intend
A brasen wall in compas to compyle
About Cairmardin, and did it commend
Unto these Sprights to bring to perfect end
During which worke the Lady of the Lake,
Whom long he lov'd, for him in hast did send,
Who, thereby forst his workemen to forsake,
Them bownd till his retourne their labour not
to slake.

XI

In the meane time, through that false Ladies
traue

He was surprisd, and buried under beare,
Ne ever to his worke returnd againe
Nath'lesse those feends may not their work
forbeare,
So greatly his commandement they feare,
But there doe toyle and travell day and night,
Untill that brasen wall they up doe reare,
For Merlin had in Magick more insight
Then ever him before, or after, hying wight

XII

For he by wordes could call out of the sky
Both Sunne and Moone, and make them him
obay,

The Land to sea, and sea to maineland dry,
And darksome night he else could turne to day
Huge hostes of men he could alone dismay,
And hostes of men of meanest thinges could
When so him list his enemies to fray, [frame,
That to this dry, for terror of his fume,
The feends do quake when any him to them
does name

XIII

And, sooth, men say that he was not the sonne
Of mortall Syre or other his ing wight,
But wondrously begotten, and begonne
By false illusion of a guilefull Spright
On a faire Lady Nonne, that whilome light
Matilda, daughter to Pabidus,
Who was the lord of Mathrayal by right,
And cooven unto king Ambrosius,
Whence he indued was with skill so mercurious

XIV

They, here arriving, staid awhile without,
Ne durst adventure rashly in to wend,
But of their first intent gan make new dout,
For dread of daunger which it might portend,
Untill the hardy Mayd (with love to friend)
First entering, the dreadfull Mge thers fownd
Deepe busied bout worke of wondrous end,
And writing strange characters in the ground,
With which the stubborne feendes he to his
service bound

XV

He nought was moved at their entrance
bold,

For of their coming well he wist afore,
Yet list them bid their business to unfold,
As if ought in this world in secreete store
Were from him hidden, or unknowne of yore
Then Glauced thus 'Let not it thee offend,
That we thus rashly through thy darksome
dore

Unwares have prest, for either fittall end,
Or other mightie cause, us two did hither
send.'

XVI

He bad tell on, And then she thus began
'Now have three Moones with borrowd bro-
thers light

[wan,
Thrice shined fure, and thrice seemd dim and
Sith a sore evil, which this virgin bright
Tormenteth and doth plunge in dolefull plight,
First rooting tooke, but what thing it mote
bee,

Or whence it sprong, I can not read aright
But thus I read, that, but if remedee
Thou her afford, full shortly I her dead shall
see'

XVII

Therewith th' Enchaunter softly gan to smile
At her smooth speeches, weeting, only well
That she to him dissembled womanish guile,
And to her said 'Beldame, by that ye tell
More neede of leech-crafte hath our Damozell,
Then of my skill. who helpe may have else-
where,

In name seekes wonders out of Magick spell.
Th' old woman wox half blanch those wordes
to heere,
And yet was loth to let her purpose plaine
appeare,

XVIII

And to him said 'If any leches skill,
Or other learned meanes, could have redrest
This my deare daughters deepe engraffed ill,
Certe I should be loth thee to molest,
But this sad erill, which doth her infest,
Doth course of naturall cause farre exceed,
And housed is within her hollow brest,
That either seemes some cursed witchs deed,
Or evil spright, that in her doth such torment
breed'

XIX

The wizard could no longer beere her bord,
But, brusting forth in laughter, to her said
'Glance, what needes this colourable word
To cloke the cause that hath it selfe bewrayd?
Ne se, sayre Britomartes, thus arayd,
More hidden are then Sunne in cloudy vele,
Whom thy good fortune, having fate abyld,
Hath hither brought for succour to apple,
The which the powres to thee are pleased to
releve'

XX

The doubtfull Mayd seeing her selfe des-
Was all abrist, and her pure ivory cryde,
Into a cleare Carnation saddeire dyde,
As fayne Aurora, rising hastily,
Doth by her blushing tell that she did live
All night in old Tithonus frozen bed,
Whereof she seemes ashamed inwardly
But her olde Nourse was nought disheartened
But avenge made of that which Merlin had
ared,

XXI

And said, 'Sith then thou knowest all our
griefe,
(For what doest not thou knowe?) of grace I
pray,

Pitty our playnt, and yeld us meet reliefe'
With that the Prophet still awhile did stave,
And then his spirite thus gan forth display
'Most noble Virgin, that by fittall lore
Hast learn'd to love, let no whit thee dismay

The hard beginne that meetes thee in the dore,
And with sharpe sits thy tender hart oppres-
selt sore.

XXVII

'For so must all things excellent begin,
And eke enrooted deepe must be that Tree,
Whose big embodied braunches shall not lin
Till they to heuens light forth stretched bee
For from thy wombe a famous Progenee
Shall spring out of the auncient Trojan blood,
Which shall reuue the sleeping memoree
Of those same antique Peres, the heuens brood,
Which Greeke and Asian rivers stayned with
their blood.

XXVIII

'Renowned kings, and sacred Emperours,
Thy fruitfull Offspring, shall from thee descend,
Brave Captaines, and most mighty warriors,
That shall their conquests through all lands
extend,

And their decayed kingdomes shall amend
The feeble Britons, broken with long warre,
They shall upreare, and mightily defend
Against their forren foe that commes from
farre,

Till universall peace compound all euill jarre

XXIX

'It was not, Britomart, thy wandring eye
Glauncing unwares in charmed looking glasse,
But the streight course of heuently destiny,
Led with eternall providence, that has
Gyded thy glaunce, to bring his will to pass
Ne is thy fate, ne is thy fortune ill,
To lose the prowtest knight that ever was
To loue submit thy wayes unto his will,
And doe by all dew meanes thy destiny fulfill'

XXX

'But read,' (saide Glaucé) 'thou Magitian,
What meanes shall she out seeke, or what
wares take? [man?
How shall she know, how shall she finde the
Or what needes her to toyle, sith fates can
make

Way for themselves their purpose to pertake?'
Then Merlin thus 'Indeede the fates are
firme, [shake,
And may not shrink, though all the world do
Yet ought mens good endeuours them confirme,
And guyde the heavenly causes to their con-
stant terme.

XXXI

'The man, whom heauens haue ordlaynd to
The spouse of Britomart, is Arthegall [bee
He wonneth in the land of Fayeree,
Yet is no Fayr borne, ne sib at all

To Elfes, but sprong of seed terrestriall,
And whylome by false Fayres stolne away,
Whyles yet in infant cradle he did crall,
Ne other to himselfe is knowne this day,
But that he by an Elfe was gotten of a Fay

XXXII

'But sooth he is the sonne of Golois,
And brother unto Cador, Cornish king,
And for his warlike feates renowned is,
From where the day out of the sea doth
Untill the closure of the Evening [spring,
From thence him, firmly bound with faith-
full band [bring,

To this his native soyle thou backe shalt
Strongly to aide his countrey to withstand
The powre of forreine Paynims which invade
thy land

XXXIII

'Great ayd thereto his mighty pussaunce
And drended name shall give in that sad day,
Where also prooffe of thy prou valiaunce
Thou then shalt make, to increase thy lover's
pray [sway,

Long time ye both in armes shall beare great
Till thy wombes burden thee from them do
call,

And his last fate him from thee take away,
Too rathe cut off by practise criminall
Of secrete foes, that him shall make in mis-
chiefe fall

XXXIV

'With thee yet shall he leave, for memory
Of his late pussaunce, his ymage dead,
That liuing him in all actiue
To thee shall represent He, from the head
Of his coosen Constantius, without dread
Shall take the crowne that was his fathers
right, [stead
And therewith crowne himselfe in th' others
Then shall he issew forth with drendfull might
Against his Saxon foes in bloody field to fight.

XXXV

'Like as a Lyon that in drowse crie
Hath long time slept, himselfe so shall he
shake, [biue
And comming forth shall spread his banner
Over the troubled South, that it shall make
The warlike Mertians for feare to quake
Thrise shall he fight with them, and twise
shall win, [make.

But the third time shall sayre accordaunce
And, if he then with victorie can lin,
He shall his dayes with peace bring to his
earthly lin.

XXXI

'His sonne, hight Vortipore, shall him suc-
In kingdom, but not in felicity [ceede
Yet shall he long time warre with happy speed,
And with great honour many battaills try,
But at the last to th' importunity
Of froward fortune shall be first to yield
But his sonne Malgo shall full mightily
Avenge his fathers losse with speare and shield,
And his proud foes discomfit in victorious
field

XXXII

'Behold the man' and tell me, Britomart,
If ay more goodly creature thou didst see?
How like a Gyant in each manly part
Beares he himselfe with portly maiestee,
That one of th' old Heroës seemes to bee!
He the six Islands, comprouinc'ill
In auncient times unto great Britanice,
Shall to the same reduce, and to him call
Their sondry kings to do their homage severall

XXXIII

'All which his sonne Careticus awhile
Shall well defend, and Saxons powre suppress,
Untill a straunger king, from unknowne soyle
Arriving, him with multitude oppresse,
Great Gormond, having with huge mightinesse
Ireland subdued, and therein sit his throne,
Like a swift Otter, fell through emptinesse,
Shall overswim the sea, with many one
Of his Norreyes, to assist the Britons sone

XXXIV

'He in his fure all shall overronne,
And holy Church with faithlesse handes defice,
That thy sad people, utterly fordonne,
Shall to the utmost mountaines fly apace.
Was never so great waste in any place,
Nor so fowle outrage doen by living men,
For all thy Citties they shall sacke and race,
And the greene grasse that groweth they shall
bren, [den
That even the wilde beast shall dy in starved

XXXV

'Whiles thus thy Britons doe in languour pine,
Proud Etheldred shall from the North arise,
Serving th' ambitious will of Augustine,
And, passing Dee, with hardy enterprise
Shall backe repulse the valiaunt Brockwell
twise,
And Bangor with massacred Martyrs fill,
But the third time shall rewe his foolhardise
For Cadwan, putting his peoples ill, [hall
Shall stoutly him defeat, and thousand Saxons

XXXVI

'But after him, Cadwallin mightily
On his sonne Edwin all those wrongs shall
Ne shall avale the wicked sorcery [wreake,
Of false Pelhte his purposes to breake,
But him shall slay, and on a gallowes bleak
Shall give th' enchaunter his unhappie hire.
Then shall the Britons, late dismayd and weake,
From their long vassalage gin to respire, [ire
And on their Paynum foes avenge their ranchled

XXXVII

'Ne shall he yet his writh so mitigate,
Till both the sonnes of Edwin he have slayne,
Offricke and Osricke, twinnes unfortunate,
Both slaine in battaile upon Layburne playne,
Together with the king of Louthane,
Hight Adin, and the king of Orkeny,
Both joynt partakers of their fatall payne
But Penda, fearefull of like desteny, [fealty.
Shall yield him selfe his hegeman, and sweare

XXXVIII

'Him shall he make his fatall Instrument
T' afflict the other Saxons unsubdewd,
He marching forth with fury insolent
Against the good king Oswald, who indewd
With heavenly powre, and by Angels reskewd,
Al holding crosses in their hands on hye,
Shall him defeate withouten blood imbred.
Of which that field, for endlesse memory,
Shall Hevenfield be cald to all posterity

XXXIX

'Whereat Cadwallin wroth shall forth issew,
And an huge hoste into Northumber lead,
With which he godly Oswald shall subdew,
And crowne with martiredome his sacred head
Whose brother Oswin, daunted with like dread,
With price of silver shall his kingdom buy,
And Penda, seeking him adowne to tread,
Shall tread adowne, and doe him fowly dye,
But shall with guists his Lord Cadwallin pacify.

XL

'Then shall Cadwallin die, and then the raine
Of Britons eke with him attonce shall dye,
Ne shall the good Cadwallader, with paine
Or powre, be hable it to remedy,
When the full time, prefix by destiny,
Shal be expird of Britons regiment
For heven it selfe shall their successe envy,
And them with plagues and murrins pestilent
Consume, till all their warlike puissaunce be
spent.

XLI

Yet after all these sorrowes, and huge hulls
Of dying people, during eight yeres space,

Cadwallader, not yielding to his ills,
From Armorike, where long in wretched cace
He liv'd, retourning to his native place,
Shal be by vision staide from his intent
For th' heavens have decreed to displace
The Britons for their sunes dew punishment
And to the Saxons over-gave their government

XLII

'Then woe, and woe, and everlasting woe,
Be to the Briton babe that shal be borne
To live in thraldome of his fathers foe'
Late king, now captive, late lord, now forlorne,
The worlds reproch, the cruell victors scorne,
Banisht from princely bowle to wastefull wood
O' who shal helpe me to lament and mourne
The royall seed, the antique Trojan blood,
Whose empire lenger here then ever any stood?'

XLIII

The Damzell was full deepe empassioned
Both for his griefe, and for her peoples sake,
Whose future woes so plaine he fashioned,
And, sighing sore, at length him thus bespake
'Ah' but will hevrens fury never slake,
Nor vengeance huge relent it selfe at last?
Will not long misery late mercy make,
But shall their name for ever be defaste,
And quite from off the earth their memory be
raste?'

XLIV

'Nay but the terme' (sayd he) 'is limited,
That in this thraldome Britons shall abide,
And the just revolution measured
That they as Straungers shal benotifide [phide,
For twise fowre hundreth yeares shalbe sup-
Ere they to former rule restor'd shal be,
And their importune fates all satisfide
Yet, during this their most obscuritee,
Their beames shall ofte breake forth, that men
them faire may see

XLV

'For Rhodorneke, whose surname shal be
Great,
Shall of him selfe a brave ensample shew,
That Saxon kinges his friendship shall intreat,
And Howell Dha shall goodly well indew
The salvage minds with skill of just and trew
Then Griffyth Conan also shall upreare
His dreaded head, and the old sprikes renew
Of native coage, that his foes shall feare,
Least back againe the kingdom he from them
should beare.

XLVI

'Ne shall the Saxons selves all peaceably
Enjoy the crowne, which they from Britons
wonne

First ill, and after ruled wickedly;
For, ere two hundred yeares be full outronne,
There shall a Raven, far from rising Sunne,
With his wide wings upon them fiercely fly,
And bid his faithlesse chickens overronne
The fruitfull plaines, and with fell cruelty
In their avenge tread downe the victors sur-
quedry

XLVII

'Yet shall a third both these and thine sub-
dew
There shall a Lion from the sea-bord wood
Of Neustria come roing, with a crew
Of hungry whelpes, his battailous bold brood,
Whose claws weie newly dpt in cruddy
blood,
That from the Daniske Tyrants herd shall rend
Th' usurped crowne, as if that he were wood,
And the spoile of the countrey conquered
Emongst his young ones shall divide with
bountyhed

XLVIII

'Tho, when the terme is full accomplished,
There shall a sparke of fire, which hath long-
while
Bene in his ashes raked up and hid,
Bee freshly kindled in the fruitfull Ile
Of Mona, where it lurked in exile,
Which shall breake forth into bright burning
flame,
And reach into the house that beares the stile
Of roiall majesty and soveraine name
So shall the Briton blood their crowne agayn
reclame

XLIX

'Thenceforth eternall union shall be made
Betwene the nations different afore,
And sacred Peace shall lovingly perswade
The warlike minds to learne her goodly lore,
And civile armes to exercise no more
Then shall a royall Virgin raine, which shall
Stretch her white rod over the Belgicke shors,
And the great Castle smite so sore withall,
That it shall make him shake, and shortly
learn to fall

L

'But yet the end is not'—There Merlin
stayd,
As overcome of the spirites powre,
O' other ghastly spectacle dismayd,
That secretly he saw, yet note discourse
Which sudden fitt, and halfe extaticke stoure,
When the two fearefull women saw, they grew
Greatly confused in behaoure.
At last, the fury past, to former hew
Hee turnd againe, and chearfull looks as earst
did shew.

LI

Then, when them selves they well instructed had

Of all that needed them to be inquired,
They both, conceiving hope of comfort glad,
With lighter hearts unto their home retired,
Where they in secret counsell close conspir'd,
How to effect so hard an enterprize,
And to possesse the purpose they desir'd
Now this, now that, twixt them they did devise,
And diverse plots did frame to maske in strange disguise.

LII

At last the Nourse in her foolhardy wit
Conceiv'd a bold devise, and thus bespake
'Daughter, I deeme that counsel is most fit,
That of the time doth dew advantage take.
Ye see that good king Uther now doth make
Strong warre upon the Paynim brethren,
hight

Oeta and Oza, whome hee lately brake
Beside Cayr Verolme in victorious fight,
That now all Britany doth burne in armes
bright.

LIII

'That, therefore, wought our passage may
empeach,
Let us in feigned armes our selves disguise,
And our weak hands (need makes good
schollers) teach

The dreadful speere and shield to exercise
Ne certes, daughter, that same warlike wize,
I weene, would you misseeme, for ye beene
tall,

And large of limbe t'atchieve an hard emprise,
Ne ought ye want but skill, which practize shall
Will bring, and shortly make you a mayd
Martiall

LIV

'And, sooth, it ought your corage much
inflame

To herre so often, in that roiall hous,
From whence, to none inferior, ye came,
Bards tell of many women valorous,
Which have full many feats adventurous
Performed, in paragone of proudest men
The bold Boudinca, whose victorious [dolen
Exploits made Rome to quake, stout Guen-
Renowned Martin, and redoubted Emmilen

LV

'And, that which more then all the rest may
sway,
Late dayes ensample, which these eyes beheld
In the last field before Menevra,
Whilch Uther with those forren Pagans held,

I saw a Saxon Virgin, the which feld
Great Ulsin thrise upon the bloody playne,
And, had not Carados her hand withheld
From rash revenge, she had him surely slayne
Yet Carados himselfe from her escapt with
payne,

LVI

'Ah! read,' (quoth Britomart) 'how is she
hight?'

'Fayre Angela' (quoth she) 'men do her call,
No whit lesse fayre then terrible in fight
She hath the leading of a Martiall
And mightie people, dreaded more then all
The other Saxons, which doe, for her sake
And love, themselves of her name Angles call
Therefore, faire Infant, her ensample make
Unto thy selfe, and equall corage to thee take'

LVII

Her hartie wordes so deepe into the mynd
Of the yong Damzell sunke, that great desire
Of warlike armes in her forthwith they tynd,
And generous stout courrage did inspire,
That she resolv'd, unweeting to her Sire,
Adventrous knighthood on her selfe to don,
And counseild with her Nourse her Maides
To turne into a manny habergeon, [attire
And bad her all things put in readinesse anon

LVIII

Th' old woman nought that needed did omit,
But all thinges did conveniently purvey.
It fortun'd (so time their turne did fitt)
A bnd of Britons, ryding on forray
Few dayes before, had gotten a great pray
Of Saxon goods amongst the which was seene
A goodly Armour, and full rich array,
Which long d to Angela, the Saxon Queene,
All fratted round with gold, and goodly wel
be-seene

LIX

The same, with all the other ornaments,
King Rience caused to be hang'd by
In his chiete Church, for endless monuments
Of his successe and gladfull victory
Of which her selfe avising readily
In th' evening, late old Glauced thither led
Faure Britomart and, that same Armory
Downe taking, her therein appareled
Well as she might, and with brave bouldneck
garnished

LX

Beside those armes there stood a mightie
speere,
Which Bladud made by Maynack art of yore,
And usd the same in battell aye to beare,
Sith which it had beene here preserv'd in store,

For his great virtues proved long afore
 For never wight so fast in sell could sit,
 But him perforce unto the ground it bore.
 Both speare she tooke and shield which hong
 by it, [purpose fit
 Both speare and shield of great powre, for her

LXI

Thus when she had the virgin all arrayd,
 Another harnessse which did hang thereby
 About her selfe she dight, that the yong Mayd
 She might in equall armes accompany,
 And as her Squyre attend her carefully
 Tho to their ready Steedes they clombe full
 light, [them espy,
 And through back waies, that none might

Covered with secret cloud of silent night,
 Themselves they forth conuaid, and passed
 forward right

LXII

Ne rested they, till that to Faery lond
 They came, as Merlin them directed late
 Where, meeting with this Redcrosse Knight,
 she fond
 Of diuerse thinges discourses to dilate,
 But most of Aithegall and his estate.
 Atlast their wayes so fell, that they mote part
 Then each to other, well affectionate,
 Friendship professed with unfained hart.
 The Redcrosse Knight diuerst, but forth rode
 Britomart

CANTO IV.

Bold Marnell of Britomart
 Is throwne on the Rich strand
 Faire Florimell of Arthure is
 Long followed, but not fond.

I

WHERE is the Antique glory now become,
 That whylome wont in women to appeare?
 Where be the brave atchievements doon by
 some? [speare,
 Where be the battelles, where the shield and
 And all the conquests which them lugh did
 reare,
 That matter made for famous Poets verse,
 And boastfull men so oft abasht to heare?
 Beene they all dead, and laide in dolefull herse,
 Or doon they onely sleepe, and shall againe
 reverse?

II

If they be dead, then woe is me therefore,
 But if they sleepe, O let them soone awake!
 For all too long I burne with envy sore
 To heare the warlike feates which Homere spake
 Of bold Penthesilee, which made a lake
 Of Greekish blood so ofte in Trojan plaine,
 But when I reade, how stout Deboia strake
 Proud Sisera, and how Camull' hath slaine
 The huge Orsilochus, I swell with great dis-
 daine

III

Yet these, and all that els had puissance,
 Cannot with noble Britomart compare,
 As well for glorie of great valiaunce,
 As for pure chastitee and vertue rare,
 That all her goodly deedes doe well declare
 Well worthie stock, from which the branches
 sprong
 That in late yeaeres so faire a blossome bare,

As thee, O Queene! the matter of my song,
 Whose lignage from this Lady I derive along

IV

Who when, through speaches with the Red-
 crosse Knight,
 She learned had th' estate of Arthegall,
 And in each point her selfe informd aright,
 A friendly league of love perpetuall
 She with him bound, and Congt tooke withall
 Then he forth on his journey did proceede,
 To seeke adventures which mote him befall,
 And in him worship through his warlike deed,
 Which alwaies of his paines he made the
 chiefest meed

V

But Britomart kept on her former course,
 Ne ever dofte her armes, but all the way
 Grew pensive through that amarus discourse,
 Br which the Redcrosse knight did earst display
 Her lovers shape and cheualrons aray
 A thousand thoughts she fashond in her
 mind,
 And in hei feigning fancie did pourtrav
 Him such as fittest she for love could find,
 Wise, warlike, personable, courteous, and kind

VI

With such selfe-pleasing thoughts her wound
 she fedd,
 And thought so to beguile her grievous smart,
 But so her smart was much more grievous bredd,
 And the deepe wound more deep engord her
 hart,

That nought but deith her dolour mote depart.
So forth she rode, without repose or rest,
Searching all lands and each remotest part,
Following the guidance of her blinded guest,
Till that to the sea-coast at length she her
address

VII

There she alighted from her light-foot beast.
And sitting downe upon the rocky shore,
Bidd her old Squire unlace her lofty creast
Tho having viewd awhile the surges hore
That gaunst the craggy cliffs did loudly rore,
And in their raging surquedry disdaynd
That the fast earth affronted them so sore,
And their devouring covetize restraynd,
Thereat she sighed deepe, and after thus com-
playnd.

VIII

'Huge sea of sorrow and tempestuous griefe,
Wherein my feeble barke is tossed long
Far from the hoped haven of reliefe,
Why doe thy cruel billowes beat so strong
And thy moyst mountaines eich on others
throng,
Threatning to swallow up my fearefull life?
O' doe thy cruell wrath and spightfull wrong
At length allay, and stint thy stormy strife,
Which in thy troubled bowels raignes and
rageth rife.

IX

'For els my feeble vessel, crazd and crackt
Through thy strong buffets and outrageous
blowes,
Cannot endure, but needes it must be wackt
On the rough rocks, or on the sandy shallowes,
The whales that love it steres, and fortune
rowes
Love, my lewd Pilott, hath a restlesse minde,
And fortune, Boteswaine, no assurance knowes
But saile withouten starres gaunst tyde and
winde
How can they other doe, with both are void and

X

'Thou God of windes, that rughest in the seas,
Thit rughest also in the Continent
At last blow up some gentle gale of ease,
I he which may bring my ship, ere it be rent,
Unto the gladsome port of her intent
Then, when I shall my selfe in safety see,
A table, for eternall monument
Of thy great grace and my great jeoparddee,
Great Neptune, I avow to hallow unto thee"

XI

Then sighing softly sore, and inly deepe,
She shut up all her plaint in privy griefe

For her great courage would not let her weepe,
Till that old Glaucce giv with sharpe repriele
Her to restraine, and give her good reliefe
Through hope of those, which Merlin had her
told

Should of her name and nation be chiefe,
And fetch their being from the sacred mould
Of her immortall womb, to be in heaven enrolld.

XII

Thus as she her recomforted, she spide
Where far away one, all in armour bright,
With hasty gallop towards her did ride
Her dolour soone she ceast, and on her dight
Her Helmet, to her Courser mounting light
Her former sorrow into sudden wrath,
Both coosen passions of distroubled spright,
Converting, forth she beates the dusty path
Love and despiht attones her courage kindled
hath.

XIII

As, when a foggy mist hath overcast
The face of heven and the cleare ayre engroste,
The world in darkenes dwels, till that at last
The watry Southwinde, from the seabord coste
Uplowing, doth disperse the vapour la'ste,
And pourses it selfe forth in a stormy shoure
So the fawre Britomart, having dislo'ste
Her cloudy care into a wrathfull stowre,
The mist of griefe dissolv'd did into vengeance
bowre

XIV

Eftsoones, her goodly shield addressing fayre,
That mortall speare she in her hand did take,
And unto battail did her selfe preparre
The knight, approaching sternely her bespake
'Sir knight, that doest thy voy age rashly make
By this forbidden way in my despiht,
Ne doest by others death en-ample take
I read thee soone retyre, whiles thou hast might
Least afterwards it be too late to take thy flight'

XV

I thrid with deepe disdain of his proud
threat,
She shortly thus 'Flie they, that need to fly,
Wordes fearene babes I meane not thee entreat
To passe, but mingle thee will passe or dy'
Ne lenger stayd for th' other to reply, [knowne
But with sharpe speare the rest made dearly
Strongly the straunge knight ran, and tardly
Strooke her full on the brest, that made her
downe [her crown
Decline her head, and touch her crouper with

XVI

But she againe him in the shield did smite
With so fierce furie and great puaissance,

That, through his three-square scuchin percing
quite

And through his mayled haubeique, by mis-
chance [glauce.

The wicked steele through his left side did
Him so transhew she before her bore
Beyond his croupe, the length of all her launce,
Till, sadly sousing on the sandy shore, [gore
He tumbled on an heape, and wallowd in his

XVII

Like as the sacred Oxe that carelesse stands,
With gilden hornes and flowry gulonds crown'd,
Proud of his dying honor and deare bandes,
Whiles th' altars fume with frankincense
arownd,

All suddenly, with mortall stroke astownd,
Doth groveling fall, and with his streaming gore
Distaines the pillours and the holy grownd,
And the faire flowres that decked him afore.
So fell proud Marinell upon the pretious shore.

XVIII

The martiall Mayd stayd not him to lament,
But forward rode, and kept her ready way
Along the stond, which, as she over-went,
She saw bestrowed all with rich aray
Of pearles and pretious stones of great assay,
And all the gravell mixt with golden ore
Whereat she wondred much, but would not
stay

For gold, or perles, or pretious stones, an howre,
But them despised all, for all was in her powre

XIX

Whiles thus he lay in deadly stonishment,
Tydings hereof came to his mothers eare
His mother was the blacke-blowd Cy moent,
The daughter of great Nereus, which did beare
This warlike sonne unto an earthly peare,
The famous Dumarin, who, on a day
Finding the Nymph asleepe in secret wheare,
As he by chance did wander that same way,
Was taken with her love, and by her closely lay

XX

There he this knight of her begot, whom borne
She, of his father, Marinell did name,
And in a rocky cave, as wight forlorne,
Long time she fostred up, till he became
A mighty man at armes, and mickle fame
Did get through great adventures by him donne
For never man he suffred by that same
Rich stond to travell, whereas he did wonne,
But that he must do battail with the Sea-
nymphes sonne.

XXI

An hundred knights of honorable name
He had subdew'd, and them his vassals made
That through all Faerie lond his noble fame
Now blazed was, and feare did all invade,
That none durst passen through that perilous
glade

And to advance his name and glory more,
Her Sea-god syre she dearely did perswade
T'endow her sonne with threasure and rich store
Bove all the sonnes that were of earthly
wombes ybore

XXII

The God did graunt his daughters deare
demand,

To doen his Nephew in all riches flow,
Eftsoones his heaped wares he did command
Out of their hollow bosome forth to throw
All the huge threasure, which the sea below
Had in his greedy gulfe devoured deepe,
And him enriched through the overthrow
And wickes of many wretches, which did weepe
And often wayle their wealth, which he from
them did keepe

XXIII

Shortly upon that shore there heaped was
Exceeding riches and all pretious things,
The spoyle of all the world, that it did pas
The wealth of th' East, and pompe of Persian
kings

Gold, amber, yorie, perles, owches, rings,
And all that els was pretious and deare,
The sea unto him voluntary brings,
That shortly he a great Lord did appeare,
As was in all the lond of Faery, or else we heare

XXIV

Thereto he was a doughty dreading knight,
Tryde often to the scath of many Deare,
That none in equall armes him matchen might
The which his mother seeing gan to feare
Least his too haughtie hardnes might reare
Some hard mishap in hazard of his life.
Forthy she oft him counsell'd to forbear
The bloody battail and to stirre up strife,
But after all his warre to rest his wearie knife

XXV

And, for his more assurance, she inquir'd
One day of Proteus by his mighty spell
(For Proteus was with prophecy inspir'd)
Her deare sonnes destiny to her to tell,
And the sad end of her sweet Mannell
Who, through foresight of his eternall skill,
Bad her from womankind to keepe him well,
For of a woman he should have much ill,
A virgin strange and stout him should dismay
or kill

XXVI

Forth she gave him warning every day
The love of women not to entertaine,
A lesson too too hard for living clay
From love in course of nature to refrain
Yet he his mothers love did well retaine,
And ever from fayre Ladies love did fly,
Yet many Ladies sayre did oft complaine,
That they for love of him would algiates dy
Dy, who so list for him, he was loves enemy

XXVII

But ah! who can deceive his destiny,
Or weene by warning to avoid his fate?
That, when he sleeps in most security
And safest seemes, him soonest doth amate,
And findeth dew effect or sooner or late,
So feeble is the powre of sleehly arme.

His mother had him womens love to hate,
And she of womans force did feare no harme,

When trying to have arm'd him, she did quite
So, with a crime

XXVIII

This was that woman, thus that deadly
wound,

That Proteus prophecide should him dismay,
The which his mother vainely should expound
To be hart-wounding love, which should assay
To bring her sonne unto his last decay
So tiele be the termes of mortall state,
And full of subtle sophismes, which doe play
With double sences, and with false debate,
T' approve the unknownen purpose of eternall
fate.

XXIX

Too trew the famous Marinell it fownd,
Who, through late triall, on that wealthie
Strond

Inglorious now lies in sencelesse swound
Through heavie stroke of Britomartis hound
Which when his mother deare did understand
And heavy tidings heard, where she playd
Amongst her watry sisters by a pond,
Gathering sweete daffadillies, to have made
Gay girlonds from the Sun their forernds say
to shade,

XXX

Estesoones both flowres and girlonds far away
Shee song, and her faire dewy lockes rent,
To sorrow huge she turn'd her former play.
And grime-om merth to grievous dreriment
Shee threw her selfe downe on the Continent,
Ne word did speake, but lay as in a sworne,
Whiles all her sisters did for her lament
With yelling outcries, and with shrieking
sowne,
And every one did teare her girlond from her

XXXI

Soone as shee up out of her deadly fitt
Arose, shee had her charitt to be brought,
And all her sisters that with her did sit
Bad eke attence their charetts to be sought
Tho, full of bitter griefe and penivse thought,
She to her wagon clombe, clombe all the rest,
And forth togetner went with sorow fraught.
The waves, obedient to their behest,
Them wolded ready passage, and their rage
surceast.

XXXII

Great Neptune stood amazed at their sight,
Whiles on his broad round backe they softly
slept,
And eke him selfe mourn'd at their mournful
plight,

Yet wist not what their wailing ment, yet did,
For great compassion of their sorow, bid
His mighty waters to them buxome be
Estesoones the roaring billowes still abid,
And all the griesly Monsters of the Sea
Stood gazing at their gate, and wondred them
to see

XXXIII

A tyme of Dolphins raunged in aray
Drew the smooth charett of sad Cymonit
They were all taught by Triton to obey
To the long rinye at her commandment
As swifte as swallowes on the waves they
went,

That the sea brode slayes sinnes no faine did
Ye bubling rowes, while they behinde them sen
The rest, of other fishes wakened were
Which with their sinny oars the swelling sea
did shure.

XXXIV

Soone as they bene arriv'd upon the brim
Of the Rich Strond, their charetts they forlore,
And let their temed n-hes softly swim
Along the margent of the fowly shore,
Least they their sinnes should bruize, and
surbate sore

Their tender feete upon the stony grownd
And coming to the place, where all in gore
And cruddy blood enswallow'd they fownd
The lucklesse Marinell lying in deadly swound.

XXXV

His mother swowned thise, and the third tyme
Could scarce recovered bee out of her paine
Had she not bene deside of mortall chaine
Shee should not then have bene rely'd againe
But, soone as life recovered had the raine,
Shee made up ious more and deare waymer
That the hard rocks could scarce from tear
refraime,

And all her sister Nymphes with one consent
Supplide her sobbing breaches with sad complement.

XXXVI

'Deare image of my selfe, (she sayd) 'that is
The wretched sonne of wretched mother borne,
'this thine high advancement? O' is this
h' immortall name, with which thee, yet
unborne,

'hy Grandsue Nereus promist to adorne?
How best thou of life and honor reft,
How best thou a lump of earth forlorne,
He of thy late life memory is left,
He can thy irrevocable destiny bee wete.

XXXVII

'Fond Proteus, father of false prophecies'
And they more fond that credit to thee give'
Not this the worke of womans hand ywis,
That so deepe wound through these deare
members drive

'feared love, but they that love doe live,
But they that dye doe nether love nor hate
Nath'lesse to thee thy folly I forgive,
And to my selfe. and to accursed fate,
The guilt I doe ascribe deare wisdom bought
too late'

XXXVIII

'O' what avales it of immortall seed
To beene ybredd and never borne to dye?
'farre better I it deeme to die with speed
Then waste in woe and wayfull misery
Who dyes, the utmost dolor doth aby e,
But who that lives is left to waile his losse
So life is losse, and death felicity
Sad life worse then glad death, and greater
crosse [to engrosse
To see frends grave, then dead the grave self

XXXIX

'But if the heavens did his dayes envie,
And my short blis maligne, yet mote they well
Thus much afford me, ere that he did die,
That the dim eyes of my deare Marnell
[mote have closed, and him bed farewell,
Sith other offices for mother meet
They would not graunt—
Yet, maulgre them, farewell, my sweetest
sweet' [shall meet'
Farewell, my sweetest sonne, sith we no more

XL

Thus when they all had sorowed their fill,
They softly gan to search his grieously wound
And, that they might him handle more at will,
They him disarmd, and, spredding on the
ground

Their watchet mantles fringed with silver
rownd,

They softly wipt away the gelly blood
From th' orifice, which having well upbownd,
They pourd in soveraine balme and Nectar
good, [food
Good both for erthly med'cine and for havenly

XLI

Tho when the lilly handed Liagore
(Thus Liagore whilome had learned skill
In leaches craft, by great Apollos lore,
Sith her whilome upon high Pindus hull
He loved, and at last her wombe did fill
With havenly seed, whereof wise Paen sprong)
Did feele his pulse, shee knew there staid still
Some litle life his feeble sprites emong,
Which to his mother told, despayre she from
her flong

XLII

Tho, up him taking in their tender hands,
They easly unto her charett beare
Her teme at her commaundement quiet stands,
Whiles they the corse into her wagon reare,
And strowe with flowres the lamentable beare.
Then all the rest into their coches clim,
And through the brackish waves their passage
sheare,

Upon great Neptunes necke they softly swim,
And to her watry chamber swiftly carry him.

XLIII

Deepe in the bottome of the sea her bowre
Is built of hollow billowes heaped hye,
Like to thicke clouds that threat a stormy
showre,

And vaulted all within, like to the Skye,
In which the Gods doe dwell eternally,
There they him laide in easy couch well dight,
And sent in haste for Tryphon, to apply
Salves to his wounds, and medicines of might,
For Tryphon of sea gods the soveraine leach is
hight,

XLIV

The whiles the Nymphes sitt all about him
rownd,

Lamenting his mishap and heavy plight,
And ofte his mother, & ewing his wide wound,
Cursed the hand that did so deadly smight
Her dearest sonne, her dearest harts delight
But none of all those curses overtooke
The warlike Maide, th' ensample of that might,
But farew well shee thry'd, and well did
brooke
Her noble deeds, ne her right course for
ought forsooke

XIV

Yet did fall e Archmage her still pursu,
To bring to passe his mischevous intent,
Now that he had her singled from the crew
Of courteous knights, the Prince and the very gent,
Whom late in chace of beauty excellent
Shee leste, pursewing that same foster strong,
Of whose foule outrage they impatient,
And full of ire zeale, him followed long,
To reskue her from shame, and to revenge her
wrong

XV

Through thick and thin, through mountains
and through playns,
Those two great champions did attonee pursue
The fearefull damzell with meeasant paine,
Who from them fled, as light-foot hare from
view

Of hunter swift and sent of houndes true
At last they came unto a double way,
Where, doubtfull which to take, her to reskue,
Themselves they did dispart, each to assay
Whether more happy were to win so goodly
prey

XVI

But Timias, the Princes gentle squire
That Ladies love unto his Lord fornt,
And with proud envy and indignaunt ire
After that wicked so ter harrly went
So beene they three three somly wayes shent
But sayest fortune to the Prince befall pent,
Whose chaunce it was, that some he did re-
To take that way in which that Damozell
Was fledd afore, affraid of him as fiend of hell

XVII

At last of her far off he grined view
Then gan he freshly pricke his fomy steed,
And ever as he nigher to her drew
So evermore he did increase his speed,
And of each turning still kept wary heed
Aloud to her he oftentimes did call,
To doe away vaine doubt and needlesse
dreed
Full myld to her he spake, and oft let fall
Many mecke wordes to stay and comfort her
withall

XVIII

But nothing might relent her hasty flight,
So deepe the deadly feare of that foule swaine
Was earely impressed in her gentle spright
Like as a fearefull Dove, which through the
rains
Of the wide ayre her way does cut amaine,
Having farre off espyde a Tassell gent,
Which after her his nimble winges doth
straine,

Doubleth her hast for fcare to bee for bent
And with her pinyons cleaves the liquid fir-
mament.

I

With no lesse hast, and she with no lesse dreed,
That fearefull Lade fledd from him, that
ment

To her no evil thought nor evil deed,
Yet former fcare of being sowly shent
Carried her forward with her hest intent
And though, oft looking backward, well she
sewe

Her selfe freed from that foster movent,
And that it was a knight which now her sewd,
Yet she no lesse the knight fard than that
villain rude

II

His uncouth shield and straunge armes her
dismayd,
Whose lide in lary lond were seldom scene,
That fast she from him fledd no lesse affraid
Then of wilde bestes if she had chaced been,
Yet he her followd still with courage keen
So long, that now the golden Hyperion
Was mounted high in top of heav'n cheere
And warrd his other brethren joyous
To light their blessed lamps in Joves eternall
house

III

All suddainly dim wox the dampish ayre,
And griesly shadowes covered heaven bright,
First now with thousand starnes was decked
fayr

Which when the Prince beheld a lothfull sight,
And that perforce, for want of lenger light,
He mote surrende his suit and lose the hope
Of his long labour he gan somly wyte
His wicked fortune that had turnd aslope,
And cursd night that rest from him so goodly
scope

IV

Tho, when her wayes he could no more
descrie,
But to and fro at disaventure stryd;
Like as a ship, whose lodestar suddainly
Covered with cloudes her Pilott hath dis-
mayd

His wearisome pursuit perforce he stayd
And from his lofty steepe dismounting lon
Did let him forage Downe himselfe he layd
Upon the grassy ground to sleepe a throw
The cold earth was his couch, the hard steels
his pillow

V

But gentle Sleepe could him any rest
In steid thereof sad sorow and drowne

Of his hard hap did vexe his noble brest,
And thousand Fancies bett his ydle brayne
With their light wings, the sights of semblants
vaine

Oft did he wish that Lady faire mote bee
His Faery Queene, for whom he did com-
plaine,

Or that his Faery Queene were such as shee,
And ever hasty Night he blamed bitterlie

LV

'Night' thou foule Mother of annoyaunce
sad,

Sister of heaue death, and nour-er of woe,
Which wast begot in heaven, but for thy bad
And brutish shape thrust downe to hell
below,

Where, by the grim flood of Cocytus slow,
Thy dwelling is in Herebus black hous,
(Black Herebus, thy husband, is the foe
Of all the Gods,) where thou ungratious
Halfe of thy dayes doest lead in horror
hideous

LVI

'What had th' eternall Maker need of thee
The world in his continuall course to keepe,
That doest all thinges deface, ne lettest see
The beautie of his worke? Indeed, in sleepe
The slouthfull body that doth love to steepe
His lustlesse limbes, and drowne his baser mind,
Doth praise thee oft, and oft from Stygian
deepe

Calles thee his goddesse, in his error blud,
And great Dame Natures handmaide chearing
every kind

LVII

'But well I wote, that to an heary hart
Thou art the roote and nourse of bitter cares,
Breeder of new, renewer of old smart
Instead of rest thou lendest rayling teares,
Instead of sleepe thou sendest troublous feates
And dreadfull visions, in the which alive
The dreary image of sad death appeares
So from the wearie spirit thou doest drive
Desired rest, and men of happinesse deprive.

LVIII

'Under thy mantle black there hidden ly a
Light-shonning thefte, and traiterous intent,
Abhorred bloodshed, and vile felony,
Shamefull deceit, and daunger imminent,
Fowle horror, and eke hellish drerment
All these, I wote, in thy protection bee,
And light doe shonne for feare of being shent,
For light ylike is loth'd of them and thee,
And all that lewnesse love doe hate the light
to see.

LIX

'For day discovers all dishonest wayes,
And sheweth each thing as it is in deed
The pray ses of hugh God he faire displayes,
And his large bountie rightly doth areed
Day es dearest children be the blessed seed
Which darknesse shall subdue and heave n w in
Truth is his daughter, he her first did breed
Most sacred virgin without spot of sinne
Our life is day, but death with darknesse doth
begin

LX

'O' when will day then turne to me againe,
And bring with him his long expected light?
O Titan! fast to revere thy joyous waime,
Speed thee to spred abroad thy beames bright,
And chace away this too long lingering night,
Chace her away, from whence she came, to hell
She, she it is, that hath me done despight
There let her with the damned spirits dwell,
And yeld her rowme to day that can it governe
well.'

LXI

Thus did the Prince that wearie night out-
weare

In restlesse anguish and unquiet paine,
And earely, ere the morrow did upreare
His dewy head out of the Ocean maine,
He up arose, as halfe in great disdaine,
And clombe unto his steed So forth he went
With heavy look and lumpish pace, that plaine
In him bewraid great grudge and maltalent
His steed eke seemd t' apply his steps to his
intent

CANTO V.

Prince Arthur heares of Florimell
 Three fosters Timias wound,
 Belphebe findes him almost dead,
 And reareth out of sownd

I

WONDER it is to see in diuers mindes
 How diuersly love doth his pageaunts play,
 And shewes his powre in variable kindes
 The baser wit, whose idle thoughts alway
 Are wont to cleave unto the lowly clay,
 It surreth up to sensuall desire,
 And in lewd slouth to wast his carelesse day,
 But in brave sprite it kindles goodly fire,
 That to all high desert and honour doth aspire

II

Ne suffereth it uncomely idlenesse
 In his free thought to build her sluggish nest,
 Ne suffereth it thought of ungentlenesse
 Ever to creepe into his noble brest,
 But to the highest and the worthiest
 Listeth it up that els would lowly fall
 It lettes not fall, it lettes it not to rest,
 It lettes not scarce this Prince to breath at all,
 But to his first pursuut him forward still doth call.

III

Who long time wandred through the forest
 wyde

To finde some issue thence, till that at last
 He met a Dwarfse that seemed terrifide
 With some late perill which he hardly past,
 Or other accident which him aghast,
 Of whom he asked, whence he lately came,
 And wuthier now he traveiled so fast?
 For sore he swat, and, running through that
 same [nigh lame
 Thicke forest, was bescracht and both his flet

IV

Panting for breath, and almost out of hart,
 The Dwarfse him answerd, 'Sir, ill mote I stay
 To tell the same I lately did depart
 From Faery court, where I have many a day
 Served a gentle Lady of great sway
 And high accompt through out all Elfin land,
 Who lately left the same, and tooke this way
 Her now I seeke, and if ye understand
 Which way she fared hath, good Sir, tell out
 of hand.'

V

'What mister wight,' (saide he) 'and how
 arayd?'
 'Roy ally clad' (quoth he) 'in cloth of gold,
 As meetest may besecme a noble mayd
 Her faire lockes in rich circlet be enrold,
 A fayrer wight did never Sunne behold,
 And on a Palfrey rydes more white then snow,
 Yet she her selfe is whiter manifold.
 The surest signe, wnerby ye may her know,
 Is that she is the fairest wight alive, I trow'

VI

'Now certes, swaine,' (saide he) 'such one, I
 weene,
 Fast sving through this forest from her so,
 A foule ill-favoured foster, I have seene
 Her selfe, well as I might, I reskewd tho,
 But could not stay, so fast she did foregoe,
 Carried away with wings of speedy fene'
 'Ah, dearest God' (quoth he) 'that is great
 woe,
 And wondrous ruth to all that shill it heare
 But can ye read, Sir, how I may her finde, or
 where?'

VII

'Perdy, me lever were to weeten that,'
 (Saide he) 'then ransome of the richest knight,
 Or all the good that ever yet I gat
 But froward fortune, and too forward Night,
 Such happinesse did, manlgre, to me spight,
 And fro me rest both life and light attone.
 But, Dwarfse, aread what is that Lady bright
 That through this forrest wandreth thus alone?
 For of her errour straunge I have great ruth
 and mone.'

VIII

'That Ladies,' (quoth he) 'where so she bee,
 The bountiest virgin and most debonnaire
 That ever living eye, I weene, did see.
 Loves none this day that may with her compare
 In stedfast chastitie and vertue rare,
 The goodly ornaments of beautie bright,
 And is cleped Florimell the fayre,
 Faire Florimell below'd of many a knight,
 Yet she loves none but one, that Marinell is,
 hught

IX

'A Sea-nymphes sonne, that Marinell is hight,
Of my deare Dame is loved dearly well
In other none, but him, she sets delight,
All her delight is set on Marinell
But he sets nought at all by Florimell,
For Ladies love his mother long ygoe
Did him, they say, forwarne through sacred
spell
But fame now flies, that of a forreine foe
He is ysalue, which is the ground of all our
woe.

X

'Five daies there be since he (they say) was
slaine,
And fowre since Florimell the Court forwent,
And vowed never to returne againe,
Till him alive or dead she did invent.
Therefore, faire Sir, for love of knighthood
And honour of trew Ladies, if ye may [gent,
By your good counsell, or bold hardiment,
Or succour her, or me direct the way,
Do one or other good, I you most humbly pray.

XI

'So may ye gaine to you full great renowne
Of all good Ladies through the worlde so wide,
And haply in her hart finde highest rowme
Of whom ye seeke to be most magnifide,
At least eternall meede shill you abide.'
To whom the Prince 'Dwarfe, comfort to
thee take,
For, till thou tidings learne what her betide,
I here avow thee never to forsake
Ill weares he armes, that nill them use for
Ladies sake'

XII

So with the Dwarfe he back retourn'd againe,
To seeke his Lady where he mote her finde,
But by the way he greatly gan complaine
The want of his good Squire late left behinde,
For whom he wondrous pensive grew in
munde,
For doubt of daunger which mote him betide,
For him he loved above all mankinde,
Having him trew and faithfull ever tride,
And bold, as ever Squire that waited by
knights side

XIII

Who all this while full hardly was assayd
Of deadly daunger, which to him betidd,
For, whiles his Lord pursed that noble May d,
After that foster fowle he fiercely ridd
To bene avenged of the shame he did
To that faire Damzell Him he chased long
Through the thicke woods wherein he would
have hid

Hise shamefull head from his avengement strong,
And oft him threatned death for his outrageous
wrong.

XIV

Nathlesse the vilien sped himselfe so well,
Whether through swiftnesse of his speedie
beast, [dwell,
Or knowledge of those woods where he did
That shortly he from daunger was releast,
And out of sight escaped at the least.
Yet not escaped from the dew reward
Of his bad deedes, which daily he increast,
Ne ceased not, till him oppressed had
The heavie plague that for such leachours is
prepard

XV

For soone as he was vanisht out of sight,
His coward courage gan emboldned bee,
And cast t' avenge him of that fowle despight
Which he had borne of his bold enmee
Tho to his brethren came, for they were three
Ungratious children of one gracelesse sye,
And unto them complayned how that he
Had used beene of that foolehardie Squire
So them with bitter words he stard to bloodie
yre

XVI

Forthwith themselves with their sad instru-
ments
Of spoyle and murder they gan arme bylive,
And with him soorth into the Forrest went
To wreake the wrath, which he did earst
revive [drive
In their sterne brests, on him which late did
Their brother to reproch and shamefull flight,
For they had vow'd that never he alive
Out of that forest should escape their might
Vile rancour their rude harts had fild with
such despight

XVII

Within that wood there was a covert glade,
Foreby a narrow foord, to them well knowne,
Through which it was uneth for wight to
And now by fortune it was overflowne [wade,
By that same way they knew that Squire un-
knowne [set
Mote algates passe forthy themselves they
There in awat with thicke woods overgrowne,
And all the while their malice they did whet
With cruell threats his passage through the
ford to let.

XVIII

It fortun'd, as they devised had
The gentle Squire came ryding that same way,

Unweeting of their wile and treason bad,
And through the ford to passeen did assay,
But that fierce foster, which late fled away,
Stoutly forth stepping on the further shore,
Him boldly bad his passage there to stay,
Till he had made amends, and full restore
For all the damage which he had him done
afore

XX

With that at him a quiv'ring dart he threw,
With so full force, and villemous despite,
That through his habergeon the forehead flew,
And through the linked mayles emperced
quite,

But had no powre in his soft flesh to bite
That stroke the hardy Squire did sore displease
But more that him he could not come to smite,
For by no meanes the high banke he could
sense, [vaine disease
But labour'd long in that deepe ford with

XXI

And still the foster with his long bore-speare
Him kept from landing at his wished will
Anone one sent out of the thicket neare
A cruell shaft, headed with deadly ill,
And feathered with an unlucky quill
The wicked steele stayd not till it did light
In his left thigh, and deeply did it thrill
Exceeding grieve that wound in him empyhit,
But more that with his foes he could not come
to fight

XXII

At last, through wrath and vengeance making way,
He on the bancke arrayd with mickle paine,
Where the third brother him did sore assay,
And drove at him with all his might and mayne
A forest-bill, which both his hands did strayne,
But warily he did avoide the blow,
And with his speare requited him againe,
That both his sides were thrilled with the
throw, [did flow
And a large streame of blood out of the wound

XXIII

He, tumbling downe, with gnashing teeth did
The bitter earth, and bad to lett him in [bite
Into the balefull house of endless night, [sin
Where wicked ghosts doe waile their former
Tho can the battaile freshly to begin,
For nathemore for that spectacle bad
Did th' other two their cruell vengeance blin,
But both atonce on both sides him bestad,
And load upon him layd his life for to have had

XXIII

Tho when that villayn he aviz'd, which late
Affrighted had the fairest Florimell,
Full of fierc fury and indignant hate
To him he turned, and with rigor full
Smote him so rudely on the Pannickell,
That to the chin he clefte his head in twaine.
Downe on the ground his carkas groveling fell
His sinfull soule with desperate disclaime
Out of her fleshy ferms fled to the place of
paine

XXIV

That seeing, now the only last of three
Who with that wicked shafte him wounded had
Trembling with horror, as that did foresee
The fearefull end of his avengement sad, [fled,
Through which he follow should his brethren
His bootlesse bow in feeble hand upcaught,
And therewith shott an arrow at the hyl,
Which, faintly fluttering, scarce his helmet
raught, [naught
And glauncing fel to ground, but him annoyed

XXV

With that he would have fled into the wood,
But simas him lightly overtent,
Right as he entering was into the flood,
And strooke at him with force so violent,
That headlesse him into the foord he sent.
The carcas with the streame was carried downe,
But th' head fell backward on the Continent,
So mischief fel upon the meens crowne,
They three be dead with shame, the Squire
lives with renoune.

XXVI

He lives, but takes small joy of his renoune,
For of that cruell wound he bled so sore,
That from his steed he fell in deadly snowne
Yet still the blood forth gusht in so great store,
That he lay yellowd all in his owne gore
Now God thee keepe, thou gentlest squire alive,
Els shall thy loving Lord thee see no more,
But both of comfort him thou shalt deprive
And eke thy selfe of honor which thou didst
achieve

XXVII

Providence her only prasseeth living thought,
And doth for wretched mens reliefe make way;
For loe! great grace or fortune further brought
Comfort to him that comfortlesse now lay
In those same woods so well remember may
How that a noble huntresse did wonne,
Shée, that brise Braggadochio did asray
And make him fast out of the forest ronne,
Belphabe was her name, as faire as Phœbus
sunne

XXVIII

She on a day, as shee pursew'd the chace
Of some wilde beast, which with her arrowes
keene

She wounded had, the same along did trace
By tract of blood, which she had freshly seene
To have besprinkled all the grassy greene
By the great persue which she there perceav'd,
Well hoped shee the beast engor'd had beene,
And made more haste the life to have bereav'd,
But ah! her expectation greatly was deceav'd.

XXIX

Shortly she came whereas that wofull Squire,
With blood deformed, lay in deadly swound,
In whose faire eyes, like lamps of quenched fire,
The Christall humor stood congealed rownd,
His locks, like faded leaves fallen to grownd,
Knotted with blood in bounches rudely ran,
And his sweete lips, on which before that
stownd

The bud of youth to blossome faire began, [an
Spoild of their rosy red were woxen pale and

XXX

Saw never living eie more heavy sight,
That could have made a rocke of stone to rew,
Or rive in twaine which when that Lady bright,
Besides all hope, with melting eies did wev,
All suddenly abasht shee chaunged hew,
And with sterne horror backward gan to start,
But when shee better him beheld shee grew
Full of soft passion and unwonted smart [hart
The point of pittie perced through her tender

XXXI

Meekely shee bowed downe, to weete if life
Yett in his frosen members did remaine,
And, feeling by his pulses beating rise
That the weake sowle her seat did yett retaine,
She cast to comfort him with busie pame
His double folded necke she reard upright,
And rubb'd his temples and each trembling vaine,
His mayled habergeon she did undight,
And from his head his heavy burganet did light

XXXII

Into the woods thenceforth in haste shee went,
To seeke for hearbes that mote him remedy,
For shee of herbes had great intendment
Taught of the Nymphes which from her infancy
Her noured had in trewe Nobility
There, whether yt divine Tobacco were,
Or Panacea, or Polygony,
Shee fownd, and brought it to her patient deare,
Who at this while lay bleding out his hart-
blood neare

XXXIII

The soveraine weede betwixt two marbles
plaine

Shee pownded small, and did in peeces bruze,
And then atweene her lilly handes twaine
Into his wound the juice thereof did scruze,
And round about, as shee could well it uze,
The flesh therewith shee suppld and did steepe,
T' abate all spasme, and soke the swelling bruze,
And, after having searcht the intuse deepe,
Shee with her scarf did bind the wound from
cold to keepe

XXXIV

By this he had sweet life recur'd agayne,
And, groning inly deepe, at last his eies,
His watry eies drizzling like dewy rayne,
He up gan lise toward the azure skies,
From whence descend all hopelesse remedies.
Therewith he sigh'd, and, turning him aside,
The goodly Maide, full of divinities
And gifts of heavenly grace, he by him spide,
Her bow and gilden quiver lying him beside

XXXV

'Mercy, deare Lord' (said he) 'what grace
is this

That thou hast shewed to me sinfull wight,
To send thine Angell from her bowre of blis
To comfort me in my distressed plight
Angell, or Goddesse doe I call thee right?
What service may I doe unto thee meete,
That hast from darkenes me retound to light,
And with thy heavenly salves and med'cines
sweete [blessed feete'
Hast drest my sinfull wounds? I kisse thy

XXXVI

Thereat shee blushing said, 'Ah' gentle
Squire,

Nor Goddesse I, nor Angell, but the Mayd
And daughter of a woody Nymphe, desire
No service but thy safety and ayd,
Which if thou gaine, I shal be well apayd.
Wee mortall wights, whose lives and fortunes
To commun accidents stil open layd, [bee
Are bownd with commun bond of frailtee,
To succor wretched wights whom we captived
see'

XXXVII

By this her Damzells, which the former chace
Had undertaken after her, arriv'd,
As did Belphebe, in the bloody place,
And thereby deemd the beast had bene depriv'd
Of life, whom late their ladies arrow ry'd
For thy bloody tract they follow'd fast,
And every one to ronne the swiftest stry'd,

But two of them the rest far overpast,
And where their Lady was arriv'd at the last

XXVIII

Where when they saw that goodly boy with
blood

Defowled, and their Lady dresse his wound,
They wondred much, and shortly understood
How him in deadly case their Lady fownd,
And reskew'd out of the heavie townd
Fitsonges his warlike courser, which was strayd
Farre in the woodes whiles that he lay in
swoond, [stayd,
She made those Damzels search, which being
They did him set thereon, and forth with them
comard

XXIX

Into that forest farre they thence him led,
Where was their dwelling in a pleasant glade
With mountaines round about environed,
And mightie woodes which did the valley shade
And like a stately Theatre it made,
Spreading it selfe into a spacious plaine
And in the midst a little river plaide
I mongst the puny stones, which seem'd to
plaine [restraine
With gentle murmure that his cours they did

XI

Beside the same a dauntie place there lay,
Planted with myrtle trees and laurells greene,
In which the birds song many a lovely lay
Of Gods high praise, and of their loves sweet
teene,
As it an earthly Paridize had beene
In whose enclosed shadow there was nigh
A faire Pavilion, secretly to bee scene,
The which was all within most richly dight,
That greatest Princes liking it mote well de-
light

XII

Thither they brought that wounded Squire,
and layd

In easie couch his feeble limbes to rest
He rested him awhile, and then the Mayd
His readie wound with better salves new drest
Duly she dressed him, and did the best
His grievous hurt to guarish, that she might,
That shortly she his dolour hath redrest,
And his soule sore reduced to faire nigh
It she reduced, but himselfe destroyed quight

XLII

O foolish physick, and unfruitfull paine,
That heales up one, and makes another wound
She his hurt thigh to him recurd againe,
But hurt his hart, the which before was sound,

Through an unwary dart, which did rebownd
From her faire eyes and gracious countenance
What bootes it him from death to be unbownd,
To be captiv'd in endlessse duraunce
Of sorrow and despayre without alleageaunce!

XLIII

Still as his wound did gather, and grow hole,
So still his hart wore sore, and health decayd
Madnesse to have a part, and lose the whole
Still whenas he beheld the heavens Myd,
Whiles daily playsters to his wound she layd,
So still his Malady the more increas'd,
The whiles her matchlesse beutie him dis-
mayd
Ah God! what other could he do at least,
But love so fayre a Lady that his life releast?

XLIV

Long while he strove in his corageous brest
With reason dew the passion to subdew,
And lovt for to dislodge out of his nest
Still when her excellencies he did vew,
Her soveraine bountie and celestrall hew,
The same to love he strongly was constraind,
But when his meane estate he did revew,
He from such hardy boldnesse was restraind,
And of his lucklesse lot and cruell love thus
playnd

XLV

'Unthankfull wretch, (and he) 'is this the
meed, [quight?
With which her soverain mercie thou doest
Thy life she saved by her gracious deede,
But thou doest weene with villenous despight
To blott her honour, and her heavenly light.
Dye rather, dye, then so disloyally
Deeme of her high desert, or seeme so light
For redeath it is, to 'honne more shame, to dy
Dye rather, dy, then ever love disloyally

XLVI

'But if to love disloyalty it bee,
Shall I then hate her that from deathes dore
Me brought? ah, farre be such reproch from mee!
What can I lesse doe then her love therefore,
Sith I her dew reward cannot restore?
Dye rather, dye and dyng doe her serve,
Dying her serve, and living her adore,
Thy life she gave, thy life she doth deserve
Dye rather, dye, then ever from her service
swerre,

XLVII

'But, foolish boy, what bootes thy service backe
To her to whom the heavens doe serve and see?
Thou, a meane Squire of meeke and lowly place,
She, heavenly borne and of celestrall hew

How then ? of all love taketh equall vew,
And doth not highest God vouchsafe to take
The love and service of the basest cren ?
If she will not, dye meekly for her sake
Dye rather, dye, then ever so faire love for-
sake !

XLVIII

Thus warreid he long time against his will,
Till that through weaknesse he was forst atlast
To yield himselfe unto the mightie ill,
Which, as a victour proud, gan ransack fast
His inward partes, and all his entrayles wast,
That neither blood in face nor life in hart
It left, but both did quite drye up and blast,
As percing levin, which the inner part
Of every thing consumes, and calcineth by art

XLIX

Which seeing fayre Belphebe gan to feare,
Least that his wound were inly well not heald,
Or that the wicked steale empoysned were
Little shee weend that love he close conceald
Yet still he wasted, as the snow congeald
When the bright sunne his beams theon
doth beat

Yet never he his hart to her reveald,
But rather chose to dye for sorow great,
Then with dishonorable termes her to entreat

L

She, gracious Lady, yet no paines did spare
To doe him ease, or doe him remedy.
Many Restoratives of vertues rare,
And costly Cordialles she did apply,
To mitigate his stubborne malady
But that sweet Cordiall, which can restore
A love-sick hart, she did to him envy,
To him, and to all th' unworthy world forelore
She did envy that soveraine salve in secret
store.

LI

That dauntie Rose, the daughter of her Morne,
More deare then life she tendered, whose flowre
The girlond of her honour did adorne
Ne suffred she the Middyes scorching powre,
Nethesharp Northerne wind thereon to showre,
But lapped up her silken leaves most chayre,
When so the froward skye began to lowre,

But, soone as calmed was the christall ayre,
She did it fayre dispreed and let to flourish fayre.

LII

Eternall God, in his almightie powre,
To make ensample of his heavenly grace,
In Paradize whylome did plant this flowre,
Whence he it fetcht out of her native place,
And did in stocke of earthly flesh enrace,
That mortall men her glory should admyre
In gentle Ladies breste and bounteous race
Of woman kind it fayrest Flowre doth spyre,
And beareth fruit of honour and all chaste
desyre

LIII

Fayre ympes of beautie, whose bright shining
beames

Adorne the world with like to heavenly light,
And to your willes both royalties and Reames
Subdew, through conquest of your wondrous
might,

With this fayre flowre your goodly girlonds
Of chastity and vertue virginall, [dight
That shall embellish more your beautie bright,
And crowne you heades with heavenly
coronall,

Such as the Angels weare before Gods tribunall

LIV

To your faire selves a faire ensample frame
Of this faire virgin, this Belphebe fayre,
To whom, in perfect love and spotlesse fame
Of chastitie, none living may compayre
Ne poysonous Envy justly can empayre
The prayse of her flesh flowing Maydenhead,
Forthy she standeth on the highest stayre
Of th' honorable stage of womanhead,
That Ladies all may follow her ensample dead.

LV

In so great prayse of stedfast chastity
Nathlesse she was so courteous and kynde,
Tempredd with grace and goodly modesty,
That seemed those two vertues strove to fynd
The higher place in her Heroick mynd
So striving each did other more augment,
And both encreast the prayse of woman kynde,
And both encreast her beautie excellent.
So all did make in her a perfect complement.

CANTO VI.

The birth of fayre Belphebe and
Of Amorett is told
The Gardins of Adonis fraught
With pleasures manifold

I

WELL may I weena faire Ladies, all this while
Ye wonder how this noble Damosell
So great perfections did in her compile,
Sith that in saluage forests she did dwell,
So farre from court and royall Citadell,
The great schoolmaistresse of all courtesy
Seemeth that such wilde woodes should far
expell

All civile usage and gentility,
And gentle sprite deforme with rude rusticity

II

But to this faire Belphebe in her berth
The heuens so favorable were and free,
Looking with mild aspect upon the earth
In th' Horoscope of her nativitee,
That all the gifts of grace and chastitee
On her they poured forth of plenteous horne
Jove laught on Venus from his soverayne see,
And Phoebus with faire beames did her
adorne, [borne
And all the Graces rockt her cradle being

III

Her berth was of the wombe of Morning dew,
And her conception of the joyous Prime,
And all her whole creation did her shew
Pure and unspeckled from all loathly crime
That is ingenerate in fleshly slime
So was this virgin borne, so was she bred,
So was she trayned up from time to time
In all chaste vertue and true bounti-heel,
Till to her dew perfection she were ripened.

IV

Her mother was the faire Chrysogonee,
The daughter of Amphisa, who by race
A Faerie was, yborne of high degree
She bore Belphebe, she bore in like cace
Fayre Amorett in the second place
These two were twinnes, and twixt them two
did share
The heritage of all celestiaall grace,
That all the rest it seemd they robbed bare
Of bounty, and of beautie, and all vertues
rare.

V

It were a goodly storie to declare
By what strange accident faire Chrysogone
Conceiv'd these infants, and how them she bare
In this wilde Forrest wandring all alone,
After she had nine months fulhid and gone
For not as other womens commune brood
They were enwombd in the sacred throne
Of her chaste bodie, nor with commune food,
As other womens babes, they sucked vitall
blood.

VI

But wondrously they were begot and bred
Through influence of th' hevens fruitfull ray.
As it in antique bookes is mentioned
It was upon a Sommer, shine day,
When Titan faire his beames did display,
In a fresh fountaine, far from all mens view,
She bath'd her brest the boyling heart allay,
She bath'd with roses red and violets blew,
And all the sweetest flowers that in the Forrest
grew

VII

Till faint through yrekesome wearines, adowne
Upon the grassy ground her self she layd
To sleepe the whiles a gentle slombring
srowne
Upon her fell all naked bare displayd
The sunbeames bright upon her body playd,
Being through former bathing mollinde,
And pierst into her wombe, where they
embayd
With so sweet sence and secret powre unspide,
That in her pregnant flesh they shortly fruc-
tified

VIII

Miraculous may seeme to him that reades
So strange ensample of conception,
But reason teacheth that the fruitfull seades
Of all things living through impression
Of the sunbeames in moyst complexion,
Doe lift conceive and quickned are by kynd
So, after Nilus inundation,
Infinite shapes of creature men doe fynd
Informed in the mud on which the Sunne hath
shynd.

IX

Great father he of generation
Is rightly cald, th' authour of life and light,
And his faire sister for creation
Mimistheth matter fit, which, tempred right
With heate and humour, breeds the living
wight [gone,
So sprong these twinnes in wombs of Chryso-
Yet wist she nought thereof, but sore affright,
Wondred to see her belly so upblowne,
Which still increaseth till she her terme had full
outgone.

X

Whereof conceiving shame and foule disgrace,
Albe her guiltlesse conscience her cleard,
She fled into the wilderness a space,
Till that unweeldy burden she had reard,
And shund dishonor which as death she feard
Where, wearie of long travell, downe to rest
Her selfe she set, and comfortably cheard
There a sad cloud of sleepe her overkest,
And seized every sence with sorrow sore
opprest.

XI

It fortun'd, fane Venus having lost
Her litle sonne, the winged god of love,
Who, for some light displeasure which him
crost,
Was from her fled as flit as ayery Dove,
And left her blisfull bowre of joy above
(So from her often he had fled away,
When she for ought him sharply did reprieve,
And wandred in the world in straunge a way,
Disguiz'd in thousand shapes, that none might
him bewray.)

XII

Him for to seeke, she left her heav'nly hous,
The house of goodly formes and faire aspect,
Whence all the world derives the glorious
Features of beaultie, and all shapes select,
With which high God his workmanship hath
deckt, [wings
And searched ev'ry way through which his
Had borne him, or his tract she mote detect
She promist kisses sweet, and sweeter things,
Unto the man that of him tydings to her
brings

XIII

First she him sought in Court, where most he
us'd [not,
Whylome to haunt, but there she found him
But many there she found which sore accus'd
His falshood, and with fowle infamous blot
His cruell deedes and wicked wyles did spot
Ladies and Lordes she everywhere mote heare
Complayning, how with his empoysned shot

Their wofull harts he wounded had whyleare
And so had left them languishing twixt hope
and feare

XIV

She then the Cities sought from gate to gate,
And everie one did aske, did he him see?
And everie one her answerd, that too late
He had him seene, and felt the crueltee
Of his sharpe dartes and whot artilleree
And every one thiew forth reproches rife
Of his mischievous deedes, and sayd that hee
Was the disturber of all civill life,
The enemy of peace, and authour of all strife.

XV

Then in the countrey she abroad him sought,
And in the rurall cottages inquir'd,
Where also many planties to her were brought,
How he their heedlesse harts with love had fir'd,
And his false venom through their veins in-
spir'd [sat
And eke the gentle Shepheard swaynes, which
Keeping their fleecy flockes as they were hyr'd,
She sweetly heard complaine, both how and
what [therent
Her sonne had to them doen, yet she did smile

XVI

But when in none of all these she him got,
She gan avize where els he mote him hyde.
At last she her bethought that she had not
Yet sought these halcyon woods and forests wyde,
In which full many lovely Nymphes abyde,
Mongst whom might be that he did closely lye,
Or that the love of some of them him tyde
Forthy she thither cast her course t' apply,
To search the secret haunts of Dianes company.

XVII

Shortly unto the wastefull woods she came,
Whereas she found the Goddesses with her crew,
After late chace of then embrewed game,
Sitting beside a fountaine in a rew,
Some of them washing with the liquid dew
From off then dainty limbs the dusty sweat
And soyle, which did deforme their lively hew,
Others lay shaded from the scorching heat,
The rest upon her paison gave attendance great.

XVIII

She, having hong upon a bough on hugh
Her bow and painted quiver, had unlaste
Her silver buskins from her nimble thigh,
And her lank loynes ungirt, and breasts un-
braste,
After her heat the breathing cold to taste
Her golden lockes, that late in tresses bright
Embredred were for hindring of her haste,

Now loose about her shoulders hong undight,
And were with sweet Ambrosia all besprinkled
light.

XX

Soone as she Venus saw behinde her backe,
She was asham'd to be so loose surpriz'd,
And woe halfe wroth against her damzels
That had not her thereof before aviz'd, [slacke,
But suffred her so carelesly disguz'd
Be overtaken Soone her garments loose
Upgar'ring, in her bosome she compriz'd
Well as she might, and to the Goddessse rose,
Whiles all her Nymphes did like a girlond her
enclose.

XXI

Goodly she gan faire Cythera greet,
And shortly asked her, what cause her brought
Into that wilderness for her unmeet,
From her sweete bowres, and beds with pleasures
fraught? [thought
That sudden chaunge she straunge adventure
To whom halfe weeping she thus answer'd,
That she her dearest sonne Cupido sought,
Who in his frowardnes from her was fled,
That she repented sore to have him angered

XXII

Thereat Dianna gan to smile, in scorne
Of her vaine playnt, and to her scoffing sayd
'Great pitty sure that ye be so forlorne
Of your gay sonne, that gives ye so good ayd
To your disports all mote ye bene apayd'
But she was more enrieved, and replide,
'Fairster, all beemes it to upbrayd
A dolefull heart with so disdainfull pride
The like that mine may be your paine another
tide

XXIII

'As you in woods and wanton wilderness
Your glory sett to chace the salvage beasts,
So my delight is all in joyfulness,
In beds, in bowres, in banquetts, and in feasts
And ill becomes you, with your lofty creasts,
To scorne the joy that Jove is glad to seeke
We both are bownd to follow heavens behests,
And tend our charges with obeisance meeke
Spare, gentle sister, with reproch my paine to
eeke,

XXIV

'And tell me, if that ye my sonne have heard
To lurke amongst your Nymphes in secret
wize,
Or keepe their cabins much I am affeard
Least he like one of them him selfe disguize,
And turne his arrowes to their exercise
So may he long him selfe full easie hude,
For he is faire and fresh in face and guize

As any Nymphe, (let not it be envide.)
So saying, every Nymph full narrowly shee eide

XXV

But Phoebe therewith sore was angered,
And sharply snide 'Goe, Dame, goe, seeke
your boy,
Where you him lately leste, in Mars his bed
He comes not here, we scorne his foolish joy,
No lend we leisure to his idle toy
But if I catch him in this company,
By Stygian lake I vow, whose sad annoy
The Gods doe dread, he dearly shall aby
He clip his wanton wings, that he no more
shall flye'

XXVI

Whom whenas Venus saw so sore displeas'd,
Shee only sorow was, and gan relent
What shee had said, so her shee soone appens'd
With sugred words and gentle blandishment,
Which as a fountaine from her sweete lips
went.
And welled goodly forth, that in short space
She was well pleas'd, and forth her damzells
sent [place,
Through all the woods, to search from place to
If any tract of him or tidings they mote trace

XXVII

To search the God of love her Nymphes shee
sent
Throughout the wandring forest every where
And after them her selfe eke with her went
To seeke the fugitive both farre and nere
So long they sought, till they arriv'd were
In that same shady covert whereas lay
Fairster Cry sogone in slombry traunce whilero,
Who in her sleepe (a wondrous thing to say)
Unwares had borne two babes, as sure as
springing day

XXVIII

Unwares she them conceiv'd, unwares shee
bore
She bore withouten paine, that she conceiv'd
Withouten pleasure, ne her need implore
Lucinae aide which when they both perceiv'd,
They were through wonder nigh of sence be-
rev'd,

And gazing each on other nought bespake
At last they both agreed her seeming griev'd
Out of her heavie sworne not to awake [take
But from her loving side the tender babes to

XXIX

Up they them tooke, each one a babe up-
And with them carried to be fostered. [tooke,

Dame Phœbe to a Nympe her babe betooke
To be upbrought in perfect Maydenhed,
And, of her selfe, her name Belphebe red
But Venus hers thence far away conuayd,
To be upbrought in goodly womanhed,
And, in her hile loves stead, which was strayd,
Her Amoretta cald, to comfort her dismayd.

XXIX

Shee brought her to her joyous Paradize,
Where most she wonnes when she on earth does
So faire a place as Nature can devise [dwell,
Whether in Paphos, or Cytheron hill,
Or it in Gnidus bee, I wote not well,
But well I wote by triall, that this same
All other pleasant places doth excell,
And called is by her lost loves name,
The Gardin of Adonis, far renownd by fame.

XXX

In that same Gardin all the goodly flowres,
Wherewith dame Nature doth her beautify,
And decks the girlonds of her Paramoures,
Are fetcht there is the first seminary
Of all things that are borne to live and dye,
According to their kynds Long worke it were
Here to account the endlesse progeny
Of all the weeds that bud and blossome there,
But so much as doth need must needs be
counted here

XXXI

It sitd was in fruitfull soyle of old,
And girt in with two walls on either side,
The one of yron, the other of bright gold,
That none might thorough breake, nor over-
stride
And double gates it had which opened wide,
By which both in and out men moten pas
Th' one faire and fresh, the other old and dride
Old Genius the porter of them was,
Old Genius, the which a double nature has

XXXII

He letteth in, he letteth out to wend
All that to come into the world desire
A thousand thousand naked babes attend
About him day and night, which doe require
That he with fleshly weeds would them attire
Such as him list, such as eternall fate
Ordained hath, he clothes with sinfull mire,
And sendeth forth to live in mortall state,
Till they agayn returne backe by the hinder
gate.

XXXIII

After that they againe returned beene,
They in that Gardin planted bee agayne,

And grow afresh, as they had never seene
Fleshly corruption, nor mortall payne [mayne,
Some thousand yeares so doen they there re-
And then of him are clad with other hew,
Or sent into the chaungefull world agayne,
Till thither they retourne where first they
grew [to new.
So, like a wheele, arownd they runne from old

XXXIV

Ne needs there Gardiner to sett or sow,
To plant or prune, for of their owne accord
All things, as they created were, doe grow,
And yet remember well the mighty word
Which first was spoken by th' Almighty Lord,
That bad them to increase and multiply
Ne doe they need with water of the ford,
Or of the clouds, to moisten their roots dry,
For in themselves eternall moisture they im-
ply.

XXXV

Infinite shapes of creatures there are bred,
And uncouth formes, which none yet ever
And every sort is in a sondry bed [knew
Sett by it selfe, and ranckt in comely row,
Some fitt for reasonable sowles t' indew,
Some made for beasts, some made for birds to
weare,
And all the fruitfull spawne of fishes hew
In endlesse rancks along enraunged were,
That seemd the Ocean could not containe
them there

XXXVI

Daily they grow, and daily forth are sent
Into the world, it to replenish more,
Yet is the stocke not lessened nor spent,
But still remains in everlasting store,
As it at first created was of yore
For in the wide wombe of the world there lies,
In hateful darknes and in deepe horrore
An huge eternall Chaos, which supplies
The substaunces of natures fruitfull progenyes

XXXVII

All things from thence doe their first being
fetch,
And borrow matter whereof they are made,
Which, whenas forme and feature it does ketch,
Becomes a body, and doth then invade
The state of life out of the griesly shade
That substance is eterne, and bideth so,
Ne when the life decayes and forme does fade,
Doth it consume and into nothing goe,
But chaunged is, and often altd to and froe

XXXVIII

The substaunce is not chaungd nor altered,
But th' only forme and outward fashion,

For every substance is conditioned
To chaunge her hew, and sondry formes to don,
Meet for her temper and complexion
For formes are variable, and decay
By course of kinde and by occasion,
And that faire flowre of beautie fades away,
As doth the lily fresh before the sunny ray

XXXIX

Great enemy to it, and to all the rest
That in the Gardin of Adonis springs,
Is wicked Tyme, who with his scyth address
Does mow the flowering herbes and goodly
things,
And all their glory to the ground downe flings,
Where they do wither, and are fowly mard
He flies about, and with his flaggy wings
Beates downe both leaves and buds without
regard,
Ne ever pittie may relent his malice hard

XL

Yet pittie often did the gods relent,
To see so faire things mard and spoiled
quight,
And their great mother Venus did lament
The losse of her deare brood, her deare de-
light
Her hart was pierst with pittie at the sight,
When walking through the Gardin them she
saw,

Yet note she find redresse for such despight
For all that lives is subject to that law,
All things decay in time, and to their end
doe draw

XLI

But were it not that Time their troubler is,
All that in this delightfull Gardin grows
Should happy bee, and have immortall blis
For here all plenty and all pleasure flows,
And sweete love gentle fitts emongst them
throwes,

Without fell rancor or fond gealosy
Fruckly each Paramor his leman knowes,
Each bird his mate, ne any does env
Their goodly meriment and gay felicity

XLII

There is continuall Spring, and harvest there
Continuall, both meeting at one tyme,
For both the boughes doe laughing blossoms
beare,
And with fresh colours decke the wanton Pryme,
And eke attonce the heavy trees they
clyme,
Which seeme to labour under their fruites lode
The whiles the joyous birdes make their pas-
time

Emongst the shady leaves, their sweet abode,
And their trew loves without suspicion tell
abrode

XLIII

Right in the midst of that Paradise [top
There stood a stately Mount, on whose round
A gloomy grove of myrtle trees did rise,
Whose shady boughes sharp steele did never
lop,
Nor wicked beastes their tender buds did crop,
But like a girland compassed the hight, [drop,
And from their fruitfull sides sweet gum did
That all the ground, with pretious dew bedight,
Threw forth most dainty odours and most
sweet delight.

XLIV

And in the thickest covert of that shade
There was a pleasant Arber not by art
But of the trees owne inclination made,
Which knitting their rancke branches, part
to part,
With wanton yvre twine entrayld athwart,
And Eglantine and Caprisole emong,
Fashiond above within their inmost part,
That neither Phœbus beams could through
them throng, [wrong
Nor Aeolus sharp blast could worke them any

XLV

And all about grew every sort of flowre,
To which sad lovers were transformde of yore,
Fresh Hyacinthus, Phœbus paramoure
And dearest love,
Foolish Narcisse, that likes the watry shore,
Sad Amaranthus, made a flowre but late,
Sad Amaranthus, in whose purple gore
Me seemes I see Amintas wretched fate,
To whom sweet Poets verse hath given end-
lesse date

XLVI

There went fayre Venus often to enjoy
Her deare Adonis joyous company,
And reape sweet pleasure of the wanton boy
There yet, some say, in secret he does ly,
Lapped in flowres and pretious spycery,
By her hid from the world, and from the skill
Of Stygian Gods, which doe her love envy,
But she her selfe, when ever that she will,
Possesseth him, and of his sweetnesse takes
her fill

XLVII

And sooth, it seemes, they say, for he may not
For ever dy, and ever buried bee
In balefull night where all thinges are forgot
All be he subject to mortalitie,

Yet is eterne in mutabilitie,
And by succession made perpetuall,
Transformed oft, and changed diverslie,
For him the Father of all formes they call
Therefore needs mote he live that living gives
to all.

XLI III

There now he liveth in eternall blis,
Joying his godde-se, and of her enjoyd,
No feareth he henceforth that foe of his,
Which with his cruell tuske him deadly cloyd
For that wilde Bore, the which him once an-
She firmly hath emprisoned for vs. [noyd,
That her sweet love his malice mote avoid
In a strong rocky Cave, which is, they say
Hewen underneath that Mount, that none him
loosen may.

XLIX

There now he lives in everlasting joy,
With many of the Gods in company
Which thither haunt, and with the winged boy,
Sporting him selfe in safe felicity
Who when he hath with spoiles and cruelty
Ransackt the world, and in the wofull harts
Of many wretches set his triumphes hye.
Thither resortes, and having his sad darts
Asyde, with faire Adonis plays his wanton
part.

L

And his trew love fure Psyche with him
plaves,
Fayre Psyche to him lately reconcylld,
After long troubles and unmeet upbraves
With which his mother Venus her revylld
And eke himselfe her cruelly exylld
But now in stedfast love and happy state
She with him lives, and with him borne a chyld,
Pleasure, that doth both gods and men aggrate,
Pleasure, the daughter of Cupid and Psyche late

LI

Hither great Venus brought this infant fayre,
The yonger daughter of Chrysogonee,

And unto Psyche with great trust and care
Committed her yfostered to bee
And truned up in trew semitee
Who no le-se carefully her tendered
Then her owne daughter Pleasure, to whom shee
Made her companion, and her les-oned
In all the lore of love, and goodly womanhead

LII

In which when she to perfect ripenes grew,
Of grace and beautie noble Paragone,
She brought her forth into the worldes rev,
To be th ensample of true love alone,
And Lode-starre of all chaste affection
To all fayre Ladies that doe live on grownd
To Faery court she came, where many one
Admyrd her goodly haseour and fownd
His feeble hart wide launched with loves cruel
wound

LIII

But she to none of them her love did cast,
Save to the noble knight Sir Scandamore
To whom her loving hart she linked fast
In faithfull love, t' abide for evermore,
And for his dearest sake endured sore
Sore trouble of an hainous enmyr,
Who her would forced have to have forfore
Her former love and stedfast loialty,
As ye may elsewhere reade that ruefull history

LIV

But well I weene, ye first desire to learne
What end unto that fearefull Damozell,
Which fledd so fast from that same foster
stearne
Whom with his brethren Timas slew, befell
That was, to weet, the goodly Florimell,
Who wandring for to seeke her lover deare,
Her lover deare, her dearest Mynnell,
Into misfortune fell, as ye did heare,
And from Prince Arthure fled with wings of
idle feare.

CANTO VII

The witches sonne loves Florimell
She flies, he faimes to dy
Satyrane saves the Squire of Dames
From Gyaunts tyranny

I

Like as an Hynd forth singled from the heard,
That hath escaped from a ravenous beast,
Yet flies away of her owne feete asfard,
And every lease, that shaketh with the least
Murmure of wilde, her terror hath encreast ;

So fledd fayre Florimell from her vaine feare,
Long after she from perill was releast
Lach shade she saw, and each noyse she did
heare
Did seeme to be the same which she escapt
whileare.

II

All that same evening she in flying spent,
 And all that night her course continued,
 Ne did she let dull sleepe once to relent,
 Nor wearinesse to slack her hast, but fled
 I ver alike, as if her former dreed
 Were hard behind her ready to arrest,
 And her white Palfrey, having conquered
 The mairring rames out of her weary wrest,
 Perforce her carried where ever he thought
 best

III

So long as breath and hable puiſſance
 Did native corage unto him supply,
 His pace he freshly forward did aduance,
 And carried her bey ond all jeopardy,
 But nought that wanteth rest can long abide,
 He, having through incessant travell spent
 His force, at last perforce adowne did lie,
 Ne foot could further mote The Lady gent
 Thereat was sudden strook with great aston-
 ishment,

IV

And, forst t' alight, on foot mote algates
 fare
 A traveler unwonted to such way
 Need teacheth her this lesson hard and rare,
 That fortune all in equall launce doth way,
 And mortall miseries doth make her play
 So long she traveld, till at length she came
 To an hillside, which did to her bewray
 A litle valley subject to the same,
 All covered with thicke woodes that quite it
 overcame

V

Through the tops of the high trees she did
 descry
 A litle smoke, whose vapour thin and light
 Reeking aloft uprolled to the sky
 Which chearefull flame did send unto her sight
 That in the same did wonne come living
 wight
 I fsoones her steps she thereunto applyd,
 And came at last in weary wretched plight
 Unto the place, to which her hope did guide,
 To finde some refuge there, and rest her wearie
 side.

VI

There in a gloomy hollow glen she found
 A litle cottage, built of stickes and reedes
 In homely wize, and wald with sods around,
 In which a witch did dwell, in loathly needes
 And wilfull want, all carelesse of her needes,
 So choosung solitarie to dwile
 Far from all neighbours, that her dwell-
 deedes

And hellish arts from people she might hide,
 And hurt far off unknowne whom ever she
 envide.

VII

The Dunczell there arriving entred in,
 Where sitting on the flore the Hag she found
 Busle (as seem'd) about some wicked gin
 Who, soone as she beheld that sudden stound,
 Lightly upstartd from the dustie ground,
 And with fell looke and hollow deadly gaze
 Stared on her awhile, as one astound,
 Ne had one word to speke for gre it amaze,
 But shewed by outward signes that dread her
 sence did daze

VIII

At last, turning her ferre to foolish wrath
 She askt, what devill had her thither brought,
 And who she was, and what unwonted path
 Had guided her, unwelcomed, unought?
 To which the Dunczell, full of doubtfull
 thought
 Her mildly answerd 'Beldame, be not wroth
 With silly Virgin by adventure brought
 Unto your dwelling, ignorant and loth,
 That erbe but ronne to rest while tempest
 overbloweth'

IX

With that adowne out of her christall eyne
 Few trickling teares she softly forth let fall,
 That like to orient perles did purely shyne
 Upon her snowy cheeke, and therewithall
 She sighed soft, that none so bestall
 Nor savage hart, but ruth of her sad plight
 Would make to melt, or pitteously appall
 And that vile Hag all were her whole delight
 In mischeife, was much moved at so pitteous
 sight,

X

And gan recomfort her in her rude wise,
 With womanish compassion of her plaint,
 Wiping the teares from her suffused eyes,
 And bidding her sit downe to rest her faint
 And wearie limbes awhile She, nothing
 quaint
 Nor disdainfull of so homely fashion,
 Sith brought she was now to so hard con-
 straint,
 Sat downe upon the dusty ground anon,
 As glad of that small rest as Bird of tempest
 gin

XI

Tho gan she gather up her garments rent,
 And her loose lockes to dight in order dew
 With golden wreath and gorgeous ornament
 Whom such whenas the wicked Hag did ven

She was astonisht at her heavenly hew,
And doubted her to deeme an earthly wight,
But or some Goddesse, or of Dianas crew,
And thought her to adore with humble spright
T'adore thing so diuine as beauty were but
nigh.

XII

This wicked woman had a wicked sonne,
The comfort of her age and weary dayes,
A laesy loord, for nothing good to donne,
But stretched forth in ydlenesse alwayes,
Ne ever cast his mind to covet prayse,
Or ply himselfe to any honest trade,
But all the day before the sunny rayes
He us'd to slug, or sleepe in slothfull shade
Such laciesse both lewd and poore attonce
him made

XIII

He, coming home at undertime, there found
The fairest creature that he ever saw
Sitting beside his mother on the ground,
The sight whereof did greatly him adaw,
And his base thought with terror and with
aw

So mly smot, th it as one, which hath gaz'd
On the bright Sunne unawares, doth soone
withdraw
His feeble eyne, with too much brightnes dar'd,
So stared he on her, and stood long while
amaz'd.

XIV

Softly at last he gan his mother aske,
What mister wight that was, and whence
derr'd, [maske,
That in so straunge disguisment there did
And by what accident she there arriv'd?
But she, as one nigh of her wits depriv'd,
With nought but ghastly lookes him answered,
Like to a ghost, that lately is reviv'd
From Stygian shores where late it wandered
So both at her, and each at other wondered

XV

But the faire Virgin was so meeke and mild
That she to them vouchsafed to embrace
Her goodly port, and to their senses vild
Her gentle speech applyde, that in short space
She grew familiare in that desert place.
During which time the Chorle, through her so
kind
And courtesie use, conceiv'd affection bace,
And cast to love her in his brutish mind
No love, but brutish lust, that was so beistly
kind

XVI

Cloely the wicked flame his bowels brent,
And shortly grew into outrageous fire,

Yet had he not the hart, nor haudiment,
As unto her to utter his desire,
His caitive thought durst not so high aspire
But with soft sighes and lovely semblaunces
He ween'd that his affection entire
She should aread, many resemblaunces
To her he made, and many kinde remem-
brances

XVII

Oft from the Forrest wildings he did bring,
Whose sides empurpled were with smyling red,
And oft young birds, which he had taught to
sing,
His maistresse praises sweetly caroled
Gnilds of flowres, sometimes for her faue hed
He fine would dight, sometimes the squerell
wild
He brought to her in bands, as conquered
To be her thrall, his fellow-servant vild
All which she of him tooke with countenance
meeke and mild

XVIII

But, past a while, when she fit season saw
To leave that desert mansion, she cast
In secret wise herselfe thence to withdraw,
For feare of mischief, which she did forecast
Might by the witch or by her sonne compast.
Her wearie Palfrey, closely as she might,
Now well recovered after long repast,
In his proud furnitures she fleshly dight,
His late miswanded wayes now to remeasure
right

XIX

And earely, ere the dawning day appear'd,
She forth issewed, and on her journey went
She went in perill, of each noyse affear'd,
And of each shade that did it selfe present,
For still she feared to be overtent
Of that vile hag, or her unevile sonne,
Who when, too late waking, well they kent
That their fayre guest was gone, they both
begonne [undonne
To make exceeding mone, as they had been

XX

But that lewd lover did the most lament
For her depart, that ever man did heere
He knockt his brest with desperate intent,
And scratcht his face, and with his teeth did
teare
His rugged flesh, and rent his ragged heare,
That his sad mother, seeing his sore plight,
Was greatly woe begon, and gan to faine
Least his fraile senses were emperisht quight,
And love to frenzy turn'd, with love is franticke
light

XXVI

All waies shee sought him to restore to plight,
With herbs, with charme, with counsell, and
with trewe,

But to use, nor charme, nor herbs, nor counsell,
Assuage the fury which his entrails teare:
So strong is his store that no reason heare.
Tho when all other helpe she saw to faile
She turn'd her selfe backe to her wicked leare,
And by her diabolish arts thought to procure
To bringe her backe a gaine, or worke her small
bribe

XXVII

Ifte-comes out of her hidden eye she could
An hideous beast of horrible aspect,
That could the stoutest corage have appall,
Monstrous, misshapt, and all his bricke was
spect

With thousand spots of colours quaint cleet,
There to so wise that it all beasts did pre-
Like never yet did living eye detect,
But liket it to an Ilixa was

That feeds on wemens flesh as others feede on

XXVIII

It forth she call'd and gave it straight in charge,
Through thicke and thin her to pursue away
No once to stay to rest, or breath at large
Till her he had attaine'd and brought in place,
Or quite devour'd her beauteous scornefull grace
The Monster, swifte as word that from her
went,

Went forth in haste, and did her footing tread
So sure and swiftly, through his perfect sent
And passing speede, that shortly he her over
hant

XXIX

Whom when the firefull Damzell might es-
pide,

No need to bid her fast away to the
That ugly shape so sore her terrifich
That it she shunn'd no lesse then dread to die,
And her slitt palfrey thus so well appli
His nimble feet to her conceiv'd fire,
That wheleat his breath did strength to him
supply,

From peril free he away her did bere,
But when his force gan faile his price gan we
areare.

XXX

Which whenas she perceiv'd, she was dismay'd,
At that same last extremity so sore
And of her safety greatly grew afraid
And now she gan approach to the sea shore,
As it befell, that she could flee no more,
But vield herselfe to spoile of greedinesse
Lightly she leaped, as a wight forlore,

From her dull horse, in desperate distresse,
And to her feet betoold a horrid shuddering
noise.

XXXI

Not hallo so fast the wicked Marlin' dar'
I rom dread of her revenge, with a hand,
Nor hallo so fast to save her in her hand
fled for full day her on the sea in a dread
As Hornemell fled from that Monster yond,
To reach the sea she of him were right
For in the sea to drown herselfe she find,
Rather than of the tyrant to be caught
Therein fear gave her winne, and need her
courage taught

XXXII

It fortune I (high God did so ordaine)
As she arriv'd on the point, shore
In mind to leape into the mighty maine,
A little bote lay hovering by her side,
In which the sheapt a fisher old and pore
The whiles his nets were drying on the sand
Into the same she leapt, and with the ore
Did thrust the shallop from the floating strand
So swiftly fowrd at sea which she fowrd not at
land

XXXIII

The Monster ready on the pray to see
Was of his force and huge deceiv'd quite
No durst assay to wade the perilous seas,
But graciously hee laying at the sight,
At last in van was forst to turne his flight
And tell the while tidings to his Dame.
Yet, to revenge his dishonour'd fight,
He sett upon her palfrey fired flame
And slew him cruelly ere any rest hee came

XXXIV

And, after having him embowelled
To fill his bulshish gorge, it chann'd a knight
To passe that way, as forth he travell'd
It was a goodly Swaine, and of great might,
As ever man that blowd his list did fight.
But in vain shew'd that wont young knights
beutich,

And courtly services, tooke no delight,
But rather joy'd to see them seemen such,
For both to be and seeme to him was labor rich

XXXV

It was to weete the good Sir Satyrane,
That raung'd abroad to seeke adventures wilde,
As was his wont, in forest and in plaine
He was all arm'd in rugged Steele unfiled,
As in the smoky force it was compiled,
And in his Scutcheon bore a Satyres head
He coming present, where the Monster wilde

Upon that milke-white Palfreyes carcas fedd,
Unto his reskew ran, and greedily him spedd

XXXV

There well perceivd he that it was the hoise
Whereon faire Florimell was wont to ride,
That of that feend was rent without remorse
Much feared he least ought did ill betide
To thit faire Maide, the flowre of womens pride,
For her he dearely loved, and in all
His famous conquests highly magnifide
Besides, her golden girdle, which did fall
From her in flight, he fownd, that did him sore
april

XXXVI

Full of sad feare and doubtfull agony
Mercely he flew upon that wicked feend.
And with huge strokes and cruell battery
Him forth to leave his pray, for to attend
Him selfe from deadly daunger to defend
Full many wounds in his corrupted flesh
He did engrave, and muchell blood did spend,
Yet might not doe him die but aemore fresh
And fierce he still appeard, the more he did him
thresh

XXXVII

He wist not how him to despoile of life,
Ne how to win the wished victory.
Sith him he saw still stronger grow through
stnsf.
And him selfe weaker through infirmity
Greatly he grew enrag'd, and furiously
Hurling his sword away he lightly leapt
Upon the beast, that with great cruelty
Rored and raged to be underkept, [hept
Yet he perforce him held, and stokes upon him

XXXVIII

As he that strives to stop a sudden flood,
And in strong bancks his violence enclose,
Forceth it swell above his wonted mood,
And largely overflow the fruitfull plaine,
That all the countrey seemes to be a Maine,
And the rich furrowes sote, all quite fordonne
The wofull husbandman doth lowd complaine
To see his whole yeares labor lost so soone,
For which to God he made so many an idle
boone

XXXIX

So him he held, and did through might amate
So long he held him, and him bett so long,
That at the last his feicenes gan abate,
And meekely stoup unto the victor strong
Who, to avenge the implacable wrong
Which he supposed donne to Florimell,
Sought by all meanes his dolor to prolong,

Sith dint of steele his carcas could not quell,
His maker with her charmes had framed him
so well.

XXXVI

The golden ribband, which that virgin wore
About her slender waste, he tooke in hand,
And with it bownd the beast, that lowd did
rore
For great despight of that unwonted band,
Yet dared not his victor to withstand,
But trembled like a lambe fled from the pray,
And all the way him followd on the strand,
As he had long bene learned to obey,
Yet never learned he such service till that day

XXXVII

Thus as he led the Beast along the way,
He spide far off a mighty Giauntesse
Fast flying, on a Courser dappled gray,
From a bold knight that with great hardinesse
Her hard pursewd, and sought for to sup-
pie-se.
She bore before her lap a dolefull Squire,
Lying athwart her horse in great distresse,
Fast bounden hand and foote with cords of
wire, [hei desire.
Whom she did meane to make the thrall of

XXXVIII

Which whenas Satyrane beheld, in haste
He leste his captive Beast at liberty,
And crost the nearest way, by which he cast
Her to encounter ere she passed by,
But she the way shund nathemore forthy,
But forward gillopt fast, which when he
spyde,
His mighty speare he couched warily,
And at her ran she, having him descryde,
Her selfe to fight address, and threw her lode
aside.

XXXIX

Like as a Goshauke, that in foote doth beare
A trembling Culver, having spide on hight
An Eagle that with plummy wings doth sheare
The subtle ayre stouping with all his might,
The quarry throwes to ground with fell de-
spight,
And to the batteill doth her selfe prepaie
So ran the Geauntesse unto the fight,
Her fyre eyes with furious sparkes did stare,
And with blasphemous banney high God in
peeeces tare

XL

She caught in hand an huge great yron mace,
Wherewith she many had of life depriv'd,
But, ere the stroke could seize his ay med place,
His speare amidst her sun-brodeshield arriv'd

Yet nathemore the steele asonder riu'd,
All were the beame in bignes like a mast,
Ne her out of the stedfast saddle driu'd,
But, glauncing on the tempered metall, brast
In thousand shivers, and so forth beside her
past.

XVI

Her Steed did stagger with that puissaunt
strooke,

But she no more was moved with that might
Then it had lighted on an aged Oke,
Or on the marble Pillour that is pight
Upon the top of Mount Olympus hight
For the brave youthly Champions to assay
With burning charret wheelles it nigh to smite,
But who that smites it mars his joyous play,
And is the spectacle of ruinous decay

XVII

Yet, therewith sore enrig'd, with sterne re-
gard

Her dreadfull weapon she to him addrest,
Which on his helmet martelled so hard
That made him low incline his lofty crest,
And bowd his battied visour to his brest
Wherewith he was so stund that he n'ote ryde,
But reeled to and fro from east to west
Which when his cruell enemy espyde,
She lightly unto him adjoynd syde to syde,

XVIII

And, on his collar laying puissaunt hand,
Out of his wauering sert him pluckt perforce,
Perforce him pluckt, unable to withstand
Or helpe himselfe, and laying thwart her
horse,

In loathly wise like to a carrion corse,
She bore him fast away Which when the
knight

That her pursued, with great remoise
He nere was toucht in his noble spright,
And gan encrese his speed as she increast her
flight

XIX

Whom when as nigh appoaching she espyde,
She threw away her burden angrily,
For she list not the batteill to abide,
But made her selfe more light away to fly
Yet her the hardy knight pursued so nigh
That almost in the bricke he oft her strake,
But still, when him at hand she did espy,
She turnd, and semblaunce of faire sight did
make, [her take,
But, when he staid, to flight againe she did

XX

By this the good Sir Antyrme gan awake
Out of his dreame that did him long entraunce,

And, seeing none in place, he gan to make
Exceeding mone, and curst that cruell chunce
Which reit from him so faire a chevisaunce
Atlength he spyde whereas that wofull Squire,
Whom he had reskewed from captiuaunce
Of his strong foe, lay tumbled in the myre,
Unable to arise, or loote or hand to styie

XXI

To whom appoaching, well he mote perceiue
In that fowle flight a comely personage
And lovely face, made fit for to deceiue
In like Ladies hart with loves consuming rage,
Now in the blo-some of his freshest age
He reard him up and loosd his yron bands,
And after gan inquire his parentage,
And how he fell into the Gyaunts hands,
And who thit was which chased her along the
lands

XXII

Then trembling yet through flare the Squire
bespake

'That Geauntesso Argante is belight,
A daughter of the Titans which did make
Warre against heauen, and heaped hils on light
To scale the skyes and put Ioue from his
right

Her syre Typhoeus was, who, mad through
merth, [might,
And dronke with blood of men slaine by his
Through incest hei of his owne mother Earth
Whylome begot, being but halfe twin of that
berth

XXIII

'For at that berth another Babe she bore
To weete, the mightie Ollyphant, that wrought
Great wreke to many errant knights of yore,
And many bath to foule confusion brought
These twinnes, men say, (a thing far passing
thought) [were
While in their mothers wombe enclosed they
Ere they into the lightsom world were brought,
In fleshly lust were mingled both yfere,
And in that monstrous wise did to the world
appere

XXIV

'So h'v'd they euer after in like sin,
Gruist natures law and good behauioure
But greatest shame was to that maiden twin,
Who, not content so fowly to deuoure
Her native flesh and staune her brothers bowre,
Did wallow in all other fleshly myre,
And suffred beastes her body to deflowre,
So wot she burned in that lustfull fyre,
Yet all that might not slake her sensuall desire

I.

'But over all the countrie she did raunge
To seeke young men to quench her flaming
thrust,

And feed her fancy with delightfull chaunge
Whom so she tittest findes to serve her lust,
Through her maine strength, in which she
most doth trust,
She with her brings into a secret Ile,
Where in eternall bondage dye he must,
Or be the vassall of her pleasures vile,
And in all shamefull sort him selfe with her
defile

II

'Me, woelely wretch, she so at vantage caught,
After she long in waite for me did lye,
And meant unto her prison to have brought,
Her lothsom pleasure there to satysfie,
That thousand deaths me lever were to dye
Then breake the vow that to faine Columbelle
I plighte have, and yet keepe stedfastly
As for my name, it mistreth not to tell
Call me the Squire of Dames, that me
besee meth well

III

'But that bold knight, whom ye pur-uing saw
That Geauntesse, is not such as she seemd
But a faine virgin that in martirall law
And deedes of armes above all Dames is
deemd,
And above many knightes is eke esteemd
For her great worth She Palladine is hight
She you from death, you me from drend, re-
deemd,
Ne any may that Mounster match in sight,
But she, or such as she, that is so chaste a
wight'

LIII

'Her well be-seemes that Quest,' (quoth Saty-
rane) [is this,
'But reed, thou Squire of Dames, what vow
Which thou upon thy life hast lately ta'ne?'
'That shall I you recount,' (quoth he) 'y was
So be ye pleas'd to pardon all unns,
That gentle Lady whom I love and serve,
After long suit and wearie service,
Did aske me, how I could her love deserve,
And how she might be sure that I would never
euerwee?

IV

'I, glad by any meanes her grace to gaine,
Bidd her commaund my life to save or spill
I f'oones she badd me, with inces-sant prync
To wander through the world abroad at will,
And every where, where with my power or
I might doe service unto gentle Dames, [skill
That I the same should faithfully fulfill,

And at the twelc monethes end should bring
their names [games
And pledges, as the spoiles of my victorious

LV

'So well I to faine Ladies service did,
And found such fayour in their loving hartes,
That ere the yeare his course had compassid,
Three hundred pledges for my good desertes,
And thrice three hundred thanks for my good
partes,
I with me brought, and did to hei present
Which when she saw, more bent to eke my
smalles

Then to reward my trusty true intent,
She gan for me devise a grievous punishment,

LVI

'To weet, that I my travell should resume,
And with like labour walke the world around,
Ne ever to her presence should presume,
Till I so many other Dames had fownd,
The which, for all the suit I could propound,
Would me refuse their pledges to afford,
'But did abide for ever chaste and sownd'
'Ah' gentle Squire,' (quoth he) 'tell at one
word, [record?]
How many townd'st thou such to put in thy

LVII

'Indeed, Sir knight,' (said he) 'one word
may tell
All that I ever fownd so wisely staid,
For onely three they were disposd so well,
And yet three ycares I now abroad have straid,
To fynd them out.' 'Mote I,' (then laughing
said
The knight) 'inquire of thee what were those
The which thy proffred curtesie denyd?
Or ill they seemed sure avy'd to bee, [see'
Or brutishly brought up, that new fad fashions

LVIII

'The first which then refus'd me,' (said hee)
'Certes was but a common Countesse,
Yet that refus'd to have adoe with mee,
Because I could not give her many a June'
(Thereat full hartely laughed Satyrane.)
'The second was an holy Nunne to choyce
Which would not let me be her Chappellaine,
Because she knew, she said, I would disclose
Her counsell, if she should her trust in me re-
pose

LIX

'The third a Damzell was of low degree,
Whom I in countrey cottages fownd by chaunce
I nil hille weened I that chastitee
Had lodging in so meane a maintenaunce,

Yet was she sure, and in her countenance
Dwelt simple truth in seemly fashion
Long thus I woo'd her with due obser-
uance

In hope unto my pleasure to have won,
But was as far at last, as when I first begon

IX

'Safe her, I never any woman found
That chastyty did for it selfe embrace,
But were for other causes firme and sound,
I ther for want of handsome time and place
Or else for feare of shame and fowle disgrace
Thus am I hopelesse ever to attaine
My Ladies love in such a desperato case,

But all my dayes are like to waste in vaine,
Seeking to match the chaste with th'unchaste
Ladies frame'

I XI

'Perds' (said Satyrane) 'thou Squire of
Dance,

Great labour fondly hast thou hent in hand,
To get small thanks, and therewith many
blames,

That may amongst Menes labours stand'
Thence bracke returning to the former land,
Where late he left the Beast he overcame
He found him not, for he had broke his band,
And was return'd againe unto his Dame,
To tell what things of faine I'ormell became.

CANTO VIII

The Witch creates a snowy La-
dy like to Florimell
Who wrong'd by Carlo, by Proteus said,
Is sought by Paridell

I

So oft as I this history record,
My heart doth melt with more compassion,
To thinke how causelesse, of her owne accord,
This gentle Damzell, whom I write upon,
Should plunged be in such affliction
Without all hope of comfort or reliefe,
That sure, I weene, the hardest hart of stone
Would hardly finde to aggravate her griefe,
For misery craves rather mercy then retriect.

II

But that accursed Hag, her hostesse late,
Hind so entangled her malicious hart,
That she desired th' abridgement of her fate,
Or long enlargement of her painefull smart
Now when the Beast, which by her wicked art
Late forth he sent, she bracke returning spide
Tyde with her golden girdle it a put
Of her rich spoiles whom he had erst destroy'd
She weend and wondrous gladnes to her hart
apply'd

III

And, with it running hast'ly to her sonne,
Th'ought with that sight him much to have
reliv'd
Who, thereby deeming sure the thing as done
His former griefe with furie fresh reviv'd
Much more than erst, and would have alga-
riv'd
The hart out of his breast for sith her dedd
He surely dempt, himselfe he thought depriv'd

Quite of all hope wherewith he long had fedd
His foolish malady, and long time had misledd

II

With thought whereof exceeding mad he grew,
And in his rage his mother would have slaine,
Had she not fled into a secret man,
Where she was wont her Sprigites to enter-
taine,

The masters of her art there was she faine
To call them all in order to her ayde,
And them conjure upon eternall paine,
To counsell her so carefullly dismayd
How she might heale her sonne whose senses
were decayd

I

By their advice, and her owne wicked wit,
She there devis'd a wondrous warke to frame,
Whose like on earth was never framed yet,
That even Nature selfe envide the same,
And grudg'd to see the counterfeit should shame
The thing it selfe. In hand she boldly tooke
To make another like the former Dime,
Another Florimell in shape and looke
So lively and so like, that many it mistooke

II

The substance, whereof she the body made,
Was purest snow in massy mould congel'd,
Which she had gathered in a shady glade
Of the Rhiphean hills, to her reveal'd

By errant Sprights, but from all men conceald

The same she tempered with fine Mercury
And virgin wax that never yet was seald,
And mingled them with perfect vermily,
That like a lively sanguine it seemd to the eye

VII

Instead of eyes two burning lampes she set
In silver sockets, shynig like the skyes,
And a quicke moving Spirit did airt
To stirre and roll them like to womens eyes
Instead of yelow lockes she did deuyse
With golden wyre to weave her curled head,
Yet golden wyre was not so yelow thryse
As Florimells fayre heare and, in the stead
Of life, she put a Spright to rule the carcass
dead,

VIII

A wicked Spright, yfraught with sawning
gyle
And fayre resemblance above all the rest,
Which with the Prince of Darkenes fell some-
while
From heuens blis and everlasting rest
Him needed not instruct which way were best
Him selfe to fashion likest Florimell,
He how to speake, he how to use his gest,
For he in counterfeynce did excell,
And all the wyles of womens wits knew pass-
ing well

IX

Him shaped thus she deckt in garments gay,
Which Florimell had left behind her late,
That who so then her saw would surely say
It was her selfe whom it did imitate,
Or fayrer then her selfe, if ought algate
Might fayrer be And then she forth her
Unto her sonnet that lay in feeble state, brought
Who seeing her gan streight upstart, and
thought [sought]
She was the Lady selfe whom he so long had

X

Tho fast her clipping twixt his armes twayne,
Extremely joyed in so happy sight,
And soone forgot his former sickely payne
But she, the more to seeme such as she light,
Covly rebuted his embracement light,
Yet still, with gentle countenance retain'd
Enough to hold a foole in vaine delight
Him long she so with shadowes entertain'd,
As her Creatresse had in charge to her ordain'd

XI

Till on a day, as he disposed was
To walke the woodes with that his Idole faire,

Her to dispoit and idle time to pas
In th' open fieshnes of the gentle rure,
A knight that was there chaunced to repaire,
Yet knight he was not, but a boastfull swaine
That deedes of armes had ever in de-paire,
Proud Braggadochio, that in vaunting vaine
His glory did repose, and credit did maintaine

XII

He, seeing with that Chorle so faire a wight,
Decked with many a costly ornament,
Much merveld thereat, as well he might,
And thought that match a fowle disparagement
His bloody speare estesoones he boltil bent
Against the silly clowne, who dead through
feare
Fell streight to ground in great astonishment
'Villain,' (sayd he) 'this Lady is my deare,
Dy, if thou it gamesay I will away her beare'

XIII

The fearefull Chorle durst not gamesay nor
doe,
But trembling stood, and yielded him the play,
Who, finding litle leasure her to wooe
On Triompars steed her mounted without stay,
And without reskew led her quite away
Proud man himselfe then Braggadochio deem'd,
And next to none after that happy day,
Being possessed of that spayle, which seemd
The fairest wight on ground, and most of men
esteem'd

XIV

But, when heesaw him selfe free from poursute,
He gan make gentle purpose to his Dame
With termes of love and lewdnesse dissolute,
For he could well his glozing speeches frame
To such vaine uses that him best became
But she thereto would lend but light regard,
As seeming sory that she ever came
Into his powre that used her so hard [prefard
To leave her honor, which she more then life

XV

Thus as they two of kindnes treated long,
There them by chaunce encountred on the way
An armed knight upon a courser strong,
Whose trampling feete upon the hollow lay
Seemed to thunder, and did nigh affray
That Cipons coage yet he looked grim,
And saynd to cheare his lady in dismay,
Who seemd for feare to quake in every lim,
And her to save from outrage meekely prayd
him

XVI

Fiercely that straunger forward came and,
nigh
Approching, with bold words and bitter threat

Bad that same boaster, as he mote, on high,
To leave to him that lady for excheit,
Or bide him battell without further treat
That challenge did too peremptory seeme,
And hid his senses with abashment great,
Yet seeing nigh him jeopardy extreme,
He it dissembled well, and light seemd to
esteeme

XVII

Sung, 'Thou foolish knight, that weenst
with words
To steale away that I with blowes have wonne,
And brought through points of many perillous
swords

But if thee list to see thy Courser ronne,
Or prove thy selfe, this sad encounter shonne,
And seeke els without hazard of thy hedd'
At those proud words that other knight
begonne

To we exceeding wroth, and him aredd
To turne his steede about, or sure he should
be dedd

XVIII

'Sith then,' (said Braggadochio) 'needes thou
wilt

Thy daies abridge through prooffe of puissaunce,
Turne we our steeds, that both in equall tilt
May meete againe, and each take happy
chance.

This said, they both a furlongs mountenaunce
Retird their steeds to ronne in even race,
But Braggadochio, with his bloody lance,
Once having turnd, no more returnd his face,
But left his love to lose, and fled him selfe
apace

XIX

The knight, him seeing sic, had no regard
Him to pursue, but to the lady rode,
And having her from Trompart lightly reard,
Upon his Courser sett the lovely lode,
And with her fled away without abode.
Well weened he, that fairest Florimell
It was with whom in company he yode,
And so her selfe did alwaies to him tell
So made him thinke him selfe in heven that
was in hell

XX

But Florimell her selfe was far away,
Driven to great distresse by fortune strange,
And taught the carefull Mariner to ply,
Sith late mischaunce had her compeld to
chaunge

The land for her, at rondon there to runge
Tett there that cruell Queene avengeresse,
Not satisfide so far her to estraunge

From courtly blis and wouted happinesse,
Did henpe on her new wyes of weary wretched-
nesse

XXI

For being fled into the fishers bote
For refuge from the Monsters cruelty,
Long so she on the mighty maine did fote,
And with the tide drove forward carelesly,
For th' ayre was milde and cleared was the
skie,

And all his windes Dan Aeolus did keepe
From stirring up their stormy enmit,
As pitying to see her waile and weepe
But all the while the fisher did securely sleepe.

XXII

At last when dioncke with drowsinesse he
woke,
And saw his drover drive along the streame,
He was dismayd, and thurst his brest he
stroke,

For marveill of that accident extream
But when he saw that blazing beauties beame,
Which with rare light his bote did beautife,
He marvelld more, and thought he yet did
dreame

Not well awakte, or that some extasie
Assotted had his sence, or dazed was his eye.

XXIII

But when he well avizing her perceiv'd
To be no vision nor fantasticke sight,
Great comfort of her presence he conceiv'd,
And felt in his old corage new delight
To gin awake, and stir his frozen spright
Tho rudely aske her, how she thither came?
'Ah!' (sayd she) 'father, I note read right
What hard misfortune brought me to this same,
Yet am I glad that here I now in safety ame.

XXIV

'But thou good man, sith far in sea we bee,
And the great waters gin apace to swell,
That now no more we can the main-land see,
Have care, I pray, to guide the cock-bote well,
Least worse on sea then us on land befall'
Therat the old man did nought but fondly grin,
And saide his boat the way could wisely tell,
But his deceitfull eyes did never lin
To looke on her faire face and marke her snow

XXV

The sight whereof in his congealed flesh
Infixt such secrete sting of greedy lust,
That the drie withered sticke it gin refresh,
And kindled heat that soone in flame forth
brust

The driest wood is sooner burnt to dust
Rudely to her he leapt, and his rough hand
Where all became him rashly would have
thrust,

But she with angry scorne did him withstood,
And shamefully reprov'd for his rudenes found

XXXI

But he, that never good nor manners knew,
Her sharpe rebuke full litle did esteeme,
Hard is to teach an old horse amble trew
The inward smoke, that did before but steeme,
Broke into open fire and rage extreme,
And now he strength gan add unto his will,
Forcing to doe that did him fowle misseeme
Beastly he threw her downe, ne care to spill
Her garments gay with scales of fish that all
did fill

XXXII

The silly virgin strove him to withstand
All that she might and him in vaine revild
Shee struggled strongly both with foote and
hand

To save her honor from that villaine wilde,
And cride to heven, from humane help exild
O' ye brave knights, that boast this Ladies
love,

Where be ye now, when she is nigh defild
Of filthy wrutch? well may she you reprove
Of falsehood or of slouth, when most it may
behave

XXXIII

But if that thou, Sir Satyrane, didst weepe,
Or thou, Sir Peridure, her sory state,
How soone would ye assemble many a flecte,
To fetch from sea that ye at land lost late!
Towres, citties, kingdomes, ye would rinate
In your avengement and despiteous rage,
Ne ought your burning fury mote abate,
But if Sir Calidore could it presage,
No living creature could his crueltie assuage.

XXXIV

But sith thit none of all her knights is nye,
See how the heavens, of voluntary grice
And soveraine favor towards chastity,
Doe succor send to her distressed case,
So much high God doth innocence embrace
It fortun'd, whilst thus she justly strove,
And the wide sea importuned long space
With shrilling shrieks, Proteus abroad did
rove,
Along the fomy waves driving his finny drove

XXXV

Proteus is Shepheard of the seas of yore,
And hath the charge of Neptunes mighty
heard,

An aged sire with head all frow, hore,
And sprinkled frost upon his deawy beard
Who when those pittfull outcries he heard
Through all the seas so ruefully resound,
His charett swifte in hast he thither steard,
Which with a teeme of sealy Phocas bownd
Was drawne upon the waves that fomed him
arownd

XXXVI

And comming to that Fishers wandring bote,
That went at will withouten card or sayle
He therein saw that yrkesome sight, which
smote
Deepe indignation and compassion fayne
Into his hart attonce streight did he hayle
The greedy villen from his hoped pray,
Of which he now did very litle sayle
And with his staffe, that drives his heard
astray,
Him bett so sore, that life and sence did much

XXXVII

The whiles the pitteous Lady up did ryse,
Ruffled and sowly raid with filthy soyle,
And blubbred face with teares of her faire eyes
Her heart nigh broken was with weary toyle,
To save her selfe from that outrageous spoyle,
But when she looked up, to weet what wight
Had her from so infamous fact assoyl'd,
For shame, but more for feare of his grim sight,
Downe in her lap she hid her face, and lowdly
shright.

XXXVIII

Her selfe not saved yet from daunger dredd
She thought, but churnd'd from one to other
feare
Like as a fearefull partridge, that is fledd
From the sharpe hauke which he attached
neare,
And fells to ground to seek for succor there,
Whereas the hungry Spaniells she does see
With greedy jawes her ready for to teare
In such distresse and sad perplexity
Was Flormell, when Proteus she did see he

XXXIX

But he endeavored with speeches milde
Her to recomfort, and accourage bold,
Bidding her feare no more her toeman wilde
Nor doubt himselfe, and who he was her told
Yet all that could not from affright her hold,
Ne to recomfort her at all prevayld,
For her faint hart was with the frosen cold
Benumbd so only, that her wits nigh fayld
And all her sences with abashment quite were
quayld

XXXX

Her up betwixt his rugged hands he reast
And with his frosty lips full softly ki't, {beast
Whiles the cold yockles from his rough
Dropped adowne upon her vory brest
Yet he him selfe so busily addrest,
That her out of astonishment he wrought,
And out of that same lusters filliv'nt
Removing her into his charret brought,
And there with many gentle termes her faur
beought

XXXXI

But that old leachour which with bold assault
Hid beantie durst presume to violate,
He erst to punish for his haunous fault
Then tooke he him, yet trembling with of late,
And tyde behind his charret, to aggrate
The virgin whom he had abused so sore,
So drag'd him throughe the waves in scornfull
And after cast him up upon the shore {state
But Florimell with him unto his bowre he bore

XXXXII

His bowre is in the bottom of the maine
Under a mightie rocke, against which doth rive
The roaring billowes in their proud disaine,
That with the angry working of the wave
Therein is eaten out an hollow cave, {kenc
That seemes rough Masons hand with engines
Had long while laboured it to engrave
There was his woune, ne living wight was
seene {it cleene
Save one old Nymph, hight Panope, to keepe

XXXXIII

Fluther he brought the vory Florimell,
And entertained her the best in might,
And Panope her entertained else well
As an immortall mote a mortall wight,
To winne her liking unto his delight
With flattering wordes he sweetly woo'd her
And offered faire gifts to allure her sight
But she both offers and the offerer
Despised, and all the fawning of the flatterer

XXXXIV

Dayly he tempted her with this or that,
And never suffred her to be at rest,
But evermore she him refused first,
And all his famed kindnes did detest,
So him selfe she had realed up her brest
Sometimes he boasted that a God he might
But she a mortall creature loved best
Then he would make him selfe a mortall wight,
But then she said she lov'd none, but a Faery
knight

XV

Then like a Iovian knight him selfe he drest,
For every shape on him he could endrest
Then like a king he was to her expert,
And offered kingdoms unto her in rest,
To be his Leaman and his Lady true
But when all this he nothing care praild,
With harder means he erst her to subdew,
And with sharpe threats her often did assaile,
So thinking for to make her stubborne courage
quayle

XVI

To dreadful shapes he did him selfe trans-
forme,
Now like a Gyaunt, now like to a fiend,
Then like a Centaure, then like to a storme
Raging within the waves thereby he wend
Her will to win unto his wished end,
But when with feare, nor favour, nor with all
He could doe, he saw him selfe esteemd,
Downe in a Donjon dore he let her fall,
And threatned there to make her his etern all
thrall

XVII

I ternall thralldome was to her more lefe
Then losse of cha-tity, or change of love
Dye had she rather in tormenting griefe
Then any should of false-hood her reprove,
Or loose-nes, that she lightly did remove
Most vertuous virgin! glory be thy meeke,
And crowne of heavenly prayse with Saunters
above, {I deale
Where most sweet hymmes of thus thy famous
Are still amongst them song, that for my
ymes exceed

XVIII

I it song of Angels enroled to bee
But yet whatso my feeble Muse can frame
Shall be to advance thy goodly chastitee
And to enroll thy memorable name
In th' heart of every honourable Dame,
That thee thy vertuous deedes may imitate,
And be partakers of thy endless fame
It yries me leave thee in this wofull state
To tell of Satyrane where I him left of late.

XIX

Who having ended with that Square of Dimes
A long discourse of his adventures sayne,
The which himselfe then Ladies more defames,
And finding not th' Hyem to be shyne,
With that same Square returned back againe
To his first way And, as they forward went,
They spide a knight sayre pricking on the
As it he were on some adventure bent, {plyne,
And in his port appeared manly hardiment

XLV

Sir Satyrane him towards did addresse,
To weet what wight he was, and what his
quest,
And comming nigh, eftsoones he gan to gesse,
Both by the burning hart which on his brest
He bare, and by the colours in his crest,
That Paridell it was. Tho to him yode,
And him saluting as beseeemed best,
Gan first inquire of tydings farie abrode, [ode
And afterwards on what adventure now he

XLVI

Who thereto answering said 'The tydings
bad,
Which now in Faery court all men doe tell,
Which turned hith great mirth to mourning
sad,
Is the late ruine of proud Marinell,
And sudden parture of fane Flormell
To find him forth and after her are gone
All the brave knightes that doen in armes
To saveward her wandred all alone [excell
Emongst the rest my lott (unworthy) is to be
one.'

XLVII

'Ah' gentle knight,' (said then Sir Satyrane)
'Thy labour all is lost, I greatly dread,
That hast a thanklesse service on thee ta'ne,
And offrest sacrifice unto the dead
For dead, I surely doubt, thou maist aread
Henceforth for ever Flormell to bee,
That all the noble knightes of Maidenhead,
Which her adored, may sore repent with mee,
And all faire Ladies may for ever sory bee'

XLVIII

Which wordes when Paridell had heard, his
hew
Gan greatly chaunge and seemd dismayd to bee
Then said 'Faire Sir, how may I weene it
That ye doe tell in such uncerteintee? [trew,
Or speake ye of report, or did ye see [sore?
Just cause of dread, that makes ye doubt so
For perdie, elles how mote it ever bee,
That ever hand should dare for to engore
Her noble blood? The heavens such crueltie
abhorre'

XLIX

'These eyes did see that they will ever reu
T' have seene,' (quoth he) 'when as a mon-
strous beast
The Palfrey whereon she did travell slew,
And of his bowels made his bloody feast
Which speaking token sheweth at the least
Her certaine losse, if not her sure decay
Besides, that more suspicion encreast,
I found her golden girdle cast astray,
Distaynd with dirt and blood, as relique of
the pray.'

L

'Ay me!' (said Paridell) 'the signes be sadd,
And, but God turne the same to good sooth-say,
That Ladies safetie is sore to be dradd
Yet will I not for-ake my forward way,
Till triall doe more certaine truth bewray'
'Faire Sir,' (quoth he) 'well may it you succeed'
Ne long shall Satyrane behind you stav,
But to the rest, which in this Quest proceed,
My labour adde, and be partaker of their speed'

LI

'Ye noble knightes,' (said then the Squire of
Dames)
'Well may ye speede in so praiseworthy payne'
But sith the Sunne now gunnes to slake his
beames
In dewy vapours of the western mayne,
And lose the tyme out of his weary wayne,
Mote not mislike you also to abate
Your zealous hast, till morrow next againe
Both light of heaven and strength of men relate
Which if ye please, to yonder castle turne your
gate'

LII

That counsell pleased well so all yfere
Forth marched to a Castle them before,
Where soone arriving they restrained were
Of ready entraunce, which ought evermore
To errant knightes be commune wondrous sore
Thereat displeas'd they were, till that young
Squire [doe
Gan them informe the cause, why that same
Was shut to all which lodging did desire
The which to let you weet will further tyme
requyre

CANTO IX

Malbecco will no straunge l night's host,
For peerish geilos
Paridell giu'st with Britomart
Both shew their auncestry

I

RENOUBTED knights, and honorable Dames,
To whom I leuell all my labours end,
Right sore I feare, least with unworthie blames
This odious argument my rymes should shend,
Or ought your goodly patience offend,
Whiles of a wanton Lady I doe write,
Which with her loose incontinence doth blend
The shyning glory of your soveraine light,
And knight hood fowle defaced by a foolishesse
knight

II

But never let th ensurpise of the bad
Offend the good, for good, by paragone
Of evil may more notably be rad, [tone,
As white seemes fairer machit with blacke it-
Ne all are shamed by the fault of one
For lo! in heaven, whereas all goodnes is,
Emongst the Angels, a whole legione
Of wicked Sprigites did fall from happy blis,
What wonder then if one, of women all did mis?

III

Then listen, Lordinge if ye list to weet
The cause why Satyrane and Paridell
Mote not be enteraynd as seemed meet
Into that Cystle, (as that Squier does tell)
'Therem a crined crabbed Carle does dwell
That has no skill of Court nor courtesie,
Ne cares what men say of him, ill or well
For all his dayes he drownes in privacie
Yet hys full lurge to live and spend at libertie

IV

'But all his munde is set on mucky pelfe
To heerd up heapes of evill gotten masse
For which he others wrongs and wrecks him-
Yet is he lincked to a lovely lasse, [selfe
Whose beauty doth her bounty far surpasse,
The which to him both far unequalle is,
And also far unlike conditions is
For she does joy to play emongst her peeres,
And to be free from hard restraint and geulous
feare

V

'But he is old, and withered like hay,
Unto faire Iulies service to supply,

The privie guilt whereof makes him alway
Suspect her truth, and keepe continually
Upon her with his other blinked eye,
No suffreth he resort of living wight
Approch to her ne keepe her company
But in close howre her mewes from all mens
sight,
Depriv'd of kindly joy and naturall delight

VI

'Malbecco he, and Hellewore she lught,
Unfitly yoked together in one teeme
That is the cause why never any knight
Is suffred here to enter, but he seeme
Such as no doubt of him he neede misdeeme,
Therent Sir Satyrane gan smile, and say,
Extremely mid the man I surely deeme,
That weenes with witch and hard restraint
to stay
A womans will, which is disposd to go astray.

VII

'In vaine he feares that which he cannot
shonne,
For who votes not, that womans subtiltyes
'an gawlen Argus when she list misdonne?
It is not vron bandes, nor hundred eyes,
Nor brasen walls, nor many wakefull spies,
That can withhold her wilfull wandring feet;
But fast goodwill, with gentle courtesyes,
And timely service to her pleasures meet,
May her perhaps containe, that else would
alwaies flee'

VIII

'Then is he not more mad,' (sayd Paridell)
'That hath him-selfe unto such service sold.
In dolefull thraldome all his dayes to dwell?
For sure a foole I doe him firmly hold,
That loves his fetter, though they were of
gold
But why doe wee devise of others ill,
Whyles thus we suffer this same dotard old
To keepe us out in scorn, of his owne will,
And rather do not ransack all, and him selfe
kill?'

IX

Nay, let us first' (sayd Satyrane) 'entreat
The man by gentle meynes to let us in,

And afterwarde affiaue with euell threat,
 Ere that we to efforce it doe begin
 Then, if all sayle, we will by force it win,
 And eke reward the wretch for his mesprise,
 As may be worthy of his haynous sin'
 That counsell pleased then Paridell did rise
 And to the Castle gate approacht in quiet wise

X

Whereat soft knocking entrance he desired
 The good man selfe, which then the Porter
 playd,
 Him answered, that all were now retired
 Unto their rest, and all the keyes conuayd
 Unto their maister, who in bed was layd,
 That none him durst wake out of his dreame,
 And therefore them of patience gently prayd
 Then Paridell began to chaunge his theme,
 And threatned him with force and punishment
 extreme

XI

But all in vaine, for nought mote him relent
 And now so long before the wicket fast
 They wayted, that the night was forward spent,
 And the faire welkin fowly overcast
 Gan blown up a bitter stormy blast,
 With shoure and haile so horrible and dred,
 That thus faire many were compeld at last
 To fly for succour to a little shed,
 The which beside the gate for swine was
 ordered

XII

It fortun'd, soone after they were gone,
 Another knight, whom tempest thither brought,
 Came to that Castle, and with earnest mone,
 Like as the rest, late entrance deie besought
 But, like so as the rest, he prayd for nought,
 For flatly he of entrance was refused
 Sorely thereat he was displeased, and thought
 How to avenge himselfe so sore abused,
 And euenmore the Carle of courtesie accused

XIII

But, to auoide th' intollerable stowre,
 He was compeld to seeke some refuge nere,
 And to that shed, to shrowd him from the
 showie,
 He came, which full of guests he found why-
 So as he was not let to enter there [leare,
 Whereat he gan to wax exceeding wroth,
 And swore that he would lodge with them
 yfere,
 Or them dislodge, all were they hese or loth,
 And so defyde them each, and so defyde them
 both

XIV

Both were full loth to leave that needfull tent,
 And both full loth in darkenesse to debrite,
 Yet both full hese him lodging to haue lent,
 And both full hese him boasting to rebate
 But chiefly Paridell his hart did giate
 To heare him threaten so despyghtfully,
 As if he did a dogge in kenell rate
 That durst not barke, and rather had he dy
 Then, when he was defyde, in coward corner ly

XV

Tho hastily remounting to his steed
 He forth issew'd like a hostious winde,
 Which in th' earthes hollow caves hath long
 ben hid
 And shut up first within her prisons blind,
 Makes the huge element, against her kinde,
 To move and tremble as it were aghast,
 Untill that it an issew forth may finde [blast
 Then forth it beakes, and with his furious
 Confound both land and seas, and skyes doth
 overcast

XVI

Then steel-hed speares they strongly coucht,
 and met
 Together with impetuous rage and forse,
 That with the terrour of their fierce affret
 They rudely drove to ground both man and
 horse,
 That each awhile lay like a sencelesse corse
 But Paridell sore brused with the blow
 Could not arise the counterechaunge to seorse,
 Till that young Squyre him reared from below,
 Then drew he his bryght sword, and gan about
 him throw

XVII

But Satyrane forth stepping did them stav,
 And with faire treaty pacified their yre
 Then, when they were accorded from the fray,
 Against that Castles Lord they gan con-pyre,
 To heape on him dew vengeance for his hire
 They beene agreed, and to the gates they goe
 To burn the same with unquenchable fire,
 And that unuerseous Carle, their commune foe,
 To doe fowle death to die, or wrap in grievous
 woe.

XVIII

Malbecco, seeing them resolved indeed
 To flame the gates, and hearing them to call
 For fire in earnest, ran with fearfull speed,
 And to them calling from the castle wall,
 Besought them humbly him to beare withall,
 As ignorant of servants bad abuse
 And slacke attendaunce unto straungers call.

The knights were willing all things to excuse,
Though nought beleu'd, and entranee late did
not refuse

XIX

They beene brought into a comely bowre,
And seruid of all things that mote needfull bee
Yet secretly their hoire did on them lowre,
But they dissembled what they did not see.
And welcomed themselves Each gan undight
Their garments wet, and weary armour free,
To dry them selves by Vulcanes flaming light,
And eke their lately bruized parts to bring in
plight

XX

And eke that straunger knight amongst the
Was for like need enforst to disaray [rest
Tho, whenas tailed was her lofty crest,
Her golden locks that were in trammells gay
Upbouded, did them selves allowne display
And taught u to her heeles, like sunny
beames,
That in a cloud their light did long time stay,
Their vapour raded, shewe their golden
gleames, [their azure streames
And through the persint aire shoote forth

XXI

Shee also dofte her heavy habergeon,
Which the faire feature of her limbs did hide
And her well-plighted frock, which she did won
To tucke about her short when she did ride,
Shee low let fall, that fowd from her lanch
side

Downe to her foot with careless mode-tee.
Then of them all she plainly was espide
To be a woman-wight, unwist to bee,
The fairest woman-wight that ever eye did see

XXII

Like as Bellona (being late returned
From slaughter of the Ghaunts conquered,
Where proud Enclade, whose wide noethrills
burnd
With breathed flames, like to a furnace reild
Transfixt with her speare downe tumbled reild
From top of Memus by him heaped hie)
Hath loost her helmet from her lofty hedd,
And her Gorgonian shuld gans to vnwe
From her left arme, to rest in glorious victory.

XXIII

Which whenas they beheld, they smitten were
With great amazement of so wondrous sight,
And each on other and they all on her,
Stood gazing, as if sudden grent affright

Had them surpriz'd At last, avizing right
Her goodly personage and glorious hew,
Which they so much mistooke, they tooke
delight

In their first error, and yett still anon [saw.
With wonder of her beauty feel their hungry

XXIV

Yet note their hungry view be satisfide,
But seeing still the more desir'd to see,
And ever firmer bred did abide
In contemplation of diuinitie.
But most they mervild at her chevialree
And noble prove-se, which they had approv'd,
That much they said to know who she mote
Yet none of all thum her thereof amor'd [be,
Yet every one her likte, and every one her
lov'd

XXV

And Pandell, though partly discontent
With his late fall and fowle indignity,
Yet was soone wonne his malice to relent,
Through gracious regard of her faire eye,
And knightly worth which he too late did try,
Yet tried did adore. Supper was dight,
Then they Malbecco prayd of courtesy,
That of his lady they might have the sight
And company at meat to doe them more de-
light.

XXVI

But he, to shifte their curious request,
Gan cuseen why she could not come in place,
Her crased helth her late recourse to rest,
And humid evening ill for sicke folkes ease,
But none of those excuses could take place,
He would they rate till she in presence came
Shee came in presence with right comely grace,
And fairly them saluted as becom, [Dime
And shewd her selfe in all a gentle courteous

XXVII

They ate to meat and Satyrane his chaunce
Was her before and Pandell beside,
But he him selfe ate looking still askance
Gainst Britomart, and ever closely ende
Sir Satyrane, that glances might not glide
But his blinde eye that sided Pandell,
All his demeanure from his sight did hide
On her faire face so did he feede his fill,
And sent close messages of love to her at will

XXVIII

And ever and anon when none was ware
With speaking looks, that close embrassage
bore,
He rov'd at her, and told his secret care
For all that art he learned had of yore,

Ne was she ignoraunt of that leud lore,
But in his eye his meaning wisely redd,
And with the like him aunswerd evermore
Shée sent at him one fyrie dart, whose hedd
Empoisoned was with privy lust and gealous
dredd

XXIX

He from that deadly throw made no defence,
But to the wound his weake heart opened
wyde

The wicked engine through false influence
Past through his eyes, and secretly did glyde
Into his heart, which it did sorely gryde
But nothing new to him was that same paine,
Ne paine at all, for he so ofte had tryde
The powre thereof, and lov'd so oft in vaine,
That thung of course he counted love to enter-
taine

XXX

Thenceforth to her he sought to intimate
His inward grieve, by meanes to him well
knowne

Now Bacchus frust out of the silver plate
He on the table dasht, as overthrowne,
Or of the fruitfull liquor overflowne,
And by the dauncing bubbles did divine,
Or therein wite to lett his love be showne,
Which well she redd out of the learned line
A sacrament prophane in mystery of wine

XXXI

And, when so of his hand the pledge she raught,
The guilty cup she fained to mistake,
And in her lap did shed her idle draught,
Shewing desire her inward flame to slake
But such close signes they secret way did make
Unto their wils, and one eyes watch escape
Two eyes him needeth for to watch and wake,
Who lovers will deceive Thus was the ape,
By their faire handling, put into Malbeccoes
cape

XXXII

Now, when of meats and drinks they had
their fill,

Purpose was moved by that gentle Dame
Unto those knights adventurous, to tell
Of deeds of armes which unto them became,
And every one his kindred and his name
Then Paridell, in whom a kindly pride
Of gracious speach and skill his words to frame
Abounded, being glad of so fitte tide
Him to commend to her, thus spake, of all
well eide

XXXIII

'Trov that art now nought but an idle name,
And in thune ashes buried low dost lie, [fame,
Though whilome far much greater then thy

Before that angry Gods and cruell skie
Upon thee heapt a dreffull destinie,
What boots it boast thy glorious descent,
And fetch from heven thy great genealogie,
Sith all thy worthe prayves being blent
Their ofspring hath embaste, and later glory
shent?

XXXIV

'Most famous Worthv of the world, by whome
That warre was kindled which did Troy inflame,
And stately towres of Iliou whilome
Brought unto balefull ruine, was by name
Sir Paris far renownd through noble fame,
Who, through great provesse and bold hardi-
nesse,
From Lacedæmon fetcht the fayrest Dame
That ever Greece did boast, or knight possesse,
Whom Venus to him gave for meed of worthi-
nesse,

XXXV

'Fayre Helene, flowre of beautie excellent,
And gurlond of the mighty Conquerours,
That madest many Ladies deare lament
The heavie losse of their brave Paramours,
Which they far off beheld from Trojan toures,
And saw the fieldes of faire Scamander strowne
With carcasses of noble warniours
Whose fruitlesse lives were under furrow sowne,
And Xanthus sandy banks with blood all
overflowne

XXXVI

'From him my linage I derve aright,
Who long before the ten yeres siege of Troy,
Whiles yet on Ida he a shepeheard lught,
On faire Oenone got a lovely boy,
Whom, for remembrance of her passed joy,
She, of his Father, Paris did name,
Who, after Greekes did Priams realme destroy,
Gathred the Trojan reliques sav'd from flame,
And with them saying thence to th' isle of
Paros came

XXXVII

'That was by him cald Paros, which before
Hight Nausa there he many yeres did raïne,
And built Nausicle by the Pontick shore,
The which he dying lefte next in remaine
To Paridas his sonne,
From whom I Paridell by kin descend
But, for faire ladies love and glories game,
My native soile have lefte, my daies to spend
In seeinge deeds of armes, my lives and labors
end'

XXXVIII

Whenas the noble Britomart heard tell
Of Trojan warres and Priams cutie sackt,
The ruefull story of Sir Paridell,

She was empassiond at that piteous act,
With zelous enuie of Greekes cruell fact
Against that nation, from whose race of old
She heard that she was lineally extract,
For noble Britons sprong from Trojans bold,
And Troy nowant was built of old Troyes ashes
cold

XXIX

Then, sighing soft awhile, at last she thus
'O lamentable fall of famous towne!
Which raignd so many yeares victorious,
And of all Asie bore the soveraine crowne,
In one sad night consumd and throwen downe
What stony hart, that heares thy haplesse fate,
Is not emperst with deepe compastowne,
And makes ensample of mans wretched state,
That floures so fresh at morne, and fades at
evening late?

XX

'Behold, Sir, how your pitifull complaint
Hath fownd another partner of your payne,
For nothing may impresse so deere con-
straint

As countries cause, and commune foes disavne
But if it should not grieve you backe agayne
To turne your course, I would to heare desyre
What to Aeneas fell, sith that men sayne
He was not in the cities wofull fyre
Consum'd, but did him selfe to safety retvre'

XXI

'Anchyses sonne, begott of Venus fayre,
Said he, 'out of the flames for safeguard fled,
And with a remnant did to sea repaire,
Where he through satill error long was led
Full many yeares, and weetelesse wandered
From shore to shore amongst the Lych wandes,
I reest he fownd Much there he suffered,
And many perilles past in forreine landes,
To save his people sad from victours vengefull
handes

XXII

'At last in Latium he did arrive,
Where he with cruell warre was entertaind
Of th' milnd folke, which sought him backe
to drive,
Till he with old Latinus was constraiend
To contract wedlock, (so the fates ordaind)
Wedlocke contract in blood, and eke in blood
Accomplished, that many deere complaind
The rivall laune, the victour, through the flood
Escaped hardly, hardly praised his wedlock good

XXIII

'Yet, after all he victour did survive,
And with Latinus did the kingdom part,

But after, when both nations gan to strive
Into their names the title to convert,
His sonne Iulus did from thence depart
With all the warlike youth of Trojans bloud,
And in long Alba plast his throne apart,
Where faure it flourished and long time stoud,
Till Romulus, renewing it, to Rome remoud'

XLIV

'There, there,' (said Britomart) 'afresh ap-
peard
The glory of the later world to spring,
And Troy againe out of her dust was reard
To sitt in second seat of soveraine king
(Of all the world, under her governing
But a third kingdom yet is to arise
Out of the Trojans scattered offspring,
That in all glory and great enterprise, [12
Both first and second Troy shall dare to equal-

XLV

'It Troynovant is hight, that with the waves
Of wealthy Thams washed is along,
Upon whose stubborn neck, (whereat he raves
With roring rage, and sore him selfe does throng)
That all men feare to tempt his billowes strong,
She fastned hath her foot, which stands so hy,
That it a wonder of the world is song
In forreine landes, and all which passen by,
Beholding it from farre, doe thinke it threatens
the skye

XLVI

'The Trojan Brute did first that cite fownd,
And Hys gate made the meare thereof by West,
And Overt gate by North that is the bound
Toward the land, two rivers bound the rest.
So huge a scope at first him seemed best,
To be the compasse of his kingdomes seat
So huge a mind could not in lesser rest,
Ne in small meares containe his glory great,
That Albion had conquered first by warlike
seat'

XLVII

'Ah' fairest Lady knight,' (said Paridell)
'Pardon, I pray, my heedlesse oversight,
Who had forgot that whylome I heard tell
I rom aged Mnemon, for my wits beight light
Indeed he said, (if I remember right)
That of the antique Trojan stocke there grew
Another plant, that raught to wondrous height
And far abroad his mightie branches threw
Into the utmost Angle of the world he knew

XLVIII

'For that same Brute, whom much he did ad-
vance
In all his speech, was Sylvius his sonne,

Whom having slain through luckles arrowes
 glaunce,
 He fled for feare of that he had misdonne,
 Or els for shame, so fowle reproch to shonne,
 And with him leid to sea an yonthly trayne,
 Where wearie wondrous they long time did
 wonne,
 And many fortunes prov'd in th' Ocean mayne,
 And great adventures found, that now were
 long to sayne.

CLIX

' At last by fatall course they driven were
 Into an Island spacious and brode,
 The furthest North that did to them appeare
 Which, after rest, they, seeking farre abroad,
 Found it the fittest soyle for their abode,
 Fruitfull of all thinges fitt for living foode
 But wholly waste and void of peoples trode,
 Save an huge nation of the Geaunts broode
 That fed on living flesh, and dronck mens
 vitall blood

L

' Whom he, through wearie wars and labours
 long,
 Subdewd with losse of many Britons bold.
 In which the great Goemagot of strong
 Corneus, and Coulin of Debon old, [cold,
 Were overthrowne and laide on th' earth full
 Which quaked under their so ludeous masse,
 A famous history to bee enrold
 In everlasting monuments of brasse,
 That all the antique Worthies merits far did
 pryse.

LI

' His worke great Troynovant, his worke is
 Faire Lincolne, both renowned far away, [eke
 That who from East to West will endlong
 Cannot two fairer Cities find this day, [seeke,
 Except Cleopolis so heard I say
 Old Mnemon Therefore, Sir, I greet you well
 Your countrey kin, and you entyrelly pray
 Of pardon for the strife, which late befell
 Betwixt us both unknowne' So ended Paridell

LII

But all the while that he these speeches spent,
 Upon his lips hong faire Dame Hellenore
 With vigilant regard and dew attent,
 Fashioning worldes of fancies evermore
 In her fraile witt, that now hei quite forlore
 The whiles unware away her wondrous ojo
 And greedy eares her weake hart from her
 Which he perceiving, ever privily, [bore,
 In speaking many false belgardes at her let
 fly

LIII

So long these knights discoursed diversly
 Of strange affaires, and noble hardiment,
 Which they had past with mickle jeopardy,
 That now the humil night was farforth spent,
 And heavenly lampes were halfendeale ybrent
 Which th' old man seeing wel, who too long
 thought
 Every discourse, and every argument,
 Which by the houres he measured, besought
 Them go to rest So all unto their bowres
 were brought.

CANTO X.

Paridell rapeth Hellenore
 Malbecco her pourses,
 Fynds amongst Satyres, whence with him
 To turne she doth refu-e

I

' Till morow next, so soone as Phoebus Lamp
 Bewrayed had the world with early light,
 And fresh Aurora had the shady damp
 Out of the goodly heven amoved quight,
 Faire Britomart and that same Faery knight
 Uprose, forth on their journey for to wend
 But Paridell complaynd, that his late sight
 With Britomart so sore did him offend,
 That ryde he could not, till his hurts he did
 amend.

II

So sooth they sai'd, but he behind them stayd,
 Maulgre his host, who grudged grievously
 To house a guest that would be needes obayd,
 And of his owne him lefte not liberty
 Might wanting measure moveth suquedly
 Two things he feared, but the thud was death,
 That fiers youngmans unruly maystery,
 His money, which he lov'd as living breath,
 And his faire wife, whom honest long he kept
 unceath

VII

But patience perforce, he must abide
 What fortune and his fate on him will lay,
 Fond is the feare that findes no remedie
 Yet warily he watcheth every way,
 By which he feareth euill happen may,
 So th' euill thinkes by watching to prevent
 No doth he suffer her, nor night nor day,
 Out of his sight her selfe once to absent
 So doth he punish her, and eke him selfe
 torment.

VI

But Paridell kept better watch then hee
 A fit occasion for his turne to finde
 False love' why do men say thou canst not see,
 And in their foolish fanev feigne thee blinde,
 That with thy charmes the sharpest sight
 doest binde,
 And to thy will abuse? Thou walkest free,
 And seest every secret of the minde,
 Thou seest all, yet none at all sees thee
 All that is by the working of thy Deitee.

V

So perfect in that art was Paridell,
 That he Malbeccoos halfeen eie did wyle,
 His halfeen eie he wiled wondrous well,
 And Hellenors both eyes did eke beguile,
 Both eyes and hart attonce, during the while
 That he there sojourned his woundes to heale,
 That Cupid selfe, it seeing, close did smyle
 To weet how he her love away did steale,
 And bad that none their joyous treason should
 reveale

VI

The learned lover lost no time nor tyme
 That least advantage mote to him afford,
 Yet bore so faire a sayle, that none espyde
 His secret drift, till he her layd aboord
 When so in open place and commune bord
 He fortun'd her to meet, with commune speach
 He courted her, yet barded every word,
 That his ungentle hoste n'ote him appeach
 Of vile ungentlenesse, or hospitages brech

VII

But when apart (if ever her apart)
 He found, then his false engins fast he plyde,
 And all the sleights unbosomd in his hart
 He sigh'd, he sobd, he swound, he perdy dyde,
 And cast himselfe on ground her fast besyde
 Tho, when againe he him bethought to live,
 He wept, and wayld, and false lamentations belyde,
 Saying, but if she Mercie would him give,
 That he mote algates dye, yet did his death
 forgive

VIII

And otherwhyles with amorous delights
 And pleasing toyes he would her enterteine,
 Now singing sweetly to surprize her sprights,
 Now making layes of love and lovers paine,
 Bransles, Ballads, vrelayes, and verses vaine,
 Oft purposes, oft riddles, he devy'd,
 And thousands like which flow'd in his braine,
 With which he fed her fancy, and enty'd
 To take to his new love, and leave her old
 despyd

IX

And every where he might, and everie while,
 He did her service dewtiful, and sewd
 At hand with humble pride and pleasing guile,
 So closely yet that none but she it vewd,
 Who well perceiv'd all, and all indewd
 Thus finely did he his false nets disprede,
 With which he many weake harts had subdewd
 Of yore, and many had ylike mislede
 What wonder then, if she were likewise carried?

X

No fort so sensible, no wals so strong,
 But that continuall battery will rive,
 Or daily siege, through dispurveyaunce long
 And lacke of reskewes, will to purley drive,
 And Peece, that unto parley care will give,
 Will shortly yeld it selfe, and will be made
 The vassall of the victors, will by live
 That stratageme had oftentimes assayd
 This crafty Paramoure, and now it plaine dis-
 play'd

XI

For through his frames he her intrapp'd hath,
 That she her love and hart hath wholly sold
 To him, without regard of game or scath,
 Or care of credite, or of husband old
 Whom she hath vow'd to dub a fayre Cucquold
 Nought wants but time and place, which
 shortly shee
 Deviz'd hath, and to her lover told
 It pleased well. So well they both agree
 So readie rype to ill ill womens counsels bee!

XII

Darke was the Evening, fit for lovers stealth,
 When chaunst Malbecco buye he elsene here,
 She to his closet went, where all his wealth
 Lay hid, thence she countlesse summes did
 reare,
 The which she meant away with her to beare.
 The rest she syrd, for sport, or for despight.
 As Hellene, when she saw aloft appeare
 The Trojane flames and reach to heavens lught,
 Did clap her hands, and joyed at that dolefull
 sight

XIII

This second Helene, fayre Dame Hellenore,
The whiles her husband ran with sory haste
To quench the flames which she had tynd
before,
Laught at his foolish labour spent in waste,
And ran into her lovers armes right fast,
Where streight embraced she to him did cry
And call aloud for helpe, ere helpe were past,
For lo! that Guest did beare her forcibly,
And meant to ravish her, that rather had to
dy

XIV

The wretched man hearing her call for ayd,
And ready seeing him with her to fly,
In his disquet mind was much dismayd
But when againe he backward cast his eye,
And saw the wicked fire so furiously
Consume his hart, and scorch his Idoles face,
He was therewith distressed diversely,
Ne wist he how to turne, nor to what place
Was never wretched man in such a wofull cace

XV

Av when to him she cryde, to her he turnd,
And left the fire; love money overcame
But when he markid how his money burnd,
He left his wife, money did love disclame
Both was he loth to loose his loved Dame,
And loth to leave his hestest pelfe behinde,
Yet, sith he n'ote save both, he cry'd that same
Which was the dearest to his dounghill minde,
The God of his desire, the joy of misers blinde

XVI

Thus whyles all things in troublous uprore
were,
And all men busie to suppress the flame,
The loving couple neede no reskew feare,
But leasure had and liberty to frame
Their purpost flight, free from all mens reclame,
And Night, the patronesse of love-stealth fayre,
Gave them safe conduct, till to end they came
So beene they gone yfere, a wanton payre
Of lovers loosely knyt, where list them to re-
pyre

XVII

Soone as the cruell flames yslakd were,
Malbecco, seeng how his losse did lie, [lere,
Out of the flames which he had quenched why-
Into huge waves of grieve and gealosye
Full deepe emplonged was, and drowned nye
Twixt inward doole and felonous despight
He rav'd, he wept, he stampit, he lowd did cry,
And all the passions that in man may light
Did him attonce oppresse, and vex his caytive
spright

XVIII

Long thus he chawd the end of inward grieve,
And did consume his gall with anguish sore
Still when he mused on his late mischiefe,
Then still the smart thereof increased more,
And seemd more grievous then it was before
At last when sorrow he saw bootied nought,
Ne grieve might not his love to him restore,
He gan devise how her he reskew mought
Ten thousand waves he cast in his confused
thought

XIX

At last resolving, like a Pilgrim pore,
To search her forth where so she might be fond,
And bearing with him treasure in close store,
The rest he leaves in ground So takes in hond
To seeke her endlong both by sea and lond
Long he her sought, he sought her far and
nere,
And every where that he mote understand
Of knights and ladies any meetings were,
And of each one he mett he tidings did inquere

XX

But all in vaine his woman was too wise
Ever to come into his clouch againe,
And hee too simple ever to surprise
The jolly Paridell, for all his paine
One day as hee forpassed by the plaine
With weary pace, he far away espide
A couple, seeming well to be his twaine,
Which hove close under a forest side,
As if they lay in wait, or els them selves did

XXI

Well weened hee that those the same mote bee,
And as he better did their shape avize,
Him seemed more their maner did agree,
For th' one was armed all in warlike wize,
Whom to be Paridell he did devize,
And th' other, all clad in garments light
Discolourd like to womanish disguise,
He did resemble to his lady bright, [sight
And ever his faint hart much earned at the

XXII

And ever faine he towards them would goe,
But yet durst not for dread approchen nie,
But stood aloofe, unwetcing what to doe,
Till that prickt forth with loves extremity
That is the father of fowle gealosy,
He closely nearer crept the truth to weet
But, as he nigher drew, he easily
Might scerne that it was not his sweetest sweet,
Ne yet her Belamour, the partner of his sheet

XXIII

But it was scornfull Braggadoelno,
That with his servant Trompart hoverd there,
Sith late he fled from his too earnest foe
Whom such whenas Malbecco spied cleere,
He turned backe, and would have fled arere,
Till Trompart, running hastily, him did stay,
And bad before his soveraine Lord appere
That was him loth, yet durst he not guessey,
And comming him before low louted on the
lay

XXIV

The Boaster at him sternely bent his browe,
As if he could have kild him with his looke,
That to the ground him meekely made to
bowe,
And an full terror deepe into him strooke,
That every member of his body quooke
Said he, 'Thou man of nought, what doest
thou here
Unfitly furnisht with thy bag and booke,
Where I expected one with shield and spere
To prove some deeds of armes upon an equall
pere?'

XXV

The wretched man at his imperious speach
Was all abasht, and low prostrating said
'Good Sir, let not my rudenes be no breach
Unto your patience, ne be ill 3 paid,
For I unwares this way by fortune straid,
A sully Pilgrim driven to distresse,
That seeke a Lady'—There he sudden staid,
And did the rest with grievous sighes sup-
presse, [bitternesse
While teares stood in his eyes, few drops of

XXVI

'What Lady, man?' (said Trompart) 'take
good hart,
And tell thy grieve, if any hidden lye
Was never better time to shew thy smart
Then now that noble succor is thee by,
That is the whole worlds commune remedy'
That chearful word his weak heart much did
cheare,
And with vaine hope his spirits faint supply,
That bold he said, 'O most redoubted Pere'
Vouchsafe with mild regard a wretches case to
heare'

XXVII

Then sighing sore, 'It is not long,' (saide hee)
'Sith I enjoyd the gentlest Dame alive,
Of whom a knight, no knight at all perdee,
But shame of all that doe for honor strive,
By treacherous deceit did me deprive
Through open outrage he her bore away,
And with fowle force unto his will did drive,

Which al good knights that armes doe beare
this day, [may,
Are bound for to revenge, and punish if they

XXVIII

'And you, most noble Lord, that can and dare
Redresse the wrong of miserable wight,
Cannot employ your most victorious speare
In better quarell then defence of right,
And for a Lady gainst a faithlesse knight.
So shall your glory bee advanced much,
And all faire Ladies magnify your might,
And eke my selfe, albee I simple such,
Your worthy paine shall wel reward with
guerdon rich'

XXIX

With that out of his bouget forth he drew
Great store of treasure, therewith him to tempt,
But he on it lookt scornfully askew,
As much disdeigning to be so misdempt,
Or a war-monger to be basely nempt,
And said, 'Thy offers bise I greatly loth,
And eke thy words uncourteous and unempt
I tread in dust thee and thy money both,
That, were it not for shame'—So turned from
him wroth

XXX

But Trompart, that his maistres humor knew
In lofty looks to hide an humble minde,
Was only tickled with that golden vew,
And in his care him rounded close behinde
Let stoupt he not, but lay still in the winde,
Waiting advantage on the pray to sease,
Till Trompart, lowly to the ground inclinde,
Besought him his great corage to appease,
And pardon simple man that rash did him dis-
please

XXXI

Big looking like a doughty Douncepere,
At last he thus, 'Thou clod of vilest clay,
I pardon veld, and with thy radenes beare
But weete henceforth, that all that golden pray,
And all that els the vaine world vaunten may,
I loath as dung, ne deeme my dew reward
Come in my meed, and glory vertues pay
But minds of mortall men are muchell mard
And mo'd amisse with massy mucks unmeet
regard

XXXII

'And more I graunt to thy great misery
Gratious respect thy wife shall breke be sent
And that vile knight, who ever that he bee,
Which hath thy lady rest and knighthood
shent,
By Sanglamort my sword, whose deadly dent
The blood hath of so many thousands shedd,
I sweare, ere long shall dearly it repent,

Ne he twixt heven and earth shall hide his
hedd, [be dedd'
But soone he shal be fownd, and shortly doen

XXXIII

The foolish man theareat voxed wondrous blith,
As if the word so spoken were halfe donne,
And humbly thanked him a thousand sith
That had from death to life him newly wonne
Tho forth the Boaster marching brave begonne
His stolen steed to thunder furiously,
As if he heaven and hell would over-ronne,
And all the world confound with cruelty,
That much Malbecco joyed in his jollity.

XXXIV

Thus long they three together traveled,
Through many a wood and many an uncouth
To seeke his wife that was far wandered [way,
But the two sought nought but the present
pray,
To weete, the treasure which he did bewray,
On which their eyes and harts were wholly sett,
With purpose how they might it best betray,
For, sith the howre that first he did them lett
The same behold, therewith their keene desires
were whett.

XXXV

It fortun'd, as they together far'd,
They spide where Paridell came pricking fast
Upon the plaine, the which him selfe prepar'd
To gust with that brave stiaunger knight a
As an adventure by the way he past [cast,
Alone he rode without his Paragone,
For, having filcht her bells, her up he cast
To the wide world, and lett her fly alone.
He could be clogd So had he served many
one

XXXVI

The gentle Lady, loose at randon lefte,
The greene-wood long did walke, and wander
wide
At wilde adventure, like a forlorne weste,
Till on a day the Satyres her espide
Straying alone withouten groome or guide
Her up they tooke, and with them home her
ledd,
With them as housewife ever to abide,
To milke their gotes, and make them cheese and
bredd,
And every one as commune good her handeled

XXXVII

That shortly she Malbecco has forgott,
And eke Sir Paridell, all were he deare,
Who from her went to seeke another lott,
And now by fortune was arriv'd here,

Where those two guileis with Malbecco were
Soone as the old man saw Sir Paridell,
He fainted, and was almost dead with feare,
Ne word he had to speake his grieve to tell,
But to him louted low, and greeted goodly
well,

XXXVIII

And, after, asked him for Hellenore
'I take no keepe of her,' (sayd Paridell),
'She wonneth in the forrest there before'
So forth he rode as his adventure fell,
The whiles the Boaster from his loftie sell
Faynd to alight, something amisse to mend,
But the fresh Swayne would not his leasure
dwell,
But went his way whom when he passed kend,
He up remounted light, and after faind to
wend.

XXXIX

'Peidy, nay,' (said Malbecco) 'shall ye not,
But let him passe as lightly as he came
For litle good of him is to be got,
And mickle perill to bee put to shame.
But let us goe to seeke my dearest Dame,
Whom he hath left in yonder forest wold,
For of her safety in great doubt I ame,
Least salvage beastes her person have despoild
Then all the world is lost, and we in vaine
have toyl'

XL

They all agree, and forward them addresse
'Ahl but,' (said crafty Trompart) 'weete ye
well,
That wonder in that wastefull wilderness
Huge monsters haunt, and many dangers
dwell,
Dragons, and Minotaures, and feendes of hell,
And many wilde woodmen which robbe and
rend
All travelers therefore advise ye well
Before ye enterprise that way to wend
One may his journey bring too soone to evill
end'

XLI

Malbecco stopt in great astonishment,
And with pale eyes fast fixed on the rest,
Their counsell crav'd in daunger imminent
Said Trompart, 'You, that are the most op-
prest
With burdein of great treasure, I thinke best
Here for to stay in safetie behynd
My Lord and I will search the wide forest'
That counsell pleased not Malbecco's mynd,
For he was much afraid him selfe alone to
fynd

XIII

'Then is it best,' (said he) 'that ye doe
leave

Your treasure here in some security,
Either fast closed in some hollow greave,
Or buried in the ground from jeopardy,
Till we returne againe in safetie.
As for us two, least doubt of us ye have,
Hence farre away we will be indfolded be,
No privy bee unto your treasures grave.
It pleased, so he did Then they march for-
ward brave

XIII

Now, when amid the thicket woodes they
were,
They heard a noyse of many bagpipes shrill,
And shrieking Hubbubs them approaching
nere

Which all the forest did with horreur fill
That dreadfull sound the boasters hart did
thrill

With such amazement, that in hast he fledd,
Ne ever looked back for good or ill.
And after him the fearefull Trompart spedd
The old man could not fly, but fell to ground
half dedd

XLIV

Yet afterwarde, close creeping as he might,
He in a bush did hyde his fearefull hedd
The jovly Satyres, full of fresh delight,
Came dauncing forth, and with them nimble
ledd

Faire Helenore with garlands all be-predd,
Whom their May-may they had newly made
She proude of that new honour which they
redd,
And of their lovely fellowship full glade,
Daunst lively, and her face did with a Lawrell
shade

XLV

The silly man that in the thickett lay
Saw all this goodly sport, and grieved sore,
Yet durst he not againe it doe or say,
But did his hart with bitter thoughts engore
To see th' unkindnes of his Helenore
All day they daunced with great lusty-hedd,
And with their horned feet the greene gras
wore,

The whiles their Gotes upon the bronzes fedd,
Iill drouping Phabus gan to hyde his golden
hedd

XLVI

Thowp they gan their merry pipes to trusse
And all their goodly herdes did gather
round,
But every Satyre first did give a busee
To Helenore, so busses did abound

Now gan the humid vapour shroud the ground
With perly dew, and th' Iarthier gloomy
shade

Did dim the brightnesse of the welkin round,
That every bird and beast awarnd made
To shroud themselves, whiles sleepe their
sences did invade.

XLVII

Which when Malbecco saw, out of the bush
Upon his handes and feete he crept full light,
And like a Gote amongst the Gotes did rush,
That, through the helpe of his faire hornes on
light,

And misty dampe of misconceiving night,
And cle through, his likeness of his goats beard,
He did the better counterfeite aright
So home he marcht amongst the horned heard,
That none of all the Satyres him espide or
heard

XLVIII

At night, when all they went to sleepe he
sawd

When as his lovely wife amongst them lay,
Iembraced of a Satyre rough and rude
Who all the night did minde his joyous play
Nine times he heard him come aloft ere day,
That all his hart with jealousy did swell,
But yet that night cryany he did beware
That not for nought his wife then loved so
well,

When one so oft a night did ring his matins

XLIX

So closely as he could he to them crept,
When wario of their sport to sleepe they fell,
And to his woe, that now full soundly slept,
He whispered in her eare, and did her tell
That it was he which by her side did dwell;
And therefore prayd her wake to heare him
plaine

As one out of a dreame not waked will
She turned her, and returned backe againe
Yet her tor to awake he did the more con-
straine

I

At last with irke-om trouble she shravd,
And then perceiving that it was indeed
Her old Malbecco, which did her upbravd
With loosenesse of her love and lawthly deed,
She was astonisht with exceeding dread,
And would have wakt the Satyre by her syde;
But he her prayd for mercy or for meed,
To save his life, ne let him be de-cryde,
But hearken to his love, and all his counsell
hyde

LI

Tho gan he her perswade to leave that lewd
And loathsome life, of God and man abhord,
And home returne, where all should be renewd
With perfect peace and bandes of fresh accord
And she receiv'd againe to bed and bord,
As if no trespass ever had beene donne
But she it all refused at one word,
And by no meanes would to his will be wonne,
But chose amongst the jolly Satyres still to
wonne

LII

He wooed her till day-spring he espyde,
But all in vaine, and then turnd to the heard,
Who butted him with hornes on every syde,
And trode downe in the durt, where his hore
beard
Was fowly dight, and he of death asfear'd.
Early, before the heavens fairest light
Out of the luddy East was fully reard,
The heardees out of their foldes were loosed
quight, [plight
And he amongst the rest crept forth in sory

LIII

So soone as he the Prison-dore did pas,
He ran as fast as both his feet could beare,
And never looked who behind him was,
Ne scarcely who before like as a Beare,
That creeping close amongst the hives to reare
An honv-combe, the wakefull dogs espy,
And him assaying sore his caikas teare,
That hardly he with life away does fly, [pardy
Ne stayes, till safe him selfe he see from jeo-

LIV

Ne stayd he, till he came unto the place
Where late his treasure he entomb'd had,
Where when he found it not, (for Trompart
Had it purloyn'd for his maister bad) [bace
With extreme fury he became quite mad,
And ran away, iury with him selfe away,
That who so straungely had him seeme bestadd,
With upstart haire and staring eyes dismay,
From Lambo lake him late escap'd sure would
say.

LV

High over hilles and over dales he fledd,
As if the wind him on his winges had borne,
Ne bank nor bush could stay him, when he
spedd
His nimble feet, as treading still on thorne
Griefe, and despyght, and jealousy, and scorne,
Did all the way him follow hard behynd,
And he himselfe himselfe loath'd so forlorne,
So shamefully forlorne of womankynd,
That, as a Snake, still lurked in his wounded
mynd.

LVI

Still fled he forward, looking backward still,
Ne stayd his flight nor fearefull agony,
Till that he came unto a rocky hill
Over the sea suspended dreadfully,
That living creature it would terrify
To looke adowne, or upward to the light
From thence he threw him selfe desperately,
All desperate of his fore-damned spright,
That seem'd no help for him was left in living
sight

LVII

But through long anguish and selfe-murdring
thought,
He was so wasted and forpined quight,
That all his substance was consum'd to nought,
And nothing left but like an aery Spright,
That on the rockes he fell so flit and light,
That he thereby receiv'd no hurt at all,
But chaunced on a craggy cliff to light,
Whence he with crooked clawes so long did
crall, [small
That at the last he found a cave with entrance

LVIII

Into the same he creeper, and thenceforth
Resolv'd to build his balefull mansion [there
In dreyr darkenes and continuall feare
Of that rocks fall, which ever and anon
Threates with huge ruine him to fall upon,
That he dare never sleepe, but that one eye
Still ope he keeps for that occasion,
Ne ever rests he in tranquillity,
The roring billowes beat his bowre so boy-
trously

LIX

Ne ever is he wont on ought to fied
But todes and frogs, his pasture poysonous,
Which in his cold complexion doe breed
A filthy blood, or humour rancorous,
Matter of doubt and dread suspicious,
That doth with curelesse care consume the hart,
Corrupts the stomacke with gall vitious,
Cros-cuts the liver with internall smart,
And doth transfixe the soule with dcathes eter-
nall dart

LX

Yet can he never dye, but dying lives,
And doth himselfe with sorrow new sustaine,
That death and life attonce unto him gives,
And painefull pleasure turnes to pleasing paine
There dwels he ever, miserable swaine,
Hatefull both to him selfe and every wight,
Where he, through privy griefe and honour
vaine,
Is woxen so deform'd that he has quight
Forgot he was a man, and Gelozy is hight

XLII

'Then is it best,' (said he) 'that ye doe
leave

Your treasure here in some security,
Either fast closed in some hollow greave,
Or buried in the ground from jeopardy,
Till we returne againe in safety.
As for us two, least doubt of us ye have,
Hence farre away we will blyndfolded ly,
Ne pryvy bee unto your treasures grave.
It pleased, so he did Then they march for-
ward brave

XLIII

Now, when amid the thickest woodes they
were,
They heard a novse of many bagpipes shrill,
And shrieking Hubs they them approaching
nere,
Which all the forest did with horror fill
That dreddfull sound the bosters hart did
thrill

With such amazement, that in hast he fledd,
Ne ever looked back for good or ill,
And after him eke fearefull Trompart spedd
The old man could not fly, but fell to ground
half dedd

XLIV

Yet afterwarde, close creeping as he might,
He in a bush did hyde his fearefull hedd
The joye Satyres, full of fresh delight,
Came dauncing forth, and with them nimbly
ledd

Faire Helenore with girlonds all bespredd,
Whom their May-lady they had newly made
She, proude of that new honour which they
redd,
And of their lovely fellowship full glade,
Daunst lively, and her face did with a Lawrell
shade

XLV

The silly man that in the thickett lay
Saw all this goodly sport, and grieved sore,
Yet durst he not against it doe or say,
But did his hart with bitter thoughts engore,
To see th' unkindnes of his Hellenore
All day they daunced with great lusty-hedde,
And with their horned feet the greene gras
wore,

The whyles their Gotes upon the brouzes fedd,
I'll drouping Phœbus gan to hyde his golden
hedd

XLVI

Tho up they gan their mery pyres to trusse,
And all their goodly heardes did gather
rownd,
But every Satyre first did give a busse
To Hellenore, so busses did abound.

Now gan the humid vapour shed the grownd
With perly dew, and th' Earthes gloomy
shade

Did dim the brightnesse of the welkin rownd,
That every bird and beast awarned made
To shrowd themselves, whyles sleepe their
sences did invade.

XLVII

Which when Malbecco saw out of the bush
Upon his handes and feete he crept full light,
And like a Gote amongst the Gotes did rush,
That, through the helpe of his faire hornes on
light,
And misty dampe of misconceiving night,
And eke through likenesse of his gotish beards,
He did the better counterfeite aright
So home he marcht amongst the horned heard,
That none of all the Satyres him espyde or
heard.

XLVIII

At night, when all they went to sleepe, he
vowd
Whereas his lovely wife amongst them lay,
Embraced of a Satyre rough and rude,
Who all the night did munde his joyous play
Nine times he heard him come aloft ere day,
That all his hart with gealosy did swell,
But yet that nights ensample did bewray
That not for nought his wife them loved so
well,
When one so oft a night did ring his matins

XLIX

So closely as he could he to them crept,
When wearie of their sport to sleepe they fell,
And to his wife, that now full soundly slept,
He whispered in her eare, and did her tell
That it was he which by her side did dwell.
And therefore prayd her wake to heare him
plane
As one out of a dreame not waked well
She turnd her, and returned backe againe,
Yet her for to awake he did the more con-
straine

I.

At last with rhesom trouble she abrayd,
And then perceiving that it was indeed
Her old Malbecco, which did her upbrayd
With loosenesse of her love and lothly deed,
She was astonisht with exceeding dread,
And would have wakt the Satyre by her syde,
But he her prайд, for merer or for meed,
To save his life, ne let him be deservyd,
But hearken to his lore, and all his counsell
hyde.

LI

The gan he her perawade to leave that lewd
And leath'om life, of God and man abhord,
And home returne, where all should be renewd
With perfect peace and bondes of frech accord
And she receivd a caine to bed and bord,
As if no trespass ever had bene donne
But she it all refused at one word,
And by no means wold to his will be wonne,
But chose amongst the jolly Sutes still to
wonne

LII

He wooed her till day-spring he espide
But all in vaine, and then turnd to the heerd,
Who buttell him with hornes on every side
And trode downe in the durt, where his hore
beard
Was sowly dight and he of death afraid
Early, before the heavens fairest light
Out of the ruddy East was fully riad,
The beards out of their folds were loosed
quight [plight]
And he amongst the rest crept forth in sorr

LIII

So soone as he the Priests-dore did pee,
He ran as fast as his feet could beare
And never looked who beheld him was,
No scarcely who before like as a Beare,
That creeping close-arownd the hives to rear
An hony-combe, the wakefull docters teape,
And him awayling sore his earkes teare,
That handls he with life away does ste, [parks]
Ne staye, till safe him selfe he see from Je-

LIV

Ne stayd he, till he came unto the place
Where late his treasure he entombd had,
Where when he found it rot, (for Trompart
Had it purloyned for his maister bad) [brace]
With extreme fury he became quite mad,
And ran away, run with him selfe away
That who so strungely had him seene be-staid
With up-lift haire and staring eyes dismay,
From Lambo lake him late escaped sure would
stay.

LV

High over hills and over aales he fled
As if the wind him on his winges had borne,
Ne bank nor bush could stay him, when he
spedd
His numble feet, as treading still on thorne
Grief, and dispright, and pealosy, and scorpe,
Did all the way him follow hard behind
And he him selfe himselfe thought so forlorne,
So shamefull forlorne of womankind,
That, as a Snake, still buried in his wounded
mynd.

LVI

Still fled he forward, looking backward still,
Ne stayd his flight nor fearefull agony,
Till that he came unto a rocky hill
Over the sea suspended dreadfully,
That living creature it would terrifi
To looke adowne, or upward to the light
From thence he threw him selfe desputeously,
All desperate of his fore-damned spright,
That seemd no help for him was left in living
sight

LVII

But through long angulsh and selfe-murdring
thought,
He was so wasted and forpined quight,
That all his substance was consum'd to nought,
And nothing left but like an aery Spright,
That on the rockes he fell so lit and light,
That he thereby receivd no hurt at all,
But chaunged on a craggy cliff to light,
Whence he with crooked clawes so long did
crall, [am ill]
That at the last he found a cave with entrance

LVIII

Into the same he creeps and thenceforth
Revolv'd to build his bakfull mansion [there]
In dreary darkenes and continuall feire
Of that rockes fall, which ever and anon
Threates with huge ruine him to fall upon,
That he dare never sleepe, but that one eye
Still open he keeps for that occasion
Ne ever rests he in tranquillity,
The roaring billowes beat his bowre so boy-
trously

LIX

Ne ever is he wont on ought to feed
But todes and frogs, his pasture poisonous,
Which in his cold complexion doe breed
A filthy blood, or humour rancorous
Matter of doubt and dread suspicious,
That doth with curelesse care consume the hart,
Corrupts the stomacke with gillitious,
Cuts the liver with internall smart
And doth transhive the soule with deathes eter-
nall dart

LX

Yet can he never dye, but dying lives,
And doth him selfe with sorrow new sustaine
That death and life attorne unto him lives,
And painefull pleasure turnes to pleasing paine
There dwells he ever, miserable swaine,
Hatefull both to him selfe and every wight
Where he, through privy griefe and honour
vainc,
Is waxen so deform'd that he has quight
Forgot he was a man, and Gelosy is hight

CANTO XI

Britomart chaaceth Ollyphant,
 T'indes Scudamour distrest
 Assayes the lions of Busyrane,
 Where loves spoyle is are exprest

I

O HATTFULL hellish Snake ' what furie first
 Brought thee from balefull house of Proserpine,
 Where in her bosome she thee long had nurst,
 And fostred up with bitter milke of tyme,
 Fowle Gealoy ' that turnest love diuine
 To joylesse dread, and mak'st the loving hart
 With hatefull thoughts to languish and to pine,
 And feed it selfe with selfe-consuming smart
 Of all the passions in the mind thou vilest art

II

O! let him far be banished away,
 And in his stead let Love for ever dwell,
 Sweete Love, that doth his golden wings em
 bay

In blessed Nectar and pure Pleasures well,
 Untroubled of vile feare or bitter sell.
 And ye faire Ladies, that your kingdomes make
 In th' harts of men, them governe wisely well
 And of faire Britomart ensample take,
 That was as trew in love as Turtle to her make

III

Who with Sir Satyrane, as earst ye red,
 Forth riding from Malbeccoes hostlesse house,
 Far off aspyde a young man, the which fled
 From an huge Geaunt, that with hideous
 And hatefull outrag long him chased thus,
 It was that Ollyphant, the brother deare
 Of that Argante vile and vicious,
 From whom the Squyre of Dames was reft
 whilere, [ought were
 This all as bad as she, and worse, if worse

IV

For as the sister did in feminine
 And filthly lust exceede all womankind,
 So he surpassed his sex masculine,
 In beastly use, all that I ever finde
 Whom when as Britomart beheld behinde
 The fearful boy so greedily poursew,
 She was emmoued in her noble minde,
 T'employ her puissaunce to his reskew,
 And pricked fiercely forward where she did
 him ven

V

Ne was Sir Satyrane her far behinde,
 But with like hercenesse did ensue the chase
 Whom when the Gaunt saw, he soone resinde
 His former suit, and from them fled apace
 They after both, and boldly bad him bace,
 And each did strive the other to outgoe,
 But he them both outran a wondrous space,
 For he was long, and swift as any Roe, [soe
 And now made better speed t' escape his feare

VI

It was not Satyrane, whom he did feare,
 But Britomart the flowre of chastity, [beare,
 For he the powre of chaste hands might not
 But always did their dread encounter fly
 And now so fast his feet he did apply,
 That he has gotten to a Forrest neare,
 Where he is shrowded in security
 The wood they enter, and search euer where,
 They searched diuersely, so both diuided were

VII

Favre Britomart so long him followed,
 That she at last came to a fountaine sheare,
 By which there lay a knight all wallowed
 Upon the grassy ground, and by him neare
 His habergeon, his helmet, and his speare
 A little off his shueld was rudely throwne,
 On which the winged boy in colours cleere
 Depainted was, full easie to be knowne,
 And he thereby, where ever it in field was
 showne

VIII

His face upon the ground did groveling ly,
 As if he had beene slombing in the shade,
 That the brave Mayd would not for courtesie
 Out of his quiet slomber him abraide,
 Nor seeme too suddenly him to invade [throb
 Still as she stood, she heard with grievous
 Him grone, as if his hart were peeces made,
 And with most painefull pangs to sigh and sob,
 That pittie did the Virgins hart of patience rob

IX

At last forth breaking into bitter plaintes
 He sayd, 'O soverayne Lord' that sit'st on hye

Andraignst in blis emongst thy blessed Samtes,
How suffrest thou such shamefull cruelty
So long unwareked of thine enemy ?
Or hast thou, Lord, of good men's cause no heed ?
Or doth thy justice sleepe and silent ly ?
What booteth then the good and righteous
deed, [no need ?
If goodnesse find no grace, nor righteousnes

X

'If good find grace, and righteousnes reward,
Why then is Amoret in captiue band,
Sith that more bounteous creature never far'd
On foot upon the face of liuing land ?
Or if that heu'ly justice may withstand
The wrongfull outrage of unrighteous men,
Why then is Busirane with wicked hand
Suffred, these seuen monethes day, in secret den
My Lady and my love so cruelly to pen'

XI

'My Lady and my love is cruelly pend
In dolefull darkenes from the view of day,
Whilest deadly torments doe her chaste brest
rend, [tway,
And the sharpe steele doth rive her hart in
All for she Scudamore will not deny
Yet thou, vile man, vile Scudamore, art sound
Ne canst her ayde, ne canst her foe dismay,
Unorthly wretch to tread upon the ground,
For whom so faire a Lady feelles so sore a
wound'

XII

There an huge heape of singults did oppresse
His strugling soule, and swelling throbs
emperch
His foltring tounge with pangs of dremnesse,
Choking the remnant of his plaintife speach,
As if his daies were come to their last reach
Which when she heard, and saw the ghastly sit
Threatning into his life to make a breach,
Both with great ruth and terrour she was smit,
Fearing least from her cage the wearie soule
would flic.

XIII

The stouping downe she him amov'd light,
Who, therewith somewhat starting, up gan
looke,
And seeing him behind a stranger knight,
Whereas no living creature he mistooke,
With great indignaunce he that sight forsooke,
And, downe againe himselfe disdainfully
Abjecting, th' earth with his faire forehead
strooke.
Which the bold Virgin seeing gan apply
Fit medicine to his griefe, and spake thus
courtesly —

XIV

'Ah gentle knight' whose deepe conceived
griefe
Well seemes t' excee'de the powre of patience,
Yet, if that heu'ly grace some goodde reliefe
You send, submit you to high providence,
And ever in your noble hart prepenze,
That all the sorrow in the world is lesse
Then vertues might and values confidence
For who will bide the burden of distresse,
Must not here thinke to live, for life is wretch-
ednesse

XV

'Therefore, faire Sir, doe comfort to you take,
And freely read what wicked felon so [make
Hath outrag'd you, and thrald your gentle
Perhaps this hand may helpe to ease your woe,
And wreake your sorrow on your cruell foe,
At least it faire endeavour will apply.'
Those feeling words so neare the quicke did
That up his head he reared easily, [goe,
And, leaning on his elbowe, these few words
lett fly

XVI

'What boots it plaine that cannot be redrest,
And sow vaine sorrow in a fruitlesse eare,
Sith powre of hand, nor skill of learned brest,
Ne worldly price, cannot redeeme my deare
Out of her thraldome and continuall feare
For he, the tyrant, which her hath in ward
By strong enchaunments and blacke Magicke
leare,
Hath in a dungeon deepe her close embard,
And many dreddfull seends hath pointed to her
gard

XVII

'There he tormenteth her most terribly
And day and night afflicts with mortall paine,
Because to yield him love she doth deny,
Once to me yold, not to be yold againe
But yet by torture he would her constraine
Love to conceive in her disdainfull brest,
Till so she doe, she must in doole remaine,
Ne may by living meanes be thence relest
What boots it then to plaine that cannot be
redrest ?'

XVIII

With this sad hersall of his heavy stresse
The warlike Damzell was compassion'd sore,
And said, 'Sir knight, your cause is nothing
Then is your sorrow certes, if not more, [lesse
For nothing so much pittie doth implore
As gentle Ladies helplesse misery
But yet, if please ye listen to my lore,
I will, with proofe of last extremity,
Deliver her fro thence, or with her for you dy.

XIV

'Ah' gentlest knight alive,' (sayd Scudamore)
 'What huge heroicke magnanimity
 Dwells in thy bounteous brest' what couldst
 thou more,
 If shee were thine, and thou as now am I?
 O' spare thy happy daies, and them apply
 To better boot, but let me die that ought
 More is more losse, one is enough to dy'
 'Life is not lost,' (said she) 'for which is
 bought [be sought.
 Endlesse renown, that, more then death, is to

XX

Thus shee at length persuaded him to rise,
 And with her wend to see what new successe
 Mote him befall upon new enterprise
 His armes which he had vowed to disprofesse,
 She gathered up and did about him dresse,
 And his forward steed unto him gott
 So forth they forth yfere make their progresse,
 And march not past the mountaunce of a
 shott, [did plott
 Till they arriv'd whereas their purpose they

XXI

There they dismounting drew their weapons
 And stoutly came unto the Castle gate, [bold,
 Whereas no gate they found them to withhold,
 Nor ward to waite at morne and evening late,
 But in the Porch, that did them sore amate,
 A flaming fire, mixed with smouldring smoke
 And stinking sulphure, that with gresly hate
 And dreadfull horror did all entraunce choke,
 Enforced them their forward footing to revoke

XXII

Greatly thereat was Britomart dismayd,
 Ne in that stownd wist how her selfe to bear,
 For daunger came it were to have assaid
 That cruell element, which all things feare,
 Ne none can suffer to approchen neare
 And, turning backe to Scudamour, thus sayd
 'What monstrous enmity provoke we heare?
 Foolhardy as th' Larches children, the which
 made
 Batteill against the Gods, so we a God invade.

XXIII

'Daunger without discretion to attempt
 Inglorious, beastlike is therefore, Sir knight
 Aread what course of you is safest dempt,
 And how he with our foe may come to fight.'
 'This is' (quoth he) 'the dolorous despight,
 Which earst to you I playnd for neither may
 This fire be quenched by any witt or might,

Ne yet by any meanes remor'd away,
 So mighty be th' enchauntments which the
 same do stay

XXIV

'What is there els but cease these fruitlesse
 paines,
 And leave me to my former languishing?
 Faire Amoret must dwell in wicked chaines,
 And Scudamore here die with sorrowing'
 'Perdy not so,' (saide shee) 'for shameful
 Yt were t' abandon noble chetvaunce [thing
 For shewe of perill, without venturing
 Rather let try extremities of chaunce,
 Then enterprised praise for dread to disavaunce'

XXV

Therewith, resolv'd to prove her utmost might,
 Her ample shield she threw before her face,
 And her swords point directing forward right
 Assayld the flame, the which estesoones gave
 place,
 And did it selfe divide with equall space,
 That through shee passed, as a thonder bolt
 Perceeth the yielding ayre, and doth displace
 The soring clouds into sad showres ymolt,
 So to her yold the flames, and did their force
 revolt

XXVI

Whom whenas Scudamour saw past the fire
 Safe and untoucht, he likewise gan assay
 With greedy will and envious desire, [way
 And baid the stubborne flames to yield him
 But cruell Mulciber would not obey
 His threatfull pride but did the more augment
 His mighty rage, and with imperious sway
 Him forst, (maulgre) his ferenes to relent,
 And backe retire, all scorcht and pittifully
 brent

XXVII

With huge impatience he inly swelt,
 More for great sorrow that he could not pry
 Then for the burning torment which he felt,
 That with fell woodnes he effierced was
 And wulfull him throwing on the gras
 Did beat and bounse his head and brest full
 sore
 The whiles the Championesse now entred has
 The utmost rowme, and past the foremost dore,
 The utmost rowme abounding with all precious
 store

XXVIII

For round about the walls y clothed were
 With goodly arras of great majesty,
 Woven with gold and silke, so close and nero
 That the rich metall lurked privily,

As faining to be hidd from envious eye,
Yet here, and there, and every where, unwares
It shewd it selfe and shone unwillingly,
Like a discolourd Snake, whose hidden snares
Through the greene gras his long bright burn-
nysht back declares.

XXIX

And in those Tapets weren fashioned
Many faire pourtraicts, and many a faire fete,
And all of love, and all of lusty-bed,
As seemed by their semblaunt, did entreat
And eke all Cupids warres they did reperte,
And cruell battailes, which he whilome fought
Gainst all the Gods to make his empire great,
Besides the huge massacres, which he wrought
On mighty kings and kesar into thraldome
brought.

XXX

Therein was writt how often thondring Iove
Had felt the point of his hart-percing dart,
And, leaving heavens kingdome, here did rove
In straunge disguise, to slake his scalding
smart,
Now, like a Ram, faire Helle to pervert,
Now, like a Bull, Europa to withdraw
Ah! how the fcarefull Ladies tender hart
Did hvely seeme to tremble, when she saw
The huge sens under her t' obey her serv aunts
law.

XXXI

Soone after that, into a golden showre
Him selfe he churning'd faire Danae to sew,
And through the rooffe of her strong brazen
Did raine into her lap an hony dew; [tore
The whiles her foolish garde, that litle knew
Of such deceipt, kept th' yron dore fast bard
And watcht that none should enter nor issew
Vaine was the watch, and bootles-e all the ward,
Whenas the God to golden hew him selfe
transfard

XXXII

Then was he turnd into a newe Swan,
To win faire Leda to his lovely trade
O wondrous skill! and sweet wit of the man,
That her in diffidillies sleeping made
From scorching heat her dantie lumbes to shade,
Whiles the proud Bird, ruffing his fethers wyde
And brushing his faire brest, did her invade
She slept yet that her eyehids closely spyde
How towards her he rusht, and smiled at his
pryde

XXXIII

Then shewd it how the Thebane Semelee,
Deceivd of gealous Juno, did requyre
To see him in his soverayne myestee
Armd with his thunderbolts and lightning fire,

Whens dearely she with death bought her
desire

But faire Alcmena better match did make,
Joying his love in likenes more entire
Three nights in one, they say, that for her sake
He then did put, her pleasures lenger to par-
take.

XXXIV

Twice was he seene in soaring Eagles shape,
And with wide winges to beat the buxome
ayre
Once, when he with Asterio did scape,
Again, when as the Trojane boy so fyre
He snatcht from Ida hill, and with him bare
Wondrous delight it was there to behould
How the rude Shepherds after him did sturre,
Trembling through feare lest down he fallen
should,
And often to him calling to take surer hould

XXXV

In Satyres shap Antiope he snatcht,
And like a fire when he Aegin assayd
A sheepeheard, when Mnemosyne he catcht,
And like a Serpent to the Thracian mayd
Whyles thus on earth great Iove these page-
aunts playd,
The winged boy did thrust into his throne,
And scolding thus unto his mother sayd
'Lo! now the heavens obey to me alone,
And take me for their Iove, whiles Iove to
earth is gone.'

XXXVI

And thou, faire Phoebeus, in thy colours bright
Wast there enwoven, and the sad distresse
In which that boy thee plonged, for despyght
That thou bewray'dst his mothers wantonnesse,
When she with Mars was meynt in joyfulnesse
Forthy he thrid thee with a leaden dart
To love faire Daphne, which thee loved lesse,
Lesse she thee lov'd then was thy just desart,
Yet was thy love her death, and her death was
thy smart.

XXXVII

So lovedst thou the lusty Hymeneus,
So lovedst thou the faire Coronis deare,
Yet both are of thy haplesse hand extinct,
Yet both in flowres doe live, and love thee
beare.
The one a Pannee, the other a sweet-briere
For grieve whereof, ye mote have lively seene
The God himselfe rending his golden beare,
And breaking quite his garland ever greene.
With other signes of sorrow and impatient
teene.

XXVIIII

Both for those two, and for his owne deare sonne,

The sonne of Climacoe, he did repent,
Who, bold to guide the chariot of the Sunne,
Himselfe in thousand peeces fondly rent,
And all the world with flushing fire brent,
So like, that all the walles did seeme to flame
Yet cruell Cupid, not herewith content,
Forst him esloones to follow other game,
And love a Shepherds daughter for his dearest Dame.

XXXX

He loved Isse for his dearest Dame
And for her sake her cattell fedd awhile,
And for her sake a cowheard vile became
The servant of Admetus, cowheard vile
Whiles that from heaven he suffered exile
Long were to tell each other lovly sit,
Now, like a Lion hunting after spoile,
Now, like a stag now, like a faulcon sit
All which in that faire arras was most lovly writ.

XLI

Next unto him was Neptune pictured,
In his divine resemblance wondrous lyke
His face was rugged, and his horne hed
Dropped with brackish dew his threeforkt Pyke
He stearnly shooke, and therewith fierce did
The riging billowes, that on every side
They trembling stood and made a long broad dyke.

That his swift charret might have passage wyde
Which four great Hippodames did draw in
temewise tye

XLII

His senhorses did seeme to snort amayne,
And from their noethrilles blow the bryne
streame,
That made the sparckling waves to smoke
agayne, [creame
And flame with gold, but the white some
Did shine with silver, and shoot forth his berme.
The God himselfe did pensive seeme and sad,
And hong adowne his head as he did dreume,
For pryv love his brest empierced had,
Ne ought but deare Bisaltis ay could make
him glad

XLIII

He loved eke Iphimedia deare,
And Aeolus faire daughter, Arne hight
For whom he turnd him selfe into a Stare,
And fedd on fodder to beguile her sight
Also to win Deucalions daughter bright,
He turnd him selfe into a Dolphin favre
and like a winged horse he tooke his flight

Io sniky-locke Medusa to repyre,
On whom he got faire Pegasus that flitteth
in the ayre

XLIII

Next Saturne was, (but who would ever weene
Th it sullein Saturne ever weend to love?
Yet love is sullein, and Saturnil a scene,
As he did for Ligone it prove)
That to a Centaure did him selfe transmove.
So proov'd it eke that grithous God of wine,
Whan for to compass Philliras hard love,
He turnd himselfe into a fruitfull vine,
And into her faire bosome made his grapes
decline

XLIV

Long were to tell the amorous assyes,
And gentle pangues, with which he maketh
mecke
The mightie Mars, to learne his wanton playe,
How oft for Venus, and how often eek
For many other Nymphes, he sore did shreeke
With womanish teares, and with unwarlike
Privly moystening his hornd cheeke [smart
There was he painted full of burning daries,
And many wide woundes launched through
his inner priets.

XLV

Ne did he spare (so cruell was the life)
His owne deare mother (ah! why should he be
so?)
Ne did he spare sometime to pricke himselfe,
Th it he might taste the sweet consuming woe,
Which he had wrought to many others moe.
But, to declare the mournfull Tragedies
And spoiles wherewith he all the ground did
strow,
More eath to number with how many eyes
High heaven beholdes sad lovers nightly thee-
reries

XLVI

Kinges, Queenes, Lords, Ladies, knights and
Damsels gent,
Were herp'd together with the vulgar sort,
And mingled with the rashall rablement,
Without respect of per-on or of port,
To shew Dan Cupids powre and great effort
And round about a border was entrayld
Of broken bowes and arrowes shivered short,
And a long bloody river through them rayld,
So lovly and so like that living sence it fayld.

XLVII

And at the upper end of that faire rowme
There was an Altar built of pretious stone
Of passing valew and of great renoume,
On which there stood an Image all alone

Of massy gold, which with his owne light shone,

And winges it had with sondry colours dight,
More sondry colours then the proud Pavone
Beares in his boasted fan, or Iris bright,
When her discoloured bow she spreads through
hevens light.

XLVIII

Blyndfold he was, and in his cruell fist
A mortall bow and arrowes keene did hold,
With which he shot at randon, when him list,
Some headed with sad lead, some with pure
gold, [hold]

(Ah man! beware how thou those dartes be-
A wounded Dragon under him did ly,
Whose hideous tayle his lefte foot did enfold,
And with a shaft was shot through either eye,
That no man forth might draw, ne no man re-
medye.

XLIX

And underneath his feet was writtten thus,
Unto the Victor of the Gods this bec
And all the people in that ample hous
Did to that image bowe their humble knee,
And oft committed foule Idolatree
That wondrous sight faire Britomart amazd,
Ne seeing could her wonder satisfie,
But ever more and more upon it gazd,
The whiles the passing brightnes hei fraile
sences dazd.

L

Tho, as she backward cast her busie eye
To search erch secrete of that goodly sted,
Over the dore thus writtten she did spye,
Bee bold she oft and oft it over-red,
Yet could not find what sence it figured.
But what so were therein or writ or ment,
She was no whit thereby discouraged
From prosecuting of her first intent,
But forward with bold steps into the next
roome went.

LI

Much sayrer then the former was that roome,
And richlier by many partes arayd,
For not with arias made in painefull loome,
But with pure gold it all was overlaid,
Wrought with wilde Antickes, which their
follies playd

In the rich metall as they living were [made,
A thousand monstrous formes therein were

Such as false love doth oft upon him weare,
For love in thousand monstrous formes doth
oft appeare.

LII

And all about the glistring walles were hong
With warlike spoiles and with victorious prayes
Of mightie Conquerours and Captaines strong,
Which were whilome captived in their dayes
To cruell love, and wrought their owne decayes
Then swordes and speres were broke, and hau-
berques rent,
And their proud girlonds of trvmpphant bayes
Troden in dust with fury insolent, [tent
To shew the victors might and mercesse in-

LIII

The warlike Nayd, beholding earnestly
The goodly ordinaunce of this rich Place,
Did greatly wonder, ne could satisfy
Her greedy eyes with gazing a long space.
But more she mervaild that no footings trace
Nor wight appeared, but wastefull emptinesse
And solemne silence over all that place
Straunge thing it seemd, that none was to
possesse [fulnesse
So rich purveyaunce, ne them keepe with care-

LIV

And, as she lookt about, she did behold
How over that same dore was likewise writ,
Be bolde, be bolde, and every where, *Be bold*,
That much she muz'd, yet could not construe it
By any ridling skill, or commune wit
At last she spyde at that rowmes upper end
Another yron dore, on which was writ,
Be not too bold, whereto though she did bend
Her earnest minde, yet wist not what it might
intend.

LV

Thus she there wayted untill eventyde,
Yet living creature none she saw appeare.
And now sad shadowes gan the world to hyde
From mortall view, and wrap in darkenes dreare,
Yet nould she d'off her weary armes, for feare
Of secret daunger, ne let sleepe oppresse
Her heavy eyes with natures burden deare,
But drew her selfe aside in sickennesse,
And her wel-pointed wepons did about her
dresse.

CANTO XII

The maske of Cupid, and th' enchanted
Chamber are displayd,
Whence Britomart redeemes faire A-
moret through charmes decayd

I

THO, whenas cheerelesse Night covered had
Fayre heaven with an universall clowd,
That every wight dismayd with darkenes sad
In silence and in sleepe themselves did shrowd,
She heard a shrilling Trompet sound alowd,
Signe of nigh battaill, or got victory
Nought therewith daunted was her courage
But rather stird to cruell enmitie, [prowd,
Expecting ever when some foe she might des-
cry

II

With that an hideous stôrme of winde arose,
With dreadfull thunder and lightning strowd,
And an earthquake, as if it streight would lose
The worlds foundations from his centre fîxt
A dreffull stench of smoke and sulphure mist
Encawd, whose noyauce filld the fearefull sted
From the fourth howre of night untill the sixt
Yet the bold Britonesse was nought ydred,
Though much emmor'd, but stedfast still per-
severed

III

All suddainly a storme whirled blew
Throughout the house, that clapped every dore,
With which that iron wicket open flew,
As it with mighty levers had bene tore,
And forth vassewd, as on the readie flore
Of some Theatre, a grave personage
That in his hand a branch of laurell bore,
With comely haveour and count'nance sage
Yclad in costly garments fit for tragicke Stage

IV

Proceeding to the midst he stil did stand
As if in minde he somenhat had to say,
And to the vulgare beckning with his hand,
In signe of silence, as to heare a play,
By lively actions he gan bewray
Some argument of matter prisoned
Which doen, he backe retired soft away,
And, passing by, his name discovered,
Ease, on his robe in golden letters cyphered

V

The noble Maid still standing all this vewd,
And merveld at his straunge intendment.
With that a joyous fellowship assend
Of Minstrales making goodly meriment,
With winton Bardes, and Rymers impudent,
All which together song full chearefully
A lay of loves delight with sweet concent
After whom marcht a jolly company,
In manner of a maske, enanged orderly

VI

The whiles a most delicious harmony [sound,
In full straunge notes was sweetly heard to
That the rare sweetness of the melody
The feeble senses wholly did confound,
And the frayle soule in deepe delight nigh
drownd
And when it ceast shrill trompets lowd did
That their report did far away rebound [bray,
And, wher they ceast, it gan againe to play,
The whiles the maskers marched forth in trim
aray

VII

The first was Ircus, like a lovely Boy
Of rare aspect, and beautie without peare,
Matchable ether to that vmpye of Troy,
Whom Jove did love and chose his cup to beare
Or that same druntie Ird, which was so deare
To great Alcides, that, when as he dyde,
He wailed wondrouslike with many a teare,
And every wood and every valley wyde
He filld with Hy las name, the Nymphes che
Hy las cryde

VIII

His garment nether was of silke nor say,
But pavnted plumes in goodly order dight,
Like as the sunburnt Indrins do ray
Their tawney bodies in their proudest plight
As those same plumes so seemd he vyne and
That by his gate might easily appeere, [light,
For still he far'd as dauncing in delight,

And in his hand a windy fan did beare,
That in the ydle ayre he mov'd still here and
there.

IX

And him beside marcht amorous Desvre,
Who seemd of ryper yeaeres then th' other
Swayne,
Yet was that other swayne this elders syre,
And gave him being, commune to them twayne
His garment was disguysed verry wayne,
And his embrodered Bonet sat awry [strayne,
Twixt both his hands few sparks he close did
Winch still he blew and kindled busly,
That soone they life conceiv'd, and forth in
flames did fly

X

Next after him went Doubt, who was yclad
In a discolour'd cote of straunge disguise,
That at his brecke a brode Capuccio had,
And sleeves dependaunt Albanese wyse
He lookt askew with his mistrustfull eyes,
And nely trode, as thornes lay in his way,
Or that the flore to shrinke he did avyse,
And on a broken reed he still did stay
His feeble steps, which shrunk when hard
thereon he lay

XI

With him went Daunger, cloth'd in ragged
weed [made,
Made of Beeres skin, that him more dreadfull
Yet his owne face was dreadfull, he did need
Straunge horror to deforme his griesly shade
A net in th' one hand, and a rusty blade
In th' other was, this Mischiefe, that Mishap
With th' one his foes he threatned to invade,
With th' other he his friends ment to enwrap
For whom he could not kyll he practizd to en-
trap

XII

Next him was Feare, all arm'd from top to toe,
Yet thought him-elfe not safe enough thereby,
But feard each shadow moving too or froe,
And, his owne armes when glittering he did spy
Or clashing heard, he fast away did fly,
As ashes pale of hew, and winged heeld,
And evermore on Daunger fixt his eye,
Gainst whom he alwayes bent a brisen shield,
Which his right hand unarmed fearefully did
wield

XIII

With him went Hope in ranche, a handsome
Mayd,
Of chearefull looke and lovely to behold
In silken samite she was light trayd,
And her fayre lockes were woven up in gold

She alway smyld, and in her hand did hold
An holy-water-sprinkle, dypt in dewe,
With which she sprinkled favours manifold
On whom she list, and did great liking sheowe,
Great liking unto many, but true love to fewe

XIV

And after them Dissemblance and Suspect
Marcht in one ranche, yet an unequall paire,
For she was gentle and of milde aspect,
Courteous to all and seeming debonaire,
Goodly adorned and exceeding faire
Yet was that all but paynted and pourloynd,
And her bright browes were deckt with bor-
rowed haire, [coyned,
Her deeds were forged, and her words false
And alwayes in her hand two clemes of silke
she twynd

XV

But he was fowle, ill favoured, and grim,
Under his eebrowes looking still askaunce,
And ever, as Dissemblance laught on him,
He lowrd on her with daungerous eyeglance,
Shewing his nature in his countenance
His rolling eyes did never rest in place,
But walke each where for feare of hid mis-
chaunce,
Holding a lattis still before his face,
Through which he stil did peep as forward he
did pace

XVI

Next him went Griefe and Fury, matcht yfere,
Griefe all in sable sorrowfully clad,
Downe hanging his dull head with heavy chere,
Yet only being more then seeming sad
A paire of Pincers in his hand he had,
With which he pinched people to the hart,
That from thenceforth a wretched life they
ladd,
In wilfull languor and consuming smart,
Dying each day with inward wounds of dolours
dart

XVII

But Fury was full ill appareiled
In rags, that naked nigh she did appeare,
With ghastly looks and dreadfull dremied,
And from her backe her garments she did teare,
And from her head ofte rente her snarled heare
In her right hand a firebrand shee did tosse
About her head, still roming here and there,
As a dismayed Deere in chace embost,
Forgetfull of his safety, hath his right way
lost

XVIII

After them went Displeasure and Plesaunce,
He looking lompish and full sullen sad,

And hanging downe his heavy countenances,
She chearfull, fre-sh, and full of joy aunce glad,
As if no sorrow she ne felt ne drad,
That evill matched paire they seemd to bee
An angry Waspe th' one in a viall had
Th' other in hers in honey-laden Bee
Thus march'd these six couples forth in fure
degree.

XXV

After all these there marcht a most fure Dame,
I led of two greivous Villains th' one Dispaygh,
The other cloyed Cruelty by name
She, dolefull Lady, like a dreary Spright
Cald by strong chymes out of eternall night,
Had Deaths owne image figur'd in her face,
Full of sad signes, fearfull to living sight
Yet in that horror shew'd a seemely grace,
And with her feeble fete did move a comely
pace

XXVI

Her brest all naked as nett yory
Without adorne of gold or silver bright,
Wherewith the Christesman woult it beautify,
Of her dew honour was despoiled quight,
And a wide wound therein (O ruefull sight)
Lutrenched deep with knifes accur'd keene
Yet freshly bleeding, forth her fuinting spright
(The worke of cruell hand) was to be scene,
That she in sanguine red her skin all snow
cleene

XXVII

At that wide orifice her tremblin hart
Was drayne forth, and in silver basin layd,
Quite through transpierced with a deadly dart,
And in her blood yet steaming fresh embayd
And those two villains which her steps upstayd,
When her werke fete could scarcely her
sustaine

And faling still poures gan to side
Her forward still with torture did constraime,
And evermore encreased her consuming paine

XXVIII

Next after her the winged God him selfe
Came riding on a Lion ravenous,
Tought to obey the menage of that Life
That man and beast with power imperious
Subdeweth to his kingdome so rannous
His blindfold eyes he had awhile amblude
That his proud spoile of that same dolorous
Faure Dame he might behold in perfect kinde,
Which seere, he much rejoiced in his cruell
minde

XXIX

Of which ful proud, him selfe up rearing hie
He looked round about with sterne disdayne,

And did survey his goodly company,
And, marshalling the evill order'd travne
With that the darst which his right hand did
straine
Full dreadfully he shooled, that all did quake,
And clapt on hys his comforted wings a twaine,
That all his mayne it affraide did make
Tho, blinding him againe, his way he forth
did take

XXX

Behurde him was Reproch Penitance,
Shame [to hunde]
Reproch the first, Shame next, Repent
Penitance & hile sorrowfull and larme
Reproch dre-pightfull, cruell and unkin to
Shame most ill-favour'd, bestiall and blinde
Shame lowrd, Penitancee sighd, Repent [constraine]
did
Reproch sharpe stings, Repentancee whipe
Shame burning brand-vrons in her hand did
hold
All three to each unlike, yet all made in one

XXXI

And after them a rude confused rout
Of persons shoke whose names is hard to read
Amongst them was sterne Stiffe, and Anger
scout,
Unquiet Care, and fond Unthriftsherd,
Lead Losse of Time, and Sorrow seem, dead,
Is constant Change, and false Disloyalty,
Consuming Riot, and guilty Dread
Of hevenly vengeance, faint Infirmitie
Vile Poverty, and, last, Death with infamy.

XXXII

There were full many more like maladies,
Whose names and nature I note reason well
So many more as there be phantasies
In wavering womens witt that none can tell,
Or paines in love or punishment in hell
All which disgayzed marcht in marking wise
About the chamber by the Dore all
And then returned, having march'd thrise,
Into the inner rowme from whence they first
did rise

XXXIII

So soone as they were in, the dore streit way
Fast locked, driven with that stormy blast
Which first it opened and bore all away
Then the brave Maid, which at this while was
playe
In secret shade, and saw both first and last,
Is-cued forth and went unto the dore
To enter in but found it locked fast
It was she thought with rigorous uprore
I to a force, when charmes had closed it afore.

XXVIII

Where force might not availe, there sleights
and art
She cast to use, both fitt for hard emprize
Forthly from that same rowne not to depart
Till morrow next shee did her selfe arise,
When that same Maske againe should forth
arize
The morrowe next appeard with joyous cheare,
Calling men to their daily exercise
Then she, as morrow fresh, her selfe did reare
Out of her secret stand that day for to outwære.

XXIX

All that day she outwore in wandering
And gazing on that Chambers ornament,
Till that againe the second evening
Her covered with her sable vestiment, [blent
Wherewith the worlds faire beantie she hath
Then, when the second watch was almost past,
That brasen dore flew open, and in went
Bold Britomart, as she had late forecast,
Nether of ydle shewes, nor of false charmes
aghast

XXX

So soone as she was entred, rownd about
Shee cast her eyes to see what was become
Of all those persons which she saw without
But lo! they straight were vanished all and some,
Ne living wight she saw in all that roome,
Saw that same woefull Lady, both whose hands
Were bounden fast, that did her ill become,
And her small waste girt rownd with yron bands
Upon a brasen pillour, by the which she stands

XXXI

And her before the vile Enchaunter sate,
Figuring strange characters of his art
With living blood he those characters wrote,
Dreadfully dropping from her dying hart,
Seeming transixed with a cruell dart,
And all perforce to make her him to love
Ah! who can love the worker of her smart?
A thousand charmes he formerly did prove,
Yet thousand charmes could not her stedfast
hart remove

XXXII

Soone as that virgin knight he saw in place,
His wicked bookes in hast he overthrew,
Not caring his long labours to deface,
And, fiercely running to that Lady drew,
A murdrous knife out of his pocket drew,
The which he thought, for villainous despight,
In her tormented bodie to embrew
But the stout Damzell, to him leaping light,
His cursed hand withheld, and mastered his
might.

XXXIII

From her, to whom his fury first he ment,
The wicked weapon iashly he did wrest,
And, turning to herselfe, his fell intent,
Unwares it strooke into her snowie chest,
That litle drops empurpled her faire brest
Ceeding wroth therewith the virgin grew,
Albe the wound were nothing deepe imprest,
And hercely forth her mortall blade she drew,
To give him the reward for such vile outrage
dew

XXXIV

So mightily she smote him, that to ground
He fell halfe dead next stroke him should
have slaine,
Had not the Lady, which by him stood bound,
Dernly unto her called to abstaine
From doing him to dy For else her paine
Should be remedlesse, sith none but hee
Which wrought it could the same recure againe
Therewith she stayd her hand, loth stayd to
bee, [see
For life she him envye de, and long'd revenge to

XXXV

And to him said 'Thou wicked man, whose
For so huge mischiefe and vile villany [need
Is death, or if that ought doe death exceed,
Be sure that nought may save thee from to dy
But if that thou this Dame do presently
Restore unto her health and former state
This doe, and live, els dye undoubtedly'
He, glad of life, that lookt for death but late
Did yield him selfe right willing to prolong
his date

XXXVI

And, rising up, gan straight to over-look
Those cursed leaves, his charmes back to
reverse
Full dreadfull things out of that balefull booke
He red, and murtherd many a sad verse,
That horror gan the virgins hart to peise,
And her faire locks up stared stiffe on end,
Hearing him those same bloody lyres reheise,
And, all the while he red, she did extend
Her sword high over him, if ought he did
offend

XXXVII

Anon she gan percieve the house to quake,
And all the dores to rattle round about
Yet all that did not her dismaied make, [dout
Nor slack her threatfull hand for daungers
But still with stedfast eye and courage stout
Abode, to weet what end would come of all.
At last that mightie chaine, which round about
Q 2

Her tender waste was wound, adowne gan fall,
And that great brasen pillour broke in peeces
small

XXVIII

The cruell sterle, which thrid her dyng hart
Fell softly forth, as of his owne accord,
And the wyde wound, which lately did dispart
Her bleeding brist and riven bowels for d,
Was closed up, as it had not bene for d,
And every part to safety full e wind,
As she were never hurt, was soone restord
Ther, when she felt her selfe to be unbound
And perfect hole, prostrate she fell unto the
ground

XXIX

Before faire Britomart she fell prostrate,
Saying, 'Ah noble knight' what worthe's meede
Can wretched I this quitt from vull state
Yield you in lieu of this your precious deede?
Your vertue selfe her owne reward shall breed,
I ven immortal prays and glory wile,
Which I your vassill, by your prowess freed,
Shall through the world make to be noisede,
And goodly well advance that goodly well
was trade'

XI

But Britomart appearing her from ground,
Said 'Gentle Dame, reward enough I weene
For my labour more then I have found,
This that in safety now I have you scene,
And mine of your delivrance have beene
Henceforth, faire Lady comfort to you take,
And put away remembrance of late teene
Insted therof, know that your loving, Make
Hath no lesse griefe endured for your gentle
sake'

XII

She much was cheerd to heare him mentiond
Whom of all living wights she loved best
Then laud the noble Championes strong hand
Upon the enchaunter which had her distress
So sore, and with foule outrages oppress
With that great chaine wherewith not long
agoe [releas]
He bound that pitteous Lady prisoner now
Himselfe she bound more worthy to be so,
And captive with her led to wretchednesse
and wo

XIII

Returning back, those goodly rowmes, which
She was to rich and richly arrayd, [for t]
Now was but utterly and cleane subvert
She found, and all their joy quite devert.
That sight of such exchange her much dismayd
Thenceforth she coming to that perilous porch
The so derisfull flame she also feared delayd
And quenched quite hit, a consume I torth,
That erst all entres went so cruelly to scorch

XIV

Now came you now then entrance into
She found, for now that fumes derisfull flame
Which chokt the porch of that enchaunted gate
And pass'd e hard to all that thither came,
Was vanisht quite as it were not the same,
And gave her leave at y^e soore forth to passe
Thi^e enchaunter selfe, which all that found did
same
To have e forth the love of that faire lady,
Seeing his worke now wasted she pe regretted
was

XV

But when the Victoresse arriv'd there
Where into sh^e left the penit^{ent} bound and
With her own trusty Squire, both full of feare,
Ne ther of them she found where she them here
Ther at her noble hart was stonish sore
But mo^t sure Amant whose gentle sight
Now giv^e to feele on hope, a hush she before
Conceiv'd had to see her own deare knight
Being therof in guyld, was hit with new af-
fright

XVI

But in sad man who he had long in drede
Awaited there for Britomart returne,
Yet saw her not nor signe of her hand speed,
His expectation to departe did turne,
Meditating sure that her thoe flames did
burne
And therefore giv^e a hie with her old Squire,
Who her deare nourlings love no lesse did
mourne
Thence to depart for further ank^e enquiry
Where let them wand at will whilst here I
doe respire

THE FOURTH BOOKE

OF

THE FAERIE QUEENE

CONTAINING THE LI GLVD OF CAMBEL AND TRIAMOND, OR OF FRINDSHIP.

I

THE rugged forehead, that with grave foresight
Welds kingdomes causes and affaires of state,
My looser rimes (I wote) doth sharply wite
For praising love as I have done of late,
And magnifying lovers deare debate,
By which fraile youth is oft to folie led,
Through false allurements of that pleasing baite.
That better were in vertues disciplined,
Then with vaine poemes needs to have their
fancies fed

II

Such ones ill judge of love that cannot love,
Ne in their frozen hearts feele kindly flame
Forthy they ought not thing unknowne
reprove,
Ne naturall affection faultlesse blame
For fault of few that have abused the same,
For it of honor and all vertue is [of fame,
The roote, and brings forth glorious flowres
That crowne true lovers with immortall blis,
The meed of them that love, and do not live
amisse

III

Which who so list looke backe to former ages,
And call to count the things that then were
donne, [sages,
Shall find that all the workes of those wise
And brave exploits which great Heroes wonne,

In love were either ended or begunne
Witness the father of Philosophie,
Which to his Critias, shaded oft from sunne,
Of love full many lessons did apply, [deny
The which these Stoicke censours cannot well

IV

To such therefore I do not sing at all,
But to that sacred Sount my soveraigne Queene,
In whose chaste brest all bountie naturall
And treasures of true love enlocked beene,
Bove all her sexe that ever yet was scene
To her I sing of love, that loveth best,
And best is lov'd of all alive, I weene,
To her this song most fitly is addrest,
The Queene of love, and Prince of peace from
heaven blest

V

Which that she may the better deigne to
heare,
Do thou, dred infant, Venus deailing dove,
From her high spirit chase imperious feare,
And use of awfull Mjestic remove.
Insted thereof with drops of melting love,
Deawd with ambrosiall kisses, by thee gotten
From thy sweete smiling mother from above,
Sprinkle her heart, and haughtie courage
soften, [lesson often
That she may hearke to love, and reade this

CANTO I

Faire Britomart saves Amoret
Dyessa discord breeds
Twixt Soudamour and Blandamour
Their fight and warlike deedes.

I

Of lovers sad calamities of old
Full many piteous stories doe remaine,
But none more piteous ever was told
Then that of Amorets hart-binding chaine,

And this of Florimels unworthe paine
The deare compassion of whose bitter fit
My softened heart so sorely doth constraime,
That I with teares full off doe pittie it,
And oftentimes doe wish it never had bene writ.

II

For from the time that Scandamour her bought
In perillous fight she never joyed day,
A perillous fight, when he with force her
brought
From twentie Knights that did him all assay,
Yet fairely well he did them all dismay
And with great glorie both the shield of love
And eke the Ladie selfe he brought away,
Whom having wedded, as did him behove,
A new unknownen mischiefe did from him re-
move

III

For that same vile Enchantour Busy ran,
The very selfe same day that she was wedded,
Amidst the bridale feast, whilst every man
Surcharg'd with wine, were heedlesse and ill-
hededd,
All bent to mirth before the bride was bedded,
Brought in that mask of love which late was
shosen
And there the Ladie, ill of friends bestedded,
By way of sport, as oft in makes is knownen
Conveyed quite away to living wight un-
knownen

IV

Seven moneths he so her kept in bitter-mart,
Because his unfull lust she would not serve,
Untill such time as noble Britomart
Released her that else was like to sterre
Through cruell knife that her deire heart did
kerve
And now she is with her upon the way
Marching in lovely wise that could deserve
No spot of blame though spite did oft assay
To blot her with dishonor of so faire a pray

V

Yet should it be a pleasant tale, to tell
The diverse u-age, and demerit daint,
That each to other made, as oft befell
For Amoret right fearefull was and faint
Lest she with blame her honor should attaint,
That everie word did tremble as she spake,
And everie looke was cov and wondrous quaint
And everie limbe that touched her did quake
Yet could she not but courteous countenance to
her make

VI

For well she wist, as true it was indeed,
That her lyes Lord and patrone of her health
Right well deserved is his duefull meed
Her love, her service, and her utmost wealth
All is his justly that all freely death
Nathlesse her honor, dearer then her life,
She sought to save, as thung reserv'd from
stealth

Die had she lever with Enchanters knife
Then to be false in love, protest a virgine wife

VII

There to her feare was made so much the
greater
Through fine abuson of that Briton mayd,
Who for to lude her fained saw the better
And maske her wounded mind, both did and
said
Full many things so doubtfull to be waid
That well she wist not what by them to gesse
For other-whiles to her she purpos made
Of love, and other-whiles of justifunesse,
That much she feard his mind would grow to
some excesse

VIII

His will she feard for him she surely thought
To be a man, such as indeed he seemed,
And much the more by that he lately wrought,
When her from dralls thraldome he redeemed,
For which no service she too much esteemed
Yet dread of shame and doubt of fowle dis-
honor
Made her not veld so much as due she deemed
Yet Britomart attended duly on her,
As well became a knight, and did to her all
honor

IX

It so befell one evening, that they came
Unto a Castell, lodged there to bee,
Where many a knight, and many a lovely
Dame,
Was then assembled deed of armes to see
Amongst all which was none more faire then
shee
That many of them mov'd to eve her sore.
The custome of that place was such, that hee,
Which had no love nor lemmen there in store,
Should either winne him one, or live without the
dore

X

Amongst the rest there was a jolly knight,
Who, being asked for his love, avow'd
That fairest Amoret was his by right,
And offered that to justine alowd
The warlike virgine seeing his so prowd
And boystfull challenge, waxed inlie wroth,
But for the present did her anger shrowd
And said her love to lose she was full loth,
But either he should neither of them have, or
both

XI

So forth they went, and both together gusted,
But that same younker soone was over-
throwne,

And made repent that he had rashly lusted
For thing unlawfull, that was not his owne
Yet since he seemed valiant, though unknowne,

She, that no lesse was courteous then stout,
Cast how to save, that both the custome
showne

Were kept, and yet that Knight not locked out,
That seem'd full hard t' accord two things so
far in doubt

XII

The Seneschall was cōld to deeme the right
Whom she requir'd, that first fyre Amoret
Might be to her allow'd, as to a Knight
That did her win and free from challenge set
Which straight to her was yelded without let
Then, since that strange Knights love from
him was quitted,

She clam'd that to her selfe, as Ladies det,
He as a Knight might justly be admitted,
So none should be out shut, sith all of loves
were litted

XIII

With that, her glistring helmet she unlaced,
Which doth, her golden lockes, that were up-
bound

Still in a knot, unto her heeles downe traced,
And like a silken veile in compasse round
About her bricke and all her bodie wound
Like as the shining skie in summers night,
What time the daves with scorching heat
abound,

Is crested all with lines of fire light
That it prodigious seemes in common peoples
sight

XIV

Such when those Knights and Ladies all
about

Beheld her, all were with amazement smit,
And every one gan grow in secret dout
Of this and that, according to each wit [it,
Some thought that some enchantment faygned
Some, that Bellona in that warlike wise
To them appear'd, with shield and armour fit,
Some, that it was a maske of strange disguise,
So diversely each one did sundrie doubts de-
vise.

XV

But that young Knight, which through her
gentle deed

Was to that goodly fellowship restor'd,
Ten thousand thanks did yeld her for her
meed,

And, doubly overcommen, her ador'd
So did they all their former strife accord,
And eke fayre Amoret, now freed from feare,
More franke affection did to her afford,

And to her bed, which she was wont forbear,
Now freely drew, and found right safe assu-
rance theare.

XVI

Where all that night they of their loves did
treat,

And hard adventures, twixt themselves alone,
That each the other gan with passion great
And griefull pittie privately bemone

The morow next, so soone as Titan shone,
They both uprose and to their waies them
delight

Long wandred they, yet never met with none
That to their willes could them direct aright,
Or to them tydings tell that mote their harts
delight

XVII

Lo! thus they rode, till at the last they spide
Two armed Knights that toward them did
prce,

And ech of them had ryding by his side
A Ladie, seeming in so farre a space
But Ladies none they were, albee in face
And outward shew faire semblance they did
beare,

For under maske of beantie and good grace
Vile treason and fowle falshood lidden were,
That mote to none but to the warie wise
appeare.

XVIII

The one of them the false Duessa lught,
That now had chang'd her former wonted
hew.

For she could don so manie shapes in sight,
As ever could Cameleon colours new,
So could she forge all colours, save the trew.
The other no whit better was then shee,
But that such as she was she plaine did shew
Yet otherwise much worse, if worse might bee,
And dayly more offensive unto each degree.

XIX

Her name was Atte, mother of debate
And all dissention which doth dayly grow
Amongst fraile men, that many a publike
state,

And many a private oft doth overthrow
Her false Duessa, who full well did know
To be most fit to trouble noble knights
Which hunt for honor, raised from below
Out of the dwellings of the damned spights,
Where she in darknes wastes her cursed daies
and nights

XX

Hard by the gates of hell her dwelling is,
There, wherens all the plagues and harmes
abound

Which punish wicked men that walke amisse
It is a darksome delva farre under ground,
With thornes and barren brakes environed
round,

That none the same may easily out-win
Yet many waies to enter may be found,
But none to issue forth when one is in,
For discord harder is to end then to begin

XXI

And all within, the riven walls were hung
With ragged monuments of times forepast,
All which the sad effects of discord sung
There were rent robes and broken scepters
Altars defild, and holy things defast, [plast,
Dissilvered speares, and shields ytorne in
twaine,

Great cities ransackt, and strong castles rast,
Nations captived, and huge armies slaine
Of all which ruines there some relicks did re-
maine

XXII

There was the signe of antique Babylon,
Of fatall Thebes, of Rome that ragined long,
Of sacred Salem, and sad Ithion,
For memorie of which on high there hong
The golden Apple, cause of all their wrong,
For which the three faire Goddesses did strive
There also was the name of Nimrod strong,
Of Alexander and his Princes five
Which shurd to them the spoiles that he had
got alive

XXIII

And there the relicks of the drunken fray,
The which amongst the Lapithees befell,
And of the bloodie feast, which sent away
So many Centaures drunken soules to hell,
That under great Alcides sure fell,
And of the dreadfull discord, which did drive
The noble Argonnauts to outrage sell,
That each of life sought others to deprive,
All mindlesse of the Golden fleece, which
made them strive.

XXIV

And eke of private persons many moe,
That were too long a worke to count them all
Some, of sworne friends that did their faith
forgoe,
Some, of borne brethren prov'd unnaturall,
Some, of deare lovers foes perpetuall
Witnesses their broken bandes there to be seene,
Their garlands rent, their bowres despoiled all,
The monuments whereof there byding beene,
As plaine as at the first when they were fresh
and greene.

XXV

Such was her house within, but all without,
The barren ground was full of wicked weedes,
Which she her selfe had sowne all about,
Now grown great, at first of little seedes,
The seedes of evill wordes and factious deedes,
Which, when to ripenesse due they grown
are,

Bring forth an infinite increase, that breedes
Tumultuous trouble, and contentious jarre,
The which most often end in bloudshed and in
warre

XXVI

And those same cursed seedes doe also serve
To her for bread, and yeld her living food
For life it is to her, when others sterve
Through miselvous debate and deadly food,
That she may sucke their life, and drinke their
blood,

With which she from her childhood had bene
For she at first was borne of hellish brood,
And by infernall furies nourished, [fed,
That by her monstrous shape might easily be
red.

XXVII

Her face most fowle and filthy was to see,
With squinted eyes contrarie waies intended,
And loathly mouth, unmeet a mouth to bee,
That nought but gall and venom comprehended,
And wicked wordes that God and man offended.
Her living tongue was in two parts divided,
And both the parts did speake, and both con-
tended,

And as her tongue so was her hirt discided,
That never thought one thing, but doubly stil
was guided

XXVIII

As she double spake, so heard she double,
With matchlesse eares deformed and distort,
Fild with false rumors and seditious trouble,
Bred in assemblies of the vulgar sort,
That still are led with every light report
And as her eares, so eke her feet were odde,
And much unlike, th' one long, the other short,
And both misplast, that, when th' one forward
ode,

The other backe retired and contrarie trode

XXIX

Likewise unequal were her handes twaine,
That one did reach the other pusht away,
That one did make the other mard againe,
And sought to bring all things unto decay,
Whereby great riches, gathered manie a day,
She in short space did often bring to nought,
And their possessours often did dismay

For all her studie was and all her thought
How she might overthrow the things that
Concord wrought

XXX

So much her malice did her might surpas,
That even th' Almighty selfe she did maligne,
Because to man so mercifull he was,
And unto all his creatures so benigne,
Sith she her selfe was of his grace indigne,
For all this worlds faire workmanship she tride
Unto his last confusion to bring,
And that great golden chaine quite to divide,
With which it blessed Concord hath together
tide

XXXX

Such was that hag which with Duessa roade,
And, serving her in her malicious use
To hurt good knights, was, as it were, her
To sell her borrowed beautie to abuse [baude
For though, like withered tree that wanteth
juyce,
She old and crooked were, yet now of late
As fresh and fragrant as the floure-deluce
She was become, by change of her estate,
And made full goodly joyance to her new-
found mate

XXXXII

Her mate, he was a jollie youthfull knight
That bore great sway in armes and chivalrie,
And was indeed a man of mickle might,
His name was Blandamour, that did describe
His fickle mind full of inconstancie
And now himselfe he fitted had right well
With two companions of like qualitie,
Faithlesse Duessa, and false Paridell, [tell
That whether were more false full hard it is to

XXXXIII

Now when this gallant with his goodly crew
From farre espide the famous Britomart,
Like knight adventurous in outward view,
With his faire paragon, his conquests part,
Approching nigh, eftsouones his wanton hart
Was tickled with delight, and jesting sayd,
'Lo' there, Sir Paridel, for your desert
Good lucke presents you with your lovely mayd,
For pite that ye want a fellow for your ayd'

XXXXIV

By that the lovely paire drew nigh to hond
Whom when as Paridell more plaine beheld
Albee in heart he like affection fond,
Yet mindfull how he late by one was feld
That did those armes and that same scutcheon
weld,
He had small lust to buy his love so deare,
But answered, 'Sir, him wise I never held,

That, having once escaped perill neare,
Would afterwards afresh the sleeping evill
reare

XXXXV

'This knight too late his manhood and his
might
I did assay, that me right dearly cost,
Ne list I for revenge provoke new fight,
Ne for hight Ladies love that soone is lost'
The hot-spurre youth so scornng to be crost,
'Take then to you this Dame of mine,' (quoth
hee)
'And I, without your perill or your cost,
Will challenge yond same other for my fee'
So forth he fiercely prickt that one him scarce
could see

XXXXVI

The warlike Britonesse her soone address,
And with such uncouth welcome did receive
Her fayned Paramour, her forced guest,
That being foist his saddle soone to leave,
Him selfe he did of his new love deceave,
And made him selfe thensample of his follie
Which done, she passed forth, not taking leave,
And left him now as sad, as whilome jollie,
Well warned to beware with whom he dar'd to
dallie

XXXXVII

Which when his other companie beheld,
They to his succour ran with readie ayd,
And, finding him unable once to weld,
They reared him on horsebacke and upstayd,
Till on his way they had him forth conveyd
And all the way with wondrous griefe of mynd
And shame, he shewd him selfe to be dismayd
More for the love which he had left behynd,
Then that which he had to Sir Paridel resynd

XXXVIII

Nathlesse he forth did march, well as he might,
And made good semblance to his companie,
Dissembling his disease and evill plight,
Till that ere long they chaunced to espie
Two other knights, that towards them did ply
With speedie course, as bent to charge them
new

Whom when as Blandamour approaching nie
Perceiv'd to be such as they seemd in view,
He was full wo, and gan his former griefe
renew

XXXIX

For th' one of them he perfectly describe
To be Sir Scudamour, by that he bore
The God of love with wings displayed wide
Whom mortally he hated evermore,

Both for his worth, that all men did adore
 And eke because his love he wonne by right
 Which when he thought, it grieved him full
 sore,
 That through the bruises of his former fight,
 He now unable was to wreake his old despite

XL

Forthis he thus to Paridel bespake
 'I am Sir of friendship let me now you pray,
 That as I late adventured for your sake,
 The hurt which of me now from battell stay,
 Ye will me now with life good turne repay,
 And justify my cause on vnder knight.'
 'Ah! Sir' (said Paridel) 'do not dismay
 Your selfe for this: my selfe will for you fight,
 As ye have done for me the left hand rubs
 the right

XLI

With that he put his spurs unto his steed
 With spere in rest, and toward him did fere,
 Lile shaft out of a bow preventing speed
 But Scudamour was shortly well awar
 Of his approach, and gan him selfe prepare
 Him to receive with entertainment meete.
 So furiously they met, that either bare
 The other downe under their horses feete,
 That what of them became themselves did
 scarce wete

XLII

As when two billowes in the Irish soundes
 Foreibly driven with contrarie tydes,
 Do meete together, and in shalke reboundes
 With roaring rage, and dashing on all sides,
 That fillet all the sea with foume, divides
 The doubtfull current into divers wayes,
 So fell those two in spight of both their prydes
 But Scudamour himselfe did soone upraise
 And mounting light, his toe for lying long up-
 braies

XLIII

Who, rolled on an heape, lay still in swoond
 All carelesse of his trunt and bitter rayle,
 Till that the rest him seeing he on ground
 Him hastily to weete what did him ayle
 Where finding that the breath gan him to faile,
 With busie eare they strove him to awake,
 And doft his helmet, and undid his mayle
 So much they did, that at the last they brake
 His slomber, yet so mazed that he nothing
 spake

XLIV

Which when as Blandamour beheld he said,
 'Faire favour Scudamour that hast by slight
 And foule advantage this good Knight delyvred
 A Knight much better then thy selfe beheld

Well follos it thee that I am not in plight
 This day to wreake the damage by thee done,
 Such is thy wont, that still when any knight
 Is weaken'd, then thou dost him overcome
 So hast thou to thy selfe false honour often
 wonne.'

XLV

He little answered him in manly heart
 His muttish indignation did forbare,
 Which was not yet so secret but some part
 Thereof did in his frowning face appeare
 Like as a gloom y cloud the which doth beare
 An hidious storme, so by the Northerne blast
 Quite overblow me, yet doth not passe so cleare,
 But that it all the skie doth overcast
 With darknes dredd and threaten all the world
 to wast

XLVI

'Ah gentle knight! then false Divesa sayd,
 Why do ye strive for Ladies love so sore
 Whose chittie chere is love and friendship and
 Mongs gentle knights to nourish excheore?
 Ye be ye worth, Sir Scudamour therefore
 That she, your love, not love another might,
 Ne do your selfe dishonour what the more
 For Love is free and led with selfe delight,
 Ne will enforced be with musterdome or might'

XLVII

So false Divesa but vile Atte thus [both,
 'Both foolish knight! I can but laugh at
 That strive ut storme with sturr outrigeon
 For her that each of you alike doth loth,
 And loves another, with whom now she goth
 In lovely wise, and sleepe and sports, and
 playes
 Whilst both you here with many a cursed oth
 Swere she is yours and stirre up boudie furies,
 To win a willow bough, whilst other weares
 the bayes

XLVIII

'Vile hag! (said Scudamour) why dost
 thou lye,
 And falsly seekst a vertuous wight to shame?'
 'I and knight,' (said she) 'the thing that with
 this eye
 I saw why should I doubt to tell the same?'
 'Then tell, (quoth Blandamour) and fear no
 blame
 Tell what thou saw'st, maugre who so it beares'
 'I saw' (quoth she) 'a stranger knight, whose
 name
 I wote not well but in his shield he beares
 (That well I wote) the hends of many broken
 speares,

XLIX

'I saw him have your Amoret at will,
I saw him kisse, I saw him her embrace,
I saw him sleepe with her all night his fill,
All manie nights, and manie by in place
That present were to testifie the crise.'
Which when as Scudamour did heare, his heart
Was thrid with inward grieve as when in
chace

The Parthian strikes a stag with shivering dart
The beast astonisht stands in midst of his
smart

L

So stood Sir Scudamour when this he heard,
Ne word had he to speke for great dismay,
But lookt on Glauce grim, who woxe afeard
Of outrage for the words which she heard say,
Albee untrue she wist them by assay
But Blandamour, whenas he did espie [way,
His change of cheere that anguish did be-
He woxe full blithe, as he had got thereby,
And gan thereat to triumph without victorie

LI

'Lo' recreant,' (sayd he) 'the fruitlesse end
Of thy vaine boist, and spoile of love misgot-
ten [shend
Whereby the name of knight-hood thou dost
And all true lovers with dishonor blotten
All things not rooted well will soone be rotten'
'Fy, fy' false knight,' (then false Duessa
cryde) [gotten,
'Unworthy life, that love with guile hast
Be thou, where ever thou do go or ride,
Loathed of ladies all, and of all knights de-
fyde!'

LII

But Scudamour, for passing great despight,
Staid not to answer, scarcely did refraine
But that in all those knights and ladies sight
He for revenge had guiltlesse Glauce slaine
But, being past, he thus began amaine
'False traitour squire' false squire of falsest
knight! [abstaine,
Why doth mine hand from thine avenge
Whose Lord hath done my love this foule
despight? [might?
Why do I not it wreake on thee, now in my

LIII

'Discourteous, disloyal Britomart,
Untrue to God, and unto man unjust'
What vengeance due can equall thy desert,
That hast with shamefull spot of sinfull lust
Dehl'd the pledge committed to thy trust?
Let ugly shame and endlesse infamy
Colour thy name with foule reproaches rust!
Yet thou, false Squire, his fault shalt deare avy,
And with thy punishment his penance shalt
supply'

LIV

The aged Dame, him seeing so enraged,
Was dead with feare, nathlesse, as neede re-
quired,
His flaming furie sought to have assuaged
With sober words, that sufferance desired,
Till time the tryall of her truth expyred,
And evermore sought Britomart to cleare
But he the more with furious rage was fyred,
And thrise his hand to kill her did upreare,
And thrise he drew it backe, so did at last
forbear.

CANTO II.

Blandamour winnes false Florimell,
Paridell for her strives
They are accorded Agape
Doth lengthen her sonnes lives

I

PIPEBRAND of hell, first tynd in Phlegeton,
By thousand furies, and from thence out
thrown
Into this world to worke confusion,
And set it all on fire by force unknownen,
Is wicked discord, whose small sparkes once
blown
None but a God or godlike man can slake,
Such as was Orpheus, that, when strife was
growen

Amongst those famous rumpes of Greece, did
take
His silver Harpe in hand and shortly friends
them make

II

Or such as that celestiall Psalmist was,
That, when the wicked seend his Lord tor-
mented,
With heavenly notes, that did all other pas
The outrage of his furious fit relented

Such Muske is wise words, with time con-
verted,
To moderate stiffe minds disposed to strive
Such as that proud at Roma is well inventid,
What time his people into parties did rive,
Then recoveryd againe, and to their homes did
drive

III

Such wold wise Glance to that wrathfull
Knight,
To calme the tempest of his troubled thought,
Yet Blandamour with termes of foule dishonour,
And Paridell he scorned, and set at naught,
As old and crooked and not good for much,
Both they unweild, and warlike, the skill
That by themselves unto themselves was thought
Through that false witch, and that foule aged
drevill.
The one a friend the other an incarnate drevill.

IV

With whom as they thus rashly recompaide,
They were encountred of a lusty knight
That had a jolly Ladie by his side,
To whom he made great dalliance and delight
It was to see the bold Sir Ferragut bright,
He that from that gader his wholeme rest
The snows of Formell whose breath bright
Made him seeme happy for so glorious the fit,
Yet was it in due trial but a wandering wit

V

Which when as Blandamour, whose fancie
Hid
Was alwaies sitting as the wavering sand
After each beauty that appeared in sight,
Beheld, effronies it priet his wanton mind
With sting of lost that recoveryd did blind,
That to Sir Paridell those words he sent
Sir Knight, why rule ye dumpeish thus behind,
Since so good fortune doth to you present
So faire a spoyle, to make you jovous mer-
ment?

VI

But Paridell, that had too late a trvall
Of the bad issue of his counsell vaine, [all
Not to hurke, but make this faire deny,
Last turne was mine, well proved to my
prune, [grune
This now be yours, God send you better
Whose scoffed words he taking brist in scorne,
Hereby forth prickt his steed as in disdain
Against that Knight, ere he him well could
torne,
By meanes whereof he hath him lightly over-
borne.

VII

Who with the sudden stroke astonisht sore,
Upon the ground awhile in stonish rest,
The shades of his away the other bore,
And, chancing his, did Paridell upbore,
Told she, good knight, the victors happe prayd
So fortune fitteth the bold whom Paridell
Seem'd so sure to overcome, as he did say,
His hart with secret envy grew to swell,
And only grudg'd at him that he had sped so
well

VIII

Nathless proud men him offe the other
Having espied his private place, [doomed,
For sure the fairest Pharamell him seem'd
To him was fallen for his happy lot,
Whose like alive on earth he neverd saw
Therefore he her did court, did serve, did woo,
With humblest suit that he durst use in it,
And all things did devise, and all things did
That might her to be prepare, and bring win
the trove

IX

She, in regard thereof, him recompens'd
With golden words and goodly countenance,
And such good favours sparingly dispens'd
Some times him blessing with a light eye-
glance,
And now he was tempting with loose dalliance
Sometimes carrying him in scorn and
That having cost him in a foolish trave,
He seem'd brought to bed in Paradise
And prайд himself most fole in what he
seem'd most w

X

So great a more so of her art she was,
And perfectly priet in womans craft
That though he there in him like the light to pass,
And by his false alliments was he craft
Had then a woman of their love beaft,
Yet now he was surpris'd forth false sight,
Which that same witch had in this forme
Was so expert in every subtle sight, [craft,
That it could overtake the wisest craftily
wight

XI

Yet he to her did daily service more,
And daily more deceiv'd was thereby,
Yet Paridell him envied therefore,
As seeming first in sole felicity
So blind he lost false colours to desert
But the sooner discovering his device,
And finding now in opportunitie [are,
To stirre up those twofold love and spite and
Did privily put coles unto his secret fire.

By sundry meanes thereto she prickt him forth,

XII
Now with remembrance of those speaches
Now with opinion of his owne more worth,
Now with recounting of like former breaches
Made in their friendship, as that Ilag him
And ever when his passion is allayd, [teaches
She it revives, and new occasion reaches,
That on a time, as they together way'd,
He made him open challenge, and thus boldly
sayd,

XIII
'Too boastfull Blandamour! too long I beare
The open wrongs thou doest me day by day
Well know'st thou, when we friendship first
did sweare,
The covenant was, that every spoyle or pray
Should equilly be shard betwixt us tway
Where is my part then of this Ladie bright,
Render therefore therein to me my right,
Or answer for thy wrong as shall fall out in
fight'

XIV
Exceeding wroth therat was Blandamour,
And gan thus bitter answer to him make
'Too foolish Paridell! that sayest floure
Wouldst gather same, and yet no pannes
wouldst take
But not so easie will I her forsake,
This hand heronne, this hand shall her defend'
With that they gan their slivering speeres to
shake,
And deadly points at eithers breast to bend,
Forgetfull each to have bene ever others friend

XV
Their fire steedes with so untamed forse
Did beare them both to fell avenges end,
That both their speaces with pitlesse remorse
Through shield and mayle and habergeon did
wend,
And in their flesh a griesly passage rend,
That with the fure of their owne affret
Each other horse and man to ground did send,
Where, lying still awhile both did forget
The perious present stownd in which their
lives were set

XVI
As when two warlike Brigandines at sea,
With murderous weapons arm'd to cruell fight,
Do meete together on the watry lea,
They stemme ech other with so fell despight,

XVII
That with the shoocke of their owne heedlesse
might
Their wooden ribs are shaken nigh asonder
They which from shore behold the deadfull
sight
Of flashing fire, and heare the ordnance thoun-
der,
Do greatly stand amaz'd at such unwanted
wonder.

XVIII
At length they both upstart in amaze,
As men awak'd rashly out of dreme,
And round about themselves awhile did gaze,
Till seeing her, that Florimell did seme,
In doubt to whom she victorie should deeme,
Therewith then dull'd sprights thev edg'd men,
And, drawing both their swords, with rage ex-
treme,
Like two mad mastiffes, each on other flew,
And shields did share, and mailes did rash,
and helmes did heu

XIX
So furiously each other did assaile,
As if their soules they would atonce have rent
Out of their breasts, that steames of bloud did
rayle
Adowne, as if their springs of life were spent,
That all the ground with purple bloud was
sprent,
And all their armours staynd with gore,
Yet scarcely once to breath would they relent,
So mortall was their malice, and so sore
Become, of sayned friendship which they now'd
afore

XX
And that which is for Ladies most besitting,
To stint all strife and foster friendly peace,
Was from those Dames so farre and so un-
fitting,
As that, instead of praying them surcease,
They did much more then cruelty enciease,
Bidding them fight for honour of their love,
And rather die then Ladies cause release
With which vaine termes so much they did
them move,
That both resolv'd the last extremities to prove

XXI
There they, I weene, would fight untill this
day,
Had not a Squire, even he the Squire of Dames,
By great adventure travelled that way,
Who seeing both bent to so bloody games,
And both of old well knowing by their names,
Drew nigh, to weete the cause of their debate
And first laide on those Ladies thousand blames,

That did not seek to utter it nor deedly hate,
But gazed on their harmes, not putting their
estate

XXI

And then those Knights he humbly did
beseech

To stay their hands, till he awhile had spoken
Who lookt a little up at that his speech,
Yet would not let their battell so be broken,
Both greene fiers on other to be wroken
Yet he to them so earnestly did call,
And them conjur'd by some well known token
That they at last their wrothfull hands let fall
Content to heare him speake, and glad to rest
withall

XXII

First he desired their cause of strife to see
They said, it was for love of Florimell

'Ah gentle Knights' (quoth he) 'how may
thit bee,

And she so farre astray, as none can tell?
'I and Squire' full angry then sayd Paridell
'Seest not the Ladie there before thy face'
He looked backe, and her wizing well,
Weend, as he said by that her outward grace
That fayrest Florimell was present there in
place.

XXIII

Glad man was he to see that joyous sight
For none alive but joy'd in Florimell,
And lowly to her lowting thus behight
'Fayrest of faire, that faunessesse doest excell,
This happie day I have to grette you well
In which you safe I see, whom thou and late
Misdoubted lost through mischief that befell
Long may you live in health and happie state'
She htle answer'd him, but lightly did aggrate

XXIV

Then turning to the Knights, he gan anew
'And you, Sir Blandamour, and Paridell,
That for this Ladie, present in your view,
Have rais'd this cruell warre and outrage fell,
Certes, me seemes, bene not advised well
But rather ought in friendship for her sake
To joyne your force, their forces to repell
That seek perforce her from you both to take,
And of your gotten spovle their owne triumph
to make'

XXV

Therent Sir Blandamour, with countenance
sterno
All full of wrath thus screeld him bespake
'Axeid, thou Squire, that I the man may learne
That dare fro me thynke Florimell to take'

Not one,' (quoth he) 'but many doe partake
Heerein, as thus. It lately so befell
That Satyrin a girdle did uptake
Well knowne to apertaine to I Iornmell [well
Which for her sake he wore, as him be-cem'd

XXVI

'But, when as she her selfe was lost and gone
I all many knights, that loved her like deare,
Therent did greatly grudge, that he alone
That lost faire Ladies ornament should weare,
And gan therefore close sight to him to beare,
Which he to shun and stop vile envies sting
With lately caus'd to be proclaim'd each where
A solemn fests with publike turneing,
To which all knights with them their Ladies
are to bring

XXVII

'And of them all she, that is fayrest found,
Shall have that golden girdle for reward
And of those Knights, who is most stout on
Shall to that fairst Ladie be preferr'd [ground
Since therefore she her selfe is now your ward,
To you that ornament of hers pertunes
Against all those that challenge it to gird
And give her honour with your contrivances
That shall you win more glory than ye here
find girdnes'

XXVIII

When they the reason of his words had hand
They gan abate the raucour of their rage
And with their honours and their loves regard
The furious flames of malice to abate.
Iho each to other did his faith engage,
Like faithfull friends thenceforth to joyne one
With all their force and battell strong to wage
Gainst all those knights, as their professed fone,
That chaleng'd ought in Florimell, save they
alone

XXIX

So well accorded, forth they rode together
In friendly sort that lasted but a while,
And of all old dislikes they made faire weather,
Yet all was forgd and spread with golden soyle.
That under it hidde hate and hollow guile
Ne certes can that friendship long endure,
However gay and goodly be the style,
That doth ill cause or evill end enure, [sure
For vertue is the band that bindeth hearts most

XXX

Thus as they marched all in close disguise
Of fained love, they chaunst to overtake
Two knights thit lincked rode in lovely wise,
As if they secret counsels did partake
And each not farr behinde him had his make,
To weete, two Ladies of most goodly hew,
That twixt themselves did gentle purpose make

Unmindfull both of that discordfull crew,
The which with speedie pace did after them
pursen

XXVI

Who, as they now approched nigh at hand,
Deeming them doughtie, as they did appeare,
They sent that Squire afore, to understand
What mote they be who, viewing them more
neare,

Returned readie newes, that those same weare
Two of the prouest Knights in Faery lond,
And those two Ladies their two lovers deare,
Couragious Cambell, and stout Triamond,
With Canacee and Cambine linckt in lovely
bond.

XXVII

Why looke, as antique stories tellen us,
Those two were foes the fellonest on ground,
And battell made the dreeddest dangerous
That euer shrilling trumpet did resound,
Though now their acts be now here to be found,
As that renowned Poet them compyled
With warlike numbers and Heroicke sound,
Dan Chaucer, well of English undefyled
On Fames eternall beandroll worthe to be syled

XXVIII

But wicked Time that all good thoughts doth
waste, [weare,
And workes of noblest wits to nought out-
That famous monument hath quite defaste,
And robd the world of treasure endlesse deare,
The which mote have enriched all us heare
O cursed Eld! the cankermorne of wits,
How may these times, so rude as doth appeare,
Hope to endure, sith workes of heavenly wits
Are quite deuour'd, and brought to nought by
little bits?

XXIX

Then pardon, O most sacred happie spirit!
That I thy labours lost may thus reuue,
And steale from thee the meede of thy due
merit,
That none durst euer whilst thou wast aliue,
And being dead in vaine yet many strive
Ne dare I like, but, through infusion sweete
Of thine owne spirit which doth in me suruiue,
I follow here the footing of thy feete,
That with thy meaning so I may the rather
meete

XXX

Cambelloes sister was fayre Canacee,
That was the learnedst Ladie in her dayes,
Well scene in euerie science that mote bee,
And euerie secret worke of natures wayes,

In wittie riddles, and in wise soothsayes,
In power of herbes, and tunes of beasts and
burds,

And, that augmented all her other prayse,
She modest was in all her deedes and words,
And wondrous chaste of life, yet lov'd of Knights
and Lords

XXXI

Full many Lords and many Knights her loved,
Yet she to none of them her liking lent,
Ne euer was with fond affection moved,
But rul'd her thoughts with goodly government,
For dread of blame and honours blemishment,
And eke unto her looks a law she made,
That none of them once out of order went,
But like to varie Centonels well stay'd,
Still watcht on every side, of secret foes affray'd,

XXXII

So much the more as she refus'd to love,
So much the more she loved was and sought,
That oftentimes unquiet strife did move
Amongst her lovers, and great quarrels wrought,
That oft for her in bloudie armes they fought
Which whenas Cambell, that was stout and wise,
Perceiv'd would breede great mischief, he be-
thought

How to prevent the perill that mote rise,
And turne both him and her to honour, in this
wise

XXXIII

One day, when all that troupe of warlike
woodes
Assembled were to meet whose she should bee,
All mightie men and dreadfull derring-doors,
(The harder it to make them well agree)
Amongst them all this end he did decree,
That, of them all which love to her did make,
They by consent should chiose the stoutest
three [sake,
That with himselfe should combat for hei
And of them all the victour should his sister
take.

XXXIV

Bold was the challenge, as himselfe was bold,
And comage full of haughtie haudment,
Approved oft in perils manifold,
Which he achiev'd to his great ornament
But yet his sisters skill unto him lent
Most confidence and hope of happie speed,
Conceiv'd by a ring which she him sent,
That, mongst the manie vertues which we reed,
Had power to staunch all wounds that mortally
did bleed.

XL

Well was that rings great vertue known to all,
That dread thereof and his redoubted might

Did all that youtlly rout so much appall,
That none of them durst undertake the fight
More wise they weend to make of love delight
Then life to hazard for faire Ladies looke,
And yet uncertaine by such outward sight,
Though for her sake they all that perill tooke,
Whether she would them love, or in her liking
brooke

XLI

Amongst those knights there were three
brethren bold,
Three bolder brethren never were y borne,
Borne of one mother in one happie mold,
Borne at one burden in one happie morne,
Thrise happie mother, and thrise happie morne,
That bore three such, three such not to be fond!
Her name was Aganè, whose children verne
All three as one, the first hight Priamond,
The second Dyamond, the yongest Triamond

XLII

Stout Priamond, but not so strong to strike,
Strong Diamond, but not so stout a knight,
But Triamond was stout and strong alike
On horsebacke used Triamond to fight,
And Priamond on foote had more delight,
But horse and foote knew Diamond to wield
With curtaxe used Diamond to smite,
And Triamond to handle speare and shield,
But speare and curtaxe both used Priamond in
field.

XLIII

These three did love each other dearly well,
And with so firme affection were all de,
As if but one soule in them all did dwell,
Which did her powre into three parts divy de,
Like three faire branches budding farre and
wide,
That from one roote deriv'd their vitall sap
And like that roote that doth her life divide,
Their mother was, and had full blessed hap
These three so noble babes to bring forth at
one clap

XLIV

Their mother was a Fay, and had the skill
Of secret things, and all the poves of nature
Which she by art could use unto her will,
And to her service bind each living creature,
Through secret understanding of their feature
Thereto she was right faire, whenso her face
She list discover, and of goodly stature
But she, as Faves are wont, in private place
Did spend her dayes, and lov'd in forests wyld
to spave

XLV

There on a day a noble youthly knight,
Seeking adventures in the salvage wood,

Did by great fortune get of her the sight,
As she sate careless by a cristall flood
Combing her golden lockes, as seemd her good,
And unawares upon her laying hold,
That strove in vaine him long to have with-
stood,
Oppressed her, and there (as it is told)
Got these three lovely babes, that prov'd three
champions bold

XLVI

Which she with her long fostred in that wood,
Till that to ripenesse of mans state they grew
Then shewing forth signes of their fathers
blood,
They loved armes, and knighthood did ensue,
Seeking adventures where they might know
Which when their mother saw, she gan to dout
Their safetie, least by searching dangers new,
And rash provoking perils all about,
Their dayes mote be abridged through their
corage stout.

XLVII

Therefore desirous th' end of all their dayes
To know, and them to enlarge with long ex-
tent,
By wondrous skill and many hidden wayes
To the three fatal sisters house she went
Farre under ground from tract of living weat,
Downe in the bottome of the deepe Abyss,
Where Demogorgon, in dull darknesse pent
Farre from the view of gods and heavens bliss,
The hideous Chaos keepes, their dreadful
dwelling is

XLVIII

There she them found all sitting round about,
The dreffull distaffs standing in the mid,
And with unwearied fingers drawing out
The lines of life, from living knowledge hid
Sad Clotho held the rocke, the whiles the thrid
By grisly Lachesis was spun with paine,
That cruell Atropos eftsoones undid,
With cursed knife cutting the twist in twaine.
Most wretched men, whose dayes depend on
thrids so vaine!

XLIX

She, them saluting, there by them sate still
Beholding how the thrids of life they span
And when at last she had beheld her fill,
Trembling in heart, and looking pale and wan,
Her cause of comming she to tell began
To whom fierce Atropos 'Bold Fay, that durst
Come see the secret of the life of man,
Well worthe thou to be of Jove accurst,
And eke thy childrens thrids to be asunder
burst!'

I.

Wheateat she sore affrayd, yet her besought
To graunt her boone, and rigour to abate,
That she might see her childrens thrds forth
brought,

And know the measure of their utmost date
To them ordained by eternall fate
Which Clotho graunting shewed her the same,
That when she saw, it did her much amate
To see their thrds so thin as spiders frame,
And eke so short, that seemd their ends out
shortly came

LI

She then began them humbly to intreate
To draw them longer out, and better twine,
That so their liues might be prolonged late
But Lachesis thereat gan to repine,
And sayd, 'Fond dame, that deem'st of things
divine

As of humane, that they may altdred bee,
And chaung'd at pleasure for those impes of
thine'

Not so, for what the Fates do once decree,
Not all the gods can chaunge, nor Jove him
self can free'

LII

'Then since' (quoth she) 'the terme of each
mans life
For nought may lessened nor enlarged bee,

Graunt this, that when ye shred with fatall
knife

His line, which is the eldest of the three,
Which is of them the shortest, as I see,
Eftsoones his life may passe into the next
And, when the next shall likewise ended bee,
That both their liues may likewise be annext
Unto the third, that his may so be trebly next

LIII

They graunted it, and then that carefull Fay
Departed thence with full contented mynd,
And, comming home, in warlike fresh aray
Them found all three according to their kynd
But unto them what destinie was assynd,
Or how their liues were eekt, she did not tell,
But evermore, when she fit time could fynd,
She warned them to tend their safeties well,
And love each other deare, what ever them
befell.

LIV

So did they surely during all their dayes,
And never discord did amongst them fall,
Which much augmented all their other praise,
And now, t'increase affection naturall,
In love of Canacee they joynd all
Upon which ground this same great battell
grew,
Great matter growing of beginning small,
The which, for length, I will not here pursue,
But rather will reserve it for a Canto new.

CANTO III

The battell twixt three brethren with
Cambell for Canacee
Cambina with true friendships bond
Doth their long strife agree

I

O' WHY doe wretched men so much desire
To draw their dayes unto the utmost date,
And doe not rather wish them soone expire,
Knowing the miserie of their estate,
And thousand perills which them still awate,
Tossing them like a boate amid the mayne,
That every houre they knocke at deathes gate?
And he that happie seemes, and least in payne,
Yet is as migh his end as he that most doth
play ne

II

Therefore this Fay I hold but fond and vaine,
The which, in seeking for her children three

Long life, thereby did more prolong their
paine

Yet whilst they liued none did ever see
More happie creatures then they seem'd to bee,
Nor more ennobled for their courtesie,
That made them dearely lov'd of each degree,
Ne more renowned for their chevalrie,
That made them dreaded much of all men farre
and ne

III

These three that hardie challenge tooke in hand,
For Canacee with Cambell for to fight
The day was set, that all might understand,
And pledges pawnd the same to keepe aright

That day, the dreaddest day that living might
Did ever see upon this world to shine,
So soone as hears ens window shew'd light,
These warlike Champions, all in armour shine,
As embled were in field the challenge to define

II

The field with hies was all about enclosed,
To barre the prease of people farre way
And at th' one side sixe Judges were dispos'd,
To view and deeme the dordes of armes that
And on the other side, in ffrish array, [day
Inyre Cinnace upon a stately stage
Was set to see the fortune of that fray,
And to be seene, as his most worthie wage
That could her purchase with his lives adven-
tur'd gaine

I

Then entred Cambell first into the list,
With strickt steps and fearless countenance
As if the conquest his he surely wist
Soone after did the brethren three aduance
In brave aray and goodly amennace
With sentinell gall and banner-broad display'd
And, marching thre in warlike ordinance,
Thrice lowdly to the noble Mayd
The whiles shrill trumpets and loud chironies
sweetly play'd

VI

Which doon, the doughty challenger came
forth
All arm'd to point his challenge to abet
Gainst whom Sir Primmont with equall worth
And equall armes himselfe did forward set
A trumpet blew they both together met
With dreadfull force and furious intent,
Cruel-se of perill in their heere affret
As if th'it life to losse they had forelent,
And cared not to spare that should be shortly
spent

VII

Right practicke was Sir Primmont in fight,
And thoroughly skill in use of shield and speare
No lesse approv'd was Cambelloses might,
No lesse his skill in weapons did appeare
That hard it was to weene which harder were
Tull many mightie strokes on either side
Were sent, that seemed death in them to beare
But they were both so watchfull and well eyde
That they avoided were, and vnnely by did
elide

VIII

Yet one, of many, was so strongly bent
By Primmont, that with unluckie glance
Through Cambells shoulder it unwarly went,
That forced him his shield to disdaynace

Much was he grieved with that gracelesse
chance.

Yet from the wound no drop of blood there fell,
But wondrous prime, that did the more en-
hance

His brightlie courage to revengement fell
Smart daunts not mighty hurts, but malcethem
more to swell

IX

With that, his pavant speare he steece as en-
ter'd

With doubled force close undernath his shield,
That through the mailcs into his thigh it en-
ter'd,

And, there arresting, wddie way did yield
For blood to gush forth on the private field,
That he for pume hums life note richly upreare,
But too wdd fro in great amazement reld,
Like an old Oke, whose pith and sap is seare,
At piffe of every storme doth stagger here
and there

X

Whom so dismayd when Cambell had espide,
Againe he drove at him with double might,
That now, he mote stay the Steele till in his
The mortall point most cruellly empyght, [side
Where first intaxed whilst he sought by flight
It forth to wist the staffe asunder brake,
And left the hand behinde with which de-
spight

He all enrag'd his shivering speare did shake,
And charging him afresh thus fellly him be-
spoke

XI

'Lo' favour, there thy meede unto thee take
The meede of thy int-challenge and abet
Not for thine owne but for thy sisters sake,
Have I thus long thy life unto thee let
But to forbearde doth not forgive the det
The wicked weapon heard his wrathfull vow,
And pressing forth with furious affret,
Pierst through his bever quite into his brow,
That with the force it brackn'd forced him to
bow

XII

Therewith asunder in the midst it brast,
And in his hand nought but the iron heen left,
The other halfe behind yet sticking fast
Out of his headpiece Cambell horribly rest,
And with such furie backe at him it best,
Th'it maling way unto his dearest life,
His wearnd pipe it through his gorget cest
Thence streames of purple blood issuing rse
Let forth his wrenie ghost, and made an end
of strife

XIII

His wearie ghost assoyld from fleshly band
Did not, as others wont, directly fly
Unto her rest in Plutoes griesly land,
Ne into ayre did vanish presently,
Ne chaunged was into a starre in sky,
But through traduction was eftsoones deriued,
Like as his mother prayd the Destinie,
Into his other brethren that survived,
In whom he liv'd anew, of former life deprived

XIV

Whom when on ground his brother next be-
held,
Though sad and sorie for so heavy sight,
Yet leave unto his sorrow did not yeeld,
But rather stir'd to vengeance and despiht,
Through secret feeling of his generous spright,
Rusht fiercelv forth the battell to renew,
As in revcrsion of his brothers right,
And chalenging the Virgin as his dew,
His foe was soone addrest the trompets fresh-
ly blew

XV

With that they both together fiercely met,
As if that each ment other to devoure,
And with their axes both so sorelv bet,
That neither plate nor mayle, where as their
powre [stowe re,
They felt, could once sustaine the hideous
But rived were like rotten wood asunder,
Whiles through their rifts the ruddie bloud
did showre,
And firedid flash, like lightning after thunder,
That fild the lookers on attonce with ruth and
wonder

XVI

As when two Tygers prickt with hungers rage
Have by good fortune found some beasts fresh
soyle,
On which they weene their famine to aswage,
And gaine a feastfull guerdon of their toyle,
Both falling out doe stirre up strifefull broyle,
And cruell battell twixt themselv es doe make,
Whiles neither lets the other touch the soyle,
But either sdeignes with other to partake
So cruelly these Knightssstrove for that Ladies
sake

XVII

Full many strokes, that mortally were ment,
The whiles were enterchaunged twixt them
two,
Yet they were all with so good variment
Or warded or avoied and let goe,
That still the life stood fearelesse of her foe,
Till Diamond, disdeigning long delay
Of doubtfull fortune wavering to and fro,

Resolv'd to end it one or other way,
And heav'd his murderous axe at him with
mighty sway

XVIII

The dreadfull stroke, in case it had arrived
Where it was ment, (so deadly it was ment)
The soule had sure out of his bodie rived,
And stinted all the strife mcontinent
But Cambels fate that fortune did prevent,
For, seeing it at hand, he swar'd asyde,
And so gave way unto his fell intent,
Who, missing of the marke which he had eyde,
Was with the force nigh feld, whilst his right
foot did slyde

XIX

As when a Vulture greedie of his pray,
Through hunger long that hart to him doth
lend,
Strikes at an Heron with all his bodies sway,
That from his force seemes nought may it
defend,
The warre fowle, that spies him toward bend
His dreddfull souse, avoydes it, shunning light,
And maketh him his wing in vaine to spend,
That with the weight of his owne weeldlesse
might [ereth flight
He falleth nigh to ground, and scarce recov-

XX

Which faire adventure when Cambello spide,
Full lightly, ere himselfe he could recover
From daungers dread to ward his naked side,
He can let drive at him with all his power,
And with his axe him smote in evill hower,
That from his shoulders quite his head he reft
The headlesse tronke, as heedlesse of that
stower,
Stood still while, and his fast footing kept,
Till, feeling life to fayle, it fell, and deadly
slept.

XXI

They which that piteous spectacle beheld
Were much amaz'd the headlesse tronke to see
Stand up so long, and weapon vaine to wield,
Unvveeting of the Fates divine decree
For lifes succession in those brethren three
For notwithstanding that one soule was reft,
Yet had the bodie not dismembred bee,
It would have lived, and revived eft,
But, finding no fit seat, the lifelesse corse it left.

XXII

It left, but that same soule which therein
dwelt
Streight entring into Triamond him fild
With double life and grefe, which when he felt,
As one whose inner parts had bene y thrild

With point of Steele that cleave his hartblood
 He highly leapt out of his place of rest,
 And rushing forth into the empty hill,
 Against Cambello fiercely he addresst^{ed} protest
 Who him affronting soone, to fight was ready

XXIII

Well mote we wonder how that noble Knight,
 After he had so often wounded beere,
 Could stand on foot now to renew the fight
 But had we then him forth advancing seen,
 Some new borne might we would him surely
 we see,
 So free he seemed and so free in sight
 Telling as a snake whom we see in a net
 Hath we come to now he now feeling some new
 might,
 Casts off his ragged skin and freshly doth him

XXIV

All was through virtue of the ring he wore
 The which not onely did not from him let
 One drop of blood to fall, but did restore
 His wearied power, and dilled spirits whet
 Through working of the stone therein set
 I see how could one of equall might with most
 Against so many no lesse mightie met
 Once thine to match three such on equall co^{nt}
 Three such as able were to match a puissant
 host

XXV

Yet nought thereof was Tremond adre^{ss}ible
 No deperate of glorious victorie,
 But sharply him assaile and sore bestide
 With heapes of strokes which he at him let flye
 As thicke as hayle forth poured from the skie
 He strooke, he sought he to hit he how he hit
 And did his iron brand so fast applye,
 That from the same the fire sparkles flight
 As fast as water sparkles gunst a rocke are
 drist

XXVI

Much was Cambello daunted with his blowes
 So thicke they fell and forcibly were sent
 That he was f^{or}t from d^{ro}wn^{er} of the throves
 Bael to retire, and somewhat to relent
 Till the heat of his fierce furie he had spent
 Which when for want of breath can to abate
 He then afresh with new encouragement
 Did him assaile, and mightily amate,
 As fast as forward erst now backward to
 retrace.

XXVII

Like as the tide, that comes from the Ocean
 mayne
 Flows up the Shennan with contrarie force,

And over ruling him in the same river,
 Drives backe the current of his indolent course,
 And makes it seeme to have some other source,
 But when the flood is spent, then backe againe,
 His borrowed waters f^{or}t to re-imb^{or}se,
 He is in the sea his owne with double game,
 And tribute cleave withall to his soveraine.

XXVIII

Thus did the battell varie to and fro
 With diverse fortunes doctfull to be de^{cl}ared
 Now this the latter had, now he the losse
 Then he halfe vanquish, then the others m^{or}d
 Yet victors both themselves otherwise seemed
 And all the while the d^{ro}wn^{er}iv^{el} blood
 At some their side the like rivers st^{ro}med,
 That with the wasting of his vitall blood
 Sir Tristram at last full faint and feeble stood

XXIX

But Cambell still more strong and greater
 grew,
 He felt his blood to waite in power emperish,
 Through that rings virtue, that with vigour
 new
 Still when as he enfeebled was him cheerish,
 And all his wounds and all his brui^{ses} pur-
 risht,
 Like as a withered tree through husbandrie
 Is often seen full freshly to have forthright,
 And fruitfull apples to have borne awhile,
 As he was when it first was planted in the
 soyle

XXX

Through which advantage in his strength
 he rose
 And smote the other with so wonderous might,
 That through the same which did his brui^{ses}
 lock close
 Into his thorax and hit it pierced gun hit,
 That down he fell as dead in all th^{at} sight
 Yet did he was not yet he sure did die
 As all men do that lose the living spright,
 So did one soule out of his body the
 Into her native home from mortall miserie

XXXI

But notlesse whilst all the lookers on
 Him dead beheld, as he to all appeared,
 All unware he started up anon,
 As one that had out of a dream bene wakened,
 And fresh assaid his foe who had off and
 Of the uncouth sight, as he some ghost had
 seen
 Stood still amazed, holding his idle sword
 Till, having often by him stricken bene
 He forced was to strike, and save himselfe
 from teene

XXVII

Yet from thenceforth more warily he fought,
As one in feare the Stygian gods t' offend,
Ne follow'd on so fast, but rather sought
Him selfe to save, and daunger to defend,
Then life and labour both in vaine to spend.
Which Triamond perceiving weened sure
He gan to fuint toward the battels end,
And that he should not long on foote endure,
A signe which did to him the victorie assure.

XXVIII

Whereof full blith eftsoones his mightie hand
He hea' d on lugh, in mind with that same
blow

To make an end of all that did withstand ·
Which Cambell seeing come was nothing slow
Him selfe to save from that so deadly throw,
And at that instant reaching forth his sward
Close underneath his shueld, that scarce did
show,
Stroke him, as he his hand to strike upeward,
In th' arm-pit full, that through both sides
the wound appeard.

XXIX

Yet still that direfull stroke kept on his way,
And, falling heaue on Cambelloes crest,
Strooke him so hugely that in swone he lay,
And in his head an hideous wound imprest
And sure, had it not happily found rest
Upon the brim of his brode-plated shield,
It would have cleft his braine downe to his
brest

So both at once fell dead upon the field,
And each to other seemd the victorie to yield

XXX

Which when as all the lookers-on beheld,
They weened sure the warre was at an end,
And Judges rose, and Marshals of the field
Broke up the listes, their armes awy to rend,
And Canacee gan v aile her dearest frend
All suddenly they both upstarted light [blend,
The one out of the swoynd, which him did
The other breathing now another spright,
And fiercely each assaying gan afresh to fight

XXXI

Long while they then continued in that wize,
As if but then the battell had begonne
Strokes, wounds, wards, weapons, all they did
despise,

Ne either car'd to ward, or perill shonne,
Desirous both to have the battell donne,
Ne either cared life to save or spill, [vonne
Ne which of them did winne, ne which were,

So wearne both of fighting had their fill,
That life it selfe seemd loathsome, and long
safetie ill

XXXII

Whilst thus the case in doubtfull brallance
hong,
Unsure to whether side it would incline,
And all mens eyes and hearts, which there
among
Stood gazing, filled were with rufull tme
And secret feare, to see their fatall fine,
All suddenly they heard a troublous noyes,
That seemd some perillous tumult to desine,
Confusd with womens cries and shouts of
boyes, [noyes
Such as the troubled Theatres oftmes an-

XXXIII

Thereat the Champions both stood still a
space,
To weteen what that sudden clamour ment
Lo' where they spyde with speedie whirling
One in a charet of straunge furniment [pace,
Towards them driving, like a storme out sent
The charet decked was in wondrous wize
With gold and many a gorgeous ornament,
After the Persian Monarks antique guise,
Such as the maker selfe could best by art de-
vize.

XXXIV

And drawne it was (that wonder is to tell)
Of two grim Lyons, taken from the wood,
In which their powre all others did excell,
Now made forget their former cruell mood,
T' obey their riders hest, as seemed good
And therein sate a Ladie, passing fure
And bright, that seemed borne of Angels
brood,
And, with her beautie, bountie did compare,
Whether of them in her should have the greater
share.

XL

Thereto she learned was in Magicke leare,
And all the artes, that subtil wits discover,
Having therein bene trained many a yeare,
And well instructed by the Fay her mother,
That in the same she furre exceld all other
Who understanding by her mightie art
Of th' evill plight, in which her dearest brother
Now stood, came forth in hast to take his part,
And pacifie the strife, which causd so deadly
smart

XLI

And as she passed through th' unruly preace
Of people, thronging thicke her to behold,
Her angrie teame breaking their bonds of peace
Great heapes of them, like sheepe in narrow fold,

For first did over-runne in dust enrould
That, thorough rude confusion of the rout
Some fearing shriekt, some being harmed hould,
Some laught for sport, some did for wonder
shout, [turnd to doubt
And some, that would seeme wise, their wonder

XLII

In her right hand a rod of peace shee bore,
About the which two Serpents weren wound,
Entrayled mutually in lovely lore,
And by the tailes together firmly bound
And both were with one olive garland crown'd,
Like to the rod which Moyses sonne doth wield,
Wherewith the hellish fiends he doth confound
And in her other hand a cup shee held, [filld
The which was with Nepenthe to the brim up-

XLIII

Nepenthe is a drinck of soveraine grice,
Devised by the Gods for to assuage
Harts grief, and bitter gall way to chace,
Which stirs up unquench and contentious rage
Instead thereof sweet peace and quiet-age
It doth establish in the troubled mind
Few men, but such as sober are and sage,
Are by the Gods to drinck thereof assaid,
But such as drinck, eternall happinesse do find

XLIV

Such famous men, such worthies of the earth
As Jove will have advaunced to the skie,
And there made gods, though borne of mortall
berth

For their high merits and great dignitie,
Are wont, before they may to heaven flie,
To drinke hereof whereby all cares forepast
Are washt away, quite from their memorie
So did those olde Heroes hereof taste.
Before that they in blisse amongst the Gods
were plaste

XLV

Much more of price and of more gracious powre
Is this, then that same water of Ardenne
The which Rinaldo drunck in happie howre,
Described by that famous Tuscan penne
For that had might to change the heart of men
Fro love to hate, & change of evil choise
But this doth hatred make in love to brenne,
And heavy heart with comfort doth rejoyce
Who would not to this vertue rather yeeld his
voice?

XLVI

At last arriving by the lates side,
Shee with her rod did softly smite the rinde,
Which straight flew ope, and gave her way to
Lift soones out of her Coche shee gan avale, [ride

And praeing surely forth did bid all haile,
First to her brother, whom shee loved deare,
That so to see him made her heart to quale,
And next to Cambell, whose sad ruefull cheare
Made her to change her hew, and hidden love
to appeare

XLVII

They lightly her requit, (for small delight
They had is then her long to entertaine)
And oft them turned both againe to sight
Which when she saw, downe on the bloudy
plume [amaine,
Her selfe she threw, and teares gan shed,
Amongst her teares immixing prayers meeke,
And with her prayers reasons, to restraime
Fro bloudy strife, and blessed peace to seeke,
By all that unto them was deare, did them
beseeke

XLVIII

But when as all might nought with them
prevaile, [wand
Shee smote them lightly with her powrefull
Then suddenly, as if their hearts did faile,
Their wrathfull blades downe fell out of their
hand,
And they, like men astonisht, still did stand.
Thus whilest their minds were doubtfully dis-
traught,
And mighty spirites bound with mightier band,
Her golden cup to them for drinke shee raught,
Whereof, full glad for thirst, each drunk an
harty draught,

XLIX

Of which so soone as they once tasted had,
Wonder it is that sudden change to see
Instead of strokes, each other kissed glad
And lovely hailest, from feare of treason free,
And plighted hands for ever friends to be
When all men saw this sudden change of things,
So mortall foes so friendly to agree
For passing joy which so great merriment brought,
They all gan shout aloud, that all the heaven
rings

L

All which when gentle Canacee beheld,
In hast shee from her lofty chaire descended,
To weet what sudden tidings was befel
Where when she saw that cruell war so ended,
And deadly foes so faithfully affrended,
In lovely wise shee gan that Lady greet,
Which had so great dismay so well amended
And, entertaining her with curtesies meet,
Profest to her true friendship and affection
sweet

LI

Thus when they all accorded goodly were,
The trumpets sounded, and they all arose,

Thence to depart with glee and gladsome
 chere,
 Those warlike champions both together chose
 Homeward to march, themselves there to
 repose
 And wise Cambina taking by her side
 Faire Canacee, as fresh as morning rose,
 Unto her Coch remounting, home did ride,
 Admir'd of all the people and much glori-
 fide

LII

Where making joyous feast their daies they
 In perfect love, deuoid of hatefull strife, [spent
 Allide with bands of mutuall couplement,
 For Triamond had Canacee to wife,
 With whom he ledd a long and happie life,
 And Cambel tooke Cambina to his fere,
 The which as life were to each other lief
 So all alike did love, and loved were, [elsewhere
 That since their dayes such lovers were not found

CANTO IV

Satyrine makes a Turney ment
 For love of Florimell
 Britomart winnes the prize from all,
 And Artegall doth quell

I

It often fals, (as here it earst befell)
 That mortall foes doe turne to faithfull friends,
 And friends profest are chaungd to foemen
 sell
 The cause of both of both their minds depends,
 And th' end of both likewise of both their
 For enmitie, that of no ill proceeds [ends
 But of occasion, with th' occision ends,
 And friendship, which a frint affection breeds
 Without regard of good, dyes like ill grounded
 seeds

II

That well (me seemes) appeares, by that of
 late
 Twixt Cambell and Sir Triamond befell,
 As als by this, that now a new debate
 Sturd up twixt Blandamour and Paridell,
 The which by course befals me here to tell
 Who having those two other Knights espide
 Marching afore, as ye remember well,
 Sent forth their Squire to have them both des-
 cride, [side
 And eke those masked Ladies riding them be-

III

Who bricke returning told, as he had scene,
 That they were doughtie knights of dreaded
 name,
 And those two Ladies their two loves unscene
 And therefore wisht them without blot or
 blame
 To let them passe at will, for dredd of shame
 But Blandamour full of vainglorious spright,
 And rather sturd by his discordfull Dame,
 Upon them gladly would have prov'd his might,
 But that he yet was sore of his late lucklesse
 fight

IV

Yet nigh approaching he them fowle be-
 pake,
 Disgracing them, him selfe thereby to grace,
 As was his wont so weening way to make
 To Ladies love, where so he came in place,
 And with lewd termes their lovers to deface
 Whose sharpe provokement them incenst so
 sore,
 That both were bent t' avenge his usage base,
 And gan their shields addresse them selves
 fore [bore
 For evill deedes may better then bad words be

V

But faire Cambina with perswasions myld
 Did mitigate the fiercenesse of their mode,
 That for the present they were reconcild,
 And gan to treat of deeds of armes abroad,
 And strange adventures, all the way they
 rode
 Amongst the which they told, as then befell,
 Of that great turney which was blazen brode,
 For that rich girdle of faire Florimell,
 The prize of her which did in beautie most
 excell

VI

To which folke-mote they all with one con-
 sent,
 Sith each of them his Ladie had him by,
 Whose beautie each of them thought ex-
 cellent,
 Agreed to travell, and their fortunes try
 So as they passed forth they did espy
 One in bright armes, with ready speyre in rest,
 That toward them his course seem'd to apply
 Gunst whom Sir Paridell himselfe addrest,
 Him weening, ere he nigh approacht, to have
 repress

VII

Which th' other seeing gan his course relent
And vaunted speare cōsoones to dischaunce,
As if he naught but peace and plea ure ment,
Now saue into their fellowship by chance
Whereat they shewed courteous countenance.
So as he rode with them accompanide,
His roving eye did on the Lady glauce
Which Blandamour had riding by his side
Whom sure he wend, that he some-what to-
fore had eide.

VIII

It was to weete that snowe Florimell,
Which I errin late from Braggadochio wyne
Whom he now seeing her remembred well
Now having rest her from the wiches sonne,
He sought her lost wherefore he now becomm
To challenge her anew, as his own prize,
Whom formerly he had in battell wonne,
And proffer made by force her to rize
Which scornfull olde Blandamour gan soot
deprize,

IX

And said, 'Sir Knight, sith ye this Lady chame
Whom he that hath were loth to lose so light
(For so to lose a Lady were ga at shame)
Ye shall her winne, as I have done in fight
And lo! shee shall be placed here in sight,
Together with this flag beside her set,
That who so winnes her may her have by right
But he shall have the flag that is yet,
And with her alwaies ride, till he another get

X

That offer pleased all the company
So Florimell with Atte forth was brought,
At which they all gan laugh full merrily
But Braggadochio said he never thought
For such an flag, that seemed worse then
nought,
His per-on to emperill so in fight
But if to match that Lady they had sought
Another like, that were like faire and bright
His life he then would spend to justifie his right

XI

At which his vaine excuse they all gan smile
As scorning his humbly cowardize
And Florimell him fowly gan revile,
That for her sake refused to enterprise
The battell, offered in so knightly wise
And Atte eke provoked him privily
With love of her, and shame of such mesprize
But nought he cared for friend or enemy,
For in base mind nor friendship dwells nor
enmity

XII

But Cumbell thus did shut up all in jest
'Brave Knights and Ladies, certes, ye doe
wrong
To start up strife when most ye needeth rest,
That we may us reserve both in ch and streng
Against the Turnement which is not long
When who so list to fight may fight his fill
I'll then your combat see ye may prolong,
And then it shall be read, if ye will,
Whether shall have the flag, or hold the Lady
still'

XIII

They all agreed so, turning all to game
And pleasant bord, they past forth on their
way,
And all that while where so they rode or came,
Ther most of Mock knight was their sport and
play
Till that at length upon th' appointed day
I into the place of turnement they came,
Where they before them found in fowle array
Manie a brave knight and manie a daintie dame,
Assembled for to get the honour of that game

XIV

There this faire crew arrivng did divide
Them selves around'r Blandamour with those
Of his on th one the rest on th' other side.
But howfull Braggadochio rather chose,
For glorie came thur followship to lose
That men on him the more might give alone
He set them selves in troupe and did chesdispose
I de as it seemed best to every one,
The knights in couples marcht with ladies
backt attone

XV

Then first of all forth came Sir Satyrane,
Bearing that precious relike in an arke
Of gold that bad eyes might it not prophane
Which drawing softly forth out of the arke,
He open shewd, that all men it mote marle
A gorgeous girdle, curiously embost
With pearle and precious stone, worth many a
marle,
Yet did the workmanship sure prae the cost
It was the same which lately Florimell had lost

XVI

The same aloft he hung in open view
To be the prize of beautie and of might
The which cōsoones discovered, to it drew
The eyes of all, allur'd with close delight,
And hearts quite robbed with so glorious sight
That all men threw out oyes and wishes vaine
Thise happie I adde, and thise happie knight,

Them seemd that could so goodly riches game,
So worthe of the perill, worthy of the paine

XXII

Then tooke the bold Sir Satyrane in hand
An huge great speare, such as he wont to wield,
And, vauncing forth from all the other band
Of knights, addrest his maiden-headed shield,
Shewing him selfe all ready for the field
Gainst whom there singled from the other side
A Painim knight that well in armes was skild,
And had in many a battell oft bene tride,
Hight Bruncheval the bold, who fiersly forth
did ride

XXIII

So furiously they both together met,
That neither could the others force sustaine,
As two herce Bulls, that strave the rule to get
Of all the heard, meete with so hideous maine,
That both rebutted tumble on the plaine
So these two champions to the ground were
feld,
Where in a maze they both did long remaine,
And in their hands their idle troncheons held,
Which neither able were to wag, or once to
weld

XXIV

Which when the noble Ferramont espide,
He pricked forth in ayd of Satyrane,
And hum against Sir Blandamour did ride
With all the strength and stifnesse that he can
But the more strong and stiffely that he ran,
So much more sorely to the ground he fell,
That on an heape were tumbled horse and man
Unto whose rescue forth rode Pandell,
But him likewise with that same speare he eke
did quell

XXV

Which Braggadocchio seeing had no will
To hsten greatly to his parties ayd,
Albee his turne were next, but stood there
still,
As one that seemed doubtfull or dismayd
But Triamond, halfe wroth to see him staid,
Stornly stept forth and raught away his speare,
With which so sore he Ferramont assaid,
That horse and man to ground he quite did
beare, [upreare
That neither could in hast themselves againe

XXVI

Which to avenge Sir Devon hum did dight,
But with no better fortune then the rest
For hum likewise he quickly downe did smight,
And after him Sir Douglas hum addrest,

And after him Sir Palimord forth prest
But none of them aganst his strokes could
stand,

But, all the more, the more his praise increst
For either they were left uppon the land,
Or went away sore wounded of his haplesse
hand

XXVII

And now by thus Sir Satyrane abraid
Out of the swowne, in which too long he lay,
And looking round about, like one dismaid,
When as he saw the mercilesse affray
Which doughty Triamond had wrought that
day

Unto the noble Knights of Maidenhead,
His mighty heart did almost rend in tway,
For very gall, that rather wholly deyd
Himselfe he wisht have beene, then in so bad
a stead.

XXVIII

Eftsoones he gan to gather up around
His weapons which lay scattered all abrode,
And, as it fell, his steed he ready found,
On whom remounting fiercely forth he rode,
Like sprke of fire thrt from the andrile glode,
There where he saw the valiant Triamond
Chasing, and laying on them heavy lode,
That none his force were able to withstand,
So dreadfull were his strokes, so deadly was
his hond

XXIX

With that, at him his beam-like speare he
aimed,
And thereto all his power and might applide
The wicked steele, for mischiefe first or-
dained,

And having now misfortune got for guide
Staid not till it arrived in his side,
And therein made a very griesly wound,
That streames of blood his armour all bedide
Much was he daunted with that direfull stound,
That scarce he him upheld from falling in a
s wound

XXX

Yet, as he might, himselfe he soft withdrew
Out of the field, that none perceiv'd it plume,
Then gan the part of Chlengers anew
To range the field, and victorlike to raunce,
That none aganst them battell durst main-
taine

By that the gloomy evening on them fell,
That forced them from fighting to refraine,
And trumpets sound to cease did them compell
So Satyrane that day was judg'd to beare the
bell.

As if but now the battell wexed warme
 As when two greedy Wolves doe beake by force
 Into an heard, farre from the husband farme,
 They spoile and ravine without all remorse,
 So did these two through all the held their
 foes enforce.

XXXX

Fiercely they followd on their bolde emprise,
 Till trumpets sound did warne them all to rest,
 Then all with one consent did yeld the prize
 To Triamond and Cambell as the best.
 But Triamond to Cambell it relest,
 And Cambell it to Triamond transferd,
 Each labouring t' advance the others gest,
 And make his praise before his owne preferd
 So that the doome was to another day differd

XXXXII

The last day came, when all those knightes
 aggrue
 Assembled were their deedes of armes to shew
 Full many deedes that day were shewed plaine
 But Satyrane, bove all the other crew,
 His wondrous worth declared in all mens view,
 For from the first he to the last endured
 And though some while Fortune from him
 withdrew,
 Yet evermore his honour he recured, [ured
 And with unearned powre his party still as

XXXXVIII

Ne was there Knight that ever thought of
 armes, [known,
 But that his utmost prowess there made
 That, by their many wounds and carelesse
 harmes, [strowen,
 By shivered speares, and swords all under
 By scattered shields, was easie to be shoven
 There might ye see loose steeds at randon
 ronne,
 Whose lucklesse riders late were overthrowen,
 And squires make hast to helpe their Lords
 forlonne [wonne,
 But still the Knights of Maidenhead the better

XXXXIX

Till that there entered on the other side
 A stranger knight, from whence no man could
 recel,
 In any disguise, full hard to be descride
 For all his armour was like salvage weed
 With woody mosse bedight, and all his steed
 With oaken leaves attrapt, that seemed fit
 For salvage wight, and thereto well agreed
 His word, which on his ragged shield was writ,
Salvageresse sins finesse, shewing secret wit.

XL

He, at his first incomming, charg'd his speare
 At him that first appeared in his sight
 That was to weete the stout Sir Sanghere,
 Who well was knowne to be a valiant Knight,
 Approved oft in many a perloous fight
 Him at the first encounter downe he smote,
 And overbore beyond his crouper quight,
 And after him another Knight, that hote
 Sir Briaur, so soie that none him life behote

XLI

Then, ere his hand he reard, he overthrew
 Seven Knights, one after other as they came
 And, when his speare was brust, his sword he
 drew,
 The instrument of wrath, and with the same
 Fui'd like a lyon in his bloodie game,
 Hewing and slashing shields and helmets
 bright,
 And beeting downe what ever nigh him came,
 That every one gan shun his dreadfull sight,
 No lesse then death it selfe, in dangerous af-
 fright.

XLII

Much wondred all men what or whence he
 came,
 That did amongst the troupes so tyrannize,
 And each of other gan inquire his name
 But when they could not leane it by no wize,
 Most answerable to his wyld disguise
 It seemed him to terme the Salvage Knight,
 But ceries his right name was otherwise,
 Though knowne to few, that Arthegall he hight,
 The doughtiest knight that liv'd that day, and
 most of might.

XLIII

Thus was Sir Satyrne with all his band
 By his sole manhood and atchievement stout
 Dismay'd, that none of them in field durst stand,
 But beaten were and chased all about.
 So he continued all that day throughout,
 Till evening that the Sunne gan downward
 bend
 Then rushed forth out of the thickest rout
 A stranger knight, that did his glorie shend
 So nought may be esteerea happie till the end

XLIV

He at his entrance charg'd his powrefull
 speare
 At Artegall, in midst of his pryde,
 And therewith smote him on his Umbriere
 So sore, that tomling breke he downe dul
 Over his horses tale above a stryde, [slyde
 Whence litle lust he had to rise againe
 Which Cambell seeing much the same env y de,

And run at him with all his might and maine
But shortly was like a stone cast on the
paine

XIX

When at full only with a true friend,
And each of avenged the shame done to his
friend

But he his friend himselfe the soon he found
In no less neede of helpe then him he wound
All which when Branderbourg from end to end
Beheld, he wote therewith his joy and sorrow,
And thought in my life shortly to amend
His speare he fastned and at him it bore
But with no better fortune then the first before

XXI

I full many others at him likewise ran
But all of them likewise dismounted were,
No certes wonder, for no power of man
Could bide the force of that enchanted speare
The which this famous Britomart did bear,
With which she wondrous deeds of arms
Achieved
And overthrow what ever came her neere,
That all those stranger knights full sore
aggrieved,
And that late woe of band of chalcidians re-

XXII

Take as in summer day, when raging heat
Dulleth burn the earth and boyled rivers drie,
That all founteins heere to refrain from their
Due hunt for steele, where she made like a riv-
er

And men as fish full from the marshes to the,
All travellers tormented are with paine
A weary dolefull death over a t the stone
And purrith forth a deadly shoure of raine,
That all the wretched world discomforteth
again

XXIII

So did the warlike Britomart restore
The price to knight of Mayd when that day,
Which she was fite to have been lost, and
bore

The price of prowess from them all as
The chivalrous troupe loudly ran to buy
And bid them leave their labours and long
toyle

To joyous feast and other gentle play,
Where beauties price should win that precious
speech

Where I with sound of trompe will also see
a while

CANTO V

The Ladies of the chaste strain
Off in the Florimell
Saw her coming to Canto How
Do she, & to him expect

I

It hath bene through all times ever scene
That with the price of arms and chivalrie
The prize of beauty still hath joynd been,
And that for reasons speerill private,
For either doth on other much rely
For he me seems, most fit the fure to serve,
That can her best defend from violence
And she most fit his service doth deserve
That fure is, and from her futh will never
swere.

II

So fitly now here cometh next in place
After the proofe of prowess ended well
The controversy of beauties sovereign grace,
In which, to her that doth the most excell,
Shall fall the girdle of faire Florimell
That many wish to win for glorie vaine
And not for vertuous use, which some doe tell

That whom he doth in it selfe certaine
Which Ladies ought to love, and faine for to
obtain

III

That gentle gave the virtue of chaste love,
And was hood true, to all that did it beare,
But who ever contrary doth prove,
Vnright not the same about her middle weare,
But it would loose or cleave asunder teare,
Whome it was (as I heres wont report)
Dime Venus girdle by her seemed deare
What time she used to live in wretched sort,
But layd aside when so she used her looser sport

IV

Her husband Vulcan whome for her sake
When first he loved her with heart entire
This precious ornament, they say, did make
And wrought in Iunno with unquenched fire

And afterwards did for her loves first hire
Give it to her, for ever to remaine,
Therewith to bind lascivious desire,
And loose affections straightly to restraime,
Which vertue it for ever after did retaine

V

The same one day, when she her selfe disposd
To visite her beloved Paramoure,
The God of warre, she from her middle loosd,
And left behind her in her secret bowre
On Acidahan mount, where many an howre
She with the pleasant Graces went to play
There Florimell, in her first ages flowre,
Was fostered by those Graces, (as they say)
And brought with her from thence that goodly
belt away

VI

That goodly belt was Cestus hight by name,
And as her life by her esteemed deare
No wonder then, if that to winne the same
So many Ladies sought, as shall appeare,
For pearlesse she was thought that did it
beare.

And now by this their feast all being ended,
The judges, which thereto selected were,
Into the Martian field adowne descended
To deeme this doubtful case, for which they
all contended.

VII

But first was question made, which of those
Knights
That lately turneyd had the wager wonne
There was it judged, by those worthe wights,
That Satyrane the first day best had donne
For he last ended, having first begonne
The second was to Triamond behight,
For that he sav'd the victour from fordonne
For Cambell victour was in all mens sight,
Till by mishap he in his foemens hand did
light

VIII

The third dayes prize unto that straunger
Knight, [speare,
Whom all men term'd Knight of the Hebene
To Britomart was given by good right,
For that with puissant stroke she downe did
beare
The Salvage Knight that victour was whileare
And all the rest which had the best afore,
And to the last unconquer'd did appeare,
For last is deemed best To her therefore
The fayrest Ladie was adjudgd for Paramore

IX

But thereat greatly grudged Arthegall,
And much repynd, that both of victors meede

And eke of honour she did him foistall
Yet mote he not withstand what was decreede,
But inly thought of that despitfull deede
Fit time t' avente avenged for to bee
This being ended thus, and all agreed,
Then next ensaw'd the Paragon to see
Of beauties praise, and yeld the fayrest her
due fee

X

Then first Cymbello brought into their view
His faire Cambina, covered with a reale,
Which, being once withdrawne, most perfect
hew

And passing beautie did eftsoones reveale,
That able was weake harts away to sterle
Next did Sir Triamond unto their sight
The face of his deare Canacee unheale,
Whose beauties beame eftsoones did shine so
bright, [light
That daz'd the eyes of all as with exceeding

XI

And after her did Paridell produce
His false Duessa, that she might be scene,
Who with her forged beautie did seduce
The hearts of some that fairest her did weene,
As diverse wits affected divers beene
Then did Sir Ferramont unto them shew
His Lucida, that was full faire and sheene
And after these an hundred Ladies moe
Appear'd in place, the which each other did
outgoe

XII

All which who so dare thinke for to enhrice,
Him needeth sure a golden pen, I weene,
To tell the feature of each goodly face
For, since the day that they created beene,
So many heavenly faces were not scene
Assembled in one place ne he thit thought
For Chian folke to pourtraict beauties Queene,
By view of all the fairest to him brought,
So many fyre did see as here he might have
sought

XIII

At last, the most redoubted Britonesse
Her lovely Amoret did open shew,
Whose face, discovered, plainly did expresse
The heavenly pourtraict of bright Angels hew
Well weened all, which her that time did view,
That she should surely beare the bell away,
Till Blandamour, who thought he had the trew
And very Florimell, did her display,
The sight of whom once scene did all the rest
dismay

XIV

For all afoie that seemed fyre and bright,
Now base and contemptible did appeare,

Compar'd to her that shone as Phebes light
Amongst the lesser starres in evening cleare
All that her saw with wonder ravish't were,
And weend no mortall creature she should be,
But some celestiall shape that flesh did beare
Yet all were glad there Florimell to see,
Yet thought that Florimell was not so faire as
shee

XX

As gulefull Goldsmith that by secret skill
With golden soyle doth finely over-spread
Some base-metall, which commend he will
Unto the vulgar for good gold instead,
He much more goodly glose thereon doth shed
To hide his fil-hood, then if it were true
So hard this Idole was to be ared,
That Florimell her selfe in all mens view
She seem'd to prisse so forged things do fur-
est shew

XXI

Then was that golden belt by doome of all
Graunted to her, as to the fairest Dame.
Which being brought, about her middle small
They thought to gird, as best it her became,
But by no means they could it thereto frame,
For, ever as they fastned it, it loos'd
And fell away as feeling secret blame
Full oft about her wast she it enclos'd,
And it as oft was from about her wast disclos'd

XXII

That all men wondred at the uncouth sight
And each one thought as to their fancies came
But she her selfe did thinke it doen for-sight,
And touched was with secret wrath and shame
Therewith, as thing deu'd her to defame
Then many other Ladies likewise tride
About their tender loynes to knit the same,
But it would not on none of them abide,
But when they thought it fast, eftsóones it was
untide

XXIII

Which when that scornfull Squire of Dames
did view,
He lowdly gan to laugh, and thus to jest,
'Alas' for pittie that so faire a crew,
As like can not be seene from East to West,
Cannot find one this girdle to invest
He on the man that did it first invent
To shame us all with this *Ungrt unblest*
Let never Ladie to his love assent,
That hath this day so many so unmanly
shent

XXIV

Thereat all Knights gan laugh, and Ladies
lowre
Till that at last the gentle Amoret

Likewise assayd to prove that girdles powre,
And, having it about her middle set,
Did find it fit withouten breach or let.
Wherent the rest gan greatly to envie,
But Iormell exceedingly did fret,
And snatching from her hand halfe angrily
The belt againe, about her body gan it tie

XXV

Yet nathemore would it her bodie fit,
Yet nathelasse to her, as her dew right,
It yielded was by them that judged it
And she her selfe adjudged to the Knight
That bore the Libene speere, as wonne in
light
But Britomart would not thereto assent,
Ne her owne Amoret forgoe so light [derment
For that strange Dame, whose beauties won-
She lesse esteem'd then th' others vertuous
government.

XXVI

Whom when the rest did see her to refuse,
They were full glad, in hope themselves to get
her
Yet at her choice they all did greatly muse.
But, after that the judges did arret her
Unto the second best that lov'd her better,
That was the Salvage Knight but he was
gone,
In great displeasure that he could not get her,
Then was she judged Triamond his one,
But Triamond lov'd Canacee, and other none.

XXVII

Tho unto Satyrane she was adjudged,
Who was right glad to gaine so goodly meed
But Blandamour the next full greatly grudged,
And little pray'd his labours evill speed,
That for to winne the saddle lost the steed
Ne lesse therent did Paridell complaine,
And thought it appeale from that which was
decreed

To single combat with Sir Satyrane
Thereto him Atte stur, new discord to main-
taine.

XXVIII

And eke, with these, full many other
Knights
She through her wicked working did incense
Her to demand and challenge as their rights.
Deserved for their perils recompense. [tense,
Amongst the rest, with horstfull name pre-
stept Braggadochio forth, and as his thrall
Her claym'd, by him in battell wonne long
sens
Whereto her selfe he did to witnesse call,
Who, being askt, accordingly confessed all

XXIV

Thereat exceeding wroth was Satyr an,
 And wroth with Satyr an was Blandamour,
 And wroth with Blandamour was Erivan,
 And at them both Sir Paridell did loure
 So all together stird up strifull stoume,
 And readie were new battell to darraine
 Each one profest to be her priamoure [tame,
 And vow'd with speare and shield it to main-
 ne Judges powre, ne reasons rule, mote them
 restraene

XXV

Which troublous stirre when Satyrane aw'z'd,
 He gan to cast how to appease the same,
 And to accord them all this meanes devis'd
 First in the midst to set that fayrest Dame,
 To whom each one his chalenge should dis-
 claime,
 And he himselfe his right would eke releasse
 Then, looke to whom she voluntarie came,
 He should without disturbaunce her possesse
 Sweete is the love that comes alone with
 willingnesse

XXVI

They all agreed and then that snow Mayd
 Was in the middest plast among them all,
 All on her gazing wisht, and vowd, and
 prayd,
 And to the Queene of beautie close did call,
 That she unto their portion might befall
 Then, when she long had lookt upon each one,
 As though she wished to have pleas'd them all,
 At last to Braggadochio she alone
 She came of her accord, in spight of all his
 fone

XXVII

Which when they all beheld they chafte, and
 rag'd,
 And wove nigh mad for very harts despight,
 That from revenge their willes they scarce
 asswag'd [might
 Some thought from him her to have reft by
 Some proffer made with him for her to fight
 But he nought car'd for all that they could
 say,
 For he their words as wind esteemed light,
 Yet not fit place he thought it there to stay,
 But secretly from thence that night her bore
 away.

XXVIII

They which remaind, so soone as they per-
 ceiv'd
 That she was gone, departed thence with speed,
 And follow'd them, in mind her to have
 reav'd
 From wight unworthie of so noble meed.

In which poursuit how each one did succede,
 Shall else be told in order, as it fell
 But now of Britomart it here doth neede
 The hard adventures and strange haps to tell,
 Since with the rest she went not after Flori-
 mell

XXIX

For soone as she them saw to discord set,
 Her list no longer in that place abide,
 But, taking with her lovely Amoret,
 Upon her first adventure forth did ride,
 To seeke her lov'd, making blind love her
 guide
 Unluckie Mayd, to seeke her ennemie
 Unluckie Mayd, to seeke him faire and wide,
 Whom, when he was unto her selfe most nie,
 She through his late disguizement could him
 not descrie!

XXX

So much the more her griefe, the more her
 toyle
 Yet neither toyle nor griefe she once did spare,
 In seeking him that should her prime assoyle,
 Whereto great comfort in her sad misfare
 Was Amoret, companion of her care
 Who likewise sought her love long miswent,
 The gentle Scudamour, whose heart whileare
 That stryfull hug with jealous discontent
 Had hild, that he to fell reveng was fully bent

XXXI

Bent to revenge on blamelesse Britomart
 The crime which cursed Atë kindled earst,
 The which like thornes did picke his jealous
 hart,
 And through his soule like poysoned arrow peist,
 That by no reason it might be reverst,
 For ought that Glaunce could or doe or say
 Foi, aye the more that she the same reberst,
 The more it gruld and griev'd him night and
 day, [defray
 That nought but dire revenge his anger mote

XXXII

So as they travelled, the drouping night,
 Covered with clondie storme and bitter showre,
 That dreadfull seem'd to every living wight,
 Upon them fell, before her timely howre,
 That forced them to seeke some covert bowre,
 Where they might hide their heads in quiet
 rest, [stowre
 And shrowd their persons from that stormie
 Not farre away, not meet for any guest,
 They spide a litle cottage, like some poore
 mans nest

Note for the XXXIII

Under a steepe hilles side it placed was,
 There where the mouldred earth had eav'd the
 banke,
 And first beside a little brooke did pas
 Of muddie water, that like puddle stanke.
 By which few crooked sallowes grew in ranke
 Whereto approaching nigh they heard the
 sound
 Of many yron hammers beating ranke,
 And answering their wearie turnes around,
 That seemed some blacksmith dwelt in that
 desert ground

XXXX

There entring in, they found the Goodman
 selfe
 Full busily unto his worke bent,
 Who was to meet a wretched wearish elfe,
 With hollow eyes and rawbone cheekes for-
 spent,
 As if he had in prison long bene pent
 Full blacke and griesly did his face appeare,
 Besmeard with smoke that nigh his eye-sight
 blent,
 With rugged beard and hoarie shagged heare,
 The which he never wont to combe, or comely
 sheare

XXXXV

Rude was his garment, and to rags all rent,
 Ne better had he, ne for better curred
 With blistred hands amongst the cinders
 brent,
 And fingers filthie with long nyles unpared,
 Right fit to rend the food on which he fared
 His name was Care, a blacksmith by his trade,
 That neither day nor night from working
 spared,
 But to small purpose yron wedges made,
 Those be unquiet thoughts that careful minds
 invade.

XXXXVI

In which his worke he had sixe servants
 prest,
 About the Andvile standing evermore
 With huge great hammers, that did never
 rest
 From heaping strokes which thereon sould
 All sixe strong groomes, but one then other
 more,
 For by degrees they all were disagreed,
 So likewise did the hammers which they
 bore,
 Like belles in greynesse orderly succeed,
 That he which was the last the first did farre
 exceede

XXXVII

He like a monstrous Gyant seem'd in sight,
 Farre passing Bronteus or Petracion great,
 The which in Iapari doe day and night
 Frame thunderbolts for Joves avengedfull
 thrate
 So dre idfully he did the andvile beat,
 That seem'd to dust he shortly would it drive
 So huge his hammer, and so herce his heat.
 That it seem'd a rocke of Diamond it could rive
 And rend asunder quite, if he thereto list
 strive

XXXVIII

Sir Scudamour thre entring much admired
 The manner of their worke and wearie paine,
 And, having long beheld, at last enquired
 The cause and end thereof, but all in vaine,
 For they for nought would from their worke
 refrain,
 Ne let his speeches come unto their eare
 And eke the breathfull bellows blew aaine,
 Like to the Northern winde, that none could
 heare [bellows weare,
 Those Pensiveness did move, and Sighes the

XXXIX

Which when that warrior saw, he said to
 more,
 But in his armour layd him down to rest
 To rest he layd him downe upon the flore,
 (Whylome for ventrous Knights the bedding
 best)
 And thought his wearie limbs to have redrest,
 And that old aged Dame, his faithfull Squire
 Her feeble joynts layd eke adowne to rest,
 That needed much her worke age to desire,
 After so long a travell which them both did
 tire

XL

There lay Sir Scudamour long while expecting
 When gentle sleepe his heave eyes would
 close,
 Oft changing sides and oft new place electing
 Where better seem'd he mote himselfe repose,
 And oft in wrath he thence againe upro-
 And oft in wrath he layd him downe againe
 but wheresoe'er he did himselfe dispose,
 He br no meanes could wished ease obtaine
 So every place seem'd painefull, and to
 changing vaine.

XLI

And evermore, when he to sleepe did thinke
 The hammers sound his senses did molest,
 And evermore, when he began to wake,
 The bellows noyse disturb'd his quiet rest,

Ne suffred sleepe to settle in his brest
And all the night the dogs did barke and
howle
About the house, at sent of stranger guest
And now the crowing Cocke, and now the Owle
Lowde shriking, him afflicted to the very sowle.

XLII

And, if by fortune any litle nap
Upon his heauie eye-lids chaunst to fall,
Liftsoones one of those villemis him did rap
Upon his hendpeece with his yron mall,
That he was soone awaked therewithall,
And lightly started up as one affrayd,
Or as if one him suddenly did call
So oftentimes he out of sleepe abrayd,
And then lay musing long on that him illapayd

XLIII

So long he mized, and so long he lay,
That at the last his wearie sprite, opprest
With fleshly weaknesse, which no creature may
Long time resist, gave place to kindly rest,
That all his senses did full soone arrest.
Yet in his soundest sleepe his dayly feare
His ydle brayne gan busily molest,
And made him dreame those two disloyall were
The things, that day most munde, at night doe
most appeare

XLIV

With that the wicked cocke, the maister Smith,
A paire of red-hot yron tongs did take

Out of the burning cinders, and therewith
Under his side him nipt, that, forst to wake,
He felt his hart for very paine to quake,
And started up avenged for to be
On him the which his quiet slomber brake-
Yet, looking round about him, none could see,
Yet did the smart rename, though he himselfe
did flee.

XLV

In such disquiet and hart-fretting payne
He all that night, that too long night, did passe
And now the day out of the Ocean mayne
Began to peepe above this earthly masse,
With pearly dew sprinkling the morning grasse
Then up he rose, like heauie lumpe of lead,
That in his face, as in a looking glasse,
The signes of anguish one mote plainly read,
As I ghesse the man to be dismayd with
gealous dread.

XLVI

Unto his lofty steede he clombe anone,
And forth upon his former voyage fared,
And with him eke that aged Squire attone,
Who, whatsoever perill was prepared,
Both equal paines and equal perill shared,
The end whereof and daungerous event
Shall for another canticle be spared
But here my wearie teeme, nigh over spent,
Shall breath it selfe awhile after so long
a vent,

CANTO VI.

Both Scudamour and Arthegall
Doe fight with Britomart
He sees her face, doth fall in love,
And soone from her depart

I

What equal torment to the griefe of mind
And pynning anguish hid in gentle hart,
That only feels it selfe with thoughts unkind,
And nourisheth her owne consuming smart?
What medicine can any Leaches art
Yeeld such a sore, that doth her grieuance lude,
And will to none her maladie impart?
Such was the wound that Scudamour did gride,
For which Dan Phebus selfe cannot a salve pro-
vide

II

Who having left that restlesse house of Care,
The next day, as he on his way did ride,
Full of melancholie and sad misfare
Through misconcept, all unawares espide

An armed Knight under a forrest side
Sitting in shade beside his grazing steede,
Who, soone as them approaching he descried,
Gan towards them to pricke with eger speede,
That seem'd he was full bent to some mis-
chievous deede.

III

Which Scudamour perceiving forth issewed
To have rencountred him in equall race,
But soone as th' other nigh approaching viewed
The armes he bore, his speare he gan abase
And voided his course at which so suddain crise
He wondrous much But th' other thus can say
'Ah, gentle Scudamour! unto your grace
I me submit, and you of pardon pray, [day'
That almost had against you trespassed thus

ix

Whereto thus Scudamour. 'Small harme it were

For any knight upon a ventrous knight
Without displeasance for to prove his spere.
But readye you, Sir, sith ye my name have light,
What is your owne, that I mote you requite?
'Certes,' (sayd he) 'ye mote as now excuse
Me from discovering you my name aright,
For time yet serves that I the same refuse,
But call ye me the Salvage knight, as others
use'

x

'Then this, Sir Salvage Knight,' (quoth he)
'arcede

Or doe you here within this Forrest wonne,
That seemeth well to answer to your weede,
Or have ye it for some occasion donue?
That rather seems, sith knowne armes ye
shonne'

'This other day' (sayd he) 'a stranger knight
Shame and dishonour hath unto me donne,
On whom I waite to wreake that foule despight,
When ever he this way shall passe by day or
night.'

xi

'Shrme be his meede,' (quoth he) 'that
meaneth shame!

But what is he by whom ye shamed were?
'A stranger knight,' sayd he, 'unknowne by
name

But knowe by fame, and by an Hebene speare,
With which he all that met him downe did
beere.

He, in an open Turney lately held,
From me the honour of that game did reare,
And having me, all wearie fard, downe feld,
The fayrest Ladie rest, and ever since withheld'

xii

When Scudamour heard mention of that
speare,

He wist right well that it was Britomart,
The which from him his fairest love did beere
Tho gan he swell in every inner part
For fell despight, and gnaw his zealous hart,
That thus he sharply sayd 'Now, by my
head,

Yet is not this the first unknightly part,
Which that same knight, whom by his lance
I read,

Hath doen to noble knights, that many make-

xiii

'For lately he my love hath from me rest,
And eke deiled with foule villaine

The sacred pledge which in his faith was left,
In shame of knighthood and fidelitie,
The which ere long full deare he shall alne
And if to that avenge by you decreed
This hand may helpe, or succour ought supplie,
It shall not fyre when so ye shall it need'
So both to wreake their wrathes on Britomart
agreed

xiv

Whiles thus they communed, lo' farre away
A Knight soft riding towards them they spyde,
Attired in forraine armes and straunge aray
Whom, when they nigh approacht, they plaine
descrie de

To be the same for whom they did avise
Soyd then Sir Scudamour 'Sir Salvage
knight,

Let me this crave, with first I was desyde
That first I may that wrong to him requite,
And, if I hap to fynde, you shall recure my
right

xv

Which being yelded, he his threatfull speare
Gan senter, and against her fiercely ran
Who soone as she him saw approaching neare
With so fell rage, her selfe she lightly gan
To fight, to welcome him well as she can
But entertaund him in so rude a wise,
I hat to the ground she smote both horse and
man

Whence neither greatly hasted to rise,
But on their common harmes together did
devise

xvi

But Artegall beholding his mischaunce,
New matter added to his former fire,
And, eft entering his Steele-headed lance,
Against her rode, full of despitous ire,
That nought but spyle and vengeance did
require

But to himselfe his felonious intent
Returning dis-appointed his desire,
Whiles unawares his saddle he forwent,
And found himselfe on ground in great amaze-
ment

xvii

Lightly he started up out of that stound
And snatching forth his direfull deadly blade
Did leape to her, as doth an eger hound
Thrust to an Hynd within some covert glade,
Whom without perill he cannot invade
With such fell greedines he her assailed,
That though she mounted were, yet he her
made

So gave him ground, (so much his force
And shun his mightie strokes, gaunst which no
armes availed

XIII

So, as they coursed here and there, it chaunst
That, in her wheeling round, behind her crest
So sorely he her strooke, that thence it glaunst
Adowne her backe, the which it surely blest
From foule mischance, he did it ever rest,
Till on her horses hinder partes it fell,
Where by tyme deepe so deadly it imprest,
That quite it chynd his backe beind the sell,
And to nigh on foote her algates did compell

XIV

Like as the lightning broun from riven shew,
Throwne out by angry Iove in his vengeance,
With dreadfull force fallet on some stepple lie,
Which battering downe, it on the church doth
glance,
And teares it all with terrible mischance
Yet she no whit dismayd her steed forooke,
And, casting from her that enchanted huncce,
Unto her sword and shield her soone betooke,
And therewithall at him right furiously she
strooke.

XV

So furiously she strooke in her first heat,
Whiles with long sight on foot he breathlesse
was,
That she him forced backward to retreat,
And yeld unto her weapon way to pass
Who-e raging rigour neither Steele nor bras
Could stay, but to the tender flesh it went,
And pourd the purple blood forth on the
gras,
That all his mayle yray d, and plates yrent,
Shew'd all his bodie bare unto the cruell dent

XVI

At length, when as he saw her hastic heat
Abate, and panting breath begin to fayle,
He, through long sufferance growing now
more great,
Rose in his strength, and gan her fresh assaile,
Heapng huge strokes as thicke as showre of
hayle,
And lashing dreadfully at every part,
As if he thought her soule to disentrayle
Ah, cruell hand! and thrc more cruell hart,
That workt such wrecke on her to whom thou
dearest art!

XVII

What yron courage ever could endure
To worke such outrage on so faire a creature,
And in his madness thinke with hands im-
pure
To spoyle so goodly workmanship of nature,

The maker selfe resembling in her feature!
Certes some hellish furie or some feend
This mischefe framd for their first loves de-
feature,
To bath their hands in blood of dearest freend,
I hereby to make their loves beginning their
lives end

XVIII

Thus long they trac'd and traverst to and fro,
Sometymes pursewing, and sometimes pursen'd,
Still as advantage they espyde threfo
But toward th' end Sir Arthegall renew'd
His strength still more, but she still more
decrewd
At last his lucklesse hand he heav'd on lie,
Having his forces all in one accrewd,
And threwith stroke at her so ludeouslie,
That seem'd nought but death mote be her
destinie

XIX

The wicked stroke upon her helmet chaunst,
And with the force, whiche in it selfe it bore,
Her ventayle shard away, and thence forth
glauust
Adowne in vaine, he harm'd her any more
With that her angels face unseene afore,
Like to the ruddick morne appeard in sight,
Deawd with silver drops through sweating
sore,
But somewhat redder then be-seem'd aright,
Flrough tolesome heate and labour of her
weary fight.

XX

And round about the same her yellow heare,
Having through stirring loosd their wonted
band,
Like to a golden border did appeare,
Flamed in goldsmithes toge with cunning
hand
Yet goldsmithes cunning could not understand
To frame such subtilk wit, so shynie cleare,
For it did glister like the golden sand,
The which Pactolus with his waters here
Throwes forth upon the riyage round about him
nere

XXI

And as his hand he up againe did reare,
Thinking to worke on her his utmost wracke,
His powrlesse arme, benumbd with secret
flare,
From his revengefull purpose shronke abacke,
And cruell sword out of his fingers slacke
Iell downe to ground, as if the Steele had
sence,
And felt some ruth or sence his hand did lacke,
Or both of them did thinke obedience
To doe to so divine a beauties excellence

XXII

And he himselfe, long gazing thereupon.
At last fell humbly downe upon his knee,
And of his wonder made religion,
Weening some heavenly goddesse he did see
Or else unweeting what it else might bee,
And pardon her besought his errour fraile
That had done outrage in so high degree
Whilset trembling horror did his sense assaile
And made ech member quake, and manly hart
to quayle

XXIII

Nathelasse she, full of wrath for that late
stroke,
All that long while upheld her wrathfull hand
With fell intent on him to bene ywroke,
And looking sterne, still over him did stand,
Threatning to strike unlesse he would with-
stand
And bad him rise or surely he should die
But, die or live for nought he would upstand,
But her of pardon prayd more earnestlie
Or wreake on him her will for so great injurie

XXIV

Which when as Scudamour who now a-
brayd,
Beheld, whereas he stood not farre aside
He was therewith right wondrously dismayd
And drawing nigh, when as he plaine des-
cried
That peerlesse paterne of Dame Natures pride
And heavenly image of perfection,
He blest himselfe as one more terrifide
And, turning feare to fount devotion,
Did worship her as some celestiaall vision

XXV

But Glauce, seeing all that chaunced there,
Well weeting how their errour to assayle,
Full glad of so good end to them drew nere,
And her sawld with seemely bel-accoyle,
Joyous to see her safe after long toyle.
Then her besought as she to her was deare,
To grant unto those warriors truce a while,
Which yielded, they their bevers up did reare
And shewd themselves to her such as indeed
they were.

XXVI

When Britomart with sharpe arizetull eye
Beheld the lovely face of Artegall
Temperd with sternesse and stout majestic
She gan estoones it to her mind to call
To be the same which in her fathers hall
Long since in that enchanted glasse she saw
Therewith her wrathfull courage gan appall,

And haugbty spirits meekely to adaw,
That her enhanced hand she downe can soft
withdraw

XXVII

Yet she it forst to have againe upheld,
As favouring choler which was turnd to cold
But ever when his yf-age she beheld
Her hand fell downe, and would no longer hold
The wrathfull weapon gainst his countenance
bold

But, when in vaine to fight she oft assayd,
She arm'd her tongue and thought at him to
scold,

Nathless her tongue not to her will obayd
But brought forth speeches mild when she
would have mis-sayd

XXVIII

But Scudamour, now woxen mly glad
That all his gerulous feare he safe had found.
And how that Hag his love abused had
With breach of truch and loyaltie unbound
The which long time his grieved hart did
wound

Him thus bespake 'Certes, Sir Artegill,
I joy to see you lout so low on ground,
And now become to live a Ladies thrall
That whilome in your minde wont to despise
them all'

XXIX

Soone as she heard the name of Artegill
Her hart did heape and all her hart-trangs
tremble,
For sudden joy and secret feare withall
And all her vitall powres with motion nimble
To succour it, themselves gan there assemble,
That by the swift recourse of flushing blood
Right plume appeard, though she it would dis-
semble,

And farned still her former angry mood,
Thinking to hude the depth by troubling of the
blood.

XXX

When Glauce thus gan wisely all upkint
'Ye gentle knights, whom fortune here I with
To be spectators of this uncouth fit. [brought
Which secret fate hath in this Ladie wrought
Against the course of kind no mercie nought,
Ne thenceforth feare the thing that hether too
Hath troubled both your mindes with idle
thought

Hearing lest she your loves way should woo
Feared in vaine, such meanes ye see, there
wants theretoo.

XXXI

'And you Sir Artegall the salvage knight,
Henceforth may not disdaine that womans hand

Hath conquered you anew in second fight
For whilome they have conquered sea and land,
And heaven it selfe, that nought may them
withstand

Ne henceforth be rebellious unto love,
That is the crowne of knighthood, and the band
Of noble minds derived from above, [more
Which, being knit with vertue, never will re-

XXXXII

'And you, faire Ladie knight, my dearest
Dame,

Relent the rigour of your wrathfull will,
Whose fire were better turn'd to other flame,
And, wiping out remembrance of all ill,
Graunt him your grace, but so that he fulfill
The penance which ye shall to him impart
For lovers heaven must presse by sorrowes hell
Thereat full only blushed Britomart,
But Artegall close smiling joy'd in secret hart

XXXXIII

Yet durst he not make love so suddenly,
Ne thinke th' affection of her hart to draw
From one to other so quite contrarie
Besides her modest countenance he saw
So goodly grave, and full of princely aw,
That it his ringing fancie did reframe,
And looser thoughts to lawfull bounds with-
draw, [faine,
Whereby the passion grew more fierce and
Like to a stubborne steede whom strong hand
would restraine.

XXXXIV

But Scudamour, whose hart twixt doubtfull
feare

And feeble hope hung all this while suspense,
Desiring of his Amoret to heare
Some gladfull newes and sure intelligence,
Her thus bespake 'But, Sir, without offence
Mote I request you tydings of my love,
My Amoret, sith you her freed from thence
Whereshe, captived long, great woes did prove,
That where ye left I may her seeke, as doth
behoove.'

XXXXV

To whom thus Britomart 'Certes, Sir knight,
What is of her become, or whether rest,
I can not unto you aend a right
For from that time I from enchanters theft
Her freed, in which ye her all hopelesse left,
I her preserv'd from perill and from feare,
And evermore from villenie her kept
Ne ever was there wight to me more deare
Then she, ne unto whom I more true love did
beare

XXXXVI

'Till on a day, as through a desert wyld
We travelled, both wearie of the way
We did alight, and 'ste in shadow my ld,
Where fearelesse I to sleepe me downe did lay
But when as I did out of sleepe abray,
I found her not where I her left whylere,
But thought she wandred was, or gone astray
I cald her loud, I sought her farre and neare,
But no where could her find, nor tydings of her
heere'

XXXXVII

When Scudamour those heave tydings heard,
His hart was thrild with point of deadly feare,
Ne in his face or bloud or life appeard,
But senselesse stood, like to a mazed steare
That yet of mortall stroke the stound doth
beere, [mayd
Till Glance thus 'Faire Sir, be nought dis-
With needlesse dead, till certantie ye heere,
For yet she may be safe though somewhat
astrayd [affrayd'
Its best to hope the best, though of the worst

XXXXVIII

Nathlesse he hardly of her chearefull speech
Did comfort take, or in his troubled sight
Shew'd change of better cheare so sore a
breach
That sudden newes had made into his spright,
Till Britomart him fairely thus belight
'Great cause of sorrow certes, Sir, ye have,
But comfort take, for, by this heavens light,
I vow you dead or living not to leave, [reave'
Till I her find, and wreake on him that did her

XXXXIX

Therewith he rested, and well pleased was
So, perce being confirm'd amongst them all,
They tooke their steeds, and forward thence
did pas
Unto some resting place, which mote befall,
All being guided by Sir Artegall
Where goodly solace was unto them made,
And daily feasting both in bowre and hall,
Untill that they their wounds well healed had,
And wearie limmes recur'd after late usage bad

XL

In all which time Sir Artegall made way
Unto the love of noble Britomart,
And with meeke service and much suit did lay
Continuall siege unto her gentle hart, [dart,
Which, being whylome launcht with lovely
More eath was new impression to receive,
How ever she her paynd with womanish art
To hide her wound, that none might it perceiue
Vaine is the art that seekes it selfe for to deceiue

XVI

So well he woo'd her, and so well he wrought
her,
With faire entreatie and sweet blandishment,
That at the length unto her he brought her,
So as she to his speeches was content
To lend an eare, and softly to relent [poured,
At last, through many vowes which forth he
And many othes, she yielded her consent
To be his love, and take him for her Lord,
Till they with marriage meet might finish that
accord

XVII

Tho, when they had long time there taken rest,
Sir Artegall, who all this while was bound
Upon an hard adventure yet in quest,
Fit time for him thence to depart it found,
To follow that which he did long propound,
And unto her his congees came to take,
But her therewith full sore displeased he found,
And loth to leave her late betrothed make,
Her dearest love full loth so shortly to forsake

XVIII

Yet he with strong perswasions her assuaged,
And wonne her will to suffer him depart,
For which his faith with her he fast engaged,
And thousand vowes from bottome of his hart,
That, all so soone as he by wit or art
Could that achieve whereto he did aspire,
He unto her would speedily revert
No longer space thereto he did desire, [expire,
But till the horned moone three courses did

XLIV

With which she for the present was appeased,
And yielded leave, how ever malcontent
She my were and in her mynd displeased
So, early in the morrow next, he went

Forth on his way to which he was bent,
Ne wight him to attend, or way to guide,
As whylome was the custome ancient [side,
Amongst knights when on adventures they did
Save that she algates him a while accompanie

XLV

And by the way she sundry purpose found
Of this or that, the time for to delay,
And of the perils whereto he was bound,
The feare whereof seem'd much her to assray,
But all she did was but to weare out day
I will oftentimes she leave of him did take,
And oft againe devis'd some what to say,
Which she forgot, whereby excuse to make,
So loth she was his companie for to forsake

XLVI

At last, when all her speeches she had spent,
And new occas on fayld her more to find,
She left him to his fortunes government,
And bricke returned with right heavie mind
To Scudamour, whom she had left behind
With whom she went to seeke faire Amoret,
Her second care, though in another kind
For vertues onely sake, which doth beget
True love and faithfull friendship, she by her
did set

XLVII

Backe to that desert Forrest they retvred,
Where some Britomart had lost her late,
There they her sought, and every where in-
quired
Where they might tydings get of her estate,
Yet found they none But by what haplesse fate
Or hard misfortune she was thence conveyd,
And stolne away from her beloved mate,
Were long to tell, therefore, I here will stay
Untill another tyde that I it finish may

CANTO VII

Amoret rapt by greedie lust
Belphebe saves from dread
The Squire her loves, and, being blam'd,
His dayes in dole doth lead

I

GREAT God of love, that with thy cruell darts
Doeest conquer greatest conquerors on ground,
And setst thy kingdom in the captive harts
Of Kings and Keasars to thy service bound,
What glorie, or what guerdon hast thou found
In feeble Ladies tyranning so sore,
And adding anguish to the bitter wound

With which their lives thou lanchdest long
afore,
By heaping stormes of trouble on them daily [more]

II

So whylome didst thou to faire Florimell,
And so and so to noble Britomart
So doest thou now to her of whom I tell,
The lovely Amoret, whose gentle hart

Thou marty rest with sorow and with smart,
In salvage forrests and in deserts wide
With Beares and Tygers taking heauie part,
Withouten comfort and withouten guide,
That pittie is to heare the perils which she tride

III

So soone as she with that brave Britonesse
Had left that Turneyment for beauties prise,
They travel'd long, that now for wearinesse,
Both of the way and warlike exercise,
Both through a forest yding did devise
T' alight, and rest their wearie limbs awhile
There heauie sleepe the eye-hds did surprise
Of Butomart, after long tedious toyle,
That did her passed paines in quiet rest assoyle

IV

The whiles faire Amoret, of nought affeard,
Walkt through the wood, for pleasure or for need,

When suddenly behind her backe she heard
One rushing forth out of the thickest weed,
That ere she backe could turne to taken heed,
Had unawares her snatched up from ground
Feebly she shriekt, but so feebly indeed
That Britomart heard not the shrilling sound,
There where through weary travel she lay
sleeping sound

V

It was to weete a wilde and salvage man,
Yet was no man, but onely like in shape,
And eke in stature higher by a span,
All overgrowne with haire, that could awhape
An hardy hart, and his wide mouth did gape
With huge great teeth, like to a tasked Bore
For he liv'd all on ravin and on rape
Of men and beasts, and fed on fleshly gore,
The signe whereof yet stau'd his bloody lips
afore

VI

His neather lip was not like man nor beast,
But like a wide deepe poke, downe hanging low,
In which he wont the reliques of his feast
And cruell spoyle, which he had spard, to stow
And over it his huge great nose did grow,
Full dreadfully empurpled all with blond,
And downe both sides two wide long eares
did glow, [stood,
And raight downe to his waste when up he
More great then th' eares of Elephants by
Indus flood

VII

His wast was with a wreath of yvie greene
Engirt about, ne other garment wore,
For all his haire was like a garment scene,
And in his hand a tall young oake he bore,

Whose knotte snags were sharpned all afore,
And beath'd in fire for Steele to be in sted
But whence he was, or of what wombe y bore,
Of beasts, or of the earth, I have not red,
But certes was with milke of Wolves and
Tygres fed.

VIII

This ugly creature in his armes her snatcht,
And through the Forrest bore her quite away,
With briers and bushes all to-rent and scratched,
Ne care he had, ne pittie of the pray, [day
Which many a knight had sought so many a
He stayed not, but in his armes her bearing
Ran, till he came to th' end of all his way,
Unto his cave farre from all peoples hearing,
And there he threw her in, nought feeling, ne
nought fearing

IX

For she, deare Ladie, all the way was dead,
Whyles he in armes her bore but, when she
felt

Her selfe downe soust, she waked out of dread
Straight into griefe that her deare hart nigh
And eft gan into tender teares to melt [swelt
Then, when she lookt about, and nothing found
But darknesse and dredd horror where she
She almost fell againe into a swoond, [dwelt
Ne wist whether above she were or under
ground.

X

With that she heard some one close by her side
Sighing and sobbing sore, as if the paine
Her tender hart in peeces would divide
Which she long listning, softly askt againe
What mister wight it was that so did plaine?
To whom thus aunswerd was 'Ah, wretched
wight'

That seekes to know anothers griefe in vaine,
Unweeting of thine owne like haplesse plight
Selfe to forget to mind another is o'er-sight'

XI

'Aye me'' (said she) 'where am I, or with
whom?'

Emong the living, or emong the dead?
What shall of me, unhappy maid, become?
Shall death be th' end, or ought else worse,
aread?'

'Unhappy mayd' (then answer'd she), 'whose
dread

Untride is lesse then when thou shalt it try
Death is to him, that wretched life doth lead,
Both lives and gane, but he in hell doth lie,
That lives a loathed life, and wishing cannot
die

XII

'This dismall day hath thee a cative made,
And vassall to the vilest wretch alive,
Whose cursed usage and ungodly trade
The heavens abhorre, and into darkenesse drive,
For on the spoile of women he doth live,
Whose bodies chaste, when ever in his powre
He may them catch unable to grunestrive,
He with his shamefull lust doth first deflowre,
And afterwards themselves doth cruellly de-
voure

XIII

'Now twenty daies, by which the sonnes of
men [sheene
Divide their works, have past through heven
Since I was brought into this dolefull den,
During which space these sory eyes have seen
Seven women by him slaine, and eaten cleane
And now no more for him but I alone.
And this old woman, here remaining beene,
Till thou cam'st hither to augment our mone
And of us three to morrow he will sure cate
one'

XIV

'Ah, dreadfull tidings which thou doest de-
clare,'
(Quoth she) 'of all that ever hath bene knowne'
Full many grett calamities and rare
Thus feeble brest endured hath, but none
Equall to this, where ever I have gone
But what are you, whom like unlucky lot
Hath luckt with me in the same chaine attone?'
'To tell' (quoth she) 'that what ye see, needs
not, [got!
A wofull wretched maid, of God and man for-

XV

'But what I was it rikes me to rehearse,
Daughter unto a Lord of high degree,
That joyd in happy peace, till fates perverse
With guilefull love did secretly agree
To overthrow my state and dignitie
It was my lot to love a gentle swaine,
Yet was he but a Squire of low degree,
Yet was he meet, unless mine eye did saine,
By any Ladies side for Leman to have laine,

XVI

'But for his meannes and disparagement,
My Sire, who me too dearely well did love,
Unto my choise by no meanes would assent,
But often did my folly fowle reprove
Yet nothing could my fixed mind remove,
But, whether willed or nilled friend or foe,
I me resolv'd the utmost end to prove,
And, rather then my love abandon so,
Both sire and friends and all for ever to forgo

XVII

'Thenceforth I sought by secret meanes to
worke
Time to my will, and from his wrathfull sight
To hide th' intent which in my heart did lurke,
Till I thereto had all things ready dight
So on a day unwetting unto wright,
I with that Squire agree'd away to flit
And in a privy place betwixt us hight,
Within a grove appointed him to meete,
To which I boldly came upon my feeble feete

XVIII

'But ah! unhappy houre me thither brought,
For in that place where I him thought to find,
There was I found, contrary to my thought,
Of this accursed tale of hellish kind
The shame of men, and plague of womankind
Who trussing me, as Langle doth his pray,
Me hether brought with him as swift as wind,
Where yet untouched till this prese it day,
I rest his wretched thrall, the sad Amytha'

XIX

'Ah, sad Amytha!' (then said Amoret)
'Thy ruefull plight I pitty as mine owne
But read to me, by what devise or wit
Hast thou in all this time, from him unknowne,
Thine honor sav'd, though into thraldome
throwne? [man here
'Through helpe' (quoth she) 'of this old wo-
I have so done, as she to me hath showne,
For, ever when he burnt in lustfull fire,
She in my stead supplide his bestrall desire'

XX

Thus of their evils as they did discourse,
And each did other much bewaile and mone,
Loel where the villaine selfe, their sorrowes
source,
Came to the cove, and rolling thence the stone,
Which wont to stop the mouth thereof, that
none
Might issue forth, came rudely rushing in,
And, spredding over all the flore alone,
Gan dight him selfe unto his wonted sinne,
Which ended, then his bloudy braket should
beginne.

XXI

Which when as fearefull Amoret perceived,
She staid not th' utmost end thereof to trye,
But, like a ghastly Gelt whose wits are reaved,
Ran forth in hast with hideous outcrye,
For horrour of his shamefull villany
But after her full lightly he uprose,
And her pursu'd as fast as she did flee

Full fast she flies, and farre afore him goes,
Ne feesles the thornes and thickets pricke her
tender toes.

XXII

Nor hedge, nor ditch, nor hull, nor dale she
staies,
But overleapes them all, like Robucke light,
And through the thickest makes her highest
waies,
And evermoie, when with regardfull sight
She looking backe espies that griesly wight
Approching nigh, she gins to mend her pace,
And makes her feare a spur to hast her flight
More swift then Myrrh' or Daphne in her race,
Or any of the Thracian Nymphes in salvage
chase

XXIII

Long so she fled, and so he follow'd long,
Ne living aide for her on earth appeares,
But-if the heavens helpe to redresse her wrong,
Moved with pity of her plenteous teares
It fortun'd Belphebe with her pearles,
The woody Nymphs, and with that lovely boy,
Was hunting then the Libbards and the Beares
In these wild woods, as was her wonted joy,
To banish sloth that oft doth noble mindes
annoy

XXIV

It so befell, as oft it fals in chase,
That each of them from other sundred were,
And that same gentle Squire arriv'd in place
Where this same cursed caytive did appeare
Pursuing that faire Lady full of feare
And now he her quite overtaken had,
And now he her away with him did beare
Under his arme, as seeming wondrous glad,
That by his grenning laughter mote farre off
be rad.

XXV

Which dreary sight the gentle Squire espyng
Doth hast to crosse him by the nearest way,
Led with that wofull Ladies piteous crying,
And him assailes with all the might he may,
Yet will not he the lovely spoile downe lay,
But with his craggy club in his right hand
Defends him selfe, and saves his gotten pray
Yet had it bene right hard him to withstand,
But that he was full light and nimble on the
land.

XXVI

Thereto the villaine used craft in fight,
For, ever when the Squire his javelin shooke,
He held the Lady forth before him right,
And with her body, as a buckler, broke
The puissance of his intended stroke
And if it chaunst, (as needs it must in fight)
Whilst he on him was greedy to be wroke,

That any little blow on her did light,
Then would he laugh aloud, and gather great
delight

XXVII

Which subtil sleight did him encumber much,
And made him oft, when he would strike,
forbeere,
For hardly could he come the carle to touch,
But that he her must hunt, or hazard neare
Yet he his hand so carefully did beare,
That at the last he did himselfe attaine,
And therein left the pike-head of his speare
A streame of coleblacke blood thence gusht
amaine, [bestaine
That all her silken garments did with blood

XXVIII

With that he threw her rudely on the flore,
And, laying both his hands upon his glave,
With dreadfull strokes let drive at him so sore,
That forst him flie abacke, himselfe to save
Yet he therewith so selfe still did rave,
That scarce the Squire his hand could once up-
reare,
But for advantage ground unto him gave,
Tracing and traversing, now here, now there,
For bootlesse thing it was to think such blowes
to beare

XXIX

Whilst thus in battell they embusied were,
Belphebe, raunging in that forrest wide,
The hideous noise of their huge strokes did
heare,
And drew thereto, making her care her guide
Whom when that theefe approaching nigh es-
pide
With bow in hand and arrowes ready bent,
He by his former combate would not bide,
But fled away with ghastly dreriment,
Well knowing her to be his deaths sole instru-
ment

XXX

Whom seeing flie she speedily poursewed
With winged feete as numbe as the winde,
And ever in her bow she ready shewed
The arrow to his deadly marke desvynde
As when Latonaes daughter, cruell kynde,
In vengeance of her mothers great disgrace,
With fell despight her cruell arrowes tynde
Gainst wofull Niobes unhappy race,
That all the gods did mone her miserable case

XXXI

So well she sped her, and so far she ventred,
That, ere unto his bellish den he raught,
Even as he ready was there to have entred,
She sent an arrow forth with mighty draught,

That in the very dore him overcaught,
And, in his nape arriving, through it thrild
His greedy throte, therewith in two dis-
traught,
That all his vitall spirites thereby spild,
And all his hary brest with gory bloud was
fild.

XXXII

Whom when on ground she groveling saw to
rowle,
She ran in hast his life to have bereft,
But, ere she could him reach, the sinfull sowle
Having his carrion cor-e quite sencelesse left
Was fied to hell, surcharg'd with spoile and
theft

Yet over him she there long grazing stood,
And oft admir'd his mon-strous shape, and oft
His mighty limbs, whilst all with filthy bloud
The place there overflowne seemd like a so-
daine flood.

XXXIII

Thence forth she past into his dreadfull den
Where nought but darkesome dremnesse she
found,

Ne creature saw, but hearkned now and then
Some litle whispering and soft groning sound,
With that she askt, what gh-osts there under
ground

Lay hid in horror of eternall night?
And bad them, if so be they were not bound
To come and shew themselves before the light,
Now freed from feare and danger of that dis-
mall wight

XXXIV

Then forth the sad Emvlin issued, [ferre
Yet trembling every joyn through former
And after her the Hag, there with her mew'd,
A foule and lothsome creature, did appeare,
A leman fit for such a lover deare
That mov'd Belphebe her no lesse to hate,
Then for to rue the others heavy cheyre,
Of whom she gan enquire of her estate,
Who all to her at large, as hapned did relate

XXXV

Thence she them brought toward the place
where late
She left the gentle Squire with Amoret
There she him found by that new lovely mate,
Who lay the whiles in swonne full sadly set,
From her faire eyes wiping the dewy wet
Which softly stild and kissing them atwene
And handling soft the hurts which she did get,
For of that Carle she sorely bruz'd had beene,
Als of his owne rash hand one wound was to
be secue

XXXVI

Which when she saw with sadrune glancing
eye
Her noble heart with sight thereof was fild
With deepe disdain and great indignity,
That in her wrath she thought them both have
thrild
With that selfe arrow which the Carle had killd,
Yet held her wrathfull hand from vengeance
sore
But drawing nigh, ere he her well beheld.
'Is this the faith?' she said—and said no more.
But turn'd her face, and fled away for evermore.

XXXVII

He seeing her depart arose up light,
Right sore grieved at her sharpe reproofe
And follow'd fast but, when he came in sight,
He durst not nigh approach, but kept aloofe
For dreid of her displeasures utmost proofe
And evermore when he did grace entreat,
And framed speeches fit for his bechoofe,
Her mortall arrowes she at him did threat
And forst him backe with fowle dishonor to
retreat

XXXVIII

At last when long he follow'd had in vaine
Yet found no ease of grieve nor hope of grace,
Unto those woods he turned backe againe,
Full of sad anguish and in heavy case
And, finding there fit solitary place
For wofull wight, chose out a gloomy glade,
Where hardly eye mote see bright heavens far
For mossy trees, which covered all with shade
And sad melancholy there he his cabin made

XXXIX

His wonted warlike weapons all he broke
And threw away, with vow to use no more,
Ne thenceforth ever strike in battell stroke,
Ne ever word to speake to woman more,
But in that wilderness of men forlore,
And of the wicked world forgotten quight,
His hard mi-hap in dolor to deplore,
And wast his wretched daies in wofull plight
So on him selfe to wreake his follies owne dis-
spight

XL

And eke his garment, to be thereto meet,
He wilfully did cut and shape anew, [sweet
And his faire lockes, that wont with ointment
To be embaulm'd, and sweet out dainty dew
He let to grow and gresly to concrew,
Uncomb'd, uncur'd and carelessly unshed,
That in short time his face they overgrew
And over all his shoulders did dispreed [r
That who he whilome was uneth was to l

XLI

There he continued in this carefull plight,
Wretchedly wearing out his youtfully yeares,
Through wilfull penury consumed quight,
That like a pined ghost he soone appeares.
For other food then that wilde forrest beares,
Ne other drinke there did he ever tast
Then running water tempred with his teares,
The more his weakened body so to wast,
That out of all mens knowledge he was worne
at last.

XLII

For on a day, by fortune as it fell,
His owne deare Lord Prince Arthure came
that way,
Seeking adventures where he mote heare tell,
And, as he through the wandring wood did
Having espide this Cabin far away, [stray,
He to it drew, to weet who there did wonne,
Weening therein some holy Hermit lav,
That did resort of sinfull people shonne,
Or else some woodman shrowded there from
scorching sunne

XLIII

Arriving there he found this wretched man
Spending his daies in dolour and despaire,
And through long fasting woxen pale and wan,
All overgrown with rude and rugged haire,
That albeit his owne dear Squire he were,
Yet he him knew not, ne aviz'd at all,
But like strange wight, whom he had seene no
where,
Saluting him gan into speach to fall,
And pittie much his plight, that liv'd like out-
cast thrall

XLIV

But to his speach he answered no whit,
But stood still mute, as if he had beene dum,
Ne signe of sence did shew, ne common wit,
As one with griefe and anguishe overcum,

And unto every thing did aunswere mum
And ever, when the Prince unto him spake,
He louted lowly, as did him becum,
And humble homage did unto him make,
Midst sorrow shewing joyous semblance for his
sake

XLV

At which his uncouth guise and usage quant
The Prince did wonder much, yet could not
ghesse

The cause of that his sorrowfull constraint,
Yet weend, by secret signes of manlinesse
Which close appeard in that rude brutishnesse,
That he whilome some gentleswaine had beene,
Traund up in feats of armes and knightnesse,
Which he observ'd, by that he him had seene
To weld his naked sword, and try the edges
keene.

XLVI

And eke by that he saw on every tree,
How he the name of one engraven had
Which likly was his liefest love to be,
From whom he now so sorely was bestad,
Which was by him Belphebe rightly rad
Yet who was that Belphebe he ne wist,
Yet saw he often how he wexed glad
When he it heerd, and how the ground he list
Wherein it written was, and how himselfe he
blist

XLVII

Tho, when he long had marked his demenaar,
And saw that all he said and did was vaine,
Ne ought mote make him change his wonted
tenor,
Ne ought mote ease or mitigate his pame,
He left him there in languor to remaine,
Till time for him should remedy provide,
And him restore to former grace againe
Which, for it is too long here to abide,
I will deferre the end untill another tide

CANTO VIII

The gentle Squire recovers grace,
Solaundur her guests doth staine
Corliambo chaseth Placidus,
And is by Arthure slaine

I

WELLSaid the Wiseman, now prov'd true by this
Which to this gentle Squire did happen late,
That the displeasure of the mighty is
Then death it selfe more dread and desperate,
For naught the same may calme ne mitigate,
Till time the tempest doe thereof delay
With susterance soft, which rigour can abate,

And have the sterne remembrance wypt away
Of bitter thoughts, which deepe therein unfixed
lay

II

Like as it fell to this unhappy boy,
Whose tender heart the faire Belphebe had
With one sterne looke so daunted, that no joy
In all his life, which afterwards he had,

He ever tasted, but with penaunce sad
 And pensive sorrow mind and wore away,
 Ne ever laught, ne once shew'd countenance
 glad,
 But alwaies wept and wailed night and day,
 As blasted bloosme through heat doth languish
 and decay

III

Till on a day, as in his wonted wise
 His doole he made, there chaunst a turtle Do e
 To come where he his dolours did devise,
 That likewise late had lost her dearest love,
 Which losse her made like passion also prove
 Who, seeing his sad plight, her tender heart
 With deare compas-ion deeply did emmove,
 That she gan mone his undeserved smart,
 And with her dolefull accent beare with him a
 part.

IV

Shee sitting by him, as on ground he lay,
 Her mournfull notes full piteously did frame,
 And thereof made a lamentable lay,
 So sensibly compild, that in the same
 Him seemed oft he heard his owne right name
 With that he forth would poure so plenteous
 teares,
 And beat his breast unworthy of such blame,
 And knocke his head, and rend his rugged
 heares, [of Beares
 That could have perst the hearts of Tigres and

V

Thus, long this gentle bird to him did use
 Withoute dread of perill to repaire
 Unto his wonne, and with her mournfull muse
 Him to recomfort in his greatest care,
 That much did ease his mourning and misfare
 And every day, for guerdon of her song,
 He part of his small feast to her would share,
 That, at the last, of all his woe and wrong
 Companion she became, and so continued long

VI

Upon a day as she him sate beside,
 By chance he certaine mimments forth drew,
 Which yet with him as reliques did abide
 Of all the bounty which Belphebe threw
 On him, whilst goodly grace she him did shew
 Amongst the rest a jewell rich he found,
 That was a Ruby of right perfect hew,
 Sharp'd like a heart yet bleeding of the wound,
 And with a litle golden chaine about it bound

VII

The same he tooke, and with a riband new,
 In which his Ladies colours were, did bind
 About the turtles necke, that with the rew
 Did greatly solace his griev'd mind

All unawares the bird, when she did find
 Her selfe so deckt, her nimble wings displaid,
 And flew away as lightly as the wind
 Which sodaine accident him much dismaid.
 And looking after long did mark which way
 she straid

VIII

But when as long he looked had in vaine,
 Yet saw her forward still to make her flight,
 His weary eye returned to him againe,
 Full of discomfort and disquiet phght,
 That both his iuell he had lost so light,
 And eke his deare companion of his care
 But that sweet bird departing flew forthright,
 Through the wide region of the wastfull aire,
 Untill she came where wonned his Belphebe
 faire

IX

There found she her (as then it did betide)
 Sitting in covert shade of arbors sweet,
 After late neerie toile which she had tride
 In salvage chace, to rest as seem'd her meet.
 There she alighting fell before her feet,
 And gan to her her mournfull plaint to make
 As was her wont, thinking to let her weete
 The great tormenting griefe that for her sake
 Her gentle Squire through her displeasure did
 pertake

X

She, her beholding with attentive eye,
 At length did marke about her purple brest
 That precious iuell, which she formerly
 Had knowne right well, with colour'd ribbands
 drest.
 Therewith she rose in hast, and her adrest
 With ready hand it to have rest away,
 But the swift bird obeyd not her behest,
 But swar'd aside, and there againe did stay.
 She follow'd her, and thought againe it to assaie,

XI

And ever, when she nigh approacht, the Dove
 Would sit a litle forward, and then stav
 Till she drew neare, and then againe remove
 So tempting her still to pursue the pray,
 And still from her escaping soft away
 Till that at length into that Forrest wide
 She drew her far, and led with slow delay
 In th' end she her unto that place did guide,
 Whereas that wofull man in languor did abide

XII

Etsoones she flew unto his fearelesse hand,
 And there a piteous ditty new devis'd,
 As if she would have made her understand
 His sorrowes cause, to be of her despis'd

Whom when she saw in wretched weedes disguised,
With heary glib deform'd and meiger face,
Like ghost late risen from his grive agry'd,
She knew him not but pittied much his case,
And wisht it were in her to doe him any grace

XIII

Hee her beholding at her feet downe fell,
And kist the ground on which hersole did tread,
And washt the same with water which did well
From his moist eyes, and like two streames
proceed,

Yet spake no word, whereby she might aread
What mister wight he was, or what he ment,
But, as one daunted with her presence dread,
Onely few ruefull looks unto her sent,
As messengers of his true meaning and intent.

XIV

Yet nathemore his meaning she ared
But wondred much at his so selcouth use,
And by his persons secret seemly lied
Well wend that he had beene some man of
place,
Before misfortune did his hew deface,
That being mov'd with ruth she thus bespake
Ah! wofull man, what heavens hard disgrace,
Or wrath of cruell wight on thee ywrake,
Or selfe-dishked life, doth thee thus wretched
make?

XV

If heaven, then none may it redresse or blame,
With to his powre we all are subject borne
Of wrathfull wight, then fowle rebuke and
shame
Be theirs that have so cruell thee forlorne!
But if through inward griefe or wilfull scorne
Of life it be, then better doe advise
For he, whose daies in wilfull woe are worne,
The grace of his Creator doth despise,
That will not use his gifts for thanklesse ng-
ardise.

XVI

When so he heard her say, eftsoones he brake,
His sodaine silence which he long had pent,
And, sighing mylly deepe, her thus bespake
Then have they all themselves against me
bent
For heaven, first author of my languishment,
Whyng my too great felicity,
Did closely with a cruell one consent
To cloud my daies in dolefull misery,
And make me loath this life, still longing for
to die

XVII

'Ne any but your selfe, O dearest dred,
Hath done thus wrong, to wreake on worthlesse
wight [bred
Your high displeasure, through misdeeming
That, when your pleasure is to deeme aright,
Be may rediesse, and me restore to light"
Which sorow words her mightie hart did mate
With mild regard to see his ruefull plight,
That her inburning wrath she gan abate,
And him receiv'd againe to former favours
state

XVIII

In which he long time afterwards did lead
An happie life with grace and good accord,
Fearlesse of fortunes chaunge or envies dread,
And eke all mindlesse of his owne deare Lord
The noble Prince, who never heard one word
Of tydings what did unto him betide,
Or what good fortune did to him afford,
But through the endlesse world did wander
wide, [scride
Him seeking evermore, yet no where him de-

XIX

Till on a day, as through that wood he rode,
He chaunst to comewhere those two Ladies late,
Emylia and Amoret, abode,
Both in full sad and sorrowfull estate
The one right feeble through the evill rate
Of food which in her durtace she had found,
The other almost dead and desperate
Through her late hurts, and through that hap-
lesse wound
With which the Squire, in her defence, her sore
astound

XX

Whom when the Prince beheld, he gan torev
The evill case in which those Ladies lay,
But most was moved at the piteous vew,
Of Amoret, so neare unto decay,
That her great daunger did him much dismay
Eftsoones that pretious liquour forth he drew,
Which he in store about him kept alway,
And with few drops thereof did softly dew,
Her wounds, that unto strength restor'd her
soone anew

XVI

Tho, when they both recovered were right well,
He gan of them inquire, what evill guide
Them thether brought, and how their harmes
befell?
To whom they told all that did them betide,
And how from thralldome ilk they were untide,
Of that same wicked Carle, by Virgins hond,
Whose bloudie corse they shew'd him there
beside,

And eke his cave in which they both were bond
At which he wondred much when all those
signes he fond

XXII

And evermore he greatly did desire
To know what Virgin did them thence unbond,
And oft of them did earnestly inquire,
Where was her won, and how he mote her find.
But when as nought according to his mind
He could out-learne, he them from ground did
No service lothsome to a gentle kind, [reare,
And on his warlike beast them both did beare,
Himself by them on foot to succour them
from feare

XXIII

So when that forrest they had passed well,
A litle cotage farre away they spide,
To which they drew ere night upon them fell,
And entring in found none therein abide,
But one old woman sitting there beside
Upon the ground in ragged rude attire,
With filthy lockes about her scattered wide,
Gnawing her navles for felnesse and for vye,
And there out sucking venime to her parts en-
tyre

XXIV

A foule and loathly creature sure in sight,
And in conditions to be loath'd no lesse,
For she was stuf with rancour and despite
Up to the throat, that oft with bitterness
It forth would breake, and gush in great excesse,
Pouring out streames of poyson and of gall
Gainst all that truth or vertue doe professe,
Whom she with leasings lewdly did miscall
And wickedly backbite Her name men
Sclaunder call

XXV

Her nature is all goodnesse to abuse,
And cruell crimes continuall to frame,
With which she guiltlesse persons may accuse,
And stealenway the crowne of their good name
Ne ever Knight so bold, ne ever Dame
So chaste and loyall liv'd, but she would strive
With forged cause them falsely to defame,
Ne ever thing so well was doon alive,
But she with blame would blot, and of due
praise deprive.

XXVI

Her words were not, as common words are
ment,

To expresse the meaning of the inward mind,
But noysome breath, and poysonous spirit sent
From inward parts, with cankered malice lnd,

And breathed forth with blast of bitter wind,
Which passing through the eares would pierce
the hart,
And wound the soule it selfe with griefe un-
For, like the stings of aspes that kill with
smart,
Her spightfull words did pricke and wound the

XXVII

Such was that Hag, unmeet to host such
guests,
Whom greatest Princes court would welcome
But neede, that answers not to all requests,
Bad them not looke for better entertayne,
And eke that age despysed nicenesse vaine,
Knur'd to hardnesse and to homely fare,
Which them to wrilike discipline did trayne,
And manly limbs endur'd with litle care
Agunst all hard mishaps and fortunelesse mis-
fare.

XXVIII

Then all that evening (welcomed with cold
And chearelesse hunger) they together spent,
Yet found no fault, but that the Hag did scold
And rave at them with grudgefull discontent,
For lodging there without her owne consent
Yet they endured all with patience milde,
And unto rest themselves all onely lent,
Regardlesse of that queane so base and vilde
To be unjustly blamd, and bitterly revilde

XXIX

Here, well I weene, when as these times be
red
With misregard, that some rash-witted wight
Whose looser thought will lightly be misled,
These gentle Ladies will misdeeme too light
For thus conversing with this noble Knight,
Sith row of dayes such temperance is rare
And hard to finde, that heat of youthfull spright
For ought will from his greedie pleasure spair
More hard for hungry steed to abstaine fro
pleasant fare

XXX

But antique age, yet in the infancie
Of time, did live then like an innocent,
In simple truth and blamelesse chastitie,
Ne then of guile had made experiment,
But, void of vile and treacherous intent,
Held vertue for it selfe in soveraine awe
Then loyall love had royl all regiment,
And each unto his lust did make a lawe,
From all forbidden things his liking to p
draw

XXXI

The Lion there did with the Lambe consort,
And eke the Dove sate by the Faulcons side,

ke each of other feared fraud or tort,
 But did in safe securitie abide,
 Withouten perill of the stronger pride [old,
 But when the world wove old, it wove warre
 Whereof it hight) and, having shortly tride
 The trames of wit, in wickednesse wove bold,
 And dared of all sinnes the secrets to unfold

XXXX

Then beautie, which was made to represent
 The great Creatours owne resemblance bright,
 Unto abuse of lawlesse lust was lent,
 And made the baite of bestiall delight
 Then faire grew foule, and foule grew faire in
 sight [man
 And that, which wont to vanquish God and
 Was made the vassall of the victors might,
 Then did her glorious flowre waxe dead and
 wan,
 Despid and troden downe of all that over-ran

XXXXI

And now it is so utterly decayd,
 That any bud thereof doth scarce remaine,
 But-if few plants, preserv'd through heavenly
 ayd,
 In Princes Court doe hap to sprout againe,
 Dew'd with her drops of bountie Sovereaine,
 Which from that goodly glorious flowre pro-
 ceed, [straine,
 Sprung of the auncient stocke of Princes
 Now th' onely remnant of that royall breed,
 Whose noble kind at first was sure of heavenly
 seed

XXXXII

Tho, soone as day discovered heavens face
 To sinfull men with darknes overdight,
 This gentle crew gan from their eye-lids chace
 The drowzie humour of the dampish night,
 And did themselves unto their journey dight
 So forth they yode, and forward softly paced,
 That them to view had bene an uncouth sight,
 How all the way the Prince on footpace traced,
 The Ladies both on horse, together fast em-
 braced

XXXXIII

Soone as they thence departed were afore,
 That shamefull Hag, the slaunder of her sexe,
 Them follow'd fast, and them reviled sore,
 Him calling theese, them whores, that much
 did vex
 His noble hart thereto she did annexe
 False crimes and facts, such as they never ment,
 That those two Ladies much asham'd did we
 The more did she pursue her lewd intent,
 And rayl'd and rag'd, till she had all her poy son
 spent.

XXXXIV

At last, when they were passed out of sight,
 Yet she did not her spightfull speach forbear,
 But after them did barke, and still backbite,
 Though there were none her hatefull words to
 heare

Like as a curie doth felly bite and teare
 The stone which passed straunger at him
 threw

So she, them seeing past the reach of care,
 Against the stones and trees did rayle anew,
 Till she had dull the sting which in her tongs
 end grew

XXXXV

They passing forth kept on their readie way,
 With easie steps so soft as foot could stryde,
 Both for great feeblesse, which did oft assay
 Faire Amoret that scarcely she could ryde,
 And eke through heavie armes which sore
 annoyd

The Prince on foot, not wonted so to fare,
 Whose steadie hand was faine his steede to
 guyde,
 And all the way from trotting hard to spare,
 So was his toyle the more, the more that was
 his care

XXXXVI

At length they spide where towards them
 with speed

A Squire came galloping, as he would flie,
 Bearing a litle Dwarfie before his steed,
 That all the way full loud for aide did crie,
 That seem'd his shrikes would rend the biasen
 skie

Whom after did a mightie man pursew,
 Riding upon a Dromedare on hie,
 Of stature huge, and horrible of hiew,
 That would have maz'd a man his dreadfull
 face to view

XXXXVII

For from his fearful eyes two fierie beames,
 Moresharpethen points of needles, did proceede,
 Shooting forth farre away two flaming streames,
 Full of sad powre, that poysonous bale did
 breede

To all that on him lookt without good heed,
 And secretly his enemies did slay
 Like as the Basiliske, of serpent's seede,
 From powrefull eyes close venom doth convey
 Into the lookers hart, and killeth farre away

XL

He all the way did rage at that same Squire,
 And after him full many threatnings threw,
 With curses vaine in his avengefull ire,
 But none of them (so fast away he flew)

Him overtook before he came in view
Where when he saw the Prince in armour
bright,
He cold to him aloud his ease to rew,
And rescue him, through succour of his might,
From that his cruell foe that him pursued in
sight.

XLI

Esteemes the Prince tooke downe those Ladies
twaine
From lofty steede, and mounting in their stead
Came to that Squire, yet trembling every vaine,
Of whom he gan enquire his cause of dread
Who as he gan the same to him aread,
Loe' hard behind his backe his foe was prest,
With dreadfull weapon aimed at his head,
That unto death had done him unredrest,
Had not the noble Prince his readie stroke re-
prest

XLII

Who, thrusting boldly twixt him and the blow,
The burden of the deadly brand did beare
Upon his shield, which lightly he did throw
Over his head before the harme came neere
Nathlesse it fell with so desputeous dreare
And heave away, that hard unto his crowne
The shield it drove, and did the covering
reare
Therewith both Squire and dwarfe did tumble
Unto the earth, and lay long while in sense-
lesse snowne.

XLIII

Whereat the Prince full wrath his strong
right hand
In full avengement heved up on hie,
And stroke the Pagan with his steell brand
So sore, that to his saddle-bow thereby
He bowed low, and so a while did lie
And, sure, had not his massie yron mace
Betwixt him and his hurt bene happily,
It would have cleft him to the girding place,
Yet, as it was, it did astonish him long space

XLIV

But, when he to himselfe returned againe,
All full of rage he gan to curse and sweare,
And vow by Mahoune that he should be slaine.
With that his murderous mace he up did reare,
That seemed nought the souse thereof could
beere,
And therewith smote at him with all his might,
But, ere that it to him approched neere,
The royall child with readie quicke foresight
Did shun the prooffe thereof, and it avoyded
light.

XLV

But, ere his hand he could recure againe
To ward his bodie from the balefull stound,
He smote at him with all his might and maine,
So furiously that, ere he wist, he found
His head before him tumbling on the ground,
The whiles his babling tongue did yet blas-
pheme
And curse his God that did him so confound
The whiles his life ran soorth in bloudie streame,
His soule descended downe into the Stygian
reame

XLVI

Which when that Squire beheld, he wote full
glad
To see his foe breath out his spright in vaine
But that same dwarfe right sorie seem'd and
sad,
And howld aloud to see his Lord there slaine,
And rent his haire and scratcht his face for
paine
Then gan the Prince at leasure to inquire
Of all the accident there hapned plaine, [fire
And what he was whose eyes did flame with
All which was thus to him declared by that
Squire

XLVII

'Thus mightie man,' (quoth he) 'whom you
have slaine,
Of an huge Geantesse whylome was bred
And by his strength rule to himselfe did gaine
Of many Nations unto thralldome led,
And mightie kingdomes of his force adred,
Whom yet he conquerd not by bloudie fight
Ne hostes of men with banners brode dispred,
But by the powre of his infectious sight,
With which he killed all that came within his
might

XLVIII

'Ne was he ever vanquished afore,
But ever vanquisht all with whom he fought,
Ne was there man so strong, but he downe
bort,
Ne woman yet so faire, but he her brought
Unto his bryd, and captived her thought
For most of strength and beauteie his desire
Was spoyle to make, and wast them unto
nought
By casting secret flakes of lustfull fire
From his false eyes into their hearts and parts
entire.

XLIX

'Therefore Corflambo was he calld aright,
Though namelesse there his bodie now doth
lie,

Yet hath he left one daughter that is hight
The faire Parua, who seemes outwardly
So faire as ever yet saw living ere,
And were her vertue like her beutie bright,
She were as faire as any under skie
But ah! she given is to vaine delight,
And eke too leese of life, and eke of love too light.

L
‘So, as it fell, there was a gentle Squire
That lov’d a Ladie of high parentage,
But for his meane degree might not aspire
To match so high, her friends with counsell
Dissuaded her from such a dispraise
But she, whose hart to love was wholly lent,
Out of his hand could not redeeme her gage,
But, harmles following her first intent,
Resolv’d with him to wend, grant all her
friends consent.

LI
‘So twist themselves they pointed time and
place
To which when he according did repaire,
An hard mishap and disaventurous case
Him chaunst instead of his Lamy hys faire,
This Gyants sonne, that lies there on the faire
An helles-escape, him unawares there caught,
And all dismayd through merceslesse despaire
Him wretched thrall unto his dongeon brought,
Where he remains, of all unsuccour’d and
unsought.

LII
‘This Gyant’s daughter came upon a day
Unto the prison, in her joyous glee,
To view the thralls which there in bondage lay
Amongst the rest she chaunst there to see
This lovely swaine, the Squire of low degree,
To whom she did her liking lightly give,
And wooed him her paramour to be
From day to day she woo’d and pray’d him fast,
And for his love him promist libertie at last

LIII
‘He, though aside unto a former love,
To whom his faith he firmly ment to hold,
Yet seeing not how thence he mote remove,
But by that meares which fortune did unfold,
Her granted love but with affection cold,
To win her grace his libertie to get
Yet she him still detaines in captivite hold,
Fearing, lest if she should him freely set,
He would her shortly leave, and former love
forget.

LIV
‘Yet so much favour shee to him hath lent
Above the rest, that he sometimes may space

And walke about her gardens of delight,
Having a keeper still with him in place,
Which keeper is this Dwarfie, her dearing brise,
To whom the keyes of every prison dore
By her committed be, of speciall grace,
And at his will may whom he list restore,
And whom he list restrive to be afflicted more

LV
‘Whereof when tidings came unto mine eare,
Full only sorie, for the fervent zeale
Which I to him as to my soule did beare,
I thither went, where I did long conceale
My selfe, till that the Dwarfie did me reveale
And told his Dame her Squire of low degree,
Did secretly out of her prison sterle,
For me he did mistake that Squire to be,
For never two so like did living creature see.

LVI
‘Then was I taken and before her brought,
Who, through the likeness of my outward
Being likewise beguiled in her thought, [heh,
Gan blame me much for being so untrew
To seeke by flight her fellowship to eschew,
That lov’d me deare, as dearest thing alive.
I hence she commaunded me to prison new,
Whereof I glad did not gaine say nor strive,
But suffred that same Dwarfie me to her don-
geon drive

LVII
‘There did I finde mine onely faithfull frend
In heavys plight and sad perplexitie,
Whereof I sorie, yet my selfe did bend
Him to recomfort with my complayne,
But him the more agreav’d I found thereby
For all his joy, he said in that distresse
Was mine and his Amy hys libertie
Amy ha well he lov’d, as I mote ghesse,
Yet greater love to me then her he did professe.

LVIII
‘But I with better reason him aviz’d,
And shew’d him how, through error and mis-
thought
Of our like persons, eath to be disguis’d,
Or his exchange or freedom might be wrought.
Whereto full loth was he, he would for ought
Convent that I, who stood all ferceslesse free,
Should fully be into thralldome brought,
Till fortune did perforce it so decree
Yet, over-rul’d at last, he did to me agree.

lix
‘The morrow next, about the wonted howre,
The Dwarfie call’d at the doore of Amy
To come forthwith unto his Ladies howre
Instead of whom forth came I, Placidia

And undiscerned forth with him did pas
There with great joy ance and with gladsome
Of faire Pœana I receiued was, [glee
And oft imbrast, as if that I were hee,
And with kind words accoyd, vowing great
love to mee

LX

'Which I, that was not bent to former love
As was my friend that had her long refus'd,
Did well recept, as well it did behoue,
And to the present neede it wisely usd.
My former hardnesse first I faire excusd,
And after promist large amends to make.
With such smooth termes her error I abusd
To my friends good more then for mine owne
sake,
For whose sole libertie I love and life did stake

LXI

'Thenceforth I found more fauour at her hand,
That to her Dwarfes, which had me in his
charge,

She bad to lighten my too heauie band,
And graunt more scope to me to walke at large
So on a day, as by the flowrie marge
Of a fresh streame I with that life did play,
Finding no meanes how I might us enlarge,
But if that Dwarfes I could with me conuay,
I lightly snatcht him up and with me bore
away

LXII

'Therewith he shriekt aloud, that with his cry
The Tyrant selfe came forth with yelling Bray,

And me pursu'd, but nathemore would I
Forgoe the purchase of my gotten pray,
But haue perforce him hether brought awaie
Thus as they talked, loe! where nigh at hand
Those Ladies two, yet doubtfull through dis-
may,
In presence came, desirous t' understand
Tydings of all which there had hapned on the
land

LXIII

Where soone as said Æmylia did espie
Her captiue lovers friend, young Placidus,
All mindlesse of her wonted modestie
She to him ran, and him with streight embras
Infolding, said, 'And liues yet Amias?'
'Helies,' (quoth he) 'and his Æmylia loves'
'Then lesse,' (said she) 'by all the woe I
pas,
With which my weaker patience fortune proues
But what mishap thus long him fro my selfe
removes?'

LXIV

Then gan he all this storie to renew,
And tell the course of his captiuitie,
That her deare hart full deeply made to reu,
And sigh full sore to heare the miserie
In which so long he merclesse did lie
Then, after many teares and sorrowes spent,
She deare besought the Prince of remedie,
Who thereto did with readie will consent,
And well perform'd, as shall appeare by his
event

CANTO IX

The Squire of low degree, releast,
Æmylia takes to wife
Britomart fights with many knights,
Prince Arthur stints their strife

I

HARD is the doubt, and difficult to deeme,
When all three kinds of love together meet
And doe dispart the hart with powre extreme,
Whether shall weigh the balance downe, to
weet,

The deare affection unto kindred sweet,
Or raging fire of love to womankind,
Or zeale of friend-combynd with vertues meet
But of them all the band of vertuous mind,
Me seemes, the gentle hart should most as-
sured bind

II

For naturall affection soone doth cesse,
And quenched is with Cupids greater flame

But faithfull friendship doth them both sup-
prese,
And them with maystring discipline doth tame,
Through thoughts aspiring to eternall fame
For as the soule doth rule the earthli masse,
And all the service of the bodie frame,
So love of soule doth love of bodie passe,
No lesse then perfect gold surmounts the
meanest brasse.

III

All which who list by try all to assay
Shall in this storie find approved plaine,
In which these Squires true friendship more
did sway
Then either care of parents could refraine,

Or love of fairest Ladie could constraine,
For though Peana weie as faire as morne,
Yet did this trustie squire with proud disdaine
For his friends sake her off'nd favours scorne,
And she her selfe her syie of whom she was
borne

Now, after that Prince Arthuri graunted had
To yeeld strong succour to that gentle swayne,
Who now long time had lien in prison sad,
He gan advise how best he mote darrayne
That enterprize for greatest glories gayne.
That headlesse tyants tronke he heard from
ground,

And, having ympt the head to it agayne,
Upon his usuall beast it firmly bound,
And made it so to ride as it alive was found

Then did he take that chaced Squire, and layd
Before the ryder, as he captive were, [ayd,
And made his Dwarf, though with unwilling
To guide the beast that did his maister beare,
Till to his castle they approached neare, [ward,
Whom when the watch, that kept continuall
Saw comming home, all voyde of doubtfull feare,
He, running downe, the gate to him unbar'd,
Whom straight the Prince ensuing in together
far'd

There did he find in her delicious boure
The faire Peana playing on a Rote
Complayning of her cruell Paramoure,
And singing all her sorrow to the note,
As she had learned readily by rote,
That with the sweetnesse of her rare delight
The Prince halfe rapt began on her to dote,
Till better him bethinking of the right,
He her unwaies attacht, and captive held by
might

Whence being forth produc'd, when she per-
ceiv'd
Her owne deare sue, she cald to him for aide,
But when of him no aunswere she receiv'd,
But saw him sencelesse by the Squire upstaid,
She weened well that then she was betryde
And that same Squire of treason to upbraide,
But all in vaine her plants might not prevayle,
Ne none there was to reskue her, ne none to
baile

Then tooke he that same Dwarf, and him
compeld
To open unto him the prison dore,

And forth to bring those thralls which there he
held
Of Knights and Squires to him unknowne afore
All which he did from bitter bondage free,
And unto former liberty restore
Amongst the rest that Squire of low degree
Came forth full weake and wan, not like him
selfe to bee

Whom soone as faire Amylia beheld
And Placidus, they both unto him ran,
And him embracing fast betwixt them held,
Striving to comfort him all that they can,
And kissing oft his visage pale and wan
That faire Peana, them beholding both,
Gan both envy, and bitterly to ban,
Through jealous passion weeping inly wroth,
To see the sight perforce that both her eyes
were loth

But when awhile they had together beene,
And divisly confesied of their case, [seene
She, though full oft she both of them had
Asunder, yet not ever in one place,
Began to doubt, when she them saw embrace,
Which was the captive Squire she lov'd so
dearie,
Deceiv'd through great likenesse of their face
For they so like in person did appeare,
That she unceath discerned whether whether
weare

And eke the Prince, when as he them avized,
Their like resemblaunce much admired there,
And mard how nature had so well disguized
Her worke, and counterfet her selfe so nere,
As if that by one patterne, seene some where,
She had them made a paragone to be,
Or whether it through skill or erour were
Thus gazing long at them much wondred he,
So did the other Knights and Squires which
them did see

Then gan they ransacke that same Castle
strong,
In which he found great store of hoorded thie-
[sue,
The which that tyrant gathered had by wrong
And tortious powre, without respect or mea-
sure
Upon all which the Briton Prince made seasure,
And afterwards continu'd there a while
To rest him selfe, and solace in soft pleasure
Those weaker Ladies after weery toile,
To whom he did divide part of his purchast
spoule

XIII

And, for more ioy, that captiue Lady faire,
The faire Poetna, he enlarged free,
And by the rest did set in sumptuous chaire
To feast and frolicke, nathemore would she
Shew glad some countenance nor pleasant
glee,

But grieved was for losse both of her sire,
And eke of Lordship with both land and see
But most she toucht was with griefe entire
For losse of her new love, the hope of her de-
sire

XIV

But her the Prince, through his well wonted
grace,
To better termes of myldnesse did entreat
From that fowle rudenesse which did her de-
face,

And that same bitter corsive, which did eat
Her tender heart and made refraine from meat,
He with good thewes and speeches well ap-
plyde

Did mollifie, and calme her raging heat
For though she were most faire, and goodly
deide,

Yet she it all did mar with cruelty and pride

XV

And, for to shut up all in friendly love,
Sith love was first the ground of all her
griefe,

That trusty Squire he wisely well did move
Not to despise that damewhich lov'd him lief
Till he had made of her some better prefe,
But to accept her to his wedded wife
Thereto he offered for to make him chiefe
Of all her land and lordship during life
He yielded and her tooke, so stunted all their
strife

XVI

From that day forth in peace and joyous
blis

They liv'd together long without debate,
Ne private janie, ne spite of enemies,
Could shake the safe assurance of their state
And she, whom Nature did so faire create
That she mote match the fairest of her daies,
Yet with lewd loves and lust intemperate
Hnd it defaste, thenceforth reformd her waies,
That all men much admird her change, and
spake her praise

XVII

Thus when the Prince had perfectly com-
plyde, [rest,
These pures of friends in peace and settled
Him selfe, whose minde did travell as with
chylde

Of his old love conceiv'd in secret brest,
Resolved to pursue his former quest,
And, taking leave of all, with him did beare
Faure Amoret, whom Fortune by bequest
Had left in his protection whileare,
Lxchanged out of one into another feare.

XVIII

Feare of her safety did her not constraene,
For well she was now in a mighty bond
Her person, late in perill, did remaine,
Who able was all dangers to withstand
But now in feare of shame she more did stand,
Seeing her selfe all only succomlesse
Left in the victors powre, like vassall bond,
Whose will her weakenesse could no way re-
presse [excesse
In case his burning lust should breake into

XIX

But cause of feare, sure, had she none at all
Of him, who goodly learned had of more
The course of loose affection to forstall,
And lawlesse lust to rule with reason's lore,
That all the while he by his side her bore,
She was as safe as in a Sanctuary
Thus many miles they two together wore,
To seeke their loves dispersed diversly,
Yet neither showed to other their hearts privacy

XX

At length they came whereas a troupe of
Knights

They saw together skirmishing, as seemed
Sith they were all full of fell despight,
But foure of them the battell best esteemed,
That which of them was best mote not be
deemed

These foure were they from whom false Florimel
By Braggadocio lately was redeemed,
To weat, sterne Druon, and lewd Claribell,
Love-lavish Blandimour, and lustfull Paridell

XXI

Druons delight was all in single life,
And unto Ladies love would lend no leasure
The more was Claribell enraged rife
With ferrent flames, and loved out of measure
So eke lov'd Blai damour, but yet at pleasure
Would change his liking, and new Leman
prove,

But Paridell of love did make no threasure,
But lusted after all that him did move
So diversly these foure disposed were to love.

XXII

But those two other which beside them stooode,
Were Britomart and gentle Scudamour,

Who all the while beheld their wrathfull
moode,
And wondred at their impacable stoure,
Whose like they neuer saw till that same houre
So dreadfull strokes each did at other drive,
And laid on load with all their might and
powre,
As if that every dint the ghost would rive
Out of their wretched corsés, and their lives
deprive

XVIII

As when Dan Æolus, in great displeasure
For losse of his deare love by Neptune hent,
Sends forth the winds out of his hidden threane
Upon the sea to wreake his fell intent, [fure
They breking forth with rude unrulment
From all sours parts of heaven doe rage full sore,
And tesse the deepes, and teare the firmament,
And all the world confound with wide uprore,
As if instead thereof they Chaos would restore

XIX

Cause of their discord and so fell debrite
Was for the love of that same snowy maid,
Whome they had lost in Turneyment of late,
And, seeking long to weet which way she
straid,
Met here together, where, through lewd up-
braide
Of Atë and Duessa, they fell out,
And each one taking part in others aide
This cruell conflict raised thereabout, [doubt
Whose dangerous successe depended yet in

XX

For sometimes Paridell and Blandamour
The better had, and bet the others backe,
Eftsoones the others did the field recoure,
And on his foes did worke full cruell wracke
Yet neither would their fiendlike furs slacke,
But evermore their malice did augment,
Till that unceath they forced were, for lacke
Of breath, their raging rigour to relent,
And rest themselves for to recover spirits spent.

XXI

Then gan they change their sides, and new
parts take,
For Paridell did take to Druons side,
For old despight which now forth newly brake
Against Blandamour, whom alwaies he envide,
And Blandamour to Claribell relide
So all afresh gan former sight renew [tide,
As when two Barkes, thus carried with the
That with the wind, contrary courses sew,
If wind and tide doe change, their courses
change anew.

XXVII

Thenceforth they much more furiously gan
As if but then the battell had begonne, [tare,
Ne helmets bright ne hawberks strong did
spare,
That through the chists the vermeil bloud out
And all adowne their iiven sides did rounce
Such mortall malice wonder was to see
In friends profest, and so great outrage donne
But sooth is said, and trade in each degree,
Faint friends when they fall out most cruell
fomen bee

XXVIII

Thus they long while continued in fight,
Till Scudamour and that same Briton maide
By fortune in that place did chance to light
Whom soone as they with wrathfull eie be-
wraide,
They gan remember of the fowle upbraide,
The which that Britonesse had to them donne
In that late Turney for the snowy maide,
Where she had them both shamefully fordonne,
And eke the famous prize of beauty from them
wonne

XXIX

Eftsoones all burning with a fresh desire
Of fell revenge, in their malicious mood [ire,
They from them selves gan turne their furious
And cruell blades, yet steeming with whot
bloud,
Against those two let drive, as they were wood
Who wondring much at that so sodaine fit,
Let nought dismayd, them stontly well with-
stood,
Ne yelded soote, ne once abacke did flit,
But being doubly smitten liken ise doubly smit

XXX

The warlike Dame was on her part assaid
Of Claribell and Blandamour attone,
And Paridell and Druon fiercely laid
At Scudamour, both his professed fone
Foure charged two, and two surcharged one,
Yet did those two them selves so bravely beare,
That th' other litle gained by the lone,
But with their owne repayed duely weare,
And usury withall such guine was gotten
deare

XXXI

Full oftentimes did Butomart assay
To speake to them, and some empallance move,
But they for nought their cruell hands would
stay,
Ne lend an eare to ought that might behove.
As when an eager mastiffe once doth prove
The tast of bloud of some engored beast,
No words may rate, nor rigour him remove

From greedy hold of that his blouddy feast,
So little did they hearken to her sweet behest.

XXXXII

Whom when the Briton Prince asfarre beheld
With ods of so unequal match oppress,
His mighty heart with indignation sweld,
And inward grudge tild his heroeike brest
Eftsoones him selfe he to their aide address,
And thrusting fierce into the thickest preace
Divided them, how ever loth to rest,
And would themaine from battell to surceasse,
With gentle words perswading them to friendly
peace.

XXXXIII

But they so farre from peace or patience were,
That all at once at him gan fiercely sie,
And lay on load, as they him downe would
beare,
Like to a storme which hovers under skie,
Long here and there and round about doth stie,
At length breakes downe in ruine, and haile
and sleet,
First from one coast, till nought thereof be drie,
And then another, till that likewise sleet,
And so from side to side till all the world it weet

XXXXIV

But now their forces greatly were decayd,
The Prince yet being fresh untoucht afore,
Who them with speeches milde gan first dis-
swade [bore
From such foule outrage, and them long for-
till seeing them through suffrance hartned
more,
Him selfe he bent their furies to abate.
And layd at them so sharpe and so sore,
That shortly them compelled to retrace,
And being brought in daunger to relent too late

XXXXV

But now his courage being throughly fired,
He ment to make them know their follies prise,
Had not those two him instantly desired
T' aswage his wrath, and pardon their mes-
prise
At whose request he gan him selfe advise
To stay his hand, and of a truce to treat
In milder tearmes, as list them to devise,
Mongst which the cause of their so cruell heat
He did them aske, who all that passed gan
repeat

XXXXVI

And told at large how that same errant Knight,
To weete faire Britomart, them late had foyled

In open turney, and by wrongfull fight,
Both of their publicke praise had them de-
spoyled,
And also of their private loves begayled,
Of two full hard to read the harder theft.
But she that wrongfull challenge soone assayed,
And shew'd that she had not that Lady reft,
(As they suppos'd) but her had to her liking
left.

XXXXVII

To whom the Prince thus goodly well replied:
' Certes, sir Knight, ye seemen much to blame
To rip up wrong that battell once hath tried,
Wherein the honor both of Armes ye shame,
And eke the love of Ladies foule defame:
To whom the world this franchise ever yielded
That of their loves choose they might freedom
claime, [shielded
And in that right should by all knights be
Gaunt which, me seemes, this war ye wrong-
fully have wielded'

XXXXVIII

' And yet' (quoth she) ' a greater wrong
maines
For I thereby my former love have lost;
Whom seeking ever since with endless paines
Hath me much sorrow and much travell cost
Aye me, to see that gentle maide so tost,
But Scudamour, then sighing deepe, thus
' Certes, her losse ought me to sorrow most,
Whose right she is, where ever she be straid,
Through many perils wonne, and many
tunes waide.

XXXXIX

' For from the first that her I love profess,
Unto this houre, this present lucklesse hoire
I never joyed happinesse nor rest,
But thus turmoild from one to other stowre
I wast my life, and doe my daies devowre
In wretched angushe and incessant woe,
Passing the measure of my feeble powre,
That living thus a wretch, and loving so,
I neither can my love ne yet my life forgo

XL

Then good Sir Clanbell him thus bespake:
' Now were it not, sir Scudamour, to you
Dislikefull paine so sad a task to take,
Mote we entreat you, with this gentle crew
Is now so well accorded all anow,
That as we ride together on our way,
Ye will recount to us in order dew
All that adventure which ye did assay
For that faire Ladies love past perils
apay.'

So gan the rest him likewise to require,
But Britomart did him importune hard
To take on him that pame whose great desire
He glad to satisfie, him selfe prepar'd

To tell through what misfortune he had far'd
In that atchievement, as to him befell,
And all those daungers unto them declar'd,
Which sith they cannot in this Canto well
Comprised be, I will them in another tell.

CANTO X.

Scudamour doth his conquest tell
Of vertuous Amoret
Great Vennus Temple is describ'd,
And lovers life forth set

I
'True he it said, what ever man it sayd,
That love with gall and hony doth abound,
But if the one be with the other wad,
For every dram of hony therein found
A pound of gall doth over it redound
That I too true by triall have approv'd,
For since the day that first with deadly wound
My heart was launcht, and learned to have
loved,
I never joyed howre, but still with care was

II
'And yet such grace is given them from above,
That all the cares and evill which they meet
May nought at all their settled mindes remove,
But seeme, gaunst common sence, to them most
sweet,
As bosting in their martyrdome unmeet.
So all that ever yet I have endured
I count as naught, and tread downe under feet,
Since of my love at length I rest assured,
That to disloyalty she will not be allured

III
'Long were to tell the travell and long toyle
Through which this sheld of love I late have
wonne,
And purchased this peerelesse beauties spoule,
That harder may be ended, then begonne
But since ye so desire, your will be donne
Then hearke, ye gentle knights and Ladies free,
My hard mishaps that ye may learne to shonne,
For though sweet love to conquer glorious bee,
Yet is the paine thereof much greater then the
fee

IV
'What time the fame of this renowned prise
Flew first abroad and all mens cares possest,
I, having armes then taken, gan arise
To winne me honour by some noble gest,

And purchase me some place amongst the best
I boldly thought, (so young mens thoughts
are bold)
That this same brave emprise for me did rest,
And that both shield and she whom I behold
Might be my lucky lot, sith all by lot we hold

V
'So on that hard adventure forth I went,
And to the place of perill shortly came
That was a temple faire and auncient,
Which of great mother Venus bare the name,
And farre renowned through exceeding fame,
Much more then that which was in Paphos
built,
Or that in Cyprus, both long since this same,
Though all the pillours of the one were guilt,
And all the others pavement were with ivory
spilt

VI
'And it was seated in an Island strong,
Abounding all with delices most rare,
And wall'd by nature gaunst invaders wrong,
That none mote have accesse, nor inward fure,
But by one way that passage did prepare
It was a bridge built in goodly wise [faire,
With curious Corbes and pendants graven
And, arch'd all with porches, did arise
On stately pillours fram'd after the Doricke
guize

VII
'And for defence thereof on th' other end
There reared was a castle faire and strong
That warded all which in or out did wend,
And flanked both the bridges sides along,
Gainst all that would it faine to force on wrong
And therein wounned twenty valiant Knights,
All twenty tride in warres experience long,
Whose office was against all manner wights
By all meanes to maintaine that castels ancient
rights

XIII

'Before that Castle was an open plaine,
And in the midst thereof a pillar placed,
On which this sheeld, of many sought in vaine,
The sheeld of Love, whose guerdon me hath
graced,
Was hangd on high with golden ribbands laced,
And in the marble stone was written this,
With golden letter goodly well enchaced,
Blessed the man that well can use his blis
Whose ever be the sheeld, faire Amoret be his.

IX

'Which when I red, my heart did inly earne,
And print with hope of that adventures hap
Ne stayd further newes thereof to learne,
But with my speare upon the sheeld did rap,
That all the castle ringd with the clap
Streight forth issewd a Knight all arm'd to
proofe,
And bravely mounted to his most mishap
Who, staying nought to question from aloofe,
Ran fierce at me that fire glaunst from his
horses hoofe

X

'Whom boldly I encountred (as I could)
And by good fortune shortly him unseated
Eftsoones outprung two more of equill mould,
But I them both with equill hap defeated.
So all the twenty I likewise entreated,
And left them groning there upon the plaine
Then, preacing to the pillour, I repeated
The read thereof for guerdon of my prime,
And taking downe the sheeld with me did it
retaine

XI

'So forth without impediment I past,
'Till to the Bridges utter gate I came,
The which I found sure lockt and chained fast
I knockt, but no man ansuwerd me by name,
I cald, but no man ansuwerd to my clame
Yet I persever'd still to knocke and call,
Till at the last I spyde within the same
Where one stood peeping through a crevis small,
To whom I cald aloud, halfe angry therewithall

XII

'That was to weete the Porter of the place,
Unto whose trust the charge thereof was lent
His name was Doubt, that had a double face,
Th'one forward looking, th'other backward
Therein resembling Janus auncient [bent,
Which hath in charge the ingate of the yeare
And evermore his eyes about him went,
As if some proved perill he did feare,
Or did misdoubt some ill whose cause did not
appeare

XIII

'On th' one side he, on th' other sate Delay,
Behinde the gate that none her might espy,
Who e manner was all passengers to stay
And entertaime with her occasions sly
Through which some lost great hope unheedly,
Which never they recover might againe,
And other, quite excluded forth, did ly
Long languishing there in unjust paine,
And seeking often entraunce afterwards in
vaine

XIV

'Me when as he had privily espide
Bearing the sheeld which I had conquerd late
He kend it streight, and to me opened wide.
So in I past, and streight he closed the gate.
But being in, Delay in clove awaite [stay,
Caught hold on me, and thought my steps to
Feigning full many a sould excuse to prate,
And time to sterle, the threasure of many day,
Whose smallest minute lost no riches render
my

XV

'But by no meynes my way I would forlow
For ought that ever she could doe or say,
But from my lofty steede dismounting low
Past forth on foote, beholding all the way
The goodly workes and stones of rich assay,
Cast into sundry shapies by wondrous skill,
That like on earth no where I reckon may
And undermeth, the river rolling still
With murmure soft, that seem'd to scree the
workmans will

XVI

'Thence forth I passed to the second gate,
The Gate of Good Desert, who e goodly pride
And costly frame were long here to relate
The same to all stoode shewen open wide,
But in the Porch did evermore abide
An hideous Giant, dreadfull to behold
That stoppt the entraunce with his spacious
stride,
And with the terror of his countenance bold
Full many did assay, that also faime enter
would

XVII

'His name was Daunger, dreded over-all,
Who day and night did watch and duely ward
From ferresfull cowards entrance to forstall
And faine-heart-fooles, whom shew of perill
hard
Could terrifie from Fortunes sure adward
For oftentimes saint hearts, at first espiall
Of his grim face, were from approaching scard;
Unworthy they of grace, whom one deniall
Excludes from fairest hope withouten further
triall

XXIII

'Yet many doughty warriors, often tride
In greater perils to be stout and bold,
Durst not the sternnesse of his looke abide,
But, soone as they his countenance did behold,
Began to faint, and feele their corage cold
Againe, some other, that in hard assaies
Were cowards knowne, and litle count did hold,
Either through gifts, or guile, or such like waies,
Ciept in by stouping low, or stealing of the
kaies

XXIV

'But I, though meanest man of many moe,
Yet much disdainng unto him to lout,
Or creepe betweene his legs, so in to goe,
Resolv'd him to assault with manhood stout,
And either beat him in, or drive him out.
Eftsoones, advauncing that enchanted shield,
With all my might I gan to lay about
Which when he saw, the glaive which he did
wield
He gan forthwith t'availe, and way unto me
yield

XXV

'So, as I entred, I did backward looke,
For ferre of harme that might lie hidden there,
And loe! his hindparts, whereof heed I tooke,
Much more deformed fearefull, ugly were,
Then all his former parts did earst appere
For hatred, murder, treason, and despight,
With many mce lay in ambushment there,
Awaiting to entrap the warelesse wight
Which did not them prevent with vigilant
foresight.

XXVI

'Thus having past all perill, I was come
Within the compasse of that Islands space,
The which did seeme, unto my simple doome,
The onely pleasant and delightfull place
That ever troden was of footings trace
For all that nature by her mother-wit
Could frame in earth, and forme of substance
base,
Was there, and all that nature did omit,
Art, playing second natures part, supplied it

XXVII

'No tree, that is of count, in greenewood
From lowest Juniper to Cedar tall, [growes,
No floure in field, that daintie odour throws,
And deckes his branch with blossomes overall,
But there was planted, or grew naturall
Nor sense of man so coy and curious nice,
But there mote find to please it selfe withall,
Nor hart could wish for any queint device,
But there it present was, and did fraile sense
entice

XXVIII

'In such luxurious plentie of all pleasure,
It seem'd a second paradise to ghesse
So lavishly enricht with Natures threasure,
That if the happie soules, which doe possesse
Th' Elysian fields and live in lasting blesse,
Should happen this with living eye to see,
They soone would loath their lesser happinesse,
And wish to life return'd againe to bee,
That in this joyous place they mote have joy-
ance free

XXIX

'Fresh shadowes, fit to shroud from sunny ray,
Faure lawnds, to take the sunne in person dew,
Sweet springs, in which a thousand Nymphs
did play,
Softrombling brookes, that gentleslomberdrew,
High reared mounts, the lands about to view,
Low looking dales, disloignd from common
gaze,
Delightfull bowres, to solace lovers tren,
False Labyrinthes, fond runners eyes to daze,
All which by nature made did nature selfe a-
maze

XXX

'And all without were walkes and alleyes
dight
With divers trees enrang'd in even ranks,
And here and there were pleasant arbors pight,
And shadie seates, and sundry flowing bankes,
To sit and rest the walkers wearie shankes,
And therein thousand payres of lovers walkt,
Praying their god, and yelding him great
thanks,
Ne ever ought but of their true loves talkt,
Ne ever for rebuke or blame of any balkt

XXXI

'All these together by themselves did sport
Their spotlesse pleasures and sweet loves con-
tent.

But, farre away from these, another sort
Of lovers lincked in true harts consent,
Which loved not as these for like intent,
But on chaste vertue grounded their desire,
Farre from all fraud or fained blandishment,
Which, in their spirits kindling zealous fire,
Brave thoughts and noble deedes did evermore
aspire.

XXXII

'Such were great Hercules and Hyllus deare
Trew Jonathan and David trustie tryde
Stout Theseus and Pirithous his feare
Pyllades and Orestes by his syde,

Maid Titus and Gesippus without pryde,
Damon and Pythias, whom death could not
sever

All these and all that ever had bene tyde
In bonds of friendship, there did live for ever,
Whose lives although decay'd, yet loves decayed never

XXVII

'Which when as I, that never tasted blis
Nor happie howre, beheld with gazefull eye,
I thought there was none other heaven then
this,

And gan their endlessse happinesse envye,
That by being free from feare and gealosye
Might frankly there their loves desire possesse,
Whilst I, through paines and perious jeopardie,

Was forst to seeke my lifes deare patronnesse
Much dearer be the things which come through
hard distresse

XXIX

'Yet all those rights and all that else I saw,
Might not my steps withhold, but that forth-
right

Unto that purposed place I did me draw,
Where as my love was lodged day and night,
The temple of great Venus, that is hight
The Queene of beautie, and of love the mother,
There worshipped of every living wight,
Whose goodly workmanship farre past all other
That ever were on earth, all were they set to-
gether

XXX

'Not that same famous Temple of Diane,
Whose hight all Ephesus did oversee,
And which all Asia sought with vowes pro-
phane,

One of the worlds seven wonders said to bee,
Might match with this by many a degree
Nor that which that wise King of Iurie framed
With endlessse cost to be th' Almightyes see,
Nor all, that else through all the world is named
To all the heathen Gods, might like to thus
be claimed

XXXI

'I, much admyring that so goodly frame,
Unto the porch approcht which open stood,
But therein sate an amiable Dame,
That seem'd to be of very sober mood,
And in her semblant shew'd great womanhood
Strange was her attire, for on her head a crowne
She wore, much like unto a Danisk hood,
Pouderd with pearle and stone, and all her
gowne [adowne
Enwoven was with gold, that raught full low

XXXII

On either side of her two young men stood,
Both strongly arm'd, as fearing one another,
Yet were they brethren both of halfe the blood,
Begotten by two fathers of one mother,
Though of contrarie natures each to other
The one of them hight Love, the other Hate.
Hate was the elder, Love the younger brother,
Yet was the younger stronger in his state
Then th' elder, and him mastered still in all
debate.

XXXIII

'Nathlesse that Dame so well them tempred
both,
That she them forced hand to jorne in hand,
Albe that Hatred was thereto full loth,
And turn'd his face away, as he did stand,
Unwilling to behold that lovely brinde
Yet she was of such grace and vertuous might,
That her commaundment he could not with-
But but his lip for felonous desight, [stand,
And gnasht his yron tuskes at that displeasing
sight

XXXIV

'Concord she cleeped was in common reed,
Mother of blessed Peace and Friendship trew,
They both her twins, both borne of heavenly
seed,
And she her self likewise divinely grew,
The which right well her workes divine did
shew [lends,
For strength and wealth and happinesse she
And strife and warre and anger does subdew
Of litle much, of foes she maketh friends,
And to afflicted minds sweet rest and quiet
sende

XXXV

'By her the heaven is in his course contained,
And all the world in state unmoved stands,
As their Almighty maker first ordained,
And bound them with inviolable bands,
Else would the waters overflow the land,
And fire devour the ayre, and hell them quight,
But that she holds them with her blessed hands
She is the nurse of pleasure and delight,
And unto Venus grace the gate doth open right.

XXXVI

'By her I entering half dismayed was,
But she in gentle wise me entertained,
And twixt her selfe and Love did let me pas,
But Hatred would my entrance have re-
strayned, [brayned,
And with his club me threatned to have
Had not the Ladie with her powrefull spech
Him from his wicked will unneath refrayned,

and th' other eke his malice did empeach,
 'll I was throughly past the perill of his
 reach

XXXVII

'Into the inmost Temple thus I came,
 Which fuming all with frankensence I found
 And odours rising from the altars flame
 Upon an hundred marble pillors round
 The rooffe up high was reared from the ground,
 All deckt with crownes, and chaynes, and gir-
 lands gay, [pound,
 And thousand pretious gifts worth many a
 The which sad lovers for their loves did pay,
 And all the ground was strow'd with flowres
 as fresh as May.

XXXVIII

'An hundred Altars round about were set,
 All flaming with their sacrifices fire,
 That with the steme thereof the Temple swet,
 Which rould in clouds to heauen did aspire,
 And in them bore true lovers vowes entire
 And eke an hundred brassen caudrons bright,
 To bath in joy and amorous desire,
 Every of which was to a damzell hight,
 For all the Priests were damzels in soft linnen
 dight.

XXXIX

'Right in the midst the Goddesses selfe did
 stand
 Upon an altar of some costly masse,
 Whose substance was unneath to understand
 For neither pretious stone, nor durefull brasse,
 Nor shining gold, nor moulding clay it was,
 But much more rare and pretious to esteeme,
 Pure in aspect, and like to cristall glasse,
 Yet glasse was not, if one did rightly deeme,
 But, being faire and briclike, likest glasse did
 seeme.

XL

'But it in shape and beautie did excell
 All other Idoles which the heathen adore,
 Farre passing that, which by surpassing skill
 Phidias did make in Paphos Isle of yore,
 With which that wretched Giecke, that life
 forlore,
 Did fall in love yet this much fairer shined,
 But covered with a slender veile afore,
 And both her feete and legs together twyned
 Were with a snake, whose head and tail were
 fast combyned.

XLI

'The cause why she was covered with a veile
 Was hard to know, for that her Priests the
 same
 From peoples knowledge labour'd to conceale
 But sooth it was not sure for womanish shame,

Nor any blemish which the worke mote blame;
 But for, they say, she hath both kinds in one,
 Both male and female, both under one name
 She syre and mother is her selfe alone, [none,
 Begets and eke conceives, ne needeth other

XLII

'And all about her necke and shoulders flew
 A flocke of litle loves, and sports, and joyes,
 With nimble wings of gold and purple hew,
 Whose shapes seem'd not like to terrestriall
 boyes,
 But like to Angels playing heavenly toyes,
 The whitest their eldest brother was away,
 Cupid their eldest brother, howenjoyes
 The wide kingdome of love with lordly sway,
 And to his law compels all creatures to obay

XLIII

'And all about her altar scattered lay
 Great sorts of lovers piteously complayning,
 Some of their losse, some of their loves delay,
 Some of their pride, some paragons disdainning,
 Some fearing fraud, some fraudulently sayning,
 As every one had cause of good or ill
 Amongst the rest some one, through Loves
 constraining
 Tormented sore, could not containe it still,
 But thus brake forth, that all the temple it did
 fill

XLIV

“Great Venus! Queene of beautie and of grace,
 The joy of Gods and men, that under skie
 Doest fayrest shine, and most adorne thy place,
 That with thy smyling looke doest pacifie
 The raging seas, and makst the stormes to flic,
 Thee, goddesse, thee the winds, the clouds doe
 leane,
 And, when thou spreadst thy mantle forth on hie,
 The waters play, and pleasant lands appeare,
 And heavens laugh, and al the world shews
 joyous cheare

XLV

“Then doth the dædale earth throw forth to
 thee
 Out of her fruitfull lap abundant flowres,
 And then all living wights, soone as they see
 The spring breake forth out of his lusty bowres,
 They all doe learne to play the Paramours,
 First doe the merry birde, thy pretty pages,
 Privily pricked with thy lustfull powres,
 Chirpe loud to thee out of their leavy cages,
 And thee their mother call to coole their
 kindly rages

XLVI

“Then doe the salvage beasts begin to play
 Their pleasant friskes, and loath their wonted
 food

The Lyons rore, the Tygres loudly bray,
The raging Bulls rebellow through the wood,
And breaking forth dare tempt the deepest flood
To come where thou doest draw them with
So all things else that nourish vital blood,
Soone as with furr thou doest them inspire,
In generation seeke to quench their inward fire

XLVII

"So all the world by thee at first was made,
And dayly yet thou doest the same reprove,
Ne ought on earth that merry is and glad,
Ne ought on earth that lovely is and faire,
But thou the cause for pleasure didst pre-
pare
Thou art the root of all thir joyous is
Great God of men and women queene of th-
aire,
Mother of laughter, and wel-spring of blisse,
O graunt that of my love at last I may not
missee"

XLVIII

"So did he say but I with murmure soft,
That none might heare the sorrow of my hart,
Yet my growing deepe and sighing oft,
Besought her to graunte ease unto my smart,
And to my wound her gracious help impart
Whilste thus I spake behold with happy eye
I spyde where at the Idoles feet apart
A beire of fayre damazels close did lye,
Wayting when as the Antheme should be sung
on lye.

XLIX

"The first of them did seeme of riper yeares
And graver countenance then all the rest
Yet all the rest were eke her equall peeres,
Yet unto her obeyed all the best
Her name was Womanhood, that she ex-
p-
rest
By her sad semblant and demourne wyse
I or stedfast till her eyes did fixed rest
Ne not at ruden, after graver guise,
Whose luring braytes oftimes doe heedless hart-
entise

L

"And next to her sate goodly Shamefastnesse,
Ne ever durst her eyes from ground upreare,
Ne ever once did looke up from her desse,
As if some blame of evill she did feare,
That in her cheekes made roses oft appeare
And in against sweet Cherefulness was placed
Whose eyes like twinkling stars in evening
clere,
Were deckt with smyles that all sad humors
And durted forth delights the which her good-
ly graced.

LI

"And next to her sate sober Modestie,
Holding her hand upon her gentle hart;
And her against sate comely Curtesie,
That unto every person knew her part
And her before was sent as crithwart
Soft Silence, and submissive Obedience,
Both in ekt together never to dispart,
Both gifts of God not gotten but in thence,
Both girdons of his Fruits againe their foe-
offence

LII

"Thus sate ther all around in seemely rate
And in the midst of them a goodly mayd
I ven in the lap of Womanhood there sate,
The which was all in lilly white arrayd,
With silver streames amongst the linnen
arrayd,
Like to the Morne when first her shyning face
Hath to the gloomy world itselfe bewrayd
That same was fayrest Amoret in place,
Shyning with beuties light and heavenly
vertues grace

LIII

"Whom soone as I beheld, my hart gan throb
And wade in doubt what best were to be
donne;
For sacrifice me seemd the Church to rob,
And folly seemd to leave the thing undonene
Which with so strong attempt I had be gonne.
The shaking off all doubt and shame fast scare
Which Ladies love I heard, had never wonne
Morest men of worth, I to her steppd neare,
And by the hilly hand her labour'd up to
reare

LIV

"Thereat that foremost matrone me did
blame,
And sharpe rebuke for being over bold;
Saying it was to Knight unseemly shame
Upon a recluse Virgin to lay hold,
That unto Venus services was sold
To whom I thus "Say, but it fitteth best
For Cupids min with Venus mayd to hold,
For all your goddesses services are drest
By virgins, and her sacrifices let to rest"

LV

"With that my shield I forth to her did
show,
Which all that while I closely had conceald;
On which when Cupid, with his killing bow
And cruell shafts, emblazond she layd,
At sight then of she was with terror queld,
And said no more but I, which all that
while
The pledge of faith, her hand engaged held,

Like warie Hynd within the weedie soyle,
For no intreatie would forgooe so glorious
spoyle.

LVI

'And evermore upon the Goddesse face
Mine eye was fixt, for feare of her offence,
Whom when I saw with amiable grace
To laugh at me, and favour my pretence,
I was emboldned with more confidence;
And nought for nicenesse nor for envy
spring,
In presence of them all forth led her thence
All looking on, and like astonisht staring,
Yet to lay hand on her not one of all them
daring

LVII

'She often pry'd, and often me besought,
Sometime with tender teares to let her goe,

Sometime with witchung smyles, but yet, for
nought

That ever she to me could say or doe,
Could she her wished freedome fro me wooe
But forth I led her through the Temple gate,
By which I hardly past with much adoe
But that same Ladie, which me friended late
In entrance, did me also friend in my retrate

LVIII

'No lesse did Daunger threaten me with dread,
Whenas he saw me, maugre all his powre,
That glorious spoyle of beautie with me lead,
Then Cerberus, when Orpheus did recoure
His Leman from the Stygian Princes bourne
But evermore my shield did me defend
Against the storme of every dreadfull stoure
Thus safely with my love I thence did wend,
So ended he his tale, where I this Canto end

CANTO XI

Marinells former wound is heald,
He comes to Proteus hall,
Where Thames doth the Medway wedd,
And feasts the Sea gods all

I

But ah for pittie! that I have thus long
Left a fayre Ladie lingshing in payne
Now well-away! that I have doen such
wrong,
To let faire Florimell in bands remayne,
In bands of love, and in sad thraldomes
chayne, [free
From which, unless some heavenly powre her
By miracle, not yet appearing playne,
She longer yet is like captiv'd to bee,
That even to thinke thereof it nily pitties mee

II

Here neede you to remember, how erewhile
Unlovely Proteus, missing to his mind
That Virgins love to win by wit or wile,
Her threw into a dongeon deepe and blind,
And there in chaynes her cruelly did bind,
In hope thereby her to his bent to draw
For, when as neither gifts nor graces kind
Her constant mind could move at all he saw,
He thought her to compell by crueltie and
awe.

III

Deepe in the bottome of an huge great rocke
The dongeon was, in which her bound he left,
That neither yron barres, nor brasen locke,
Did neede to gard from force, or secret theft

Of all her lovers which would her have ref:
For wall'd it was with waves, which rag'd and
ror'd

As they the cliffe in peeces would have cleft,
Besides ten thousand monsters foule abhor'd
Did waite about it, gaping griesly, all begor'd

IV

And in the midst thereof did horror dwell,
And darkenesse dredd that never viewed day,
Like to the balefull house of lowest hell,
In which old Styx her aged bones relyay,
Old Styx the Grandsire of the Gods, doth lay
There did this lucklesse mayd seven months
Ne ever evening saw, ne mornings ray, [abide,
Ne ever from the day the night descide,
But thought it all one night that did no houres
divide

V

And all this was for love of Marinell,
Who her de-priv'd (ah! who would her despise?)
And womens love did from his hart expell,
And all those joyes that wake mankind entyse
Nathlesse his pride full dearly he did pryse,
For of a womans hand it was ywroke,
That of the wound he yet in languor lyes,
Ne can be cured of that cruell stroke
Which Britomart him gave, when he did her
provoke

VI

Yet farre and neare the Nymph his mother
sought,
And many salves did to his sore applye,
And many herbes did use But when as
nought,
She saw, could ease his rankling maladie,
At last to Tryphon she for helpe did hie,
(This Tryphon is the seagods surgeon light,) Whom she besought to find some remedie,
And for his prunes a whistle him be light,
That of a fishes shell was wrought with rare
delight.

VII

So well that Lerch did hearken to her request,
And did so well employ his carefull paine,
That in short space his hurts he had redrest
And him restord to healthfull state againe
In which he long time after did remaine
There with the Nymph his mother, like her
thrall
Who sore against his will did him retaine,
For feare of perill which to him mote fall
Through his too ventrous prowesse proved over
all

VIII

It fortun'd then, a solemne feast was there
To all the sea-gods and their fruitfull seede,
In honour of the spousalls which then were
Betwixt the Medway and the Thames agreed
Long had the Thames (as we in records read)
Before that day her wooed to his bed
But the proud Nymph would for no worldly
need,
Nor no entreatie, to his love be led,
Till now, at last relenting, she to him was wed

IX

So both agreed that this their bridale feast
Should for the Gods in Proteus house be made,
To which they all repayr'd, both most and
least,
As well which in the mightie Ocean trade,
As that in rivers swim, or brookes doe wade,
All which, not if an hundred tongues to tell,
And hundred mouthes, and voice of brasse I
had,
And endless memorie that mote excell,
In order as they came could I recount them
well

X

Helpe, therefore, O' thou sacred imp of Jove
The nourling of Dame Memorie his deare,
To whom the scrolls, layd up in heav'n above,
And records of antiquitie appeare,

To which no wit of man may comen neare,
Helpe me to tell the names of all those floods
And all those Nymphes which then assembled
were
To that great banquet of the watry Gods,
And all their sundry kinds, and all their habodes

XI

I first came great Neptune, with his threeforkt
mace,
That rules the Seas and makes them rise or fall
His dewy loeles did drop with brine apace
Under his Diademe Imperiall
And by his side his Queene with coronall,
Laure Amphitrite, most divinely faire,
Whose yron shoulders were covered all,
As with a robe, with her owne silver haire,
And deckt with pearles which th' Indian seas
for her prepare

XII

These marched farre afore the other crew
And all the way before them, as they went,
Triton his trumpet shrill before them blew,
For goodly triumph and great jollyment,
That made the rockes to ronne as they were
rent,
And after them the royall issue came,
Which of them sprung by lineall descent
First the Sea gods, which to themselves doe
claime [to time
The powre to rule the billowes, and the waves

XIII

Phorcus, the father of that fatal brood
By whom those old Heroes wonne such fame;
And Glaucus, that wise counsailes understoode,
And tragike Inces sonne, the which became
A God of seas through his mothers blame,
Now light Palemon, and a saylers friend,
Great Brontes, and Astrus, that did shame
Himselfe with meeet of his kin and end,
And huge Orion, that doth tempests still por-
tend,

XIV

The rich Cteatus and Eurysus long,
Neleus and Pelias, lovely brethren both,
Mightie Chrysor and Cteus strong,
Eurypulus, that crimes the waters wroth
And sauro I uphemos, that upon them goth
As on the ground without dismay or dread,
Fierce Erx and Alelus, that know th
The water-depth and doth th' irbottom tread
And sad Asopus, comely with his hearie head

XV

There also some most famous founders were
Of puissant Nations which the world possesset,

Yet sonnes of Neptune, now assembled here
 Ancient Ogyges, even th' auncientest,
 And Inachus renoumd aboue the rest,
 Phoenix, and Aon, and Pelasgus old,
 Great Belus, Phœax, and Agenor best,
 And mightie Albion, father of the bold
 And warlike people which the Britaine Islands
 hold

XXI

For Albion the sonne of Neptune was,
 Who, for the prooffe of his great puissance,
 Out of his Albion did on dry-foot pas
 Into old Gall, that now is cleeped France,
 To fight with Hercules, that did advance
 To vanquish all the world with matchlesse
 might,
 And there his mortall part by great mischance
 Was slaine but that which is th' immortall
 spright [was dight
 Lives still, and to this feast with Neptunes seed

XXII

But what doe I their names seeke to reherse,
 Which all the world haue with their issue sild?
 How can they all in this so narrow verse
 Contayned be, and in small compasse hild?
 Let them record them that are better skild,
 And know the monuments of passed age
 Onely what needeth shall be here fulfilled,
 T' expresse some part of that great equipage
 Which from great Neptune do deriue their
 parentage

XXIII

Next came the aged Ocean and his Dame
 Old Teiths, th' oldest two of all the rest,
 For all the rest of those two parents came,
 Which afterward both sea and land possest,
 Of all which Nereus, th' eldest and the best,
 Did first proceed, then which none more up-
 right,
 Ne more sincere in word and deed profest,
 Most void of guile, most free from fowle de-
 spight, [right
 Doing him selfe, and teaching others to doe

XXIV

Thereto he was expert in prophecies,
 And could the ledden of the gods unfold,
 Through which, when Paris brought his fa-
 mous prise,
 The faire Tindarid lasse, he him fortold
 That her all Greece with many a champion
 hold
 Should fetch againe, and finally destroy
 Proud Priams towne So wise is Nereus old,
 And so well skild, nathlesse he takes greyt joy
 Oft-times amongst the wanton Nymphs to
 sport and toy

XX

And after him the famous rivers came,
 Which doe the earth enrich and beautifie
 The fertile Nile, which creatures new doth
 frame, [skie,
 Long Rhodanus, whose sourse springs from the
 Faire Ister, flowing from the mountaines hie
 Of Greeks and Trojans which therein did die,
 Pactolus glistring with his golden flood,
 And Tygris fierce, whose streames of none may
 be withstood,

XXI

Great Ganges, and immortall Euphrates,
 Deepe Indus, and Meander intricate,
 Slow Peneus, and tempestuous Phasides,
 Swift Rhene, and Alpheus still immaculate
 Ooraxes, feared for great Cyrus fate,
 Tybris, renowned for the Romaines fame,
 Rich Oranochy, though but knowen late,
 And that huge River, which doth beare his
 name [same
 Of warlike Amazons, who doe possesse the

XXII

Joy on those warlike women, which so long
 Can from all men so rich a kingdome hold
 And shame on you, O men! which boast your
 strong [bold,
 And valiant hearts, in thoughts lesse hard and
 Yet quale in conquest of that land of gold
 But thus to you, O Britons! most pertaines,
 To whom the right hereof it selfe hath sold,
 The which, for sparing little cost or paines,
 Loose so immortall glory, and so endlesse
 ganes

XXIII

Then was there heard a most celestiall sound
 Of dainty musicke, which did next ensew
 Before the spouse that was Arion crownd,
 Who, playing on his harpe, unto him drew
 The eares and hearts of all that goodly crew,
 That even yet the Dolphin, which him bore
 Through the Agrean seas from Pirates vew,
 Stood still by him astonisht at his lore,
 And all the raging seas for joy forgot to rore

XXIV

So went he playing on the watery plaine,
 Soone after whom the lovely Bridegroome
 came,
 The noble Thamys, with all his goodly traine,
 But him before there went, as best became,
 His auncient parents, namely th' auncient
 Thame
 But much more aged was his wife then he,
 The Ourz, whom men doe Isis rightly name,

Full water and crooked creature seemed shee,
And almost blind through eke, that scarce her
way could see

XXX

Therefore on either side she was sustained
Of two small grooms, which by their names
were light {which paired
The Churne and Charwell, two small strames,
Them selves her footing to direct aright,
Which sayled oft through faint and feeble
plight
But Thyme was stranger, and of better stay,
Yet seem'd full aged by his outward sight,
With head all hoary, and his beard all gray,
Deawed with silver drops that trickled downe
alway.

XXXI

And eke he somewhat seem'd to stoupe afore
With bowed backe by reason of the load
And ancient heavy burden which he bore
Of that faire City wherein make abode
So many learned impes, that shoote abroad
And with their branches spread all Britany,
No lesse then do her elder sisters brood
Joy to you both ye double nursery
Of Arts! but, Oxford, thine doth Thame most
glorify

XXXII

But he their sonne full fresh and jolly was
All decked in a robe of watchet hew, {alas,
On which the waves, glittering like Christall
So cunningly ennoyed were, that few
Could weenen whether they were false or true
And on his head like a Coronet
He wore, that seemed strange to common view,
In which were many towres and castels set
That it encompassed round as with a golden fret

XXXIII

Like as the mother of the Gods, they say,
In her great iron chariot wons to ride,
When to Joves pillage she doth take her way,
Old Cybele, array'd with pompous pride,
Wearing a Diademe embroider'd wide
With hundred turrets, like a Turbibrant
With such an one was Thams beautifide,
That was to meet the famous Troynoutant,
In which her kingdomes throne is chiefly re-
siant

XXXIV

And round about him many a pretty Page
Attended dully, ready to obey,
All little Rivers which owe vassallage
To him, as to their Lord and tribute pay
The chauncky Kenet and the Thetis gray,
The morish Cole, and the soft sliding Breane,
The wanton Lee, that oft doth loose his way,

And the still Darent, in whose waters cleane
Ten thousand fishes play and dole his plea-
sant streame.

XXXV

Then came his neighbour floods which might
him dwell,
And water all the English soile throughout
They all on him this day attended will,
And with meet service waited him about,
No none disdained low to him to lout
No, not the stately Severne grudging at all,
No storming Humber, though he looked stout,
But both him honor'd as their prince and all,
And let their swelling waters low before him
fall

XXXVI

There was the speedy Tamar, which divides
The Cornish and the Devonish countie,
Through both whose borders swiftly downe it
glides, {climes
And, meeting, Plim, to Plimmouth thence de-
And Dart, high choekt with sands of tummy
mines
But Avon marched in more stately path,
Proud of his Adimants with which he shines
And glister wide, as also of wondrous Bath
And Bristol sure, which on his waves he
buildeth hith

XXXVII

And there came Stoure with terrible aspect,
Bearing his sixe deformed head on his,
That doth his course through Islandford plums
direct,
And washeth Winborne meades in season drive
Next him went Wythbourne with passage slow,
That of his washes his name doth take,
And of him selfe doth name the shure thereby
And Mole, that like a nosing Mole doth make
His way still under ground, till Thams he
overtake

XXXVIII

Then came the Rother decked all with woods
Like a wood God and flowing fast to Rhine,
And Sture, that partieth with his pleasant
floods
The Lasterne Saxons from the Southerne wy,
And Clare and Harwich both doth beautify
Him follow'd Yarr, soft washing Norwich wall,
And with him brought a present joyfully
Of his owne fish unto their festivall
Whose like none else could shew, the which
they Ruffins call

XXXIX

Next these the plenteous Ouse came far from
land,
By many a city and by many a town

And many rivers taking under-hand
Into his waters as he passeth downe,
The Cle, the Were, the Grant, the Sture, the
Rowne [fit,

Thence doth by Huntingdon and Cambridge
My mother Cambridge, whom as with a
Crowne

He doth adorne, and is adorn'd of it [wit
With many a gentle Muse and many a learned

XXXV

And after him the fatall Welland went,
That, if old sawes prove true (which God for-
bid)

Shall drowne all Holland with his excrement,
And shall see Stamford, though now homely hid,
Then shine in learning more then ever did
Cambridge or Oxford, Englands goodly beames
And next to him the Nene downe softly slid,
And bounteous Trent, that in him selfe en-
seames [stermes

Both thurty sorts of fish, and thurty sundry

XXXVI

Next these came Tyne, along whose stony
bancke

That Romaine Monarch built a brasen wall,
Which mote the feeble Britons strongly
franke

Against the Picts that swarmed over-all,
Which yet thereof Gualsexer they doe call
And Twede, the limit betwixt Logris land
And Albany And Eden, though but small,
Yet often stande with blood of many a band
Of Scots and English both, that tynd on his
strand

XXXVII

Then came those sixe sad brethren, like for-
loine,

That whilome were (as antique fathers tell)
Sixe valiant Knights of one faire Nympe
borne,

Which did in noble deedes of armes excell,
And wonned there where now Yorke people
dwell, [might,

Still Ure, swift Werfe, and Oze the most of
High Swale, unquiet Nide, and troublous Skell,
All whom a Sey than king, that Humber light,
Slew cruelly, and in the river drowned quight.

XXXVIII

But past not long ere Brutus warlike sonne,
Loerinus, them aveng'd, and the same date,
Which the proud Humber unto them had donne,
By equall dome repayd on his owne pate
For in the selfe same river, where he late
Had drenched them, he drowned him againe,
And nam'd the river of his wretched fate

Whose bad condition yet it doth retaine,
Oft tossed with his stormes which therein still
remaine

XXXIX

These after came the stony shallow Lone,
That to old Lancaster his name doth lend,
And following Dee, which Britons long y gone
Did call dyvine, that doth by Chester tend,
And Conway, which out of his streame doth send
Plenty of pearles to decke his dames withall,
And Landus that his pikes doth most commend,
Of which the auncent Lincolne men doe call
All these together marched toward Proteus
hall

XL

Ne thence the Irishe Rivers absent were,
Sith no lesse famous then the rest they bee,
And joyne in neighbourhood of kingdome nere,
Why should they not likewise in love agree,
And joy likewise this solemne day to see?
They saw it all, and present were in place,
Though I them all according their degree
Cannot recount, nor tell their hudden race,
Nor read the salvage cuntreis thorough which
they pace

XLI

There was the Liffy rolling downe the lea,
The sandy Slane, the stony Aubrian,
The spacious Shenan spreading like a sea,
The pleasant Boyne, the fishy fruitfull Ban,
Swift Awindust, which of the English man
Is call'd Blacke-water, and the Liffar deep,
Sad Trowis that once his people over-ran,
Strong Allo tombling from Slewlogher steep,
And Mulla mune, whose waves I whilom taught
to weep

XLII

And there the three renowned brethren were,
Which that great Gyant Blomius begot
Of the faire Nunph Rheusa wandring there
One day, as she to shunne the season whot
Under Slewboome in shady grove was got,
This Gyant found her and by force deflowr'd,
Whereof conceiving, she in time forth brought
These three faire sons which being thenceforth
powrd [scowrd

In three great rivers ran, and many cuntreis

XLIII

The first the gentle Shure that, making way
By sweet Clonmell, adornes rich Waterford,
The next, the stubborne Newre whose waters
gray
By pure Kilkenny and Rossepointe boord,
The third, the goodly Barow which doth hoord
Great herpes of salmons in his deepe boome
All which, long sundred, doe at last accord

To joyne in one, ere to the sea they come,
So, flowing all from one, all one at last become

XLIV

There also was the wide embayd Myre,
The pleasant Bandon crown'd with many a
wood,
The spreading Lee that, like an I-land favre,
Encloseth Corke with his divided flood,
And balefull Oure, late staid with English
blood, [tell
With many more whose names no tongue can
All which that day in order seemly good
Did on the Thamys attend, and waited well
To doe their duefull service, as to them befell.

XLV

Then came the Bride, the lovely Medua came,
Clad in a vesture of unknowne gearo
And uncouth fashon, yet her well became,
That seem'd like silver, sprinkled here and
there [appeare,
With glittering springs that did like starres
And wex'd upon, like water Chamelot,
To hide the metall, which yet every where
Bewrayd it selfe, to let men plainly wot
It was no mortall worke, that seem'd and yet
was not

XLVI

Her goodly lockes adowne her brecke did flow
Unto her waste, with flowres bescatter'd
The which ambrosiall odours forth did throw
To all about, and all her shoulders spread
As a new spring, and likewise on her head
A Chapelet of sundry flowers she wore,
From under which the dewy humour shed
Did tricle downe her haire, like to the hore
Congealed hitle drops which doe the morne
adore,

XLVII

On her two pretty handmaides did attend,
One call'd the Ihesse, the other call'd the Crane,
Which on her waited things amaine to mend,
And both behind upheld her spreading traine,
Under the which her feet appeared plaine,
Her silver feet, fure washt against this day
And her before there preed Pages twaine,
Both clad in colours like, and like array,
The Doune and eke the Erith, both which pre-
pard her way

XLVIII

And after these the Sea Nymphs marched all,
All goodly damzels, deckt with long greene
Whom of their sire Nereides men call, [haire,
All which the Oceans daughter to him bare,

The gray-eyde Doris, all which fifty are,
All which she there on her attending had
Swift Profo, milde Lucrate, Thetis faire,
Soft Spio, sweete Endore, Sao sad,
Light Doto, wanton Glauci, and Galene glad:

XLIX

White hand Lamea, proud Dymamenè,
Jovous Thalia goodly Amphitrite,
Lovely Pasithee, kinde Lulmene
Lightfoote Cythoos, and sweete Melitè,
Fairest Pherusa, Phao lilly white,
Wondred Agave, Poris, and Nereia,
With Ianto that doth in love delight,
And Panopæ, and wise Protomedea [three
And snowy neckd Doris, and milkewhite Gala-

L

Speedy Hippothol, and chaste Actea,
Large Lisianassa, and Pronæ sage,
Eurgori, and light Pontoporei,
And she that with her least word can asswage
The surging seas, when they doe sorest rage,
Cymodoce, and stout Autonoe,
And Neso, and Lionè well in age,
And, seeming still to smile, Glauconome,
And she that hight of many herstes Polynome,

LI

Fresh Almada deckt with garland greene,
Hipponeo with salt-bedew'd wreaths,
Lamedra like the cristall sheene,
Largore much prais'd for wise behests,
And Parmathè for her brode snow-brests,
Cymo, Lupompè, and Themistè just,
And, she that vertue loves and vice detests,
Luarna, and Menippe true in trust,
And Nemertes learned well to rule her lust

LII

All these the daughters of old Nereus were,
Which have the sea in charge to them assinde,
To rule his tides, and surges to upreare,
To bring forth stormes, or fast them to upbunde,
And sailers save from wreckes of wrathfull
winde [were,
And yet, besides, three thousand more there
Of th' Oceans seede, but Joves and Phoebus
kinde,
The which in floods and fountaines doe appere,
And all mankind do nourish with their waters
clere

LIII

The which, more eath it were for mortall
wight
To tell the sands, or count the starres on hye,

Or ought more hard, then thinke to reckon
right.
But well I wote that these, which I descry,
Were present at this great solemnity

And there, amongst the rest, the mother was
Of luckelesse Marnell, Cymodoce,
Which, for my Muse her selfe now tyred has,
Unto an other Canto I will overpas.

CANTO XII.

Marin for love of Florimell
In languor wastes his life
The Nymph, his mother, getteth her
And gives to him for wife

I

O' WHAT an endlesse worke have I in hand,
To count the seas abundant progeny,
Whose fruitfull seede farre passeth those in
land,
And also those which wonne in th' azure sky
For much more eath to tell the starres on hy,
Albe they endlesse seeme in estimation,
Then to recount the Seas posterity
So fertile be the floods in generation,
So huge their numbers, and so numberlesse
their nation

II

Therefore the antique wisards well invented
That Venus of the fomy sea was bred,
For that the seas by her are most augmented
Witness th' exceeding fry which there are fed,
And wondrous sholes which many of none be red
Then, blame me not if I have err'd in count
Of Gods, of Nymphs, of rivers, yet unred,
For though their numbers do much more sur-
mount, [count
Yet all thosesame were there which erst I did re-

III

All those were there, and many other more,
Whose names and nations were too long to tell,
That Proteus house they fild even to the dore,
Yet were they all in order, as befell,
According their degrees disposed well
Amongst the rest was faire Cymodoce,
The mother of unlucky Marnell,
Who thither with her came, to learne and see
The manner of the Gods when they at banquet
be

IV

But for he was halfe mortall, being bred
Of mortall sere, though of immortall wombe,
He might not with immortall food be fed,
Ne with th' eternall Gods to banquet come,
But walt abroad, and round about did rome
To view the building of that uncouth place,
That seem'd unlike unto his earthly home
Where, as he to and fro by chaunce did trace,
There unto him betid a disaventurous case.

V

Under the hanging of an hideous chieffe
He heard the lamentable voice of one,
That piteously complaind her carefull grieve,
Which never she before disclo'd to none,
But to her selfe her sorrow did bemone
So feelingly her case she did complaine,
That ruth it moved in the rocky stone,
And made it seeme to feele her grievous paine,
And oft to grieve with billowes beating from
the maine

VI

'Though vaine, I see, my sorrowes to unfold,
And count my cares when none is nigh to
heare,
Yet, hoping grieve may lessen being told,
I will them tell though unto no man neare
For heaven, that unto all lends equall eare,
Is farre from hearing of my heavy plight,
And lowest hell, to which I be most neare,
Cares not what evils hap to wretched wight,
And greedy seas doe in the spoile of life de-
light.

VII

'Yet loe! the seas, I see, by often beating
Doe pearce the rocks, and hardest marble
wears
But his hard rocky hart for no entreating
Will yeeld, but when my piteous plants he
heares,
Is hardned more with my abundant teares
Yet though he never list to me relent,
But let me waste in woe my wretched yeares,
Yet will I never of my love repent,
But joy that for his sake I suffer prisonment.

VIII

'And when my weary ghost, with grieve out-
worne,
By timely death shall winne her wished rest,
Let then this plunt unto his eares be borne,
That blame it is to him, that armes protest,
To let her die whom he might have redrest'
There did she pause, inforced to give place
Unto the passion that her heart oppress,

And, after she had wept and wail'd a space,
She gan afresh thus to renew her wretched case

IX

'Ye Gods of seas, if any Gods at all
Have care of right, or ruth of wretches wrong,
By one or other way me, woefull thrall,
Deliver hence out of this dungeon strong,
In which I daily dying am too long
And if ye deeme me death for loving one
That loves not me, then doe it not prolong,
But let me die and end my daines attone,
And let him live unlov'd, or love him selfe
alone.

X

'But if that life ye unto me decree,
Then let mee live as lovers ought to do,
And of my lifes deare love beloved be
And if he should through pride your doome
undo,
Do you by duresse him compell thereto,
And in this prison put him here with me,
One prison fittest is to hold us two
So had I rather to be thrall then free
Such thralldome or such freedome let it surely
be

XI

'But O vaine judgement, and conditions vaine
The which the prisoner points unto the free
The whyles I him coudeinne, and deeme him
prine,
He where he list goes loose, and laughes at me
So ever loose, so ever happy be
But where so loose or happy that thou art,
Know, Marinell, that all this is for thee
With that she wept and wail'd, as if her hart
Would quite have burst through great abundance
of her smart.

XII

All which complaint when Marinell had heard,
And understood the cause of all her care
To come of him for using her so hard,
His stubborn heart, that never felt misfare,
Was toucht with soft remorse and pittie rare,
That even for griefe of minde he oft did grieve
And evn wish that in his powre it weare
Her to redresse but since he mernes found
none,
He could no more but her great misery bemoane

XIII

Thus whilst his stony heart with tender ruth
Was toucht and mighty courage mollified,
Dame Venus sonne, that tameth stubborn
youth
With iron bit, and maketh him abide

Till like a victor on his backe he ride,
Into his mouth his maystring bridle thren,
That made him stoupe, till he did him bestride
Then gan he make him tread his steps anew,
And learne to love by learning lovers paines to
rew.

XIV

Now gan he in his grieved minde devise,
How from that dungeon he might her enlarge.
Some while he thought, by faire and humble
wise
To Proteus selfe to sue for her discharge
But then he fear'd his mothers former charge
(aunst womens love, long given him in vaine
Then gan he thinke, perforce with sword and
targe
Her forth to fetch, and Proteus to con-straine,
But soone hegan such folly to forthinke againe

XV

Then did he cast to steale her thence away,
And with him beare where none of her might
know
But all in vaine, for why he found no way
To enter in, or issue forth below,
For all about that rocke the sea did flow
And though unto his will she given were,
Yet without ship or boate her thence to row,
He wist not how her thence away to bere,
And daunger will he wist long to continue
there

XVI

At last when as no mernes he could invent,
Brcke to him selfe he gan returne the blame,
That was the author of her punishment,
And with vile curses and reprochfull shame
To damne him selfe by every evil name,
And deeme unworthy or of love or life,
That had despise so chaste and pure a dame,
Which him had sought through trouble and
long strife,
Yet had refuse a God that her had sought
[to wife]

XVII

In this sad plight he walked here and there,
And romed round about the rocke in vaine,
As he had lost him selfe he wist not where,
Oft listening if he mote her heere againe,
And still bemoaning her unworthy paine
Like as an Ilnde, whose calfe is faine unwares
Into some pit, where she him heeres complaine,
An hundred times about the pit side fares
Right sorrowfully mourning her bereaved cares

XVIII

And now by this the feast was throughly
ended,
And every one gan homeward to resort

Which seeing, Marnell was sore offended
That his departure thence should be so short,
And leave his love in that sea-walled fort
Yet durst he not his mother disobey,
But her attending in full seemly sort,
Did march amongst the many all the way,
And all the way did mly mourne, like one
astray

XX

Being returned to his mothers bowre,
In solitary silence, far from wight,
He gan record the lamentable stowre,
In which his wretched love by day and night
For his dearesake, that ill deserv'd that plight
The thought whereof empiers his hart so deepe,
That of no worldly thing he tooke delight,
Ne dayly food did take, ne nightly sleepe,
But pyn'd, and mourn'd, and languisht, and
alone did weepe

XX

That in short space his wonted chearefull hew
Gan fade, and lively spirits deaded quight
His cheeke-bones raw, and eye-pits hollow grew,
And brawney armes had lost their knowen
might,

That nothing like himselfe he seem'd in sight
Ere long so weake of limbe, and sicke of love
He woxe, that longer he note stand upright,
But to his bed was brought, and layd above,
Like ruefull ghost, unable once to stirre or
move

XXI

Which when his mother saw, she in her mind
Was troubled sore, newist well what to weene,
Ne could by search nor any meanes out find
The secret cause and nature of his teene,
Whereby she might apply some medicine
But weeping day and night did him attend,
And mourn'd to see her losse before her eye,
Which griev'd her more that she it could not
mend

To see an helpelesse evill double griefe doth lend

XXII

Nought could she read the roote of his disease,
Ne weene what mister maladie it is,
Whereby to seeke some meanes it to appease
Most did she thinke, but most she thought
amis,

That that same former fatall wound of his
Why leare by Tryphon was not thoroughly
healed,

But closely rankled under th' oris
Least did she thinke, that which he most con-
ceded,

That love it was, which in his hart lay unre-

XXIII

Therefore to Tryphon she againe doth hast,
And him doth chide as false and fraudulent,
That sayd the trust which she in him had plast,
To cure her sonne, as he his futh had lent,
Who now was false into new languishment
Of his old hurt, which was not thoroughly cured
So bracke he came unto her patient,
Where searching every part, her well assured
That it was no old sore which his new paine
procured,

XXIV

But that it was some other maladie,
Or grief unknowne, which he could not dis-
ceine

So left he her withouten remedie
Then gan her heart to faint, and quake, and
came,

And mly troubled was the truth to learne
Unto himselfe she came, and him besought,
Now with faire speches, now with threatnings
sterne,

If ought lay hidden in his grieved thought,
It to reveale, who still her answered, there
was nought.

XXV

Nathlesse she rested not so satisfide,
But leaving watry gods, as booting nought,
Unto the shime heaven in haste she hie,
And thence Apollo, King of Leaches, brought
Apollo came, who, soone as he had sought
Through his disease, did by and by out find
That he did languish of some inward thought,
The which afflicted his engrieved mind,
Which love he red to be, that leads each living
kind

XXVI

Which when he had unto his mother told,
She gan thereat to fret and greatly grieve,
And, comming to her sonne, gan first to
scold

And chide at him that made her misbelieve
But afterwards she gan him soft to shrieve,
And woove with fair intreatie, to disclose
Which of the Nymphes his heart so sore did
mieve,

For sure she weend it was some one of those,
Which he had lately seene, that for his love
he chose.

XXVII

Now lesse she feared that same fatall read,
That warned him of womens love beware,
Which being ment of mortall creatures sead,
For love of Nymphes she thought she need not
care,

But promist him, what ever night she weare,
That she her love to him would shortly
gaine
So he her told but soone as she did heare
That Florimell it was which wrought his paine,
She gan afresh to chafe, and grieve in every
vaine

XXXXIII

Yet since she saw the streight extremitie,
In which his life unluckily was layd,
It was no time to scan the prophecie,
Whether old Proteus true or false had sayd,
That his decay should happen by a mayd
It's late in death of daunger to advize,
Or love forbid him, that is life denayd,
But rather gan in troubled mind devise
How she that Ladies libertie might enter-
prize

XXXXIV

To Proteus selfe to sew she thought it
vaine,
Who was the root and worker of her woe,
Nor unto any meaner to complaine,
But unto great king Neptune selfe did goe,
And, on her knee before him falling lowe,
Made humble suit unto his Majestie
To graunt to her her sonnes life, which his
foe,
A cruell Tyrant, had presumptuouslie
By wicked doome condemn'd a wretched death
to die

XXXXV

To whom God Neptune, softly smyling, thus
'Daughter, me seemes of double wrong to
plaine,
Gainst one that hath both wronged you and us,
For death t'ward I ween'd did appertaine
To none but to the seas sole Sovereine
Read therefore who it is which this hath
wrought,
And for what cause, the truth discover plaine,
For never night so evil did or thought,
But would some rightfull cause pretend, though
rightly nought.'

XXXXVI

To whom she answer'd 'Then, it is by
name
Proteus, that hath orlayn'd my sonne to die,
For that a waite, the which by fortune came
Upon your seas, he claym'd as propertie
And yet nor his, nor his in equite,
But yours the waite by high prerogative
Therefore I humbly crave your Majestie

It to replevie, and my sonne reprive
So shall you by one gift save all us three
alive'

XXXXVII

He graunted it and streight his warrant
made,
Under the Sea-gods seals autenticall,
Commanding Proteus straight t' enlarge the
mayd,
Which wandering on his seas imperiall
He lately tooke, and sithence kept as thrall
Which she receiving with meeete thankful-
nesse,
Departed straight to Proteus therewithall,
Who, reading it with inward loathfulnessse,
Was grieved to restore the pledge he did
possesse

XXXXVIII

Yet dur't he not the warrant to withstand,
But unto her delivered Florimell
Whom she receiving by the lilly hand,
Admyn'd her beautie much, as she mote well,
For she all living creatures did excell,
And was right joyous that she gotten had
So faire a wife for her sonne Marmell
So home with her she streight the virgin lad,
And shewed her to him, then being sore be-
strid

XXXXIX

Who soone as he beheld that angels face
Ashorn'd with all divine perfection,
His cheared heart estoones away gan chace
Sad death, revived with her sweet inspection,
And feeble spirit only felt refection
As withered weed through cruell winters tunc,
That feels the warmth of sunny beames re-
fection,
Liftes up his head that did before decline,
And gins to spread his leafe before the faire
sunshine

L

Right so himselfe did Marinell upreare,
When he in place his dearest love did spy,
And though his limbs could not his bodie
beare,
No former strength returne so suddenly,
Yet chearefull signes he shewed outwardly
No lesse was she in secret hart affected,
But that she masked it with modestie,
For feare she should of lightnesse be detected
Which to another place I leave to be per-
fected

THE FIFTH BOOKE

OF

THE FAERIE QUEENE

CONTAYNING THE LEGEND OF APTIGALL OF OF JUSTICE.

I

So oft as I with state of present time
The image of the antique world compare,
When as mans age was in his freshest prime,
And the first blossome of faire vertue bare,
Such oddes I finde twixt those, and these
which are,
As that, through long continuance of his course,
Meseemes the world is runne quite out of square
From the first point of his appointed sourse,
And being once amisse growes daily wourse
and wourse

II

For from the golden age, that first was
named,
It's now at earst become a stonie one,
And men themselves, the which at first were
framed
Of earthli mould, and form'd of flesh and bone,
Are now transformed into hardest stone,
Such as behind their backs (so backward
bred)
Were throwne by Pyrrha and Deucalione
And if then those may any worse be red,
They into that ere long will be degenerated

III

Let none then blame me, if in discipline
Of vertue and of civil uses lore,
I doe not forme them to the common line
Of present daies, which are corrupted sore,
But to the antique use which was of yore,
When good was onely for it selfe desired
And all men sought their owne, and none no
more,
When Justice was not for most meed out-livred
But simple Truth did rayne, and was of all
admired

IV

For that which all men then did vertue call,
Is now cald vice, and that which vice was
hight,
Is now hight vertue, and so us'd of all
Right now is wrong, and wrong that was is
right,
As all things else in time are changed quight
No wonder, for the heavens revolution
Is wandred farre from where it first was
pight,
And so doe make contrarie constitution
Of all this lower world, toward his dissolution

V

For who so list into the heavens looke,
And search the courses of the rowling spheres,
Shall find that from the point where they first
tooke
Their setting forth, in these few thousand yeres
They all are wandred much, that plaine ap-
peares
For that same golden fleecy Ram, which bore
Phrixus and Helle from their stepdams
feares
Hath now forgot where he was plast of yore,
And shouldred hath the Bull which sayre Lu-
ropa bore

VI

And eke the Bull hath with his bow-bent
borne
So hardly butted those two twinnes of Iove,
That they have crusht the Crab, and quite
him borne
Into the great Nemæan lions grove
So now all range, and doe it randon rove
Out of their proper places farre away, [more,
And all this world with them amisse doe

And all his creatures from their course astray
Till they arrive at their last ruinous decay

VII

Ne is that same great glorious lampe of
light,
That doth enlumine all these lesser fyres,
In better case, ne keeps his course more
right,
But is miscaried with the other Spheres
For since the terme of fourteene hundred
yeres,
That learned Ptolomee his light did take,
He is declyned from that marke of theirs
Nigh thirtie minutes to the Southerne lake,
That makes me feare in time he will us quite
forsake

VIII

And if to those Egyptian wisards old,
Which in Star-read were wont have best in-
sight,
Faith may be given, it is by them told
That since the time they first tooke the Sunnes
light,
Foure times his place he shifted hath in sight
And twice hath risen where he now doth
West,
And wested twice where he ought rise right
But most is Mars amisse of all the rest,
And next to him old Saturne, that was wont
be best

IX

For during Saturnes ancient raigne it's said
That all the world with goodnesse did a-
bound

All loved vertue, no man was affraid
Of force, ne fraud in wight was to be found
No warre was knowne, no dreadfull trumpets
sound,

Peace universall rayn'd amongst men and beasts,
And all things freely grew out of the ground
Justice sate high ador'd with solemne feasts,
And to all people did divide her dred be-
heasts

X

Most sacred vertue she of all the rest
Resembling God in his imperall might,
Whose soveraine powre is herein most ex-
prest,

That both to good and bad he dealeth right,
And all his workes with Justice hath bedight.
That powre he also doth to Princes lend
And makes them like himselfe in glorious
sight

To sit in his own serte his cause to end,
And rule his people right, as he doth recom-
mend

XI

Dread Sov'raigne Goddess, that doest high
est sit

In serte of judgement in th' Almightyes stead
And with magnifike might and wondrous wit
Doe'st to thy people righteous doome read,
That furthest Nations fill with awful dread
Pardon the boldnesse of thy brisest thrall,
That dare discourse of so divine a read
As thy great justice, prayd over-all,
The instrument whereof loe' here thy Arte-
gall

CANTO I

Artegall trav'n'd in Justice lore
Irenaeus quest pursu'd,
He doth avenge on Sanglier
His Ladies blood embrewed

II

THOUGH vertue then were held in highest
price,
In those old times of which I doe entreat,
Yet then likewise the wicked seede of vice
Began to spring, which shortly grew full
great, [beat
And with their boughes the gentle plants did
But evermore some of the vertuous rice
Rose up, inspired with heroicke heat,
That cropt the branches of the sient bise,
And with strong hand their fruitful rancknes
did deface

Such first was Bacchus, that with furious
might
All th' East, before untrun'd, did over-ronne,
And wrong repressed, and establish't right,
Which lawlesse men had formerly fordonne
There Justice first her princely rule begonne
Next Hercules his like ensample shew'd,
Who all the West with equall conquest wonne,
And monstrous tyrants with his club sub-
dew'd
The club of Justice dread with kingly powre
endew'd

III

Ana such was he of whom I haue to tell,
The Champion of true Justice, Artegall
Whom (as ye lately mote remember well)
An hard adventure, which did then befall,
Into redoubted perill forth did call,
That was to succour a distressed Dame
Whom a strong tyrant did unjustly thrall,
And from the heritage, which she did clame,
Did with strong hand withhold, Grantorto
was his name.

IV

Wherefore the Lady, which Irena hight,
Did to the Faery Queene her way addresse,
To whom complayning her afflicted plight,
She her besought of gracious redresse
That soveraine Queene, that mightie Em-
peresse,
Whose glorie is to aide all suppliants pore,
And of weake Princes to be Patronesse,
Chose Artegall to right her to restore,
For that to her he seem'd best skild in right-
eous lore.

V

For Artegall in justice was upbrought
Even from the cradle of his infancie,
And all the depth of rightfull doome was
taught
By faire Astraea with great industrie,
Whilste here on earth she liued mortallie
For till the world from his perfection fell
Into all filth and foule iniquitie,
Astraea here amongst earthly men did dwell,
And in the rules of justice them instructed
well

VI

Whiles through the world she walked in this
sort,
Upon a day she found this gentle childe
Amongst his peres playing his childish sport,
Whom seeing fit, and with no crime defilde,
She did allure with gifts and speeches milde
To wend with her So thence him farre she
brought
Into a cave from companie exile, [raught,
In which she noursled him till yeares he
And all the discipline of justice there him
taught

VII

There she him taught to weigh both right
and wrong
In equall ballance with due recompence,
And equitie to measure out along
According to the line of conscience,
When so it needs with rigour to dispence
Of all the which, for want there of mankind,
She caused him to make experience

Upon wild beasts, which she in woods did find
With wrongfull powre oppressing others of
their kind

VIII

Thus she him tryned, and thus she him
taught
In all the skill of deeming wrong and right,
Untill the ripenesse of mans yeares he sought,
That even wilde beasts did feare his awfull sight,
And men admr'd his over-ruling might,
Ne any liv'd on ground that durst withstand
His dreadfull heast, much lesse him match in
sight,
Or bide the horror of his weakfull hand,
When so he list in wrath list up his steely
brand,

IX

Which steely brand, to make him dreaded
more,
She gave unto him, gotten by her slight
And earnest search, where it was kept in store
In Joves eternall house, unwist of wight
Since he himselfe it us'd in that greiv fight
Against the Titans, that whylome rebelled
Gainst highest heaven Chrysaor it was hight,
Chrysaor, that all other swords excelled,
Well prov'd in that same day when Jove those
Gyants quelled

X

For of most perfect metall it was made,
Temper'd with Adamant amongst the same,
And garnisht all with gold upon the blade
In goodly wise, whereof it tooke his name,
And was of no lesse vertue then of fame,
For there no substance was so firme and hard,
But it would pierce or cleave, where so it came,
Ne any armour could his dint out-ward,
But wheresoever it did light, it throughly
shard

XI

Now, when the world with sunne gan to a-
bound,
Astraea lording lenger here to space [found,
Mongst wicked men, in whom no truth she
Return'd to heaven, whence she deriv'd her
race,

Where she hath now an everlasting place
Mongst those twelve signes, which nightly we
doe see

The heavens bright-shining baudricke to en-
And is the Virgin, sixt in her degree, [chace,
And next her selfe her righteous ballance
hanging bee

XII

But when she parted hence she left her groom
An yron man, which did on her attend

THE FAIRIE QUEENE

298

Alw ayes to execute her stedfast doome,
And willed him with Artegall to wend,
And doe what ever thing he did intend,
His name was Talus, made of yron mould,
Immoveable, resistlesse, without end,
Who in his hand an yron file did hould,
With which he threst out falshood, and did
truth unfould

¶ IIII
He now went with him in this new inquest,
Him for to aide, if aide he chaunst to neede,
Against that cruell Tyrant, which oppress
The faire Irena with his foule misdeede,
And kept the crowne in which she should suc-
ceed

And now together on their way they bin,
When as they saw a Squire in squallid weel
Lamenting sore his sorrowfull sad tyne,
With many bitter teares shed from his blub-
bred eyne

¶ V
To whom as they approached, they espide
A sorie sight as ever scene with eye,
An headlesse Ladie lying him beside
In her owne blood all wallow'd wofull,
That her grys clothes did in discolour die,
Much was he moved at that ruefull sight,
And flamd with zeale of vengeance inwardly,
He askt who had that Dame so foully dight,
Or whether his owne hand, or whether other
wight?

¶ VI
'Ah' woe is me, and well-way ' (quoth hee,
Bursting forth teares like springs out of a
banke),
'That ever I this dismall day did see!
Full farre was I from thinking such a pranke,
Yet little losse it were, and mickle thanke,
If I should grunt that I have doen the same,
That I mote drinke the cup whereof she dranke,
But that I should die guiltie of the blame
The which another did, who now is fled with
shame'

¶ VII
'Who was it then,' (said Artegall) 'that
wrought?
And why? doe it declare unto me trew'
'A knight,' (said he) 'if knight he may be
thought
That did his hand in Ladies bloud embrew,
And for no cause, but as I shall on shew
This day as I in solace sate hereby
With a fayre love, whose losse I now do rev,
There came this knight, having in companie
This lucklesse Ladie which now here doth
headles-e lie

¶ VIII
'He, whether mine seem'd sayrer in his eye,
Or that he waxed weary of his owne,
Would change with me, but I did it denye,
So did the Ladies both, as may be knowne
But he, whose spirit was with pride upblowne,
Would not so rest contented with his right,
But, having from his courser her downe
throwne,
Fro me reft mine away by lawlesse might,
And on his steed her set to beare her out of
sight

¶ IX
Which when his Ladie saw, she follow'd fast,
And on him catching hold gan loud to crie
Not so to leave her, nor away to cast,
But rather of his hand besought to die
With that his sword he drew all wrathfully,
And at one stroke cropt off her head with
scorne,
In that same place whereas it now doth lie
So he my love away with him hath borne,
And left me here both his and mine owne love
to morne'

¶ X
'Arend' (said he) 'which way then did he
make?
And by what markes may he be knowne againe?'
'To hope' (quoth he) 'him soon to overtake
'That hence so long departed, is but vaine,
But yet he pricketh over yonder plaine,
And as I marked, bore upon his shield,
In which it's case him to know againe,
A broken sword within a bloode field,
Expressing well his nature which the same
did wield'

¶ XI
No sooner said but straight he after sent
His yron pike, who him pursu'd so light,
As that it seem'd above the ground he went,
For he was swift as swallow in her flight,
And strong as Lion in his lordly might
It was not long before he overtook
Sir Slaughter, (so cleped was that Knight)
Whom at the first he ghesse'd by his looke,
And by the other markes which of his shield
he tooke

¶ XII
He bad him stay, and backe with him retire,
Who, full of scorne to be commaunded so,
The Lady to alight did eft require,
Whiles he reformed that unevill fo,
And straight at him with all his force did go,
Who mov'd no more therewith, then when
Is lightly stricken with some stones throw,
rooke

But to him leaping lent him such a knocke,
That on the ground he layd him like a sence-
lesse blocke.

XXII

But, ere he could him selfe recure againe,
Him in his iron paw he seized had,
That when he wak't out of his warelesse paine.
He found him selfe unwist so ill bestad,
That him he could not wag Thence he him
lad,

Bound like a beast appointed to the stall.
The sight whereof the Lady sore adrad,
And fain'd to fly for feare of being thrall;
But he her quickly stayd, and forst to wend
withall

XXIII

When to the place they came, where Artegall
By that same carefull Squire did then abide,
He gently gan him to demaund of all
That did betwixt him and that Squire betide
Who with sterne countenance and indignant
pride

Did aunswere, that of all he guiltlesse stood,
And his accuser thereuppon dehde,
For neither he did shed that Ladies bloud,
Nor tooke away his love, but his owne proper
good.

XXIV

Well did the Squire perceive him selfe too
weake

To aunswere his defiaunce in the field,
And rather chose his challenge off to breake,
Then to approve his right with speare and
shield,

And rather guilty chose himselfe to yield
But Artegall by signes perceiving plaine
That he it was not which that Lady kild.
But that strange Knight, the fairer love to
gaime,
Didst cast about by sleight the truth thereof
to straine;

XXV

And sayd, 'Now sure this doubtfull causes
Can hardly but by Sacrament be tride, [right
Or else by ordele, or by blooddy fight,
That ill perhaps mote fall to either side,
But if ye please that I your cause decide,
Perhaps I may all further quarrell end,
So ye will sweare my judgement to abide.'
Thereto they both did frankly condescend,
And to his doome with listfull eares did both
attend.

XXVI

'Sith then,' (sayd he) 'ye both the dead
deny,
And both the living Lady claime your right,

Let both the dead and living equally
Devided be betwixt you here in sight,
And each of either take his share aright
But looke, who does dissent from this my read,
He for a twelve moneths day shall in despiht
Beare for his penance that same Ladies head,
To witnesse to the world that she by him is
dead'

XXVII

Well pleased with that doome was Sanghere
And offred streight the Lady to be blame,
But that same Squire, to whom she was more
dere,

When as he saw she should be cut in twaine,
Did yeld she rather should with him remaine
Alive, then to him selfe be shared dead,
And rather then his love should suffer paine,
He chose with shame to beare that Ladies head
True love despiseth shame, when life is cald
in dread.

XXVIII

Whom when so willing Artegall perceaved,
'Not so, thou Squire,' (he sayd) 'but thine I
deeme

The living Lady, which from thee he revied,
For worthy thou of her doest rightly seeme
And you, Sir Knight, that love so light es-
teeme,

As that ye would for little leave the same,
Take here your owne, that doth you best be
seeme,

And with it beare the burden of defame,
Your owne dead Ladies head, to tell abroad
your shame.'

XXIX

But Sanghere disdaind much his doome,
And sternly gan repine at his behest,
Ne would for ought obay, as did become,
To beare that Ladies head before his breast,
Until that Talus had his pride repress,
And forced him, maulgre, it up to reare.
Who when he saw it bootlesse to resist,
He tooke it up and thence with him did beare,
As rated Spaniell takes his burden up for feare

XXX

Much did that Squire Sir Artegall adore
For his great justice, held in high regard,
And as his Squire him offred evermore
To serve, for want of other meete reward,
And wend with him on his adventure hard;
But he thereto would by no meanes consent,
But leaving him forth on his journey far'd
Ne wight with him but onely Talus went,
They two enough t' encounter an whole Regi-
mcnt.

CANTO II.

Artegall heares of Florimell,
Does with the Sagan flit
Him slakes, doo vnto Lady Murrer,
Doo vnto her castle quene?

I

Nought is more honorable to a knight
Ne better doth beseege brave cheualry,
Then to defend the feeble in their right,
And wrong redresse in such as wend awry
Whilome those great Heroes goe thereby
Their greatest glory for their rightfull deedes
And place desired with the Gods on hie
Herein the noblesse of this knight exceeds,
Who now to perils great for Justice sake pro-
ceedes.

II

To which as he now was upon the way
He chaunst to meet a Dwarfie in hasty course,
Whom he requir'd his forward hast to stay,
Till he of tidings mote with him discourse
Loth was the Dwarfie, yet did he stay per-
force,

And gaue of sundry newes his store to tell
As to his memory they had recourse
But chiefly of the fairest Florimell
How she was found againe and spous'd to
Marinell

III

For this was Dony Florimells owne Dwarfie,
Whom having lost, (as ye haue heard why-
leere)

And finding in the way the scattred scarfe,
The fortune of her life long time did feare
But of her health when Artegall did heare,
And safe returne he was full my glad,
And askt him where and when her bridle
cheare

Should be solemniz'd, for, if time he had,
He would be there, and honor to her spousall
ad

IV

'Within three daies,' (quoth he) 'as I do
here,

It will be at the Castle of the Strand,
What time, if naught me let, I will be there
To doe her service so as I am bound
But in my way, a little here besond,
A curs'd cruell Sarazin doth wonne,
That keeps a Bridges passage by strong
bond,

And many errant Knights hath there forlorne,
That make all men forfear that passage for
to chonne.'

V

'What mister wight,' (quoth he) 'and how
far hence

Is he that doth to travellers such harmes?'
'He is' (said he) 'a man of great defence,
Expert in battell and in deedes of armes,
And more emboldned by the wicked charmes,
With which his daughter doth him still sup-
port,

Having great Lord-ships got and goodly firmes
Through strong oppression of his power extort,
By which he stil them holde, and keepe with
strong effort

VI

'And daily he his wrongs encreaseth more,
For neuer night he lets to passe that way
Ouer his Bridge: albee he rich or poor,
But he him maketh his passage-penny pay
I be he doth hold him backe or let away
There he hath a room of euill guise,
Whose walp is bare, that bondage doth be-
wray,

Which puts and puts the poore in piteous wize,
But he him selfe upon the rich doth tyran-
nize

VII

'His name is hight Pollent rightly so,
For that he is so puissant and strong,
That with his power he all doth ouerthrow,
And makes them subject to his mightie wrong,
And some by sleight he eke doth underfing
I or on a Bridge he custometh to fight,
Which is but narrow, but exceeding long,
And in the same are many trap-fals pight,
Through which the rider downe doth fall
through oversight

VIII

'And underneath the same a river flowes
Thit is both swift and dangerous deepe with-
all,
Into the which whom so he overthrowes,
All destitute of helpe doth he allong fall

But he him selfe through practise usuall,
Leapes forth into the floud, and there assays
His foe confused through his sodaine fall,
That horse and man he equall, dismaies,
And either both them drownes, or try t'rous-
ly slayes.

IX

'Then doth he take the spoile of them at
will,
And to his daughter brings, that dwels thereby,
Who all that comes doth take, and therewith
The coffers of her wicked treasury, [fill
Which she with wrongs hath heaped up so by
That many Princes she in wealth exceeds,
And purchaseth all the countrey lying ny
With the revenue of her plenteous meedes
Her name is Munera, agreeing with her
deedes

X

'Thereto she is full faire, and rich attired,
With golden hands and silver feete beside,
That many Lords have her to wife desired,
But she them all despieth for great pride.
'Now by my life,' (said he) 'and God to guide
None other way will I this day betake
But by this Bridge whereas he doth abide
Therefore me thither lead' No more he spake,
But thitherward forthright his ready way did
make

XI

Unto the place he came within a while,
Where on the Bridge he ready armed saw
The Sarazin awaiting for some spoile
When as they to the passage gan to draw,
A villaine to them came with scull all raw,
That passage money did of them require,
According to the custome of their law [hire,
'To whom he answered wroth, 'Loe' there thy
And with that word him strooke, that straight
he did expire.

XII

Which when the Pagan saw he waxed wroth,
And streight him selfe unto the fight addrest,
Ne was Sir Artegall behinde so both
Together ran with ready spurs in rest
Right in the midst, whereas they brest to brest
Should meete, a trap was letten downe to fall
Into the floud: straight leapt the Carle unblest,
Well weening that his foe was faine withall,
But he was well aware, and leapt before his
fall

XIII

There being both together in the floud,
They each at other tyrannously flew,
Ne ought the water cooled their whot blood,
But rather in them kindled choler new

But there the Pagan, who that use well knew
To fight in water, great advantage had,
That oftentimes him nigh he overthrew
And eke the courser whereupon he rad
Could swim like to a fish, whiles he his backe
bestrad

XIV

Which oddes when as Sir Artegall espide,
He saw no way but close with him in hast,
And to him driving strongly downe the tide
Upon his iron collar griped fast,
That with the strait his wesand nigh he brast
There they together strove and struggled long
Luther the other from his steede to cast,
Ne ever Artegall his gripe strong [long
For any thing wold slacke, but still upon him

XV

As when a Dolphin and a Sele are met
In the wide champion of the Ocean plaine,
With cruell chauf their courages they whee,
The may sterdom of each by force to gaine,
And drendfull battaile twixt them do darraime
They snuf, they snort, they bounce, they rage,
they rore,
That all the sea, disturbed with their traine,
Doth fere with some above the surges hore
Such was betwixt these two the troublesome
uprore

XVI

So Artegall at length him forst forsake
His horses backe for dread of being drown'd,
And to his handy swimming him betake
Eft-soones him selfe he from his hold unbond,
And then no ods at all in him he found,
For Artegall in swimming skilfull was,
And durst the depth of any water sound
So ought each Knight, that use of perill has,
In swimming be expert, through waters force
to pas

XVII

Then very doubtfull was the warres event,
Uncertaine whether had the better side,
For both were skild in that experiment,
And both in armes well traud, and throughly
tride
But Artegall was better breath'd be-cause
And towards th'end grew greater in his might,
That his faint foe no longer could abide
His puissance, ne beare him selfe upright,
But from the water to the land betooke his
flight

XVIII

But Artegall pursu'd him still so neare
With bright Chrysosor in his cruell hand,
That as his head he gan a litle reare
Above the brincke to tread upon the land,

XXVIII

And lastly all that Castle quite he raced,
 Even from the sole of his foundation,
 And all the hewen stones thereof defaced,
 That there mote be no hope of reparation,
 Nor memory thereof to any nation
 All which when Talus throughly had per-
 fourned,
 Sir Artegall undid the evill fashion,
 And wicked customes of that Bridgereformed,
 Which done, unto his former journey he re-
 toured

XXIX

In which they mensur'd mickle weiry way,
 Till that at length nigh to the sea they drew,
 By which as they did travell on a day,
 They saw before them, far as they could vew,
 Full many people gathered in a crew,
 Whose great assembly they did much admire,
 For never there the like resort they knew
 So towards them they coasted, to enquire
 What thing so many nations met did there
 desire

XXX

There they beheld a mighty Gyant stand
 Upon a rocke, and holding forth on hie
 An huge great paire of ballance in his hand,
 With which he boasted, in his surquedrie,
 That all the world he would weigh equalle,
 If ought he had the same to counterpoys,
 For want whereof he weighed vanity,
 And hid his ballaunce full of idle toys
 Yet was admired much of fooles, women, and
 boys

XXXI

He said that he would all the earth uptake
 And all the sea, divided each from either
 So would he of the fire one ballaunce make,
 And one of th' ayre, without or wind or wether
 Then would he ballaunce heaven and hell
 together,
 And all that did within them all containe,
 Of all whose weight he would not misse a
 fether
 And looke what surplus did of each remaine,
 He would to his owne part restore the same
 againe

XXXII

For-why, he said, they all unequall were,
 And had encroched upon others share,
 Like as the sea (which plaine he shewed there)
 Had worne the earth, so did the fire the aire,
 So all the rest did others parts empaire,
 And so were realmes and nations run awry
 All which he undertooke for to repara,
 In sort as they were formed aunciently,
 And all things would reduce unto equality

XXXIII

Therefore the vulgar did about him flocke,
 And cluster thicke unto his leasings vaine,
 Like foolish flies about an hony-crooke,
 In hope by him great benefite to gaine,
 And uncontrolled freedome to obtaine
 All which when Artegall did see and heare,
 How he mis-led the simple peoples traine,
 In sdeignfull wize he drew unto him neare,
 And thus unto him spake, without regard or
 feare,

XXXIV

'Thou that presum'st to weigh the world
 And all things to an equall to restore, [anew,
 Instead of right me seemes great wrong
 dost shew,
 And far above thy forces pitch to sore,
 For ere thou limit what is lesse or more
 In every thing, thou oughtest first to know
 What was the poysse of every part of yore
 And looke then how much it doth overflow
 Or faile thereof, so much is more then just to
 trow

XXXV

'For at the first they all created were
 In goodly measure by their Makers might,
 And weighed out in brillaunces so nere,
 That not a diam was missing of their right
 The earth was in the middle centre pight,
 In which it doth immoveable abide,
 Hemd in with waters like a wall in sight,
 And they with ure, thit not a drop can slide
 Al which the heavens containe, and in their
 courses guide

XXXVI

'Such heavenly justice doth among them
 raune,
 That every one doe know their certaine bound,
 In which they doe these many yeares remaine,
 And amongst them al no change hath yet bene
 found, [pound,
 But if thou now shouldst weigh them new in
 We are not sure they would so long remaine
 All charge is perilous, and all chaunce unsound
 Therefore leave off to weigh them all againe,
 Till we may be assur'd they shall their course
 retaine.'

XXXVII

'Thou foolishhe Elfe,' (said then the Gyant
 wroth)
 'Seest not how badly all things present bee,
 And each estate quite out of order goth?
 The sea it selfe doest thou not plainely see
 Encroch upon the land there under thee?
 And th' earth it selfe how dully its increast
 By all that dying to it turned be.

And swat, and chauf'd, and proved every way
Yet all the wrongs could not a litle right downe
way.

XLVII

Which when he saw he greatly grew in rage,
And almost would his balances have broken,
But Artegall him fairely gan asswage,
And said, 'Be not upon thy balance wroken,
For they doe nought but right or wrong be-
token,

But in the mind the doome of right must bee.
And so likewise of words, the which be spoken,
The eare must be the ballance, to decree
And judge, whether with truth or falshood they
agree

XLVIII

'But set the truth and set the right aside,
For they with wrong or falshood will not fare,
And put two wrongs together to be tride,
Or else two falses, of each equall share,
And then together doe them both compare,
For truth is one, and right is ever one'
So did he, and then plaine it did appeare,
Whether of them the greater were attone,
But right sate in the midst of the beame
alone

XLIX

But he the right from thence did thrust away,
For it was not the right which he did seeke,
But rather strove extremities to way,
Th' one to diminish, th' other for to eeke,
For of the merne he greatly did misleeke
Whom when so lewdly minded Talus found,
Approching nigh unto him, cheeke by cheeke,
He shouldered him from off the higher ground,
And, down the rock him throwing, in the sea
him dround

L

Like as a ship, whom cruell tempest drives
Upon a rocke with horrible dismay,
Her shattered ribs in thousand peeces rives,
And spoyling all her geares and goodly ray
Does make her selfe misfortunes piteous pray
So downe the chiffe the wretched Gyant tum-
bled,
His battred ballances in peeces lay,
His timbered bones all broken rudely rumbled
So was the high-asyring with huge ruine
humbled

LI

That when the people, which had there about
Long wytyed, saw his sudden desolation,
They gan to gather in tumultuous rout,
And mutining to stirre up civill faction
For certaine losse of so great expectation
For well they hoped to have got great good,
And wondrous riches by his innovation
Therefore resolving to revenge his blood
They rose in armes, and all in battell order
stood

LII

Which lawlesse multitude him comming too
In warlike wise when Artegall did vew,
He much was troubled, ne wist what to doo
For loth he was his noble hands t' embrew
In the base blood of such a rascall crew,
And otherwise, if that he should retire,
He fear'd least they with shame would him
pursew
Therefore he Talus to them sent t' inquire
The cause of their array, and truce for to desire

LIII

But soone as they him nigh approaching spide,
They gan with all their weapons him assay,
And rudely stroke at him on every side,
Yet nought they could him hurt, ne ought dis-
may
But when at them he with his flaile gan lay,
He like a swarme of flies them overthrowed,
Ne any of them durst come in his way,
But here and there before his presence flew,
And hid themselves in holes and bushes from
his vew

LIV

As when a Faulcon hath with nimble flight
Flowne at a flush of Ducks foreby the brooke,
The trembling foule dismayd with dreadfull
sight
Of death, the which them almost overtooke,
Doe hide themselves from her astonying looke
Amongst the flags and covert round about
When Talus saw they all the field forsooke,
And none appear'd of all that raskall rout,
To Artegall he turn'd and went with him
throughout

CANTO III

The spousals of faire I Iornell,
Where turney many knights
There Braggadochio is uncas'd
In all the Ladies sights

I

AFTER a long stormes and tempests overlowne
The sunne at length his joyous face doth cleare
So when as fortune all her spight hath shewn,
Some blisfull houres at last must needes appeare,

Else should afflicted wights oft times despeire
So comes it now to I Iornell by tourne,
After long sorrowes suffered why leare,
In which captiv'd she many moneths did mourne,

To tast of joy, and to wout pleasures to retourne

II

Who being freed from Proteus cruell band
By Marinell was unto him affide,
And by him brought againe to Faerie land,
Where he her spous'd, and made his joyous bride

The time and place was blaz'd farre and wide,
And solemne feasts and gusts ordain'd therfore

To which there did resort from every side
Of Lords and Ladies infinite great store,
No any Knight was absent that brave courage bore.

III

To tell the glorie of the feast that day,
The goodly service, the devicefull sights,
The bridgromes state, the brides most rich array,

The pride of Ladies, and the worth of knights,
The roy all banquets, and the rare delights,
Were worke fit for an Herald, not for me
But for so much as to my lot here lights,
That with this present treatise doth agree,
True vertue to advance, shall here recounted bee

IV

When all men had with full satietie
Of meates and drinks their appetites satisfi'd,
To deedes of armes and proofes of chivalrie
They gan themselves addresse, full rich array'd

As each one had his furnitures devis'd
And first of all issu'd Sir Marinell, [terpriz'd
And with him sixe knights more, which en-

To challenge all in right of I Iornell,
And to maintaine that she all others did excell

V

The first of them was hight Sir Orimont,
A noble Knight, and tride in hard assayes,
The second had to name Sir Bellmont,
But second unto none in prowess praysse,
The third was Brunell, famous in his dayes;
The fourth Leonor, of exceeding might,
The fift Armeidan, skild in lovely layes,
The sixt was Lan-ck, a redoubted Knight,
All six well-seene in armes, and prov'd in many a fight

VI

And then agunst came all that list to giust,
From every coast and countree under sunne
None was debar'd, but all had leave that list
The trumpets sound, then all together ronne
Full in my deeds of armes that day were donne,
And many knights unhors'd, and many wound'd,
As fortune fell, yet little lost or wonne
But all that day the greatest praysse redounded
To Marinell, whose name the Heralds loud resounded

VII

The second day, so soone as morrow light
Apper'd in heaven, into the field they came,
And there all day continew'd cruell fight,
With divers fortune fit for such a game,
In which all strove with perill to winne fame,
Yet whether side was victor none be ghest
But at the last the trumpets did proclame
That Marinell that day deserv'd best
So they departed wtre, and all men went to rest.

VIII

The third day came, that should due tryall
lend
Of all the rest, and then thus warlike crew
Together met of all to make an end.
There Marinell great deeds of armes did shew,

And through the thickest like a Lyon flew,
Rashing off helmes, and yvving plates ason-
der,
That every one his drunger did eschew
So terribly his dreadfull strokes did thunder,
That all men stood amaz'd, and at his might
did wonder

IX

But what on earth can alwayes happie
stand?

The greater prowesse greater perils find
So farre he past amongst his enemies band,
That they have him enclosed so behind,
As by no meanes he can himselfe outwind
And now perforce they have him prisoner
taken,
And now they doe with captiv'e bands him bind,
And now they lead him thence, of all forsaken
Unless some succour had in time him over-
taken

X

It fortun'd, whylest they were thus ill
beset,
Sir Artegall into the Tilt-yard came,
With Braggadochio, whom he lately met
Upon the way with that his snowy Drime
Where when he understood by common fame
What evil hap to Marinell betid,
He much was mov'd at so unworthie shame,
And streight that bolster prayd, with whom
he rid, [hid
To change his shield with him, to be the better

XI

So forth he went, and soone them over-hent,
Where they were leiding Marinell away,
Whom he assaid with dreadlesse hauidment,
And first the burden of their prize to stay
They were an hundred knights of that array,
Of which th' one halfe upon himselfe did set,
The other staid behind to gard the pray
But he ere long the former fistie bet,
And from the other fistie soone the prisoner
fet

XII

So backe he brought Sir Marinell againe,
Whom having quickly arm'd againe anew,
They both together joined might and mine,
To set afresh on all the other crew
Whom with sore havocke soone they over-
threw,
And chased quite out of the field, that none
Against them durst his head to perill shew
So were they left Lords of the field alone
So Marinell by him was rescu'd from his
fone

XIII

Which when he had perform'd, then backe
again
To Braggadochio did his shield restore,
Who all this while behind him did remaine,
Keeping there close with him in pretious stoe
That his false Ladie, as ye heard afore
Then did the trompets sound, and Judges rose,
And all these knights, which that dry armeur
bore,
Came to the open hall to listen whose
The honour of the prize should be adjudg'd by
those

XIV

And thether also came in open sight
Fayre Florimell, into the common hall,
To greet his guerdon unto every knight,
And best to him to whom the best should fall
Then for that stranger knight they loud did call,
To whom that day they should the gylond
yeld
Who came not forth, but for Sir Artegall
Came Braggadochio, and did shew his shield,
Which bore the Sunne brode blazed in a gol-
den field

XV

The sight whereof did all with gladnesse fill
So unto him they did addeeme the prize
Of all that fryumph Then the trompets
shrill
Don Braggadochios name resounded thrise
So courage lent a cloke to cowardise
And then to him came fayrest Florimell,
And goodly gan to greet his brave emprise,
And thousand thanks him yeld, that had so
well
Approv'd that day that sheall others did excell

XVI

To whom the bolster, that all knights did blot
With proud disdain did scornfull answer
make,
That what he did that day, he did it not
For her, but for his owne deare Ladies sake,
Whom on his perill he did undertake
Both her and eke all others to excell
And further did uncomely speeches crake,
Much did his words the gentle Ladie quell,
And turn'd aside for shame to heare what he
did tell

XVII

Then forth he brought his snowy Florimel,
Whom Trumpart had in keeping there beside,
Covered from peoples gazement with a veile
Whom when discovered they had throughly
eide,

x 2

With great amazement they were stupefide,
And said, that surely Florimell it was,
Or if it were not Florimell so tride,
That Florimell her selfe she then did prae
So feeble skill of perfect things the vulgar haue

XXIII

Which when as Marinell beheld his wife,
He was therewith exceedingly dismayd,
Ne wist he what to thinke, or to devise,
But, like as one whom friends had made assayd,
He long astonish'd stood, ne ought he said,
Ne ought he did, but with fast fixed eyes
He gazed still upon that snowy mayd,
Whom ever as he did the more aize,
The more to be true Florimell he did surmise

XXIV

As when two sunnes appeare in the azure skye,
Mounted in Phoebus chariot hie bright,
Both darting forth faire beames to each mans
eye,
And both adorn'd with lampes of flaming light,
All that behold so strange prodigious sight,
Not knowing natures worke, nor what to weene,
Are rapt with wonder and with rare affright
So stood Sir Marinell, when he had seen
Thesemblant of this false by his faire beauties
Queene

XXV

All which when Artigall, who all this while
Stood in the presse close covered, well ad-
vised,
And saw that boosters pride and gracelesse
guile,
He could no longer beare, but forth issued,
And unto all himselfe there open shewed,
And to the boaster said, 'Thou losell base,
That hast with borrowed plumes thy selfe en-
dowed,
And others worth with leavings doest deface,
When they are all restor'd thou shalt rest in
disgrace

XXVI

'That shield, which thou doest beare, was it
indeed
Which this dayes honour say'd to Marinell
But not that arme, nor thou the man, I reed,
Which didst that service unto Florimell
For prooffe shew forth thy sword, and let it tell
What strokes, what dreadfull stoures, it stur'd
this day,
Or shew the wounds which unto thee befall,
Or shew the sweat with which thou diddest
sway
So sharpe a battell, that so many did dismay

XXVII

'But thus the sword which wrought those
cruell stounds, ^{beare,}
And thus the arme the which that shield did
And these the signs' (so shewed forth his
wounds)
'By which that glorie gotten doth appeare
As for this Ladie, which he sheweth here,
Is not (I wager) Florimell at all,
But some fayre framon fit for such a fere,
'That by misfortune in his hand did fall'
For prooffe whereof he had them Florimell
forth call

XXVIII

So forth the noble Ladie was brought,
Adorn'd with honor and all comely grace,
Whereto her bashful shamefastnesse wrought
A great increase in her faire blushing face,
As roses did with lilies interlace,
For of the words, the which that boaster
threw,
She mly yet conceiv'd great disgrace.
Whom when as all the people such did view,
They shouted loud, and signes of gladnesse all
did shew.

XXIX

Then did he set her by that snowy one,
Like the true saint beside the image set,
Of both their beauties to make paragone
And triall, whether should the honor get
straight-way, so soone as both together met,
The enchanted Damsell vanisht into nought
Her snowy substance melted as with heat,
Ne of that goodly hew remain'd ought,
But the empty girdle which about her wast was
wrought

XXX

As when the daughter of Thymantes faire
Hath in a watry cloud display'd wide
Her goodly bow, which paints the liquid ayre,
That all men wonder at her colours pride,
All suddenly, ere one can looke aside,
The glorious picture vanishest away,
Ne any tol can doth thereof abide
So did this Ladies goodly forme decay,
And into nothing got, ere one could it bewray

XXXI

Which when as all that present were beheld
They stricken were with great astonishment.
And their faint hearts with senselesse horror
quell,
To see the thing, that seem'd so excellent,
So stolen from their fancies wonderment
That what of it became none understood
And Bragg doth he selfe with deriment

So daunted was in his despayring mood,
That like a lifelesse corse immoueaible he
stood

XXXII

But Artegall that golden belt uptooke,
The which of all her spoyle was onely left,
Which was not hers, as many at mistooke,
But Florimells owne girdle, from her reft
While she was flying like a weary west,
From that foule monster which did her com-
pell

To perils great, which he unbuckling eft
Presented to the fayrest Florimell,
Who round about her tender wast it fitted
well

XXXIII

Full many Ladies often had assayd
About their middles that faire belt to knit,
And many a one suppos'd to be a mayd
Yet it to none of all their loynes would fit,
Till Florimell about her fastned it
Such power it had, that to no womans wast
By any skill or labour it would sit,
Unlesse that she were continent and chaste,
But it would lose or breake, that many had
disgrast.

XXXIV

Whilste thus they busied were bout Flori-
mell,
And boresfull Braggadochio to defame,
Sir Guyon, as by fortune then befell,
Iorth from the thickest preasse of people
came, [clame,
His owne good steed, which he had stolne, to
And th' other hand seizing on his golden bit,
With th' other drew his sword, for with the
same
He ment the thiefe there deadly to have smit
And, hrd he not bene held, he nought had
sayd of it

XXXV

Thereof great hurly-burly moved was
Throughout the hall for that same warlike
horse,
For Braggadochio would not let him pass,
And Guyon would him algates have perforce,
Or it approve upon his carrion corse
Which troublous stirre when Artegall per-
ceiued,
He might them drew to stay th' avengers forse
And gan inquire how was that steed bereaved,
Whether by might extort, or else by slight
deceaved?

XXXVI

Who all that piteous storie, which befell
About that wofull couple which were slaine,

And their young bloodie brabe to him gan tell,
With whom whiles he did in the wood re-
maine,

His horse purloyned was by subtilt fraine,
For which he challenged the thiefe to fight
But he for nought could him thereto con-
straine,

For as the death he hated such despight,
And rather had to lose then trie in armes his
right.

XXXVII

Which Artegall well hearing, (though no
more

By law of armes there neede ones right to trie,
As was the wont of warlike knights of yore,
Then that his foe should him the field deme,)
Yet, further right by tokens to deserue,
He aske what priue tokens he did beere?
'If that' (said Guyon) 'may you satisfie,
Within his mouth a blacke spot doth appeare,
Shapt like a horses shoe, who list to seeke it
there'

XXXVIII

Whereof to make due tryall, one did take
The horse in hand within his mouth to looke
But with his heeles so sorely he him strake
That all his ribs he quite in peeces broke,
That never word from that day forth he spoke
Another, that would seeme to have more wit,
Him by the bright embrodered hed-stall tooke,
But by the shoulder him so sore he bit,
That he him maymed quite, and all his
shoulder split.

XXXIX

Ne he his mouth would open unto wight,
Untill that Guyon selfe unto him spake,
And called Brigadore, (so was he hight,) Whose
voice so soone as he did undertake,
Eftsoones he stood as still as any stake,
And suffred all his secret marke to see
And, when as he him nam'd, for joy he brake
His bands, and follow'd him with gladfull glee,
And friskt, and slong aloft, and louted low on
knee

XL

Thereby Sir Artegall did plaine areed
That unto him the horse belong'd, and sayd,
'Lo there' Sir Guyon, take to you the steed,
As he with golden saddle is arayd,
And let that losell, plainly now displayd,
Hence fare on foot, till he an horse have
gayned'

But the proud boaster gan his doome upbrayd,
And him revild, and rated, and disdayned,
That judgement so unjust agunst him had
ordayned.

XXXI

Much was the knight incenst with his lewd
word

To have revenged that his villeny,
And thise did lay his hand upon his sword,
To have him slaine, or dearly doon aby
But Guyon did his choler pacify,
Saying, 'Sir knight, it would dishonour bee
To you that are our judge of equity,
To wreake your wrath on such a carle as hee
It's punishment enough that all his shame doe
see'

XXXVII

So did he mitigate Sir Artegall,
But Talus by the bricke the borster hent,
And drawing him out of the open hall
Upon him did inflict this punishment
First he his beard did shave, and lowly shent,
Then from him rest his shield, and it re-
verset,
And blotted out his armes with falshood blent,
And himselfe bassfuld, and his armes unherst,
And broke his sword in twaine, and all his
armour sperst.

XXXVIII

The wiles his guilefull groome was fled away,
But vaine it was to thinke from him to flee,
Who overtaking him did disaray,
And all his face deform'd with infamie,

And out of court him scourged openly
So ought all faytours that true knighthood
shame,
And armes dishonour with base villanie,
From all brave knights be banisht with defame,
For oft their lendnes blotteth good deserts
with blame

XXXIX

Now when these counterfeits were thus un-
Out of the fore-side of their forgerie, [cised
And in the sight of all men cleane disgraced,
All gan to jest and gibe full merlie
At the remembrance of their knaverie
Ladies can laugh at Ladies, knights at
Knight,
To thinke with how great vaunt of braverie
He them abused through his subtilt slyghts,
And what a glorious shew he made in all
their slyghts

XL

There leve we them in pleasure and repast,
Spending their joyous dayes and gladfull
And taking usurie of time fore-past, [nights,
With all deare delices and rare delights,
Fit for such Ladies and such lovely knights,
And turne we here to this faire furrowes end
Our wearie yokes, to gather fresher sprights,
That, when 's time to Artegall shall tend,
We on his first adventure may him forward
send

CANTO IV

Artegall deyleth right betwixt
Two brethren that doe strive
Saves Turpine from the gallow tree,
And doth from death reprieve

I

Whoso upon him selfe will take the skill
True Justice unto people to divide,
Had neede have mightie hands for to fulfill
That which he doth with righteous doome
decide,
And for to maister wrong and püssant pride
For vaine it is to deeme of things aright,
And make wrong doers justice to decide,
Unlessse it be perform'd with dreadlesse might,
I or power is the right hand of Justice truly
lught.

II

Therefore whylome to knights of great em-
prase
The charge of Justice given was in trust,

That they might execute her judgements
wise,
And with their might beat downe licentious
Which proudly did impugne her sentence just
Whereof no braver president this day
Remaines on earth, preserv'd from yron rust
Of rude oblivion and long times decay,
Then this of Artegall, which here we have
to say

III

Who having lately left that lovely payre,
I nimcked fast in wellockes loy all bond,
Bold Marinell with Florimell the fayre,
With whom great feast and goodly glee he
fond,
Departed from the Castle of the Strond

To follow his adventures first intent,
Which long agoe he taken had in hond
Ne wight with him for his assistance went,
But that great yron groome, his gard and
government.

IV

With whom, as he did passe by the sea shore,
He chaunst to come whereas two comely
Squires,

Both brethren, whom one wombe together bore,
But stirred up with different desires,
Together strove and kindled wrathfull fires
And them beside two seemely damzells stood,
By all meanes seeking to assuage their ires,
Now with faire words, but words did little good,
Now with sharpe threats, but threats the more
increast their mood

V

And there before them stood a Coffer strong
Fast bound on every side with iron bands,
But seeming to have suffred mickle wrong,
Either by being wreckt uppon the sands,
Or being carried farre from forraine lands
Seem'd that for it these Squires at ods did
fall, [hands,
And bent agunst them selves their cruell
But evermore those Damzells did forestall
Their furious encounter, and their fiercenesse
pall

VI

But firmly first they were with dint of sword
And battailes doubtfull prooffe their rights to
Ne other end their fury would afford, [try,
But what to them Fortune would justify
So stood they both in readinesse thereby
To joyne the combate with cruell intent,
When Artegall, arriving happily,
Did stay a while their greedy bickermment,
Till he had questioned the cause of their
dissent

VII

To whom the elder did this aunswere frame
'Then weete ye, Sir, that we two brethren be,
To whom our sire, Milesio by name,
Did equally bequenth his lands in fee,
Two Ilands, which ye there before you see
Not farre in sea, of which the one appeares
But like a little Mount of small degree,
Yet was as great and wide, ere many yeares,
As that same other Isle, that greater bredth
now beares

VIII

'But tract of time, that all things doth
decay, [spare,
And this devouring Sea, that naught doth

The most part of my land hath washt away,
And throwne it up unto my brothers shaire
So his encreased, but mine did empaire
Before which tyme I lov'd, as was my lot,
That further mayd, hight Philtra the faire,
With whom a goodly doure I should have got,
And should have joynd bene to her in wed-
locks knot

IX

'Then did my younger brother, Amidas,
Love that same other Damzell, Lucy bright,
To whom but little dowre allotted was
Her vertue was the dowre that did delight
What better dowre can to a dame be hight?
But now, when Philtra saw my lands decay
And former livelod fayle, she left me quight,
And to my brother did ellope streight way,
Who, taking her from me, his owne love left
astray

X

'She, seeing then her selfe forsaken so,
Through dolorous despaire which she conceyved,
Into the Sea her selfe did headlong throw,
Thinking to have her grieve by death be-
reaved
But see how much her purpose was deceived!
Whiles thus, amidst the billowes beating of
her, [weaved,
Twixt life and death long to and fro she
She chaunst unwares to light uppon this coffer,
Which to her in that daunger hope of life did
offer.

XI

'The wretched mayd, that earst desir'd to die,
When as the paine of death she tasted had,
And but halfe seene his ugly visnomic,
Gan to repent that she had beene so mad
For any death to chaunge life, though most
bad

And catching hold of this Sea-beaten chest,
(The lucky Pilot of her passage sad,)
After long tossing in the seas distrest,
Her weiry barke at last uppon mine Isle did
rest

XII

'Where I by chaunce then wandring on the
shore
Did her espy, and through my good endeavour
From dreadfull mouth of death, which threat-
ned sore [her
Her to have swallow'd up, did helpe to save
She then, in recompence of that great favour
Which I on her bestowed, bestowed on me
The portion of that good which Fortune gave
her,

Together with her selfe in dowry free,
Both goodly portions, but of both the better
she

XIII

'Yet in this coffer which she with her brought
Great treasure sithence we did finde con-
tained,

Which is our owne we tooke, and so it thought
But this came other Damzell since hath found
That to her selfe that treasure appertained,
And that she did transport the same by sea,
To bring it to her husband new ordained.
But suffered cruell shipwracke by the way
But whether it be so or no, I can not say

XIV

'But, whether it indeede be so or no,
This doe I say, that what so good or ill
Or God or Fortune unto me did thron,
Not wronging any other by my will,
I hold mine owne, and so will hold it still
And though my land he first did winne away,
And then my love, (though now it little skill)
Yet my good lucke he shall not likewise pray,
But I will it defend whilst ever that I may

XV

So having sayd the younger did ensue
'Full true it is what so about our land
My brother here declared hath to you
But not for it thus od's twist us doth stand,
But for this treasure throwne upon his
strand,

Which well I prove, as shall appeare by triall,
To be this maides with whom I fastned hand
Known by good markes and perfect good
espall [deniall]

Therefore it ought be rendred her without

XVI

When they thus ended had, the Knight
began

'Certaine, your strife were easie to accord,
Would ye remit it to some righteous man'
'Unto yourselfe,' said they, 'we give our
word,

To bide that judgement ye shall as afford'
'Then for assurance to my doome to stand,
Under my foote let each lye downe his sword,
And then you shall my sentence understand'
So each of them layd downe his sword out of
his hand

XVII

Then Artegall thus to the younger sayd
'Now tell me, Amidas, if that ye may,
Your brothers land the which the sea hath lye d,
Unto your part, and pluckt from his away,

By what good right doe you withhold this
day?

'What other right,' (quoth he) 'should you
esteeme,

But that the sea it to my share did lye?

'Your right is good,' (sayd he) 'and so I
deeme, [should seeme]

That what the sea unto you sent your own

XVIII

Then turning to the elder thus he sayd.

'Now, Bracidas, let this likewise be shewne,
Your brothers treasure, which from him is
strayd,

Being the dowry of his wife well knowne,
By what right doe you claime to be your
owne? [esteeme]

'What other right,' (quoth he) 'should you
But that the sea hath it unto me throwne?

'Your right is good,' (sayd he) 'and so I
deeme, [should seeme]

That what the sea unto you sent your own

XIX

'For equall right in equall things doth stand,
For what the mighty Sea hath once possessd,
And plucked quite from all possessors hand,
Whether by rage of waves that never rest,
Or else by wracke that wretches hath distressd,
He may dispose by his imperiall might,
As thing at random list, to whom he list.

So Amidas, the land was yours first light
And so the treasure yours is, Bracidas, by
right'

XX

When he his sentence thus pronounced had,
Both Amidas and Philtra were displeas'd,
But Bracidas and Lucie were right glad,
And on the treasure by that judgement
sensd,

So was their discord by this doome appeas'd,
And each one had his right. Then Artegall,
When as their sharpe contention he had ceas'd,
Departed on his way, as did befall,
To follow his old quest, the which him forth
did call

XXI

So as he travelled upon the way,
He chaunst to come, where happily he spide
A rout of many peeple fure away.
To whom his course he hastily applide,
To weete the cause of their resemblance wide.
To whom when he approached neare in sight,
(An uncouth sight) he plainly then descride
To be a troupe of women, warlike dight,
With weapons in their hands as ready for to
fight.

XXII

And in the midst of them he saw a Knight,
With both his hands behinde him pinnod hard,
And round about his necke an halter tight,
And ready for the gallow-tree prepard
His face was covered, and his head was bar'd,
That who he was uneth was to descry,
And with full heavy heart with them he far'd,
Griev'd to the soule, and growning inwardly,
That he of womens hands so base a death
should dy

XXIII

But they, like tyrants mercilesse, the more
Rejoyced at his miserable case,
And him reviled, and reproched sore
With bitter taunts and termes of vile disgrace
Now when as Artegall arriv'd in place,
Did aske what cause brought that man to
decay,
They round about him gan to swarme apace,
Meaning on him their cruell hands to lay,
And to have wrought unwares some villanous
assay

XXIV

But he was soone aware of their ill minde,
And drawing backe deceiv'd their intent
Yet, though him selfe did shame on woman-
kinde
His mighty hand to shend, he Talus sent
To wrecke on them their folhes hardiment
Who with few sowces of his yron sale
Dispersed all their troupe incontinent,
And sent them home to tell a piteous tale
Of their vaine prowesse turned to their proper
bale.

XXV

But that same wretched man, ordayned to
die,
They left behind them, glad to be so quit
Him Talus tooke out of perplexitie,
And horror of fowle death for Knight unfit,
Who more then losse of life y dreading it,
And, him restoring unto living light,
So brought unto his Lord, where he did sit
Beholding all that womanish weake fight,
Whom soone as he beheld he knew, and thus
behight

XXVI

'Sir Turpine' haplesse man, what make you
here? [tion,
Or have you lost you selfe and your discre-
That ever in this wretched case ye were?
Or have ye yielded you to proude oppression
Of womens powre, that boast of mens sub-
jection?
Or else what other deadly dismall day
Is false on you by heavens hard direction

That ye were runne so fondly far astray
As for to lead your selfe unto your owne
decay?'

XXVII

Much was the man confounded in his mind,
Partly with shame, and partly with dismay,
That all astonisht he him selfe did find,
And little had for his excuse to say,
But onely thus 'Most haplesse well ye may
Me justly terme, that to this shame am
brought, [day
And made the scorne of Knighthod this same
But who can scape what his owne fate hath
wrought? [thought'
The worke of heavens will surpasseth humane

XXVIII

'Right true but faulty men use oftentimes
To attribute their folly unto fate,
And lay on heaven the guilt of their owne
But tell, Sir Terpin, ne let you amate [crimes
Your misery, how fell ye in this state?'
'Then sith ye needs' (quoth he) 'will know
my shame,
And all the ill which chaunst to me of late,
I shortly will to you rehearse the same,
In hope ye will not turme misfortune to my
blame

XXIX

'Being desirous (as all Knights are woont)
Through hard adventures deedes of armes to
And after fame and honour for to hunt, [try,
I heard report that farre abroad did fly,
That a proud Amazon did late defy
All the brave Knights that hold of Maidenhead,
And unto them wrought all the villany
That she could forge in her malicious head,
Which some hath put to shame, and many
done be dead

XXX

'The cause, they say, of this her cruell hate
Is for the sake of Belldant the bold,
To whom she bore most fervent love of late,
And, wooed him by all the waies she could
But when she saw at last that he ne would
For ought or nought be wonne unto her will,
She turn'd her love to hatred manifold,
And for his sake vow'd to doe all the ill
Which she could doe to Knights, which now
she doth fulfill

XXXI

'For all those Knights, the which by force
or guile
She doth subdue, she fowly doth entreate
First, she doth them of warlike armes despoile,
And cloth in womens weedes And then with
threat

Doth them compell to worke, to earne their
ment,
To spin, to card, to sew, to wash, to wring,
No doth she give them other thing to eat
But bread and water or like feeble thing,
Them to disble from revenge adventuring

XXXII
'But if through stout disdain of manly
mind

Any her proud observance will withstand,
Upon that gibbet, which is there behind,
She causeth them be hang'd up out of hand,
In which condition I right now did stand
For, being overcome by her in fight,
And put to that base service of her hand,
I rather chose to die in lives despit,
Then lead that shamefull life, unworthy of a
Knight'

XXXIII
'How hight that Amazon?' (said Attegal)
'And where and how far hence does she
abide?' [call,
'Her name' (quoth he) 'they Radigund doe
A Princesse of great powre and greater pride,
And Queene of Amazons, in armes well tride
And sundry battels, which she hath achieved
With great successe, that her hath glorified,
And made her famous, more then is believed
Ne would I it have ween'd, had I not late it
prieved'

XXXIV
'Now sure,' (said he) 'and by the faith
that I
To Maidenhead and noble knighthood owe,
I will not rest till I her might doe trie,
And venge the shame that she to Knights
doth show
Therefore, Sir Terpin, from you lightly throw
This squalid weede, the patternes of dispaire,
And wend with me, that ye may see and
know
How Fortune will our run'd name repaire
And knights of Maidenhead, whose praise she
would empaire'

XXXV
With that, like one that hopelesse was de-
pry'd
From deathes dore at which he lately lay,
Those yron fetters wherewith he was gy'd,
The badges of reproch, he threw away,
And numbly did him light to guide the way
Unto the dwelling of that Amazon
Which was from thence not past a mile or
tway,

A goodly city and a mighty one,
The which, of her owne name, she called
Radegone

XXXVI
Where they arriving by the watchman were
Deser'd streight, who all the city warn'd
How that three warlike persons did appeare,
Of which the one him seem'd a Knight all
armed,
And th' other two well likely to have harmed
If soones the people all to harnesses ran,
And like a sort of Bees in clusters swarmed
Ere long their Queene her selfe, halfe like a man,
Came forth into the rout, and them t' array
began

XXXVII
And now the Knights, being arrived neare,
Did best upon the gates to enter in,
And at the Porter, shorning them so few,
Threw many threats, if they the towne did
win,

To teare his flesh in peeces for his sin
Which when as Radigund there comming
heard,
Her heart for rage did grite, and teeth did grin
She bad that streight the gates should be unbar'd,
And to them way to make with weapons well
prepar'd

XXXVIII
Soone as the gates were open to them set,
They pressed forthward, entraunce to have
made,
But in the middle way they were vnto
With a sharpe showre of arrowes, which then
staid,
And better bad advice, ere they ascud
Unknown perill of bold womens pride.
Then all that rout upon them rudely laid,
And heaped strokes so fast on every side,
And arrowes haild so thicke, that they could
not abide

XXXIX
But Radigund her selfe, when she espide
Sir Terpin from her direfull doome acquit,
So cruell deale amongst her maides divide
T' avenge that shame they did on him commit,
All sodainly enslam'd with furious fit
Like a fell Lionesse at him she flew,
And on his head-peece him so fiercely smit,
That to the ground him quite she overthrowd,
Dismayd so with the stroke that he no colours
knew

XL
Soone as she saw him on the ground to gro
vell,
She lightly to him leapt, and in his necke

Her proud foote setting, at his head did leuell.
Weening it once her wrath on him to wreake
And his contempt, that did her judgment
breake.

As when a Beare hath seiz'd her cruell clawes
Upon the carkasse of some beest too weake,
Proudly stands o'er and a while doth pause
To heare the piteous beast pleading her plaint-
tiffe cause

XLI

Whom when as Artegall in that distresse
By chauce beheld, he left the bloody slough-
ter

In which he swam, and ranne to his redresse
There her assaying fiercely fresh he raught
her

Such a hugestroke, that it of sence distraught
And had she not it warded warily
It had depriv'd her mother of a daughter
Nathlesse for all the powre she did apply
It made her stagger oft, and stare with ghastly
eye

XLII

Like to an Eagle, in his kingly pride
Soring through his wide Empire of the aire
To weather his brode sailes, by chauce hath
spide

A Goshanke, which hath seized for her share
Upon some fowle that should her feast pre-
pare

With dreadfull force he flies at her by live,
That with his souce, which none enduren
dare,

Her from the quarrel way doth drive,
And from her griping pounce the greedy prey
doth rive.

XLIII

But, soone as she her sence recover'd had,
She fiercely toward him her selfe gun dight,
Through vengefull wrath and sdeignfull pride
half mad,

For never had she suffred such despight
But ere she could joyne hand with him to
fight,

Her warlike maides about her flockt so fast.
That they disparted them maugre their
might.

And with their troupes did far asunder cast
But amongst the rest the fight did untill evening
last

XLIV

And every while that mighty yron man
With his strange weapon, never wont in
warre,

Them sorely vext, and court and overran,
And broke their bowes, and did their shooting
marre,

That none of all the many once did darre
Him to assault, nor once approach him nie,
But like a sort of sheepe dispersed farre
For dread of their devouring enemye,
Through all the fields and vallies did before
him flie

XLV

But when as daies faire shynie-beame, yelowd-
ed

With fearefull shadowes of deformed night.
Warn'd man and beest in quiet rest be shrowd-
ed

Bold Radigund with sound of trumpe on hight.
Caused all her people to surcease from fight,
And gathering them unto her citties gate
Made them all enter in before her sight;
And all the wounded, and the weake in state,
To be convey'd in, ere she would once retrate.

XLVI

When thus the field was voided all away,
And all things quieted, the Elfin Knight,
Wearie of toile and travell of that day,
Crus'd his pavilion to be richly pight
Before the citie gate, in open sight,
Where he him selfe did rest in safety
Together with Sir Terpin all that night
But Talus usde in times of jeopardie
To keepe a nightly watch for dread of treach-
ery

XLVII

But Radigund full of heart-gnawing griefe
For the rebuke which she sustain'd that day,
Could take no rest, he would receive reliefe,
But tossed in her troublous minde what way
She mote revenge that blot which on her lay.
There she resolv'd her selfe in single fight
To try her Fortune, and his force assay,
Rather then see her people spoiled quight.
As she had seene that day, a disventerous
sight

XLVIII

She called forth to her a trusty mayd,
Whom she thought fittest for that busnesse,
Her name was Clarin, and thus to her said
'Goe damzell, quickly doe thy selfe addresse
To doe the message which I shall expresse
Goe thou unto that stranger Fryer Knight,
Who yester day drove us to such distresse.
Tell, that to morrow I with him wil fight.
And try in equal field whether hath greater
might.

XLIX

'But these conditions doe to him propound
That if I vanquish him, he shall obvie
My law, and ever to my lore be bound,
And so will I, if me he vanquish may,

What ever he shall like to doe or say
Goe streight, and take with thee to wisse
Sire of thy fellowes of the best array,
And beere with you both wine and juncates lit,
And bid him eate henceforth he oft shall
hungry sit.

L

The Damzell streight obeyd, and putting all
In readinesse, forth to the Towne-gate went,
Where, sounding loud a Trumpet from the wall,
Unto those warlike Knights she warning sent
Then Talus forth issuing from the tent
Unto the wall his way did fearelesse take,
To weeten what that trumpets sounding
ment

Where that same Damzell lowdly him bespall e,
And shew'd that with his Lord she would
empralaunce make

Li

So he them streight conducted to his Lord,
Who, as he could, them goodly well did greeet,
Till they had told their message word by word
Which he accepting well, as he could weete,
Them faerly entertaynd with curt'sies meete,
And gave them gifts and things of deyre
delight
So bcke againe they homeward turnd their
But Artegall him selfe to rest did dight,
That he mote fresher be aganist the next
daies fight.

CANTO V.

Artegall fights with Radigund,
And is subdued by gulle
He is by her imprisoned,
But wrought by Clarins wile

I
So soone as day forth dawning from the
East
Nights humid curtaine from the heavens
And carelv calling forth both man and beist
Comaunded them their drily workes renew,
These noble warrior, mundefull to pur-sue
The last daies purpose of their vowed fight,
Them selves thereto prepaire in order dew
The Knight, as best was seeming for a Knight,
And th' Amazon, as best it likt her selfe to
dight

II

All in a Crinis light of purple silke
Woven uppon with silver, subtly wrought,
And quilted uppon sattin white as milke,
Trayled with ribbands diversly distraught,
Like as the workeman had their courses
taught,
Which was short tucked for light motion
Up to her ham, but, when she list, it raught
Downe to her lowest heele, and thereuppon
She wore for her defence a mayled habergeon

III

And on her legs she painted buskins wore,
Basted with bands of gold on every side,
And mailes betweene and laced close afore,
Uppon her thigh her Cemtare was tide
With an embroidered belt of mickell pride,
And on her shoulder hung her shield, bedeckt
Uppon the bosse with stones that shined wide,

As the faire Moone in her most full aspect
That to the Moone it mote be like in each
respect

IV

So forth she came out of the citty gate
With stately port and proud magnificence,
Guarded with many Damzels that did waite
Uppon her person for her sure defence
Playing on shauimes and trumpets, that from
hence
Their sound did reach unto the heavens light
So forth into the field she marched thence,
Where was a rich Pavilion ready pight
Her to receive, till time they should begin
the fight

V

Then forth came Artegall out of his tent,
All arm'd to point, and first the Lists did
enter
Soone after eke came she, with fell intent
And countenance fierce, as having fully
bent her
That battells utmost trial to adventure
The Lists were closed fast, to barre the rout
From rudely pressing to the middle center,
Which in great heapes them circled all about,
Wayting how Fortune would resolve that
daungerous doubt

VI

The Trumpets sounded, and the field began,
With bitter strokes it both began and ended.

She at the first encounter on him ran
With furious rage, as if she had intended
Out of his breast the very heart have rended
But he, that had like tempests often tride,
From that first flaw him selfe right well defended.

The more she rag'd, the more he did abide,
She hewd, she foynd, she lasht, she laid on
every side

VII

Yet still her blowes he bore, and her forbore,
Weening at last to win advantage new,
Yet still her crueltie increased more,
And, though powre fauld, her courage did accrew,

Which sayling, he gan fiercely her pursen
Like as a Smith that to his cunning feat
The stubborn mettall seeketh to subdew,
Soone as he feesles it mollifie with heat,
With his great yron sledge doth strongly on
it beat

VIII

So did Sir Artegall upon her lay,
As if she had an yron anvile beene,
That flakes of fire, bright as the sunny ray,
Out of her steely armes were flashing seene,
That all on fire yewould her surely weene,
But with her shield so well her selfe she warded
From the dread daunger of his weapon keene,
That all that while her life she safely garded,
But he that helpe from her against her will
discarded

IX

For with his trenchant blade at the next
blow

Halfe of her shield he shared quite away,
That halfe her side it selfe did naked show,
And thenceforth unto daunger opened way
Much was she moved with the mightie sway
Of that sad stroke, that halfe enrag'd she grew,
And, like a greedie Beare unto her pray,
With her sharpe Cemitare at him she flew,
That glauncing downe his thigh the purple
bloud forth drew

X

Thereat she gan to triumph with great boist,
And to upbrayd that chaunce which him misfell,
As if the prize she gotten had almost,
With spightfull speeches, fitting with her well,
That his great hart gan inwardly to swell
With indignation at her vaunting vaine,
And at her strooke with puissance fearefull
fell

Yet with her shield she warded it againe,
That shattered all to peeces round about the
plaine

XI

Having her thus disarmed of her shield,
Upon her helmet he againe her strooke,
That downe she fell upon the grassie field
In sencelesse swoone, as if her life forsooke,
And pangs of death her spirit overtooke
Whom when he saw before his foote prostrated,
He to her leapt with dead, dreadfull looke,
And her sunshynie helmet soone unlaced,
Thinking at once both head and helmet to have
raced

XII

But, when as he discovered had her face,
He saw, his senses straunge astonishment,
A miracle of natures goodly grace
In her faire visage voide of ornament,
But bath'd in bloud and sweat together ment,
Which in the rudenesse of that evill plight
Bewrayd the signes of feature excellent
Like as the Moone in foggie winters night
Doth seeme to be her selfe, though darkned be
her light.

XIII

At sight thereof his cruell minded hart
Empierced was with pittifull regard, [apart,
That his sharpe sword he threw from him
Cursing his hand that had that visage mard
No hand so cruell, nor no hart so hard,
But ruth of beautie will it mollifie
By this, upstarting from her swoone, she star'd
A while about her with confused eye,
Like one that from his dreame is waked sud-
denlye

XIV

Soone as the knight she there by her did spy
Standing with empte hands all weaponlesse,
With fresh assault upon him she did fly,
And gan renew her former crueltiesse
And though he still ret'yrd, yet nathelesse
With huge redoubled strokes she on him ryd,
And more increast her outrage mercilesse,
The more that he with meeke intreatie prayd
Her wrathful hand from greedy vengeance to
have stayd

XV

Like as a Puttocke having spyde in sight
A gentle Faulcon sitting on an hill, [flight,
Whose other wing, now made unmeet for
Was lately broken by some fortune ill,
The foolish Kyte, led with licentious will,
Doth beat upon the gentle bird in vaine,
With many idle stoups her troubling still
Even so did Radgund with bootlesse paine
Annoy this noble Knight, and sorely him
constraine.

XXI

Nought could he do but shun the dread
spight

Of her fierce wrath, and backward still retire,
And with his single shield, well as he might,
Bears off the burden of her raging ire
And evermore he gently did deuiſe
To stay her strokes, and he himselfe would yield,
Yet would she heare none, no let him once respire,
Till he to her delivered had his shield,
And to her mercie him submitted in plaine field

XXII

So was he overcome, not overcome,
But to her yielded of his owne record,
Yet was he justly damned by the doome
Of his owne mouth, that spake so warelesse
word,

To be her thrall and seruice her afford
For though that he first victorie obtained,
Yet after, by abandoning his sword,
He wilfull lost that he before attayned
No farre conquest then that with goodwill is
gayned

XXIII

Tho with her sword on him she slaying
strooke,

In signe of true subjection to her powre,
And as her vassall him to thralldome tooke
But Terpine borne to a more unhappy howre,
As he on whom the lucklesse stars did lower,
She caused to be attacht and forthwith led
Unto the crooke, t' abide the vilefull stowe
From which he lately had through rescue fled
Where he full shamefully was hanged by the
hed.

XXIV

But when they thought on Talus hands to lay,
He with his yron stile amongst them thondred
That they were fayne to let him scape away,
Glad from his compaignie to be so sondred
Whose presence all their troups so much en-
combred, [and slay,
That th' heapes of those which he did wound
Besides the rest dismayd, might not benombred
Yet all that while he would not once assay
To reske his owne Lord, but thought it just
t' obay

XXV

Then tooke the Amazon this noble knight,
Left to her will by his owne wilfull blame,
And caused him to be disarmed quight
Of all the ornaments of knightly name,
With which whylome he gotten had great
fame
Instead whereof she made him to be dight
In womans weedes, that is to manhood shme,

And put before his lap a napron white,
Instead of Caricks and bases fit for fight

XXVI

So being clad she brought him from the field,
In which he had bene trauelled many a day,
Into a long large chamber, which was seild
With monuments of many Knights decay,
By her subdewd in victorious fray
Amongst the which she caused his warlike
armes [array,
Be hang'd on high, that mote his shame be-
And broke his sword, for feare of further harmes,
With which he went to stirre up battaillons
alarmes.

XXVII

There entred in he round about him saw
Many brave knights, whose names right well
he knew,
There bound t' obay that Amazons proud law,
Spinning and carding all in comely row,
That his bugge hart loth d so uncomely vew
But they were fast, through penurie and prync,
To doe those workes to them appointed den,
For nought was giuen them to sup or dyne,
But what their hands could earne by twisting
linnen twyne

XXVIII

Amongst them all she placed him most low,
And in his hand a distaffe to him gave,
That he thereon should spin both flax and tow,
A sordid office for a mind so brave
So hard it is to be a womans slave
Yet he it tooke in his owne selfes despight,
And thereto did him else right well behaue
Her to obay, with he his faith had plight
Her vassall to become, if she him wonne in
fight

XXIX

Who had him scene imagine mote thereby
That whylome hath of Hercules bene told,
How for Iolas sake he did apply
His mightie hands the distaffe vnto hold
For his huge club which had subdew'd of old
So many monsters which the world annoyed,
His Ions skin chaungd to a pall of gold,
In which forgetting warres, he onely joyed
In combats of sweet love, and with his mis-
tresse loved

XXX

Such is the crueltie of womenkynd,
When they haue shaken off the shamefast
band, [band
With which wise Nature did them strongly
T' obay the heasts of mans well-ruling hand,

That then all rule and reason they withstand
To purchase a licentious libertie
But vertuous women wisely understand,
That they were borne to base humilitie,
Unlesse the heauens them lift to lawfull sove-
raintie

XXVI

Thus there long while continu'd Artegall
Serving proud Radigund with true subjection,
How ever it his noble heart did gall
T' obay a womans tyrannous direction,
That might have had of life or death election
But, having chosen, now he might not chunge
During which time the warlike Amazon,
Whose wandering fancies after lust did runge,
Gan cast a secret liking to this captive
straunge

XXVII

Which long concealing in her covert brest,
She chaw'd the cud of lovers carefull plight,
Yet could it not so thoroughly digest,
Being fast fix'd in her wounded spright,
But it tormented her both day and night
Yet would she not thereto yeeld free accord
To serve the lowly vassall of her might,
And of her servant make her soverayne Lord
So great her pride that she such basenesse
much abhord

XXVIII

So much the greater still her anguish grew,
Through stubbornne handling of her love-sicke
hart,
And still the more she strove it to subdew
The more she still augmented her owne smart,
And wyder made the wound of th' hidden dart
At last, when long she struggld had in vaine,
She gan to stoupe, and her proud munde convert
To meeke obey'sance of loves nightlie raine,
And him entreat for grace that had procur'd
her pame

XXIX

Unto her selfe in secret she did call
Her nearest handmayd, whom she most did
trust,
And to her said 'Clarinda, whom of all
I trust alive, sith I thee so-tred first,
Now is the time that I untimely must
Thereof make tryall in my greatest need
It is so hapned that the heavens unjust,
Spighting my happie freedom, have agreed
To thrall my looser life, or my last bale to
breed'

XXX

With that she turn'd her head, as halfe
abashed,
To hule the blush which in her visage rose

And through her eyes like sudden lightning
flashed,
Decking her cheekes with a vermilion rose,
But soone she did her countenance compose,
And to her turning thus began againe
'Thus gries deepe wound I would to thee
disclose, [paine,
Thereto compell'd through hart-murdring
But dread of shume my doubtfull lips doth
still restraine'

XXXI

'Ah' my deare dread,' (said then the faith-
full Mayd) [withhold,
'Can dread of ought your dreadlesse hart
That many hath with dread of death dismayd,
And dare even deathes most dreadfull face
behold?

Say on, my soverayne Ladie, and be hold
Doth not your handmayds life at your foot
lie?'

Therewith much comforted she gan unfold
The cause of her conceived maladie,
As one that would confesse, yet faine would it
denie

XXXII

'Clarind,' (said she) 'thou seest yond Layr
Knight,
Whom not my valour, but his owne brave mind
Subjected hath to my unequall might
What right is it, that he should thraldome
find

For lending life to me, a wretch unkind,
That for such good him recompence with ill?
Therefore I cast how I may him unbind
And by his freedom get his free goodwill,
Yet so, as bound to me he may continue still

XXXIII

'Bound unto me but not with such hard
bands
Of strong compulsion and streight violence,
As now in miserable state he stands,
But with sweet love and sure benevolence,
Voide of malicious mind or foule offence
To which if thou canst win him any way
Without discoverie of my thoughts prattice,
Both goodly meede of him it purchase may.
And eke with gratefull service me right well
apay.

XXXIV

'Which that thou mayst the better bring to
pay, [be,
Loe' here this ring which shall thy warrant
And token true to old I unities,
I rom time to time, when thou it hast shall
see,

That in and out thou mayst have peace & free
 Go now, Clarinda, well thy wits advise,
 And all thy forces gather unto thee,
 Armies of lovely looles, and speeches wise,
 With which thou must even love himselfe to
 love entice.

XXXV

The trustie Mayd conceiving her intent,
 Did with sure promise of her good endeavour
 Give her great comfort and some hearts content
 So, from her parting she thenceforth did
 labour

By all the meanes she might to curry favour
 With th' Ithin Knight, her Ladies best be-
 loved

With daily shew of courteous kind behav'ur,
 Even at the markes-white of his hart she mov'd,
 And with wile glancing words one day she
 thus him prov'd.

XXXVI

'Unhappie Knight' upon whose hopelesse
 state

Fortune, envying good, hath fully frowned,
 And cruell hazards have becom' an heavy fate,
 I saw that thus thy better dayes are drown'd
 In sad despair, and all thy senses drown'd
 In stupid sorrow, with thy juster merit
 Might else have with fortune bene crown'd
 Look up at last, and wake thy dulled spirit
 To thinke how this long death thou must live
 dishonour.

XXXVII

Much did he marvell at her uncouth speech,
 Whose hidden drift he could not well perceive,
 And gan to doubt least she him sought to
 peach

Of treason, or some guilefull traine did weave,
 Through which she might his wretched life be-
 traye

Both which to barre he with this answer int'
 'I dare Damsell, that with ruth (as I perceive)
 Of my mishaps art mov'd to wish me better,
 For such your kind regard I can but rest your
 debtor

XXXVIII

'Yet, weete we well that to a courage great
 It is no lesse beseeching will to beare
 The storme of fortunes frowne or heav'ns threat,
 Then in the sunshine of her countenance cleare
 Timely to joy and carrie comely cheer
 For though this cloud have now me overcast,
 Yet doe I not of better times despayre,
 And though (unlike) they should for ever last,
 Yet in my truthes assurance I rest fixed fast'

XXXIX

'But what so stonour minde,' (she then re-
 plyd)

'But if in his owne peace occasion lay,
 Would to his hope a win love open wide,
 And to his fortune's help make ready way?
 'I unworthy sure (quoth he) 'of better day,
 That will not take the offer of good hope,
 And eke pursue, if he attaine it may'
 Which speeches she applying to the scope
 Of her intent, this further purpose to him
 shap'd

XL

'Then why dost not, thou ill advised man,
 Make me un- to win thy libertie forerun,
 And I try if thou be true, entre me in sweet
 Moe's Padigun? who, though she still have
 Her dayes in woe, yet sweet thou was not
 forne

Of Braces and Tygers, nor of salvage myrthles
 As that, altho' all love's firen she scorn'd,
 she yet forgot that she of men was lov'd
 And sooth oft wene, thy proud st harts have
 love hath blinded.'

XLI

'Certes, Clarinda not of censored will,
 (Said he) 'nor obstinate disdainfull mind,
 I have forborne this dutie to fulfill
 For well I may this weene by that I find,
 That she a Queene and come of Princely kind,
 Both worthe is for to be serv'd unto,
 Chuse by him whose life her lawd's beind,
 And eke of power her owne doome to rule,
 And als of princely grace to be inclin'd here-
 to

XLII

'But want of meanes hath bene mine only
 let

From seeking favour where it doth abound;
 Which if I might by your good office get,
 I to your selfe should rest for ever beind,
 And ready to desert what grace I found'
 She feeling him thus bite upon the bait,
 Yet doubtles least his hold was but unsound
 And not well fastened, would not strike him
 tryt,

But drew him on with hope in leasure to awayt.

XLIII

But, foolish Mayd! whyles heedlesse of the
 hookes

She thus oft times was beating off and on,
 Through slippery footing fell into the brooke,
 And there was caught to her confusion
 For, seeking thus to save the Amazon,
 She wounded was with her deceipts owne dart,
 And gan thenceforth to cast affection,

Conceiv'd close in her beguiled hart,
To Artegall through puttie of his causelesse
smart

XLIX

Yet durst she no, disclose her fancies wound,
Ne to himselfe, for doubt of being sed iused,
Ne yet to any other wight on ground,
I or feare her mistresse shold have knowledge
But to her selfe it secretly retayned [gained,
Within the closet of her covert brest,
The more thereby her tender hart was payned,
Yet to awaie fit time she weened best,
And faierly did dissemble her sad thoughts un-
rest.

L

One day her Iadie calling her apart,
To demaund of her some tydings good,
Touching her loves success, her lingring
smart

Therewith she gan at first to change her mood,
As one adaw d, and halfe confus'd stood,
But quickly she it overpast so soone
As she her free had wipt to frash her blood
Tho gan she tell her all that she had donne,
And all the wayes she sought his love for to
have wonne

LXI

But sayd that he was obstinate and sterne,
Scorning her offers and conditions vaine,
Ne would be taught with any termes to lerne
So fond a lesson as to love againe
He rather would be in penurious paine,
And his abridgd dayes in dolour wast,
Then his fies love or liking entertaine.
His resolution was, both first and last,
His bodie was her thrall, his hart was freely
plast.

LXII

Which when the cruell Amazon perceived,
She gan to storme, and rage, and rend her gall,
I or very fell despyght which she conceived,
To be so scorned of a bare borne thrall,
Whose life did he in her least eyes fall
Of which she wou'd, with many a cur'd threat,
If at she therefore would him ere long forstall,
Nathlesse, when calmed was her furious heat,
She chang'd that threatfull mood, and mildly
gan entreat

LXIII

'What now is left Clarinda? what remains,
That we may comprasse this our enterprize?
Great shame to lose so long employ'd paines,
And greater shame t' abide so great misprize,
With which he dares our offers thus despize
Yet that his guilt the greater may appeare,
And more my gracious mercie by this wize,

I will a while with his first folly beare,
Till thou have tride againe, and tempted him
more neare

LXIV

'SAY and do all that may thereto prevaile,
Leave nought unpromist that may him per-
suade,
Lift, freedome, grace and gifts of grent availe,
With which the Gods themselves are mylder
made
Thereto addo art even womens witty trade,
The art of mightie words that men can charme,
With which in ease thou canst him not misade,
Let him feele hardnesse of thy heavie arme
Who will not stoupe with good shall be made
stoupe with harme.

L

'Some of his diet doe from him withdraw,
I or I him find to be too proudly fed
Give him more labour, and with streighter law,
That he with worke may be forwaried
Let him lodge hard, and lie in strawn bed,
That may pull downe the courage of his pride,
And lay upon him, for his greater dread,
Cold yron chaines with which let him be tide,
And let what ever he desires be him denide

LI

'When thou hast all this doen, then bring me
newes
Of his demaunce thenceforth not like a lover,
But like a rebell stout, I will him use,
For I resolve this siege not to give over,
Till I the conquest of my will recover'
So she departed full of grieve and adaine,
Which only did to great impatience move her
But the false mayden shortly turn'd againe
Unto the pri-on, where her hart did thrall re-
maine

LII

There all her subtil nct's she did unfold,
And all the engins of her wit display,
In which she ment him wirclesse to unfold,
And of his innocence to make her privy
So cunningly she wrought her crafts assay,
That both her Lathie, and her selfe withall,
And eke the knight attence she did betray,
But most the knight, whom she with guilefull
call
Did cast for to allure into her trap to fall.

LIII

As a bad Nurse, which, faying to receive
In her owne mouth the food ment for her chyld,
Withholde it to her selfe, and doeth deceive
The infant, so for want of nourtur spoyld,
y

Even so Clarinda her owne Dime beguiled,
And turn'd the trust which was in her affide,
To feeding of her private fire, which boild
Her inward brest, and in her entrails trade
The more that she it sought to cover and to
hyde

155

Ier, comming to this knight, she purposed
fayned,
How earnest suit she cras for him had made
Unto her Queene, his freedom to have gaineed,
But by no means could he thereto perwade
But that instead thereof she sternely bade
His miserie to be augmented more,
And many yron bands on him to lade
All which pathlesse she for his love forthere,
So praving him t'accept her service evermore

156

And, more then that she promist that she
would
In case she might finde favour in his eye,
Deceive him to charge him out of lould
The Iavrie glad to gaine his libertie,
Can veld great thankes for such her curtesie,
And with faire words, sit for the time and
place,
To feede the humour of her maladie,

Promist, if she would free him from that case,
He wold, by all good means he might, deserve
such grace

157

So dails he faire embaint do I her shew,
Yet ever secret he in his robbie wold
To his owne albeit love to be untrue
Ne ever did deceip full Clinda find
In her false hart his bondage to unbind,
But rather has she mote him faster tie.
Therfore unto her mite as most unkind
She dails told her how he did desire
And him she told how Da or his friend were did
dys

158

Yet thus much friends, who to him did shew,
The hearse, that somewhat was amended,
And his wounds lessened, that his love more
grew
Yet to her Dame him still she discommended,
That she with him mote be the more offer led
That he long while in thralldome there re-
mained,
Of both beloved will but little frended,
I still his owne true love his freedom gaineed
Which in an other Canto will be best con-
firmed.

CANIO VI

Takes Irida power to Britomart
Of Artegall mis-hap
She goes to seek him Dolon meetre,
Who seeks her to be rap

I

Some men I wote, will deeme in Artegall
Or it wold neesse and report of him much ill,
For seeing so himselfe a wretched thrall
To th' insolent command of womens will,
That all his former praise doth lowly spill
But he the man, that say or doe so dar,
He well adviz'd that he stand steadfast still,
For never yet was wight so well aware
But he, at first or last, was tript in womens
snare

II

Yet in the strenghtness of that captive state
This gentle knight himselfe so well behaved,
That notwithstanding all the subtil bait
With which those Amazons his love still
crised,
To his owne love his loialtie he saved
Whose character in th' Adamantine mould
Of his true hart so firmely was engraved

That no new loves supresse more, or could
Berewe it thence such blot his honour
blemish should

III

Yet his owne love, the noble Britomart,
Scarse so conceiv'd in her jealous thought,
What time sad tidings of his balefull smart
In womens bondage I due to her brought,
Brought in untimely houre, ere it was sought
For, after that the time of date asynde
For his returne she waited had for nought,
She gan to cast in her trustfull minde
A thousand furies, that love-sicke fancies faine
to fynde,

IV

Sometime she feard lest some hard mis-hap
Had him mis-faine in his adventure is quast
Sometime lest his false foe did him entrap
In treacherous frame, or had unwares oppress;

But most she did her troubled mynd molest,
And secretly afflict with ierous feare.
Least some new loe had him from her possest
Yet loth she was, since she no ill did heare,
To thinke of him so ill, yet could she not for-
beare

One while she blamd her selfe, another
while
She him condemn'd as trustlesse and untrew,
And then, her grieve with error to beguile,
She sayd to count the time againe anew,
As if before she had not counted trew
For houres, but dayes, for weekes that passed
were, [more few
She told but moneths, to make them seeme
Yet when she reckned them, still drawing neere
Each hour did seeme a moneth, and every
moneth a yere

VI
But when as yet she saw him not returne
She thought to send some one to seeke him
out,
But none she found so fit to serve that turne,
As her owne selfe, to ease her selfe of doubt
Now she devis'd amongst the warlike rout
Of errant Knights, to seeke her errant Knight,
And then againe resolv'd to hunt him out
Amongst loose Ladies lapped in delight
And then both Knights envide, and Ladies
eke did spight

VII
One day when as she long had sought for ease
In every place, and every place thought best,
Yet found no place that could her liking please
She to a window came that opened West,
Towards which coast her love his way addrest
There looking forth, shee in her heart did find
Many vaine fancies working her unrest,
And sent her winged thoughts, more swift then
wind,
To beare unto her love the message of her mind

VIII
There as she looked long, at last she spide
One coming towards her with hasty spede
Well weend she then, ere him she plaine de-
scribe,
That it was one sent from her love indeede,
Who when he nigh approacht, shee mote aske
That it was Talus, Artegall his groom
Whereat her heart was hid with hope and
dread;
Ne would she stay till he in place could come
But ran to meete him forth to know his tidings
somme

IX
Even in the dore him meeting, she begun
'And where is he thy Lord and how far hence?'
Declare at once and hath he lost or won?'
The yron man, 'albe he wanted sence
And sorrowes feeling, yet, with conscience
Of his ill newes, did only chill and quake,
And stood still mute, as one in great suspence,
As if that by his silence he would make
Her rather reade his meaning then him selfe
it speake.

X
Till she againe thus said: 'Talus, be bold,
And tell what ever it be good or bad, [hold'
That from thy tongue thy hearts intent doth
To whom he thus at length: 'The tidings sad,
That I would hide, will needs, I see be sad
My Lord your love, by hard mishap doth lie
In wretched bondage wofully bestad'
'Alas me,' (quoth she) 'what wicked destinie'
And is he rauisht by his tyrant enemy?'

XI
'Not by that Tyrant, his intended foe,
But by a Tyrannesse,' (he then replide)
'That him captivd hath in haplesse woe'
'Cease, thou bad newes-man' badly doest
thou hide
Thy maisters shame, in harlots bondage tide
The rest my selfe too readily can spell'
With that in rage she turn'd from him aside,
Forcing in vaine the rest to her to tell,
And to her chamber went like solitary cell.

XII
There she began to make her moncfull plaint
Against her knight for being so untrew,
And him to touch with falsehoods fowle attaint,
That all his other honour overthrew
Ofte and she blame her selfe, and often rew,
For yielding to a strangers love so light,
Whose life and manners straunge she never
knew
And evermore she did him sharpe twilight
I or breach of faith to her, which he had firmly
plight.

XIII
And then she in her wrathfull will did cast
How to revenge that blot of honour blent,
To fight with him, and goodly die her last
And then againe she did her selfe torment,
Inflicting on her selfe his punishment [threw
A while she walkt, and chaust, a while she
Her selfe uppon her bed, and did lament
Yet did she not lament with loude alew,
As women wont, but with deepe sighes and
singults few

THE FAIRIE QUEENE.

Like ^{as} a wayward childe, whose sounder
sleeps
Is broken with some fearefull dremes affright,
With froward will doth set him a life to weepe,
He can be still for all his mures might,
But kicks, and squals, and shricks for fell
displeight,

Now scratching her, and her loo-e locks mis-
using, A Knight that softly paced on the plaine,
Now seeking darkenesse, and now seeking light,
To peace then needlesse troubles to con-straine,
Then craving sucke, and then the sucke re-
fusing, As well by view of that his vestiment
Such was this I adies hit in her loves fond
[accusing] As by his modest semblant that no evil ment.

But when she had with such unquiet fits
Her selfe there close afflicted long in time,
Yet found no casement in her troubled wit,
She unto Talus forth return'd againe,
By change of place seeking to ease her pume
And gan enquire of him with mylder mood
The certaine cause of Artegals detaine,
And what he did, and in what state he stood,
And whether he did woo, or whether he were
woo'd?

'Ah wellaway!' (sayd then the yron man)
'That he is not the while in state to woo
But lies in wretched thralldome, weake and wan,
Not by strong hand compelled therunto,
But by owne doome, that none can now undoo.'
'Sayd I not then' (quoth shee), 'erwhile
right,
That this is things comprete betwixt you two,
Me to deceive of faith unto me plight
Since that he was not forst, nor overcome in
fight?'

With that he gan at large to her dilate
The whole discourse of his captivance sad,
In sort as ye have heard the same of late
All which when she with hard endurance had
Heard to the end, she was right sore bestid,
With sodaine stounds of wrath and griefe
alone
Ne would abide, till she had answers made,
But streight her selfe did light, and armor don,
And mounting to her steede brd Talus guide
her on

So forth she rode upon her ready way,
To seeke her Knight, as Talus her did guide
Sadly she rode, and never word did say
Nor good nor bad, ne ever lookt aside [hide
But still right downe, 'and in her thought did
The feinesse of her heart, right fully bent
To fierce avengement of that womans pride,

Which had her Lord in her base prison pent,
And so great honour with so fowle reproch had
blent

So as she thus melancholike did ride,
Chawing the end of griefe and inward pame,
She chaunst to meeete, toward the even tide
A Knight that softly paced on the plaine,
As if him selfe to solace he were faine
Well shot in vices he seem'd, and rather bent
To peace then needlesse troubles to con-straine,
As well by view of that his vestiment
As by his modest semblant that no evil ment.

He comming nere gan gently her salute
With courteous words, in the most comely wise,
Who though desirous rather to rest mute,
Then termes to certaine of common guise,
Yet rather then she kindness would de-pise,
She would her selfe displease, so him requite,
Then gan the other further to devise
Of things abroad as next to hand did light,
And many things demand, to which she
answer'd light.

Or little list had she to talke of ought,
Or ought to heare that mote delightfull bee
Her minde was whole possessed of one thought
That gave none other place Which when as
hee
By outward signes (as well he might) did see,
He list no longer to use lothfull speech,
But her besought to take it well in gree,
Sith shad damps had dimd the heavens reach
To lodge with him that night, unless good
cause empach

The Chyrmione now seeing night at dore,
Was glad to yeld unto his good request,
And with him went without game-saving
more
Not farr away but little wide by West,
His dwelling was to which he him addrest
Where soone arriving they receiv'd were
In seemely wise, as them beseyned he-t,
For he their host them goodly well did cheare
And talkt of plea-sant things the night away
to ween

Thus passing th' evening well till time
rest,
Then Britomart unto a bowre was brought,
Where groomes awaited her to have undrest,
But she ne would undressed be for ought,

Ne doffe her armes, though he her much be-
sought
For she had vow'd, she sayd, not to forgo
Those warlike weedes, till she revenge had
wrought
Of a late wrong vpon a mortall foe,
Which she would sure performe, betide her
wele or wo

XXIV

Which when their Host perceiv'd, right dis-
content
In minde he grew, for feare least by that art
He should his purpose misse, which close he
ment.
Yet taking leave of her he did depart
There all that night remained Britomart,
Restlesse, recomfortlesse, with heart deepe
grieved, [start
Nor suffering the least twynckling sleepe to
Into her eye, which th' heart mote have re-
lieved, [reprieved
But if the least appear'd, her eyes she straight

XXV

'Ye guilty eyes,' (sayd she) 'the which with
guile
My heart at first betrayd, will ye betray
My life now too, for which a litle while
Ye will not watch? false watches, wellaway!
I wote when ye did watch both night and day
Unto your losse, and now needes will ye
sleepe?
Now ye have made my heart to wake alway,
Now will ye sleepe? ah! wake, and rather
weepe [ye waking keepe
To thinke of your nights want, that should

XXVI

Thus did she watch, and weare the weary
night
In wayfyll plaints that none was to appease,
Now walking soft, now sitting still upright,
As sundry chaunge her seemed best to ease
Ne lesse did Talus suffer sleepe to seaze
His eye-lids sad, but watcht continually,
Lying without her dore in great disease
I like to a Spaniell wayting carefully
Least any should betray his Lady treacherously

XXVII

What time the native Belman of the night,
The bird that warn'd Peter of his fall,
First rings his silver Bell t' each sleepey wight,
That should their mindes up to devotion call,
She heard a wondrous noise below the hall
All sodainely the bed, where she should lie,
By a false trap was let adowne to fall

Into a lower roome, and by and by
The loft was raysd againe, that no man could
it spie

XXVIII

With sight whereof she was dismayd right
sore,
Perceiving well the treason which was ment,
Yet stirred not at all for doubt of more,
But kept her place with courage confident,
Wayting what would ensue of that event
It was not long before she heard the sound
Of armed men comming with close intent
Towards her chamber, at which dreadfull
stound [about her bound
She quickly caught her sword, and shield

XXIX

With that there came unto her chamber dore
Two Knights all armed ready for to fight,
And after them full many other more,
A raskall rout, with weapons rudely dight
Whom soone as Talus spide by glims of
night,
He started up, there where on ground he lay,
And in his hand his thrasher ready height
They seeing that let drive at him straightway,
And round about him preace in riotous aray

XXX

But, soone as he began to lay about
With his rude yron flaile, they gan to flie,
Both armed Knights and eke unarmed rout,
Yet Talus after them apace did plie,
Where ever in the darke he could them spie,
That here and there like scattred sleepe they
lay
Then, backe returning where his Dame did lie,
He to her told the story of that fray,
And all that treason there intended did bewray

XXXI

Wherewith though wondrous wroth, and inly
burning
To be avenged for so fowle a deede,
Yet being forst to abide the daies returning,
She there remain'd, but with right wary heede,
Least any more such practise should proceede
Now mote ye know (that which to Britomart
Unknown was) whence all this did proceede,
And for what cause so great mischievous smart
Was ment to her that never evill ment in
hant

XXXII

The goodman of this house was Dolon hight,
A man of subtil wit and wicked minde,
That whilome in his youth had bene a Knight,
And armes had borne, but little good could
finde,

And much lesse honour by that warlike kinde
Of life for he was nothing valorous,
But with sle shifts and wiles did underminde
All noble Knights, which were adventurous,
And many brought to shame by treason treacherous

XXVIII

He had three sonnes, all three like fathers
sonnes,
Like treacherous, like full of fraud and guile,
Of all that on this earthly compasse wonnes,
The eldest of the which was slaine ere while
By Artegall through his owne guilty wile
His name was Guizor, whose untimely fate
For to avenge, full many treasons vile
His father Dolon had devis'd of late
With these his wicked sons, and shewd his
cankred hate

XXIX

For sure he weend that this his present guest
Was Artegall, by many tokens plaine,
But chiefly by that iron pike he ghest,
Which still was wont with Artegall remaine,
And therefore ment him surely to have slaine
But by Gods grace, and her good heedinesse,
She was preserved from their traitorous traine
Thus she all night wore out in watchfulness-e,
Ne suffred slothfull sleepe her eyelids to op-
presse

XXX

The morrow next, so soone as dawning hours
Discovered had the light to living eyes,
She forth vssew'd out of her loathed bowre,
With full intent to avenge that villany
On that vile man and all his family,
And, coming down to seeke them where
they wold,
Nor sire, nor sonnes, nor any could she spie
Each rowme she sought, but them all empty
found [neither house]
They all were fled for ferre, but whether

XXXI

She saw it came to make there longer stay,
But tooke her steede, and thereon mounting
light
Gan her addresse unto her former way
She had not rid the mountenance of a flight,
But that she saw there present in her sight
Those two false brethren on that pillonne
Bridge,
On which Pollente with Artegall did fight.

Streight was the passage, like a ploughed
ridge, [the ledge.
That, if two met, the one mote needes fall over

XXXII

There they did thinke them selves on her to
wreake,
Who as she nigh unto them drew, the one
These vile reproches gan unto her speake
'Thou recreant false traitor, that with lone
Of armes hast knighthood stolne, yet Knight
art none,
No more shall now the darkenesse of the night
Defend thee from the vengeance of thy sone,
But with thy blood thou shalt appease the
spright [slight'
Of Guizor by thee slaine, and mured by thy

XXXIII

Strange were the words in Britomartis eare,
Yet stayd she not for them, but forward fared,
Till to the perilous Bridge she came, and there
Talus desir'd that he might have prepared
The way to her and those two losels scared,
But she therent was wroth, that for despight
The glancing sparkles through her bever
glared,
And from her eyes did flash out fiery light,
Likes coles that through a silver Censer spar-
kle bright

XXXIV

She staid not to advise which way to take,
But putting spurres unto her fiery beast,
Thorough the midst of them she way did make.
The one of them, which most her wrath in-
creast,
Upon her speare she bore before her breast,
Till to the Bridges further end she past,
Where falling downe his challenge he releast
The other over side the Bridge she cast
Into the river, where he drunke his deadly last.

XL

As when the flashing Leu in haps to light
Upon two stubborne oakes, which stand se-
neire
That way betwixt them none appeares in sight
The Engin, fiercely flying forth, doth teare
Th' one from the earth, and through the air
doth beare,
The other it with force doth overthrow
Upon one side, and from his rootes doth reare
So did the Championesse those two there strow
And to their sure their carcasses left to bestow

CANTO VII

Britomart comes to Isis Church,
Where shee strange visions sees
She fights with Radigund, her slaies,
And Artegall thence frees

I

NOUGHT is on earth more sacred or diuine,
That Gods and men doe equally adore,
Then this same vertue that doth right define
For th' heuens themselves, whence mortal men
 implore
Right in their wrongs, are rul'd by righteous
 lore
Of highest Ioue, who doth true iustice deale
To his inferiour Gods, and evermore
Therewith containes his heavenly Common-
 weale [reueale
The skill whereof to Princes hearts he doth

II

Well therefore did the antique world inuent
That Justice was a God of soveraine grace,
And altars unto him and temples lent,
And heavenly honours in the highest place,
Calling him great Osyris, of the race
Of th' old Egyptian Kings that whylome were,
With fayned colours shading a true case,
For that Osyris, whilst he liued here,
The iustest man aliue and truest did appeare

III

His wife was Isis, whom they likewise made
A Goddess of great powre and soverainty,
And in her person cunningly did shade
That part of Justice which is Equity,
Whereof I haue to treat here presently
Unto whose temple when as Britomart
Arrived, shee with great humility
Did enter in, ne would that night depart,
But Talus mote not be admitted to her part

IV

There she receiued was in goodly wize
Of many Priests, which duely did attend
Vpon the rites and daily sacrifice,
All clad in linnen robes with silver hemd,
And on their heads, with long locks comely
 kemd,
They wore rich Mitres shaped like the Moone,
To shew that Isis doth the Moone portend,

Like as Osyris signifies the Sunne
For that they both like race in equall iustice
 runne

V

The Championesse them greeting, as she could,
Was thence by them into the Temple led,
Whose goodly building when she did behould,
Borne vpon stately pillours, all dispreed
With shining gold, and arched ouer hed,
She wondred at the workemans passing skill,
Whose like before she never saw nor red,
And therevpon long while stood gazing still,
But thought that she thereon could never gaze
 her fill.

VI

Thence forth unto the Idoll they her brought,
The which was framed all of silver fine,
So well as could with cunning hand be wrought,
And clothed all in garments made of line,
Hemd all about with fringe of silver twine
Vpon her head she wore a Crowne of gold,
To shew that she had powre in things diuine
And at her feete a Crocodile was rold,
That with her wreathed taile her middle did
 enfold.

VII

One foote was set vpon the Crocodile,
And on the ground the other fast did stand,
So meaning to suppress both forged guile
And open force and in her other hand
She stretched forth a long white sclender wand
Such was the Goddess, whom when Brito-
 mart
Had long beheld, her selfe vpon the land
She did prostrate, and with right humble hart
Unto her selfe her silent pray ers did impart.

VIII

To which the Idoll, as it were inclining,
Her wand did move with amiable looke,
By outward shew her inward sense desining
Who well perceiving how her wand sheshooke,
It as a token of good fortune tooke.
By this the day with dampe was overcast,
And joyous light the house of Ioue forsooke,

THE FAERIE QUEENE

[BOOK V]

Which when she saw her helmet she unlaste,
And by the altars side her selfe to slumber
plaste

IX

For other beds the Priests there used none,
But on their mother Earths deare lap did lie,
And brike their sides upon the cold hard stone,
T enure them selves to sufferance therebv,
And prond rebellious flesh to mortify
For by the vow of their religion,
They tied were to stedfast chastity
And continence of life, that, all forgon,
They mote the better tend to their devotion

X

Therefore they mote not taste of fleshly food
Ne seed on ought the which doth blood con-
taine,
Ne drinke of wine, for wine, they say, is blood,
Even the blond of Gyants, which were slaine
By thundring Jove in the Phlegrean plaine
For which the earth (as ther the story tell)
Wroth with the Gods, which to perpetuall pun-
Had damn'd her sonnes which gaunst them did
rebell,
With inward griefe and malice did agunst them
swell

XI

And of their vitall blood, the which was shed
Into her pregnant bosome, forth she brought
The fruitfull vine, whose liquor bloudy red,
Having the mundes of men with fury fraught,
Mote in them stirre up old rebellious thought
To make new warre agunst the Gods againe
Such is the powre of that same fruit, that
nought
The fell contagion may thereof restraene,
Ne within reasons rule her madding mood
containe.

XII

There did the warlike Maide her selfe repose,
Under the wings of Isis all that night
And with sweete rest her herry eyes did close,
After that long daies toile and weary plight
Where whilst her earthly parts with soft
delight
Of sencelesse sleepe did deeplv drowned lie,
There did appeare unto her heavenly spright
A wondrous vision, which did close imple
The course of all her fortune and postentie

XIII

Her seem'd, as she was doing sacrifice
To Isis, deckt with Mitre on her hed
And linnen stole after those Priestes guise,
All sodainly she saw transfigured

Her linnen stole to robe of scarlet red,
And Moone-like Mitre to a Crowne of gold,
That even she her selfe much wondered
At such a change, and joyed to behold
Her selfe adorn'd with gems and jewels
manifold

XIV

And, in the midst of her felicity,
An hideous tempest seemed from below
To rise through all the Temple sodainly,
Thrit from the Altar all about did blow
The holv fire, and all the embers strow
Upon the ground, which, kindled privily,
Into outrageous flames unwaives did grow,
That all the Temple put in jeopardy
Of flaming, and her selfe in great perplexity

XV

With thrit the Crocodile, which sleeping lay
Under the Idols feete in searelesse bowre,
Seem'd to awake in horrible dismay,
As being troubled with that stormy stowre,
And gaping greedv wide did streight devoure
Both flames and tempest with which growen
great,
And swolne with pride of his owne peerelesse
He gan to threaten her likewise to eat,
But that the Goddesses with her rod him
backe did beat.

XVI

Tho turning all his pride to humblesse
meeke,
Him selfe before her feete he lowly threw,
And gain for grace and love of her to seeke,
Which she accepting, he so neare her drew,
That of his game she soone enwombed grew,
And forth did bring a Lion of great might,
That shortly did all other beests subdew
With that she waked full of fearefull fright,
And doubtfully dismayd through that so un-
couth sight

XVII

So thereupon long while she musing lay,
With thousand thoughts feeding her fantasie,
Untill she spide the lampe of lightsome day
Up-listed in the porch of heaven hie
Then up she rose fraught with melancholy,
And forth into the lower parts did pass,
Whereas the Priestes she found full busily
About their holv things for morrow Mas,
Whom she saluting faire, faire resaluted was

XVIII

But by the change of her unhearefull looke,
They might perceiue she was not well in
plight,

Or that some pensivenesse to heart she tooke
Therefore thus one of them, who seem'd in
sight

To be the greatest and the gravest wight,
To her bespake 'Sir Knight, it seemes to me
That, thorough evill rest of this last night,
Or ill apayd or much dismayd ye be, [see,
That by your change of cheare is easie for to

XIX

'Certes,' (sayd she) 'sith ye so well have
spide

The troublous passion of my pensive mind,
I will not seeke the same from you to hide,
But will my cares unfold, in hope to find
Your aide to guide me out of error blind'
'Say on' (quoth he) 'the secret of your hart
For, by the holy vow which me doth bind,
I am adjurd best counsell to impart
To all that shall require my comfort in their
smart.'

XX

Then gan she to declare the whole discourse
Of all that vision which to her appeared,
As well as to her minde it had recourse
All which when he unto the end had heard,
Like to a weake faint-hearted man he fared
Through great astonishment of that strange
sight,

And, with long locks up-standing, stilly stared
Like one adavd with some dreadful spright
So, filld with heavenly fury, thus he her be-
hight.

XXI

'Magnificke Virgin, that in queint disguise
Of British armes doest maske thy roy all blood,
So to pursue a perillous emprise,
How couldst thou weene, through that dis-
guized hood,
To hide thy state from being understood'
Can from th' immortal Gods ought hidden
bee?

They doe thy Image, and thy Lordly brood,
They doe thy sire lamenting sore for thee,
They doe thy love forlorne in womens thral-
dome see

XXII

'The end whereof, and all the long event,
They do to thee in this same dreame discover,
For that same Crocodile doth represent
The righteous Knight that is thy faithfull
Like to Osyris in all just endeavor [lover,
For that same Crocodile Osyris is,
That under Isis feete doth sleepe for ever,
To shew that clemencie oft, in things amiss
Restraines those sterne behests and cruell
doomes of his.

XXIII

'That Knight shall all the troublous stormes
asswage

And raging flames, that many foes shall reare
To hinder thee from the just heritage [deare
Of thy sires Crowne, and from thy countrey
Then shalt thou take him to thy loved fere,
And joyne in equall portion of thy realme,
And afterwards a sonne to him shalt beare,
That Laon-like shall shew his powre extreame
So blesse thee God, and give thee joyance of
thy dreame'

XXIV

All which when she unto the end had heard,
She much was eased in her troublous thought,
And on those Priests bestowed rich reward,
And roy all gifts of gold and silver wrought
She for a present to their Goddesse brought
Then taking leave of them, she forward went
To seeke her love, where he was to be sought,
Ne rested till she came without relent
Unto the land of Amazons, as she was bent.

XXV

Whereof when newes to Radigund was
brought,

Not with amaze, as women wonted bee,
She was confused in her troublous thought,
But filld with courage and with joyous glee,
As glad to heere of armes, the which now she
Had long surceast, she bad to open bold,
That she the face of her new foe might see
But when they of that yron man had told,
Which late her folke had slaine, she bad them
forth to hold

XXVI

So there without the gate, (as seemed best)
She caused her Pavillon be pight,
In which stout Britomart her selfe did rest,
Whiles Talus watched at the dore all night
All night likewise they of the towne in fright
Upon their wall good watch and ward did
keepe

The morrow next, so soone as dawning light
Bad doe away the dampe of drouzie sleepe,
The warlike Amazon out of her bowre did
peepe

XXVII

And caused streight a Trumpet loud to shuill
To warne her foe to battell soone be prest
Who, long before awoke, (for she ful ill
Could sleepe all night, that in unquiet rest
Did closely harbour such a jealous guest)
Was to the battell whilome ready dight
Eftsoones that warriouresse with haughty
crest

Did forth issue all ready for the fight
On th' other side her foe appeared soone in
sight

XXIII

But ere they reard hand the Amazone
Began the streight conditions to propound,
With which she used still to tve her fone,
To serve her so as she the rest had bound
Which when the other heard, she sternly
frownd

For high disdaime of such indignity,
And would no lenger treat, but bnd them
sound,

For her no other termes should ever tie
Then what prescribed were by lawes of che-
valrie.

XXIV

The Trumpets sound, and they together run
With greedy rage, and with their faulchins
smot,

Ne either sought the others strokes to shun,
But through great fury both their skill forgot,
And practice use in armes, ne spared not
Their dainty parts, which nature had created
So faire and tender without staine or spot
For other uses then they them translated,
Which they now hackt and hewd as if such use
they hated

XXV

As when a Tygre and a Laonesso
Are met at spoyling of some hungry pray,
Both challenge it with equall greedinesse
But first the Tygre clawes thereon did lay,
And therefore, loth to loose her right away,
Doth in defence thereof full stoutly stond
To which the Lion strongly doth gainesay,
That she to hunt the beast first tooke in hond,
And therefore ought it have where ever she it
fond

XXVI

Full fiercely layde the Amazon about,
And dealt her blowes unmercifully sore,
Which Britomart withstood with courage stout,
And them repaide againe with double more
So long they fought, that all the grassie flore
Was filld with blood which from their sides did
flow,

And gushed through their armes, that all in gore
They trode, and on the ground their lyes did
strow,
[should grow]
Like fruitles seede, of which untimely death

XXVII

At last proud Radigund, with fell despight,
Having by chauce espide advantage neare,
Iet drive at her with all her dreddfull might,
And thus upbrayding said 'This token beere

Unto the man whom thou doest love so deare,
And tell him for his sake thy life thou gavest,
Which spitefull words she, sore engriev'd to
heare, [pravest,
Thus answerd 'Lewdly thou my love de-
Who shortly must repent that now so vainely
bravest.'

XXVIII

Nath'lesse that strokes so cruell passage found,
That glauncing on her shoulder-plate it bit
Unto the bone, and made a griesly wound,
That she her shield, through raging smart of it,
Could scarce uphold yet soone she it requit,
For, having force increast through furious
paine,

She her so rudely on the helmet smit
That it emperced to the very braine,
And her proud person low prostrated on the
plaine

XXIX

Where being layd the wrothfull Britonesse
Stayd not till she came to her selfe againe,
But in revenge both of her loves distresse
And her late vile reproch though vaunted vaine,
And also of her wound which sore did paine,
She with one stroke both head and helmet cleft
Which dreadfull sight when all her warlike
traîne

There present saw, each one of sence bereft
Fled fast into the towne, and her sole victor
left.

XXX

But yet so fast they could not home refrate,
But that swift Talus did the foremost win,
And, pressing through the preace unto the
gate,

Pelmell with them attonce did enter in
There then a piteous slaughter did begin,
For all that ever came within his reach
He with his yron flae did thresh so thin,
That he no worke at all left for the leach
Like to an hideous storme, which nothing may
empeach

XXXI

And now by this the noble Conqueresse
Her selfe came in, her glory to partake,
Where though revengefull vow she did pro-
fesse,

Yet when she saw the heapes which he did
Of slaughtered carcasses her heart did quake
For very ruth, which did it almost rive,
That she his fury willed him to slake
For else he sure had left not one alive,
But all, in his revenge, of spirite would de-
prive

XXXVII

Tho, when she had his execution stayd,
She for that yron prison did enquire,
In which her wretched love was captive layd
Which breaking open with indignant ire,
She entred into all the partes entire
Where when she saw that lothly uncouth
sight

Of men disguz'd in womanishe attire,
Her heart gan grudge for very deepe despight
Of so unmanly maske in misery misdight

XXXVIII

At last when as to her owne Love she came,
Whom like disguise no lesse deformed had,
At sight thereof abasht with secrete shame
She turnd her head aside, as nothing glad
To have beheld a spectacle so bad,
And then too well believ'd that which tofore
Jealous suspect as true untruely drad
Which vaine concept now nourishing no more,
She sought with ruth to salve his sad misfor-
tunes sore.

XXXIX

Not so great wonder and astonishment
Did the most chaste Penelope possesse
To see her Lord, that was reported drent
And dead long since in dolorous distresse,
Come home to her in piteous wretchednesse,
After long travell of full twenty yeares,
That she knew not his favours likely nesse,
For many scarres and many hoary heares,
But stood long staring on him mongst uncer-
taine feares

XL

'Ah, my deate Lord! what sight is this?'
quoth she,
'What May-game hath misfortune made of you?
Where is that dreadful manly looke? where be
Those mighty palmes, the which ye wont t'
embrew
In bloud of Kings, and great hoastes to subdew?
Could ought on earth so wondrous change have
wrought,
As to have robde you of that manly hew?
Could so great courage stouped have to ought?
Then, farewell fleshly force! I see thy pride is
nought'

XLI

Thenceforth she streight into a bowre him
brought,
And causd him those uncomely weedes undight,
And in their steede for other rayment sought,
Whereof there was great store, and armors
bright,

Which had bene reft from many a noble Knight,
Whom that proud Amazon subdew'd had,
Whilost Fortune favourd her successe in
fight

In which when as she him anew had clad,
She was reviv'd, and joyd much in his sem-
blance glad.

XLII

So there a while they afterwards remained,
Him to refresh, and her late wounds to heale
During which space she there as Princess
rained,

And changing all that forme of common-weale
The libertie of women did repeale, [toring
Which they had long usurpt, and, them res-
To mens subjection, did true Justice deale,
That all they, as a Goddesses her adoring,
Her wisdoms did admire, and hearkned to
her loring

XLIII

For all those Knights, which long in captive
shade

Had shrowded bene, she did from thraldome
And magistrates of all that city made,
And gave to them great living and large fee
And that they should for ever faithfull bee,
Made them sweare fealty to Artegall,
Who when him selfe now well recur'd did see,
He purposd to proceed, what so befell,
Upon his first adventure which him forth did
call

XLIV

Full sad and sorrowfull was Britomart
For his departure, her new cause of grieve,
Yet wisely moderated her owne smart,
Seeing his honor, which she tendred chiefe,
Consisted much in that adventures priefe
The care whereof, and hope of his successe,
Gave unto her great comfort and reliefe,
That womans complaints she did represses,
And tempred for the time her present heaviness

XLV

There she continu'd for a certaine space,
Till through his want her woe did more
increase
Then hoping that the change of aire and place
Would change her paine, and sorrow some-
what ease,
She parted thence her anguish to appease
Meane-while her noble Lord, sir Artegall,
Went on his way, ne ever howre did cease,
Till he redeemed had that Lady thrall
That for another Canto will more fitly fall

CANTO VIII.

Prince Arthure and Sir Artegall
Free Samient from feare
They slay the Soudan, drive his wife
Adicia to despaire

I

NOUGHT under heaven so strongly doth
allure

The sence of man, and all his minde possesse,
As beauties lovely baite, that doth procure
Great warriors oft their rigour to repress,
And mighty hands forget their manlinesse,
Drawne with the powre of an heart-robbing
And wrapt in fetters of a golden tresse, [eye,
That can with melting pleasure mollifie
Their hardned hearts, enur'd to blood and
cruelty

II

So whilome learn'd that mighty Jewish
swaine, [might,
Each of whose lockes did match a man in
To lay his spoiles before his lemans traine
So also did that great Oeteen Knight
For his loves sake his Lions skin undight,
And so did warlike Antonv neglect
The worlds whole rule for Cleopatras sight
Such wondrous powre hath a womens pure aspect
To captive men, and make them all the world
reject.

III

Yet could it not sterne Artegall retaine,
Nor hold from suite of his avowed quest,
Which he had undertane to Gloriano,
But left his love, albe her strong request,
Faure Britomart in languor and unrest,
And rode him selfe uppon his first intent,
Ne day nor night did ever illy rest,
Ne wight but onely Falus with him went,
The true guide of his way and vertuous go-
vernment

IV

So travelling, he chaunst far off to heed
A Damzell, sitting on a palfrey fast
Before two Knights that after her did speed
With all their powre, and her full fiercelv
In hope to have her overhent at last [christ
Yet fled she fast, and both them farre outwent,
Carried with wings of feare, like fowle aghast,
With locks all loose, and rayment all to-rent,
And ever as she rode her eye was backward
bent

V

Soone after these he saw another Knight,
That after those two former rode apace
With speere in rest, and prickt with all his
might
So ran they all, as they had bene at brace,
They being chased that did others chase.
At length he saw the hindmost overtake
One of those two, and force him turne his face,
However loth he were his way to slake,
Yet mote he algaates now abide, and answered
make

VI

But th' other still pursu'd the fearefull Mayd,
Who still from him was fast away did flee,
Ne once for ought her speedv passage stayd,
Till that length she did before her spie
Sir Artegall, to whom she straight did hie
With gladfull hast, in hope of him to get
Succour against her greedy enemy
Who seeing her approach gau forward set
To save her from her feare, and him from force
to let.

VII

But he, like hound full greedy of his pray,
Being impatient of impediment,
Centinu'd still his course, and by the way
Thought with his speere him might have
So both together, ylike fellv bent [overwent
Like fiercely met But Artegall was stronger,
And better staid in Tilt and Turnament,
And bore him quite out of his saddle, longer
Then two speares length So mischief over-
match the wronger

VIII

And in his fall misfortune him mistooke,
For on his head unhappily he pight, [broke,
That his owne waight his necke asunder
And left there dead Menne-while the other
Knight
Defeated had the other say tour quight,
And all his bowels in his body brast
Whom leaving there in that dispiteous plight,
He ran still on, thinking to follow fast
His other fellow Pagan which before him prst

IX

Instead of whom hindring their ready prest
 Sir Artegall without discretion
 He at hand with ready speare in rest,
 Who, seeing him come still so fiercely on,
 Against him made againe. So both anon
 Together met, and strongly either strooke
 And broke their speares, yet neither has
~~for-gon~~

115 horses backe, yet to and fro long shooke
 And tottred, like two towres which through
 a tempest quooke

X

But, when againe they had recovered sence,
 They drew their swords, in mind to make
 Amends [pretence]
 For what their speares had fayld of their
 Which when the Damzell, who those deadly
 ends [friends]
 Of both her foes had seene, and now her
 For her beginning a more fearefull fray,
 She to them runnes in hast, and her haire
 rends,
 Crying to them their cruell hands to stay,
 Untill they both doe heare what she to them
 will say

XI

They stard their hands, when she thus gan
 to speake [unwise]
 'Ah gentle Knights' what meane ye thus
 Upon our selues anothers wrong to wreake?
 I am the wrong'd, whom ye did enterprise
 Both to redresse, and both redrest likewise
 Witnesse the Paynims both, whom ye may see
 There dead on ground What doe ye then
 devise
 Of more revenge? if more, then I am shee
 Which was the roote of all end our revenge
 on mee'

XII

Whom when they heard so say, they lookt
 about
 To weete if it were true as she had told,
 Where when they saw their foes dead out of
 doubt, [hold,
 Eftsoones they gan their wrothfull hands to
 And Ventales reare each other to behold
 Tho when as Artegall did Arthure view,
 So faire a creature and so wondrous bold,
 He much admired both his heart and hew,
 And touched with intire affection nigh him
 drew,

XIII

Saying, 'Sir Knight, of pardon I you pray,
 Shat all unweeting have you wrong'd thus
 sore,

Suffring my hand against my heart to stray;
 Which if ye please forgive, I will therefore
 Yeld for amends my selfe yours evermore,
 Or what so penaunce shall by you be red'
 To whom the Prince 'Certes me needeth
 more
 To crave the same, whom error so misled,
 As that I did mistake the living for the dead

XIV

'But, sith ye please that both our blames
 shall die,
 Amends may for the trespasse soone be made,
 Since neither is endamadg'd much thereby'
 So can they both them selves full eath per-
 swade
 To faire accordaunce, and both faults to shade,
 Either embracing other lovingly,
 And swearing faith to either on his blade,
 Never thenceforth to nourish enmity,
 But either others cause to maintaine mutually

XV

Then Artegall gan of the Prince enquire,
 What were those knights which there on
 ground were layd,
 And had receiv'd their folles worthy hire,
 And for what cause they chased so that Mayd?
 'Certes I wote not well,' (the Prince then
 sayd)
 'But by adventure found them faring so,
 As by the way unweetingly I strayd [grow,
 And lo' the Damzell selie, whence all did
 Of whom we may at will the whole occasion
 know'

XVI

Then they that Damzell called to them nie,
 And asked her what were those two her fone,
 From whom she carst so fast away did flie
 And what was she her selfe so woe-begone,
 And for what cause pursu'd of them atone
 To whom she thus 'Then wote ye well, that I
 Doe serve a Queene that not far hence doth
 wone,
 A Princess of great powre and majesticie,
 Famous through all the world, and honor'd
 far and nie.

XVII

'Her name Mercilla most men use to call,
 That is a mayden Queene of high renowne,
 For her great bounty knowne over all
 And soveraine grace, with which her rovall
 crowne
 She doth support, and strongly beateth downe
 The malice of her foes, which her envv
 And at her happinesse do fret and frowne,
 Yet she her selfe the more doth magnify,
 And even to her foes her mercies multiply.

XVIII

'Mongst many which maligne her happy
state,
There is a mighty man, which wonnes hereby,
That with most fell despite and deadly hate
Seekes to subvert her Crowne and dignity,
And all his powre doth thereunto apply
And her good Knights, of which so brave a
band
Serves her as any Princesse under sky,
He either spoiles, if they against him stand,
Or to his part allures, and bribeth under hand

XIX

'Ne him sufficeth all the wrong and ill,
Which he unto her people does each day,
But that he seekes by traytrous trames to spill
Her person, and her sacred selfe to slay
That, O ye Heavens, defend! and turne away
From her unto the miscreant him selfe,
That neither hath religion nor fay,
But makes his God of his ungodly pelfe,
And Idols serves so let his Idols serve the
Else!

XX

'To all which cruell tyranny, they say,
He is provokt and stirr'd up day and night
By his bad wife that light Adicia,
Who counsels him through confidence of might,
To breake all bonds of law and rules of right
For she her selfe professeth mortall foe
To Justice, and against her still doth fight,
Working to all that love her deadly woe,
And making all her Knights and people to doe
so

XXI

'Which my liege Lady seeing, thought it
best
With that his wife in friendly wise to deale,
For stint of strife and establishment of rest
Both to her selfe and to her common-weale,
And all forepast displeasures to repaile.
So me in message unto her she sent,
To treat with her, by way of enterdeale,
Of final peace and faire attenment
Which might concluded be by mutuall con-
sent.

XXII

'All times have wont safe passage to afford
To messengers that come for causes just
But this proude Dame, disdainning all accord,
Not onely into bitter termes forth brust,
Reviling me and rayling as she lust,
But lastly, to make proofe of utmost shame,
Me like a dog she out of dores did thrust,
Miscalting me by many a bitter name,
That never did her ill, ne once deserved blame

XXIII

'And lastly, that no shame might
When I was gone, soonc after me
These two false Knights, whom I
see,
To be by them dishonoured.
But, thank be God, and you
They have the price of th'
So said this Damzell, that as
And to those Knights for their so noble ayd
Her selfe most gratefull shew'd, and heape
thanks repayd

XXIV

But they now having throughly heard and
scene
Al those great wrongs, the which that mayd
To have bene done against her Lady Queene
By that proude dame which her so much dis-
dained,
Were moved much thereat, and twist them
With all their force to worke avengement
strong
Upon the Souldan selfe, which it mayntained,
And on his Lady, th' author of that wrong,
And upon all those Knights that did to her
belong

XXV

But, thinking best by counterfet disguise
To their desaigne to make the easier way,
Ther did this complot twist them selves devise
First, that Sir Artegall should him array
Like one of those two Knights which dead
there lay,
And then that Damzell, the sad Samient,
Should as his purchast prize with him convey
Unto the Souldans court, her to present
Unto his scornfull Lady that for her had sent

XXVI

So as they had devis'd, Sir Artegall
Him clad in th' armour of a Pagan knight,
And taking with him, as his vanquisht thrall,
That Damzell, led her to the Souldans right
Where soone as his proud wife of her had sight,
Forth of her window as she looking lay,
She wene straight it was her Paynim Knight,
Which brought that Damzell as his purchast
prize,
And sent to him a Page that mote direct his
way

XXVII

Who bringing them to their appointed place,
Offerd his service to disarm the Knight,
But he refusing him to let unlance,
For doubt to be discovered by his sight,

Kept himselfe still in his straunge armour
dight
Soone after whom the Prince arrived there,
And sending to the Souldan in despight
A bold defiance did of him requere
That Damzell whom he held as wrongfull
prisonere.

XXXIII

Wherewith the Souldan all with furie fraught,
Swearing and banning most blasphemously,
Combranded straight his armour to be
brought,
And mounting straight upon a charret hie,
(With iron wheelcs and hookcs arm'd dread-
fully
And drawne of cruell steedes which he had fed
With flesh of men, whom through fell tyranny
He slaughtred had, and ere they were halled
Their bodies to his beastes for provender did
spread.)

XXXIIII

So forth he came all in a cote of plate
Burnisht with bloudie rust, whiles on the
greene
The Briton Prince him reddie did awayte,
In glistering armes right goodly well-bescenc,
That shone as bright as doth the heaven
shene
And by his stirrup Talus did attend,
Playing his prizes part, as he had beene
Before directed by his Lord, to th' end
He should his file to final execution bend

XXXV

Thus goe they both together to their gearc,
With like fierce minds, but meanings different.
For the proud Souldan, with presumptuous
chcare
And countenance sublime and insolent
Sought onely slaughter and avengement,
But the brave Prince for honour and for right,
Gainst tortious powre and lawlesse regiment,
In the behalfe of wronged werke did fight
More in his causes truth he trusted then in
might

XXXVI

Like to the Thracian Tyrant, who they say
Unto his horses gave his guests for meat,
Till he himselfe was made their greedie pray,
And torne in peeces by Alcides grent,
So thought the Souldan, in his follies threat,
Lither the Prince in peeces to have torne
With his sharp wheelcs, in his first ragcs heat,
Or under his fierce horses feet have borne,
And trampled downe in dust his thoughts dis-
dained scorne

XXXVII

But the bold child that perill well espyng,
If he too rashly to his charret drew,
Gave way unto his horses speedie flyng,
And their resistlesse rigour did eschew
Yet, as he pressed by, the Pagan threw
A shivering dart with so impetuous force,
That had he not it shun'd with heedfull vew,
It had himselfe transixed or his horse,
Or made them both one masse withouten more
remorse

XXXVIII

Of drey the Prince unto his charret nigh,
In hope some stroke to fisten on him neare,
But he was mounted in his seat so high,
And his wingfooted coursers him did beare
So fast away that, ere his reddie speare
He could advance, he farr was gone and past
Yet still he him did follow every where,
And followed was of him likewise full fast,
So long as in his steedes the flaming breath did
last

XXXIX

Againe the Pagan threw another dart,
Of which he had with him abundant store
On every side of his embatteld cart,
And of all other weapons lesse or more,
Which warlike uses had devis'd of yore
The wicked shaft, guyded through th' ayrie
wyde
By some bad spirit that it to mischief bore,
Stayd not, till through his curat it did glide,
And made a griesly wound in his enriuen side

XL

Much was he grieved with that haplesse
throe,
That opened had the welsprung of his blood,
But much the more, that to his hatefull foe
He mote not come to wreke his wrathfull
mood
That made him rave, like to a Lyon wood,
Which being wounded of the huntsmans hand
Cannot come neare him in the covert wood,
Where he with boughes hath built his shady
stand,
And fensd himselfe about with many a flaming

XLI

Still when he sought t' approach unto him ny
His charret wheelcs about him whirled round,
And made him backe againe as fast to fly,
And eke his steedes, like to an hungry hound
That hunting after game hath carrion found,
So cruelly did him pursue and chace,
That his good steed, all were he much re-
nound

For noble courage and for hardie race,
Durst not endure their sight, but fled from
place to place

XXVIII

Thus long they trast and traverst to and fro,
Seeking by every way to make some breach,
Yet could the Prince not nigh unto him goe,
That one sure stroke he might unto him reach,
Whereby his strengthes assay he might him
teach.

At last from his victorious shield he drew
The rule, which did his powrefull light em-
perch,

And coming full before his horses vew,
As they upon him prest, it plaine to them did
shew

XXIX

Like lightening flash that hath the gazer
burned

So did the sight thereof their sense dismay,
That backe againe upon themselves they
turned,

And with their ryder ranne perforce away
Ne could the Souldan them from flying stay
With raynes or wonted rule, as well he knew
Nought feared they what he could do or say,
But th' onely feare that was before their vew
From which like mazed deare dismayfull they
flew

XXX

First did they fly as them their feete could
beare

High over hilles, and lowly over dales,
As they were follow'd of their former ferre
In vaine the Pagan bannes, and sweetes, and
railes,

And backe with both his hands unto him hayles
The resty raynes, regarded now no more
He to them calles and speakes, yet nought
availes,
They heare him not, they have forgot his lore,
But go which way they list, their guide they
have forlore

XLI

As when the fire-mouthed steedes, which
drew

The Sunnes bright wayne to Phaetons decar,
Soone as they did the monstrous Scorpion vew
With ugly cruples crawling in their way,
The dreddfull sight did them so sore affray,
That their well-known courses they forwent,
And, leading th' ever-burning lampe astray,
This lower world nigh all to ashes brent,
And left their scorched path yet in the firma-
ment

XLI

Such was the furie of these head-strong
steeds,

Soone as the infants sunlike shield they saw
That all obedience both to words and deedes
They quite forgot, and scorn'd all former law
Through woods, and rocks, and mountaines
they did draw

The vron charet, and the wheelles did teare,
And to-t the Paynim without feare or awe,
From side to side they to-t him here and there,
Crying to them in vaine that nould his crying
heare

XLII

Yet still the Prince pursu'd him close behind
Of making offer him to smite, but soon I
No easie meanes according to his mind
At last they have all overthrowne to ground
Quite topside turcy and the Pagan hound
Amongst the vron hookes and griples keene
Torne all to rags, and rent with many a
wound,
That no whole peece of him was to be scene,
But scattred all about, and strow'd upon the
greene.

XLIII

Like as the cursed son of Thebes
That following his chace in dewy morne,
To fly his stepdames loves outrageous,
Of his owne steedes was all to peeces torne,
And his sure limbs left in the woods forlorne.
That for his sake Diana did lament,
And all the wooddis Nymphes did wayle and
mourne
So was this Souldan rapt and all to-rent,
That of his shape appear'd no litle monument.

XLIV

Onely his shield and armour which there lay,
Though nothing whole, but all to-brused and
broken,
He up did take and with him brought away,
That mote remune for an eternall token
To all amongst whom this storie should be
spoken,
How worthily by heavens high decree,
Justice that day of wrong her selfe had wroken,
That all men which that spectacle did see,
By like ensample mote for ever warned bee.

XLV

So on a tree before the Tyrants dore
He caused them be hung in all mens sight,
To be a monument for evermore
Which when his I adie from the castles light

Beheld, it much appald her troubled spright
Yet not, as women wont, in dolefull fit
She was dismayd, or fainted through affright,
But gathered unto her her troubled wit,
And gan chisones devise to be aveng'd for it

XVII

Streight downe she ranne like an enraged
cow

That is berolbed of her youngling dere,
With knife in hand, and fatall did vow
To wreake her on that mayden messengere,
Whom she had caus'd be kept as prisoner
By Artegall, misween'd for her owne Knight,
That brought her backe And, comming present
there,

She at her ran with all her force and might
All flaming with revenge and furious despite

XVIII

Like raging Ino, when with knife in hand
She threw her husband's murdered infant out,
Or fell Medea, when on Coleuche strand
Her brothers bones she scattered all about,
Or as that madding mother, amongst the rout
Of Bacchus Priests, her owne deire flesh did
terre

Yet neither Ino nor Medea stout,
Nor all the Menades so furious were,
As this bold woman when she saw that
Damsell there.

XIX

But Artegall being therof aware,
Did stay her cruell hand ere she her raught,
And, as she did her selfe to strike prepare,
Out of her net the wicked weapon caught
With that, like one enfelon'd or distraught,
She forth did come whether her rage her bore,
With franticke passion and with fure fraught,

And, breaking forth out at a posterne dore,
Unto the wyld wood ranne, her dolours to de-
plore

XX

As a mad bytch, when as the franticke fit
Her burning tongue with rage inflamed hath,
Doth runne at randon, and with furious bit
Snatching at every thing doth wreake her
wrath

On man and beast that commeth in her path
There they doe say that she transformed was
Into a Tygre, and that Tygres scath
In crueltie and outrage she did pas, [has
To prove her surname true, that she imposed

I

Then Artegall, himselfe discovering plaine,
Did issue forth gainst all that warlike rout
Of knights and armed men, which did main-
taine

That Ladies part, and to the Souldan lout
All which he did assault with courage stout,
All were they nigh an hundred knights of name,
And like wyld Gortes them chased all about,
Flying from place to place with cowheard
shame,

So that with finall force them all he overcame.

II

Then caus'd he the gates be opened wide,
And thence the Prince, as victour of that day,
With triumph enterayn'd and glorify'de,
Presenting him with all the rich array
And roiall pompe, which there long hidden lay,
Purchast through lawlesse powre and tortious
wrong

Of that proud Souldan whom he earst did slay
So both, for rest, there having stayd not long,
Marcht with that mayd, fit matter for another
song

CAN TO IX

Arthur and Artegall catch Gnylo,
Whom Tains doth denay
They to Mercillaes pillage come,
And see her rich array

I

WHAT Tygre what other salvage wight,
Is so cruell, furious and fell [might?
As wrong, when it hath arm'd it selfe with
Not fit amongst men that doe with reason mell,
But amongst wyld beasts, and salvage woods,
to dwell, [voure,
Where still the stronger doth the weakie de
And they that most in boldnesse doe excell

Are dredded most, and feared for then powre,
Fit for Adicia there to build her wicked bowre

II

There let her wonne, farre from resort of men,
Where righteous Artegall her late exyled,
There let her ever keepe her damned den,
Where none may be with her lewd parts de-
fyled,

Nor none but beasts may be of her despoiled
And turne we to the noble Prince, where late
We did him leave, after that he had fox led
The cruell Souldan, and with an adfull fate
Had utterly subverted his unrighteous state

III

Where having with Sir Artegall a space
Well solast in that Soildans fate delight,
They both, resolving now to leave the place,
Both it and all the wealth therein beight
Unto that Damzell in her Ladies right,
And so would have departed on their way,
But she them wood, by all the meanes she
might,
And earnestly besought to wend that day
With her to see her Ladie thence not farre
away.

II

By whose entreatie both they overcommen
Agree to goe with her and by the way,
(As often fallcs) of sundry things did commen
Mongst which that Damzell did to them be-
wray
A strange adventure, which not farre thence
To meet, a wicked villaine, bold and stout,
Which wonned in a rocke not farre away,
That robbed all the countrie there about,
And brought the pillage home, whence none
could get it out

I

There to both his owne wile wit, (she said)
And eke the fastnesse of his dwelling place,
Both unsayable, gave him great ryle
For he so crafty was to forge and face,
So light of hand, and so mble of his pace,
So smooth of tongue, and subtile in his tale,
That could deceive one looking in his face
Therefore by name Malengin thei him call,
Well known by his feates, and famous over-
all

VI

Through these his slights he many doth con-
found
And eke the rocke, in which he wents to dwell
Is wondrous strong and heven firme under
ground,
A dreadfull depth, how deepe no man can tell,
But some doe say it goeth downe to hell
And all within it full of wyndings is [small]
And hidden waves, that cease in bound by
Cun follow out those false footsteps of his,
Ne none can breke retourne that once are gone
amis

VII

Which when those knights had heard, their
hartes gan arme
To understand that villains dwelling place,
And greatly it desired of her to knowe,
And by which way they towards it shoulde
trave
[pace]
'Were not' (said she) 'that it should let your
Towards my Ladies presence, by your ment,
I would you guide directly to the place'
'Then let not that' (said they) 'stay your in-
tent;
[have hent]
For neither will one foot, till we that carle

VIII

So forth they past, till they approched ne
[into the rocke where was the villains won-]
Which when the Damzell neare at hand did
spy,
[upon]
She wond the knights thereof who there-
Can to advise what best were to be done
So both agreed to send that mayd afore,
Where she might sit nigh to the den alone,
Wayling and raying pittifull upreare,
As if she did some great calamitie deplore

IX

With noyse whereof when as the carle
carle
Should see forth, in hope to find some spoyle,
They in array would close him ensaile,
For to his den he bad ward could recorde,
And so would hepe him easily to soyle
The Damzell straight went, as she was directed,
Unto the rocke, and there upon the soyle
Having her selfe in wretched wise abjected,
Gan weepe and waille as if great griefe had
her affected

X

The cry whereof entering the hollow crye
Phoones brought forth the villaine, as they
ment,
With hope of her some wishfull boot to have
Full dreadfull might he was as ever went
Upon the earth, with hollow eyes deepe pent,
And long curld locks that downe his shoulders
shagrell,
And on his backe an uncouth vestiment
Made of strange stuffe, but all to-worne and
ragged,
And underneath, his breech was all to-torne and

XI

And in his hand an huge long staffe he held,
Whose top was armed with many an yron
hooke
Fit to catch hold of all that he could wield,

Or in the compasse of his clouches tooke,
And ever round about he cast his looke
Als at his backe a great wyde net he bore,
With which he seldome fished at the brooke,
But vsd to fish for fooles on the dry shore,
Of which he in faire weather wont to take
great store

XII-

Him when the damzell saw fast by her side,
So ugly creature, she was nigh dismayd,
And now for helpe aloud in earnest cride
But when the villaine saw her so affrayd,
He gan with guilefull words her to perswade
To banish feare, and, with Sardonian smyle
Laughing on her, his false intent to shade,
Gan forth to lay his bayte her to beguyle,
That from her self unwares he might her
steale the whyle

XIII

Like as the fouler on his guilefull pype
Charmes to the birds full many a pleasant ny,
That they the whiles may take lesse heedie
keepe

How he his nets doth for their runne lay
So did the villaine to her prate and play,
And many pleasant trickes before her show,
To turne her eyes from his intent away,
For he in slights and juggling feates did flow,
And of legerdemayne the mysteries did know

XIV

To which whylest she lent her intentiue mind,
He suddenly his net upon her threw,
That oversprad her like a puffe of wind,
And snatchinge her aone up, ere well she knew,
Ran with her fast away unto his mew,
Crying for helpe aloud But when as ny
He came unto his cave, and there did see
The armed knights stopping his passage by,
He threw his burden downe, and fast away did
fly

XV

But Artegall him after did pursue,
The whiles the Prince there kept the entrance
still
Up to the rocke he ran, and thereon flew
Like a wyld Gote, leaping from hill to hill,
And dauncing on the craggy chisles at will,
That deadly daunger seem'd in all mens sight
To tempt such steps, where footing was so ill
Ne ought awayed for the armed knight
To thinke to follow him that was so swift and
light

XVI

Which when he saw, his yron man he sent
To follow him, for he was swift in chace

He him pursuew where ever that he went,
Both over rockes, and hilles, and every place
Where so he fled, he followd him apace,
So that he shortly forst him to forsake
The light, and downe descend unto the base
There he him courst a-fresh, and soone did make
To leave his proper forme, and other shape to
take

XVII

Into a Foxe himselfe he first did tourne,
But he him hunted like a Foxe full fast
Then to a bush himselfe he did transforme,
But he the bush did beat, till that at last
Into a bird it chaung'd, and from him past,
Flying from tree to tree, from wand to wand,
But he then stones at it so long did cast,
That like a stone it fell upon the land,
But he then tooke it up, and held fast in his
hand

XVIII

So he it brought with him unto the knights,
And to his Lord Sir Artegall it lent,
Warning him hold it fast for feare of slights
Who whylest in hand it gryping hard he hent,
Into a Hedgehogge all unwares it went,
And prickt him so that he away it threw
Then ganne it runne away incontinent,
Being returned to his former hew,
But Talus soone him overtooke, and back-
ward drew

XIX

But, when as he would to a snake againe
Have turn'd himselfe, he with his yron flayle
Gan drive at him with so huge might and
maine,
That all his bones as small as sandy grayle
He broke, and did his bowels disentrayle,
Crying in vaine for helpe, when helpe was past
So did deceipt the selfe-deceiver fayle
There they him left a carrion outcast
For beasts and foules to feede upon for their

XX

Thence forth they passed with that gentle
Mayd
To see her Ladie, as they did agree,
To which when she approched, thus she sayd
'Loe' now, right noble knights, arriv'd ye bee
Nigh to the place which ye desir'd to see
There shall ye see my soverayne Lady Queene,
Most sacred wight, most debonayre and free,
That ever yet upon this earth was scene,
Or that with Diademe hath ever crowned
beene'

XXI

The gentle knights rejoyced much to heare
The prayes of that Prince so mamfold,

And, passing hille further, commen were
Where they a stately pillance did behold
Of pompons show, much more then she had
told,

With many towres, and tarris mounted hye,
And all their tops bright glistering with gold,
That seemed to outshine the dimmed skye,
And with their brightnesse daz'd the straunge
beholders eye

LVII

There they alighting by that Damzell were
Directed in, and shewed all the sight,
Whose porch, that most magnificke did ap-
peare,

Stood open wide to all men day and night,
Yet ward'd well by one of mickle might
That sate thereby, with gyantlike resemblance,
To keepe out guile, and malice, and despyght,
That under shew oftymes of fayned semblance
Are wont in Princes courts to worke great
scath and hindrance

LXIII

His name was Awe, by whom they passing
in

Went up the hall, that was a large wide roome,
All full of people making troublous din {some
And wondrous noyse, as if that there were
Which unto them was dealing righteous
doome {preasse,

By whom they passing through the thickest
The marshall of the hall to them did come,
His name light Order, who, communding
peace, {clamors ceasse

Them guy ded through the throng, that did their

LXVI

They erst their clamors upon them to gaze,
Whom seeing all in armour bright as day,
Strange there to see, it did them much amaze,
And with unwonted terror halfe affray,
For never saw they there the like array,
Ne ever was the name of warre there spoken,
But joyous peace and quietnesse alway
Dealing just judgement, that mote not be
broken {wroken

For any brybes, or threatnes of any to be

LXVI

There, as they entred at the Scene, they saw
Some one whose tongue was for his trespass
vile

Nayd to a post, adjudged so by law,
For that therewith he fuisely did revyle
And foule blasphemie that Queene for forged
guyle,

Both with bold speeches which he blazed had,
And with lewd poems which he did comyle,

For the bold title of a poet had {had sprad
He on himselfe had t'en, and rayling rimes

LXVI

Thus there he stood, why lest high over his
head

There written was the purport of his sin,
In cyphers strange, that few could rightly read,
Bon Font, but *Bon*, that once had written
bin,

Was riced out, and *Mal* was now put in
So now *Malfont* was plainly to be red,
Lither for the evill which he did therein,
Or that he likened was to a welshed {shed.
Of evill words, and wicked sclaunders by him

LXVII

They, passing by, were guyded by degree
Unto the presence of that gracions Queene,
Who sate on high, that she might all men see
And might of all men royally be scene,
Upon a throne of gold full bright and sheene,
Adorned all with gemmes of endlesse price,
As either might for wealth have gotten bene,
Or could be fram'd by workmans rare device,
And all embost with Lyons and with Flour-
delice

LXVIII

All over her a cloth of state was spred,
Not of rich tissen, nor of cloth of gold,
Nor of ought else that may be richest red,
But like a cloud, as likest may be told,
That her brode-spreading wings did wide
unfold, {beames,
Whose skirts were bordred with bright sunny
Glistring like gold amongst the plights enold,
And here and there shooting forth silver
streames, {glittering gleames
Mongst which crept hille Angels through the

LXIX

Seemed those hille Angels did uphild
The cloth of state, and on their purpled wings
Did beare the pendants through their num-
blesse bold

Besides, a thousand more of such as sing
Hymns to high God, and carols heavenly
things,

Incompassed the throne on which she sate,—
She, Angel-like, the heyre of ancient kings
And mightie Conquerors, in royall state,
Why lest kings and kesars at her feet did them
prostrate.

LXX

Thus she did sit in soverayne Majestie,
Holding a Scepter in her royall hand,
The sacred pledge of peace and clemencie,
With which high God had blest her happie land,

Maugre so many foes which did withstand
But at her feet her sword was likewise layde,
Whose long rest rusted the bright steely
brand, [ay de,
Yet when as foes enforst, or friends sought
She could it sternely draw, that all the world
dismay de.

XXXVI

And round about before her feet there sate
A bevie of faire Virgins clad in white,
That goodly seem'd to adorne her royall state,
All lovely daughters of high Jove that hight
Lata, by him begot in loves delight
Upon the righteous Themis, those, they say,
Upon Joves judgement-seat wayt day and
night, [decay,
And, when in wrath he threatens the worlds
They doe his anger calme, and cruell ven-
geance stay

XXXVII

They also doe, by his divine permission,
Upon the thrones of mortall Princes tend,
And often treat for pardon and remission
To suppliants, through frailtie which offend
Those did upon Mercillaes throne attend,
Just Dice, wise Eunomie, myld Eirene,
And then amongst, her glorie to commend,
Sate goodly Temperance in garments clene,
And sacred Reverence yborne of heavenly
strene

XXXVIII

Thus did she sit in royall rich estate,
Admyr'd of many, honoured of all, [sate,
Whylest underneath her feet, there as she
An huge great Ly on lay, that mote appall
An hardie courage, like captived thrall
With a strong yron chaine and collar bound,
That once he could not move nor quich at all,
Yet did he murmur with rebellious sound,
And softly royne, when salvage choler gan
redound.

XXXIX

So sitting high in dreaded soverayntie,
Those two strange knights were to her pre-
sence brought,
Who, bowing low before her Majestie,
Did to her myld obeysance, as they ought,
And meekest boone that they imagine mought
To whom she eke inclining her withall,
As a faire stoupe of her high soaring thought,
A chearefull countenance on them let fall,
Yet tempred with some majestie imperiall

XL

As the bright sunne, what time his fierie
teme
Towards the westerne brim begins to draw,

Gins to abate the brightnesse of his beme,
And fervour of his flames somewhat adaw
So did this mightie Ladie, when she saw
Those two strange knights such homage to
her make,
Bate somewhat of that Majestie and awe
That whylome wont to doe so many quake
And with more myld aspect those two to
entertake.

XLVI

Now at that instant, as occasion fell,
When these two stranger knights arriv'd in
[She was about affaires of common-wele, [place,
Dealing with Justice with indiffernt grace,
And hearing pleas of people meane and base
Mongst which, as then, there was for to be
heard

The tryall of a great and weightie case,
Which on both sides was then debating hard,
But at the sight of these those were awhile
debard

XLVII

But, after all her princely entertayne,
To th' hearing of that former cause in hand
Her selfe eftsoones she gan convert againe
Which that those knights likewise mote under-
stand,
And witnesseth forth aright in forrain land,
Taking them up unto her statelie throne,
Where they mote heare the matter throughly
scand
On either part she placed th' one on th' one,
The other on the other side, and neare them
none

XLVIII

Then was there brought, as prisoner to the
A Ladie of great countenance and place, [barre,
But that she it with foule abuse did marre,
Yet did appeare rare beauteie in her face,
But blotted with condition vile and base,
That all her other honour did obscure,
And titles of nobilitie deface
Yet in that wretched semblant she did sure
The peoples great compassion unto her allure

XLIX

Then up arose a person of deepe reach,
And rare in-sight hard matters to revele,
That well could charme his tongue, and time
his speech
To all assayes, his name was called Zele.
He gan that Ladie strongly to appele
Of many havnous crymes by her enured,
And with sharp reasons rang her such a pele,
That those, whom she to pitie had allured,
He now t' abhorre and loath her person had
procured.

XL

First gan he tell how this, thit seem'd so faire
 And royally arriv'd, Duessa's light,
 That false Duessa, which had wrought great
 care
 And mickle mischief unto many a knight,
 By her beguyl'd and confounded quight
 But not for those she now in question came,
 Though also those mote question'd be aright,
 But for wild treasons and outrageous shame,
 Which she against the dread Mercilla oft did
 frame

XLI

For she whylome (as ye mote yet right well
 Remember) had her counsels false conspyred
 With faithlesse Blandamour and Pandell,
 (Both two her paramours, both by her hvyred,
 And both with hope of shadowes vaine in-
 spyred)
 And with them practis'd, how for to deprive
 Mercilla of her crowne, by her aspyred,
 That she might it unto her selfe deserve,
 And triumph in their blood whom she to death
 did dryve.

XLII

But through high heavens grace, which savour
 The wicked driftes of traitorous devyses [not
 Gaunst Iovall Princes, all this cursed plot,
 Ere proove it tooke, discovered was betwix,
 And th' actours won the meede meet for their
 crimes
 Such be the meede of all thit by such mene
 Unto the type of kingdomes title clyme:¹
 But false Duessa, now untitled Queene
 Was brought to her sad doome, as here was
 to be seene

XLIII

Strongly did Zele her hainous fact enforce,
 And many other crimes of foule defame
 Against her brought, to banish all remorse,
 And aggravate the horror of her blame
 And with him, to make part against her, came
 Many grave persons that against her pled
 First was a sage old Syre, that had to name
 The Kingdomes Care, with a white silver hed,
 That many high regards and reasons gaunst
 her red

XLIV

Then gan Authority her to appose
 With peremptorie powre, that made all mute,
 And then the Law of Nations gaunst her rose,
 And reasons brought that no man could refute
 Next gan Religion gaunst her to impute
 High Gods behest, and powre of holy lawes,
 Then gan the Peoples cry and Commons sute

Importune care of their owne publicke cause,
 And lastly Justice charged her with breach of
 lawes

XLV

But then, for her, on the contrarie part,
 Rose many advocates for her to plead
 First there came Pattie with full tender hart,
 And with her joynd Regard of womanhead,
 And then came Daunger, threatening ludden
 And high alliance unto forren powre, [dread
 Then came Nobilitie of birth, that bread
 Great ruth through her misfortunes tragicke
 stowre, [forth powre
 And lastly Griefe did plead, and many teares

XLVI

With the nere touch whereof in tender hart
 The Briton Prince was sore empassionate,
 And wove inclined much unto her part,
 Through the sad terror of so dreadfull fate,
 And wretched ruine of so high estate,
 That for great ruth his courage gan relent
 Which when as Zele perceiv'd to abate,
 He gan his earnest ferour to augment,
 And many fearefull objects to them to present.

XLVII

He gan to enforce the evidence anew,
 And new accusations to produce in place
 He brought forth that old hag of helish hew,
 The cursed Ate, brought her face to face,
 Who privie was and partie in the case
 She, glad of spoyle and rumous decay,
 Did her appeach, and, to her more disgrace,
 The plot of all her prictise did display,
 And all her traynes and all her treasons forth
 did lay

XLVIII

Then brought he forth with griesly grim as-
 pect
 Abhorred Murder, who, with blondie knyfe
 Yet dropping fresh in hand, did her detect,
 And there with guiltie bloudshed charged
 rife [stryfe
 Then brought he forth Sedition, breeding
 In troublous wits, and mutinous uprore
 Then brought he forth Incontinence of lyfe,
 Even foule Adultere her face before,
 And Jewd Impetie, that her accused sore.

XLIX

All which when as the Prince had heard and
 His former fancies ruth he gan repent, [scene,
 And from her partie estoones was drawn
 cleene
 But Artagall, with constant firme intent

For zeale of Justice, was against her bent
 So was she guiltie deemed of them all
 Then Zele began to urge her punishment,
 And to their Queene for judgement loudly call,
 Unto Mercilla myld, for Justice gainst the
 thrall.

L

But she, whose Princely brest was touched
 nere
 With piteous ruth of her so wretched plight,

Though plaine she saw, by all that she did
 heare,
 That she of death was guiltie found by right,
 Yet would not let just vengeance on her light,
 But rather let, instead thereof, to fall
 Few perling drops from her faire lampes of
 light,
 The which she covering with her purple pall
 Would have the passion hid, and up arose with-
 all

CANTO X

Prince Arthur takes the enterprize
 For Belgees for to fight
 Gerioncos Seneschall
 He slayes in Belges right

I

SOME Clarkes doe doubt in their devicefull
 art
 Whether this heavenly thing whereof I treat,
 To weeten Mercie, be of Justice part,
 Or drawne forth from her by divine extreate
 This well I wote, that sure she is as great,
 And meriteth to have as high a place,
 Sith in th' Almightyes everlasting seat
 She first was bred, and borne of heavenly race,
 From thence pour'd down on men by influence
 of grace.

II

For if that Vertue be of so great might
 Which from just verdict will for nothing start,
 But to preserve inviolated right
 Oft spiles the principall to save the part,
 So much more, then, is that of powre and art
 That seekes to save the subject of her skill,
 Yet never doth from doome of right depart,
 As it is greater prayse to save then spill,
 And better to reforme then to cut off the ill.

III

Who then can thee, Mercilla, throughly
 prayse,
 That herein doest all earthly Princes pas?
 What heavenly Muse shall thy great honour
 rayse
 Up to the skies, whence first deriv'd it was,
 And now on earth it selfe enlarged has
 From th' utmost brinke of the Armericke shore
 Unto the margent of the Molucas?
 Those Nations furre thy justice doe adore,
 But thine owne people do thy mercy prayse
 much more

IV

Much more it praysed was of those two
 knights,
 The noble Prince and righteous Artegall,
 When they had seene and heard her doome
 a-rights
 Against Duessa, damned by them all,
 But by her tempred without grieve or gall,
 Till strong constraint did her thereto enforce
 And yet even then rung her wilfull fall
 With more then needfull naturall remorse,
 And yielding the last honour to her wretched
 corse.

V

During all which, those knights continu'd
 Both doing and receiving curtesies [there
 Of that great Ladie, who with goodly chere
 Them entertayn'd, fit for their dignities,
 Approving daviy to their noble eyes
 Royall examples of her mercies rare
 And wortheie paterns of her clemencies,
 Which till this day amongst many living are,
 Who them to their posterities doe still declare

VI

Amongst the rest, which in that space befell,
 There came two Springalls of full tender yeares,
 Farre thence from forreim land where they did
 dwell,
 To seeke for succour of her and her Peares,
 With humble prayers and intreatfull teares,
 Sent by their mother who, a widow, was
 Wrapt in great dolours and in deadly feares
 By a strong Tyrant, who invaded has
 Her land, and slaue her children ruefully,
 alas!

VII

Her name was Belge, who in former age
A Ladie of great worth and wealth had beene,
And mother of a fruitfull heritage,
Euen seventene goodly sonnes, which who
had scene
In their first flowre before this fittall teene
Them overtooke and their faire blomes
blasted,
More happie mother wouldest her surely reene
Then famous Niobe, before she tasted
Latones childrens wrath that all her issue
wasted

VIII

But this fell Tyrant, through his tortious
powre,
Had left her now but five of all that brood
For twelue of them he did by times deuoure,
And to his Idols sacrifice their blood,
Whylest he of none was stopped nor withstood
For soothly he was one of matchlesse might,
Of horrible aspect and dreadfull mood
And had three bodies in one wast empight.
And th' armes and legs of three to succour him
in fight

IX

And sooth they say that he was borne and
bred
Of Giants race, the sonne of Geryon,
He that whilome in Spaine so sore was dred
For his huge powre and great oppression
Which brought that land to his subjection,
Through his three bodies powre in one com
bynd,
And eke all strangers, in that region
Arryving, to his kyne for food asynd,
The fayrest kyne alive, but of the fiercest
kynd

X

For they were all, they say, of purple hew,
Kept by a cowheard hight Purytion,
A cruell carle, the which all strangers slew
Ne day nor night did sleeper attend them on,
But walkt about them ever and anon
With his two-headed dogge that Orthrus
hight,
Orthrus begotten by great Typhaon
And soule Lehidna in the house of night
But Hercules them all did overcome in fight

XI

His sonne was this Geryone hight,
Who, after that his monstrous father fell
Under Alcides club, streight tooke his flight
From that sad land where he his syre did
quell,

And came to this, where Belge then did dwell
And flourish in all wealth and happynesse,
Being then new made widow (as betell)
After her Noble husbands late decease,
Which gave beginning to her woe and wretch-
ednesse

XII

Then this bold Tyrant, of her widowhed
Taking advantage, and her yet fresh woe,
Himselfe and service to her offered,
Her to defend against all forrein foes
That should their powre against her right op-
pose
Whereof she glad, now needing strong defence,
Him entertained and did her champion chouse,
Which long he used with careful diligence,
The better to confirme her statelesse confi-
dence.

XIII

By meanes whereof she did at last commit
All to his hands, and gave him soveraine
powre
To doe whatever he thought good or fit
Which having got, he gan forth from that
howre
To stirre up strife and many a tragike stowre,
Giving her dearest children one by one
Unto a dreadfull Monster to deuoure,
And setting up an Idole of his owne,
The image of his monstrous parent Geryone

XIV

So tyrannizing and oppressing all,
The woefull widow had no meanes now left,
But unto gracious great Mercilla call
For as de against that cruell Tyrants thest,
I re all her children he from her had rest
Therefore these two, her eldest sonnes, she
sent

To seeke for succour of this Ladies gift;
To whom their suite they humbly did present
In the hearing of full many Knights and
Ladies gent.

XV

Amongst the which then fortun'd to bee
The noble Briton Prince with lusty Peare,
Who when he none of all those knights did
Hastily bent that enterprise to heare, [see
Nor undertake the same for cowheard feare,
He stepped forth with courage bold and great,
Admyrd of all the rest in pre-ence there,
And humbly gan that mightie Queene entreat
To graunt him that adventure for his former
feat

XVI

She gladly graunted it then he straightway
Himselfe unto his journey gan prepare,

And all his armours readie dight that day,
That nought the morrow next mote stay his
fare

The morrow next appear'd with purple hayre
Yet dropping fresh out of the Indian fount,
And bringing light into the heavens fayre,
When he was readie to his steede to mount
Unto his way, which now was all his care and
count

XXII

Then taking humble leave of that great
Queene,

Who gave him roiall giftes and riches rare,
As tokens of her thankefull mind beseeue,
And leaving Artegall to his owne care,
Upon his voyage forth he gan to fare
With those two gentle youthes, which him
did guide

And all his way before him still prepare
Ne after him did Artegall abide, [ride
But on his first adventure forward forth did

XXIII

It was not long till that the Prince arrived
Within the land where dwelt that Ladie sad,
Whereof that Tyrant had her now deprived,
And into moores and marshes banisht had,
Out of the pleasant soyle and cities glad,
In which she went to harbour happily
But now his cruelty so sore she drad,
That to those fennes for fustnesse she did flv
And there her selfe did hyde from his hard
tyranny

XXIV

There he her found in sorrow and dismay,
All solitarie without living wight,
For all her other children, through affray,
Had hid themselves, or taken further flight
And eke her selfe, through sudden strange
affright

When one in armes she saw, began to fly,
But, when her owne two sonnes she had in sight,
She gan take hart and looke up joyfully,
For well she wist this knight came succour to
supply

XXV

And, running unto them with greedy joyes,
Fell straight about their neckes as they did
kneele, [boyes,
And bursting forth in teares, 'Ah' my sweet
(Sayd she) 'yet now I gin new life to feele,
And feeble spirits, that gan faint and reele,
Now rise againe at this your joyous sight
Alreadie seemes that fortunes headlong wheele
Begins to turne, and sunne to shine more bright
Then it was wont, through comfort of this noble
knight'

XXVI

Then turning unto him, 'And you, Sir knight,'
(Said she) 'that taken have this toylesome
paine

For wretched woman, miserable wight,
May you in heauen immortall guerdon gaine
For so great travell as you doe sustaine'
For other meede may hope for none of mee,
To whom nought else but bare life doth re-
maine,

And that so wretched one, as ye do see,
Is liker lungring death then loathed life to bee.'

XXVII

Much was he moved with her piteous plight,
And low dismounting from his loftie steede
Gan to recomfort her all that he might,
Seeking to drive away deepe-rooted dreede
With hope of helpe in that her greatest neede
So thence he wished her with him to wend
Unto some place where they mote rest and
feede,

And she take comfort which God now did send
Good hart in evils doth the evils much amend

XXVIII

'Ay me!' (sayd she) 'and whether shall I
goe?

Are not all places full of forraime powres?
My pallaces possessed of my foe,
My cities sackt, and theirs sky-threatening towres
Raced and made smooth fields now full of
flowres?

Onely these marshes and myrie bogs,
In which the fearefull ewftes do build their
bowres,
Yeeld me an hostre mongst the croking frogs,
And harbour here in safety from those raven-
ous dogs'

XXIX

'Nathlesse,' (said he) 'deare Ladie, with me
goe,

Some place shall us receive and harbour vield,
If not, we will it force, maugre your foe,
And purchase it to us with speare and shield
And if all fayle, yet farewell open field,
'The earth to all her creatures lodging lends'
With such his chearefull speeches he doth
wield

Her mind so well, that to his will she bends,
And, bynding up her locks and weeds, forth
with him wends

XXX

They came unto a Citie farre up land,
The which whylome that Ladies owne had
bene,

But now by force extort out of her hand
By her strong foe, who had defaced cleene
Her stately towres and buildings sunny
sheene,

Shut up her haven, mard her marchants trade,
Robbed her people that full rich had beene,
And in her necke a Castle huge had made,
The which did her commaund without needing
persuade

XXVI

That Castle was the strength of all that state,
Untill that state by strength was pulled
downe,

And that same citie, so now ruinate,
Had bene the keye of all that kingdomes
crowne,

Both goodly Castle, and both goodly Towne,
Till that th' offended heavens list to lowre
Upon their blisse, and balefull fortune frowne
When those gainst states and kingdomes do
conjure,

Who then can thinke their hedlong ruine to

XXVII

But he had brought it now in servile bond,
And made it beere the yoke of Inquisition,
Stryving long time in vaine it to withstond,
Yet glad at last to make most base submis-
sion,

And life enjoy for any composition
So now he hath new lawes and orders new
Imposd on it with many a hard condition,
And forced it, the honour that is dew
To God, to doe unto his Idole most untrew

XXVIII

To him he hath before this Castle greene
Built a faire Chappell, and an Altar framed
Of costly Ivory full rich besene,
On which that cursed Idole, farre proclaimed,
He hath set up, and him his God hath
Offering to him in sinfull sacrifice [named,
The flesh of men, to Gods owne likeness
framed,

And powring forth their blood in brutishe wize,
That any yron eyes to see it would agrize.

XXIX

And for more horror and more crueltie,
Under that cursed Idols altar-stone
An hideous monster doth in darknesse lie,
Whose dreadfull shape was never seene of
none

That lyes on earth, but unto those alone
The which unto him sacrificed bee
Those he deuoures, they say, both flesh and
bone.

What else they have is all the Tyrants see,
So that no whit of them remayning one may
see

XXX

There eke he placed a strong garrisone,
And set a Seneschall of dreadd might,
That by his powre oppressed every one,
And vanquished all ventrons knights in fight,
To whom he wout shew all the shame he
might,

After that them in battell he had wonne
To which when now they gan approach in
sight,

The Ladie counsell'd him the place to shonne,
Where as so many knights had foully bene
fordonne.

XXXI

Her fearefull speeches nought he did regard,
But, riding straight under the Castle wall,
Called aloud unto the watchfull ward
Which there did wayte, willing them forth to
call

Into the field their Tyrants Seneschall
To whom when tydings thereof came, he
straight

Cals for his armes, and arming him withall
Eftsoones forth pricked proudly in his might,
And gan with courage fierce addresse him to
the fight.

XXXII

They both encounter in the middle plaine,
And their sharpe speares doe both together
smite [mane
Amid their shields, with so huge might and
That seem'd their soules they wold have
ryen quight

Out of their breasts with furious despight
Yet could the Seneschall no entrance find
Into the Princes shield where it empight,
(So pure the metall was and well refynd,)
But shivered all about, and scattered in the
wynd

XXXIII

Not so the Princes, but with restless force
Into his shield it readie passage found,
Both through his habergeon and eke his corse,
Which tomling downe upon the senselesse
ground

Gave leave unto his ghost from thraldome bound
To wander in the griesly shades of night.

There did the Prince him leave in deadly
swound,

And thence unto the castle marched right,
To see if entrance there as yet obtaine he
might.

XXXIV

But, as he nigher drew three knights he
spyde,
All arm'd to point, issuing forth apace,
Which towards him with all their powre did
ryde,
And meeting him right in the middle race
Did all their speares attonce on him enchace
A three great Culverings for battine bent,
And let old all against one certaine place,
Doe all attonce their thunders rage forth rent,
That makes the wals to stagger with astonish-
ment

XXXV

So all attonce they on the Prince did
thonder,
Who from his saddle swarred nought asyde,
Ne to their force gave way, that was great
wonder,
But like a bulwarke firmly did abyde,
Rebutting him, which in the midst did ryde,
With so huge rigour, that his mortall speare
Past through his shield and pierst through
either syde,
That downe he fell uppon his mother deare,
And powred forth his wretched life in deadly
dream.

XXXVI

Whom when his other fellowes saw, they
fled
As fast as feete could carry them away,
And after them the Prince as swiftly sped,
To be aveng'd of their unrightly play
There, whyles they entring th' one did th'
other stav,
The hindmost in the gate he overhent,
And, as he pressed in, him there did slay
His carkasse, tumbling on the threshold, sent
His growing soule unto her place of punish-
ment.

XXXVII

The other which was entred laboured fast
To sperre the gate, but that same lump^{[past,} of
clay,
Whose grudging ghost was thereout fled and
Right in the midst of the threshold lay,
That it the Posterne did from closing stav
The whyles the Prince hard preased in betwene,
And entraunce wonne Streight th' other
fled away,
And ran into the Hall, where he did weene
Him selfe to save, but he there slew him at
the shreene.

XXXVIII

Then all the rest which in that Castle were,
Seeing that sūd ensample them before,
Durst not abide, but fled away for feare,
And them conveyd out at a Posterne dore.
Long sought the Prince, but when he found
no more
T' oppose against his powre he forth issued
Unto that Lady, where he her had lore,
And her gau cheare with what she there had
sawed, [shewed
And what she had not scene within unto her

XXXIX

Who with right humble thanks him goodly
greeting
For so great prowesse as he there had proved,
Much greater then was ever in her weeting,
With great admiraunce inwardly was moved,
And honourd him with all that her behoved
Thenceforth into that Castle he her led
With her two sonnes, right deare of her be-
loved,
Where all that night them selves they cherished,
And from her balefull minde all care he ban-
ished

CANTO XI

Prince Arthure overcomes the great
Gerioneo in fight
Doth slay the Monster, and restore
Belge unto her right.

I

It often fairs, in course of common life,
That right long time is overborne of wrong
Through avarice, or powre, or guile, or strife,
That weakens her, and makes her party strong,
But Justice, though her dome she doe prolong,

Yet at the last she will her owne cause right.
As by sad Belges seemes whose wrongs though
long
She suffred, yet at length she did requight,
And sent redresse thereof by this brave Briton
Knight.

II

Whereof when newes was to that Tyrant brought,

How that the Lady Belge now had found
A Champion, that had with his Champion
fought,

And laid his Seneschall low on the ground,
And eke him selfe did threaten to confound,
He gan to burne in rage, and friese in feare,
Doubting sad end of principie unsound
Yet, sith he heard but one that did appeare,
He did him selfe encourage and take better
cheare

III

Nathelasse him selfe he armed all in hyst,
And forth he far'd with all his many bad,
Ne stayed step, till that he came at last
Unto the Castle which they conquerd had
There with huge terrour, to be more y drad,
He sternely marcht before the Castle gate,
And, with bold vunts and ydle threatening, brd
Deliver him his owne, ere yet too late,
To which they had no right, nor any wrong-
full state

IV

The Prince staid not his aunswere to devise,
But, opening streight the Sparre, forth to him
came,

Full nobly mounted in right warlike wize,
And asked him, if that he were the same,
Who all that wrong unto that wofull Dame
So long had done, and from her native land
Exiled her, that all the world spake shame
He boldly answered him, He there did stand
That would his doings justifie with his owne
hand

V

With that so furiously at him he flew,
As if he would have over-run him streight,
And with his huge great yron axe gan hew
So hideously upon his armour bright,
As he to peeces would have chopt it taight,
That the bold Prince was forced soote to give
To his first rage, and yeeld to his despight,
The whilst at him so dreadfully he drave,
That seem'd a marble rocke asunder could
have rive.

VI

Thereto a grent advantage eke he had
Through his three double hands thrise multi-
plyde, [was
Besides the double strength which in them
For stil, when fit occasion did betide,
He could his weapon shuft from side to syde,
From hand to hand, and with such nimblenesse
sly
Could wield about, that, ere it were espide,

The wicked stroke did wound his enemy
Behinde, beside, before, as he it list apply

VII

Which uncouth use when as the Prince per-
ceived,

He gan to watch the welding of his hand,
Least by such slight he were unware deceivd,
And ever, ere he saw the stroke to land,
He would it meete and warily withstand
One time when he his weapon faryd to shift,
As he was wont, and ching'd from hand to
hand,

He met him with a counterstroke so swift,
That quite smit off his arme as he it up did
lift.

VIII

Therewith all fraught with fury and disdaine,
He braved aloud for very fell despight,
And sodainely, t' engage him selfe againe
Gan into one assemble all the might
Of all his hands, and heavd them on hight,
Thinking to pay him with that one for all
But the sad steele seizd not, where it was hight,
Upon the childe, but somewhat short did fall,
And lighting on his horses head him quite did
mali

IX

Downe streight to ground fell his astonisht
steed,
And eke to th' earth his burden with him bare,
But he him selfe full lightly from him freed,
And gan him selfe to fight on soote prepare
Whereof when as the Gyant was aware,
He was right blyth, as he had got thereby,
And laught so loud that all his teeth wide
bare
One might have scene enraung'd disorderly,
Like to a rancke of piles that pitched are wry

X

Est-soones againe his axe he raught on him,
Ere he were thoroughly buckled to his geare,
And can let drive at him so dreadfullie,
That had he chaunced not his shield to reare,
Ere that huge stroke arrivd on him neare,
He had him surely cloven quite in twaine
But th' Adamantine shield which he did beare
So well was tempered, that for all his mame
It would no passage yeeld unto his purpose
same

XI

Yet was the stroke so forcibly applide,
That made him stagger with uncertaine sway,
As if he would have tottered to one side
Wherewith full wroth he fiercely gan assny

That curtsie with like kindnesse to reply,
And smote at him with so importune might,
That two more of his armes did fall away,
Like fruitlesse branches, which the hatchets
slight [quight,
Hath pruned from the native tree, and cropped

XII

With that all mad and furious he grew,
Like a fell mastiffe through enraging heat,
And curst, and band, and blasphemies forth
threw
Against his Gods, and fire to them did threat,
And hell unto him selfe with horreur great
Thenceforth he car'd no more which way he
strooke, [sweat,
Nor where it light, but gan to chaule and
And gnasht his teeth, and his head at him
shooke, [looke
And sternely him beheld with grim and ghastly

XIII

Nought fear'd the childe his looks, ne yet
his threats,
But onely wexed now the more aware
To save him selfe from those his furious heats,
And watch advantage how to worke his care,
The which good Fortune to him offred faire,
For as he in his rage him overstrooke,
He, ere he could his weapon backe repaire,
His side all bare and naked overtooke,
And with his mortal steel quite through the
body strooke.

XIV

Through all three bodies he him strooke at-
tonce,
That all the three attonce fell on the plaine,
Else should he thrise have needed for the nonce
Them to have stricken, and thrise to have
slaine.
So now all three one sencelesse lump remane.
Enwallow'd in his owne blacke bloody gore,
And byting th' earth for very deaths disdaine,
Who, with a cloud of night him covering, bore
Downe to the house of dole, his daies there to
deplere.

XV

Which when the Lady from the Castle saw,
Where she with her two sonnes did looking
stand,
She towards him in hast her selfe did draw
To greet him the good fortune of his hand
And all the people, both of towne and land,
Which there stood gazing from the Citties wall
Upon these varriours, greedy t' understand
To whether should the victory befall,
Now when they saw it false, they eke him
greeted all

XVI

But Belgè, with her sonnes, prostrated low
Before his feete in all that peoples sight,
Mongst joyes mixing some tears, amongst wele
some wo,
Him thus bespake 'O most redoubted Knight
The which hast me, of all most wretched wight,
That earst was dead, restor'd to life againe,
And these weake impestes replanted by thy might,
What guerdon can I give thee for thy paine,
But even that which thou savedst thine still
to remane?'

XVII

He tooke her up forby the lilly hand,
And her recomforted the best he might,
Saying, 'Deare Lady, deedes ought not be
scand
By th' authors manhood, nor the doers might,
But by their trueth and by the causes right
That same is it which fought for you this day
What other meed, then, need me to requight,
But that which yeeldeth vertues meed alway?
That is, the vertue selfe, which her reward doth
pay'

XVIII

She humbly thankd him for that wondrous
grace, [please,
And further sayd 'Ah' Sir, but mote ye
Sith ye thus farre have tendred my poore case,
As from my chieftest foe me to release,
That your victorious arme will not yet cease,
Till ye have rooted all the reliques out
Of that wilde race, and established my peace.
'What is there else' (sayd he) 'left of their
out? [dout.'
Declare it boldly, Dame, and doe not stand in

XIX

'Then wote you, Sir, that in this Church
hereby
There stands an Idole of great note and name,
The which this Gyant reared first on hie,
And of his owne vaine fancies thought did
frame
To whom, for endlesse horreur of his shame,
He offred up for daily sacrifice
My children and my people, burnt in flame
With all the tortures that he could devise,
The more t' aggrate his God with such his
bloudy guize

XX

'And underneath this Idoll there doth lie
An hideous monster that doth it defend,
And feedes on all the carkasses that die
In sacrifice unto that cursed feend,

THE FAIRIE QUEENE

[BOOK V]

Whose ugly shape none ever saw, nor kend,
That ever scap'd for of a man, they say,
It has the voice, that perches forth doth send,
Even blasphemous words, which she doth bray,
Out of her poysonous entrails fraught with dire
decay

XXI

Which when the Prince heard tell, his heart
gan arme
For great desire that Monster to assay,
And pryd the place of her abode to learne,
Which being shew'd, he gan him selfe streight-
way

Thereto addresse, and his bright shield display
So to the Church he came where it was told
The Monster underneath the Altar lay
There he that Idoll saw of mas-y gold
Most richly made, but there no Monster did
behold

XXII

Upon the Image with his naked blade
Three times, as in defiance, there he strooke,
And the third time out of an hidden shade
There forthissed from under th' Altars smooke,
A dreadful feend with fowle deformed looke,
That stretcht it selfe as it had long lye still,
And her long taile and fethers strongly shooke,
That all the Temple did with terrour fill
Yet him nought terrified that feared nothing
ill

XXIII

An huge great Beast it was, when it in length
Was stretched forth, that nigh filld all the place,
And seem'd to be of infinite great strength
And seem'd to be of infinite great strength
Horrible, hideous, and of hellich race,
Borne of the brooding of Echidna base,
Or other like infernall furies kinde,
For of a Mayd she had the outward face,
To hide the horror which did lurke behinde,
The better to beguile whom she so fond did
finde,

XXIV

Thereto the body of a dog she had,
Full of fell ravin and fierce greedinesse,
A Lions clawes, with powre and rigour clad,
To rend and teare what so she can oppresse,
A Dragons tale, whose sting without redresse
Full deadly wounds where so it is empight,
And Eagles wing, for scope and speedinesse,
That nothing my escape her reaching might,
Whereto she ever list to make her hardy flight.

XXV

Much like in foulness and deformity
Unto that Monster, whom the Theban Knight,
The father of that fatall progeny,
Made kill her selfe for very hearts despight

That he had red her Riddle, which no wight
Could ever loose but suffred deadly doole
So also did this Monster use like slight
To many a one which came unto her schoole,
Whom she did put to death, deceived like a
foole

XXVI

She comming forth, when as she first beheld
The armed Prince with shield so blazing bright
Her ready to assaile, was greatly quell'd,
And much dismayd with that dismayfull sight,
That backe she would have turnd for great
affright
But he gan her with courage fierce assay,
That fort her turne againe in her despight
To save her selfe, least that he did her slay,
And sure he had her slame, had she not turnd
her way

XXVII

Tho, when she saw that she was forst to fight,
She flew at him like to an hellish feend,
And on his shield tooke hold with all her might,
As if that it she would in peeces rend,
Or reave out of the hand that did it hend
Strongly he strove out of her greedy gripe
To loose his shield, and long while did contend,
But, when he could not quite it, with one stripe
Her Lions clawes he from her feete away did
wipe

XXVIII

With that aloude she gan to bray and yell,
And fowle blasphemous speeches forth did cast,
And bitter curses, horrible to tell,
That even the Temple, wherein she was plst,
Did quake to heare, and nigh asunder brast
Tho with her huge long taile she at him strooke,
That made him stagger and stand halfe agast,
With trembling joynts, as he for terrour
shooke, [tooke.

XXIX

As when the Mast of some well-timbred hulke
Is with the blast of some outrageous storme
Blowne downe, it shakes the bottome of the
hulke,
And makes her ribs to cracke as they were torne,
Whilst still she stands, as stonish and for-
lorne
So was he stound with stroke of her huge taile,
But, ere that it she backe againe had borne,
He with his sword it strooke, that without faile
He jointed it, and mard the swinging of her
finale

XXX

Then gan she cry much louder then afore,
That all the people there without it heard,

And Belge selfe was therewith stonied sore,
As if the onely sound thereof she feard
But then the feend her selfe more fiercely reard,
Upon her wide great wings, and strongly flew
With all her body at his head and beard
That had he not foreseene with heedfull vew,
And thrown his shield atween, she had him
done to rew

XXXI

But, as she prest on him with heavy sway,
Under her wombe his fatall sword he thrust,
And for her entrailes made an open way
To issue forth, the which, once being brast,
Like to a great Mill-damb forth fiercely gusht,
And powred out of her infernall sinke
Most ugly filth, and poyson therewith rusht,
That him nigh choked with the deadly stinke
Such loathly matter were small lust to speake
or thinke

XXXII

Then downe to ground fell that deformed
Masse,
Breathing out clouds of sulphure fowle and
In which a puddle of contagion was, [blacke,
More loathd then Lerna, or then Stygian lake,
That any man would nigh awshaped make
Whom when he saw on ground, he was full
glad, [take
And streight went forth his gladnesse to par-
With Belge, who watcht all this while full sad,
Wayting what end would be of that same
daunger drad.

XXXIII

Whom when she saw so joyously come forth,
She gan rejoyce and shew triumphant chere,
Lauding and praying his renowned worth
By all the names that honorable were
Then in he brought her, and her shewed there
The present of his paines, that Monsters spoyle,
And eke that Idoll deem'd so costly dere,
Whom he did all to peeces breake, and foyle
In filthy durt and leftso in the loathely soile

XXXIV

Then all the people which beheld that day
Can shout aloud, that unto heaven it rong,
And all the damzels of that towne in ray
Come dauncing forth, and joyous carrols song
So him they led through all their streetes along
Crowned with gurlonds of immortall baies,
And all the vulgar did about them throng
To see the man, whose everlasting praise
They all were bound to all posterities to raise

XXXV

There he with Belge did av hile remaine
Making great feast and joyous merriment,

Untill he had her settled in her raine
With safe assurance and establishment
Then to his first emprize his mind he lent,
Full loath to Belge and to all the rest,
Of whom yet taking leave thenceforth he went,
And to his former journey him address,
On which long way he rode, ne ever day did
rest.

XXXVI

But turne we now to noble Artegall,
Who, having left Merculla, streight way went
On his first quest, the which him forth did call,
To weet, to worke Irenaes franchisement,
And eke Grantortoos worthy punishment.
So forth he fared, as his manner was,
With onely Talus wayting diligent,
Through many perils, and much way did pas,
Till nigh unto the place at length approcht he
has

XXXVII

There as he traveld by the way, he met
An aged wight wayfaring all alone, [set
Who through his yeares long since aside had
The use of armes, and battell quite forgone
To whom as he approcht, he knew anone
That it was he which whilome did attend
On faire Irene in her affliction,
When first to Faery court he saw her wend,
Unto his soveraine Queene her sute for to com-
mend.

XXXVIII

Whom by his name saluting, thus he gan
'Haile, good Sir Sergis, truest Knight alive,
Well tride in all thy Ladies troubles than
When her that Tyrant did of Crowne deprive,
What new occasion doth thee hither drive,
Whiles she alone is left, and thou here found?
Or is she thrall, or doth she not survive?'
To whom he thus 'She liveth sure and sound,
But by that Tyrant is in wretched thraldome
bound

XXXIX

'For she presuming on th' appointed tyme,
In which ye promist, as ye were a Knight,
To meeete her at the salvage Iland's syde,
And then and there for triall of her right
With her unrighteous enemy to fight,
Did fluther come, where she afraid of nought,
By guilefull treason and by subtilt sight
Surprized was, and to Grantorto brought,
Who her imprisond hath and her life often
sought

XL

'And now he hath to her prefixt a day,
By which if that no champion doe appeare,
Which will her cause in battalious array
Against him justitie, and prove her cleare

Of all those crimes that he gaunst her doth
 rear,
 She death shall sure aby. Those tidings sad
 Did much abash Sir Artegall to heare,
 And grieved sore that through his fault she had
 Fallen into that Tyrants hand and usage bad.

Then thus rephide 'Now sure and by my
 life,
 Too much am I too blame for that faire Maide,
 That have her drawne to all this troublous
 strife,

Through promise to afford her timely aide,
 Which by default I have not yet defraide
 But witness unto me, ye heavens' that know
 How cleare I am from blame of this upbraide,
 For ye into like thraldome me did throw,
 And kept from complishing the faith which I
 did owe

'But now arend, Sir Serge, how long space
 Hath he her lent a Champion to provide?'
 'Ten daies,' (quoth he) 'he graunted hath of
 grace,

For that he weeneth well before that tide
 None can have tidings to assist her side
 For all the shores, which to the sea are coste,
 He day and night doth ward both farre and
 wide,
 That none can there arrive without an hoste
 So her he deemeth already but a damned
 ghoste'

'Now turne againe,' (Sir Artegall then sayd)
 'For, if I live till those ten daies have end
 Assure your selfe, Sir Knight, she shall have
 aid,
 Though I this dearest life for her doe spend
 So backward he attone with him did wend
 Tho, as they rode together on their way,
 A rout of people they before them kend,
 I locking together in confus'd array
 As if that there were some tumultuous affray

To which as they approacht the cause to know,
 They saw a Knight in dangerous distress
 Of a rude rout him chasing to and fro,
 That sought with lawlesse powre him to op-
 presse,
 And bring in bondage of their brutishnesse
 And farre away, amid their rakehell hands,
 They spide a Lady left all succourlesse,
 Crying, and holding up her wretched hands
 To him for aide, who long in vainc their rage
 withstands

Yet still he strives, ne any perill spares,
 To rescue her from their rude violence,
 And like a Lion wood amongst them fares,
 Denling his dreadfull blowes with large dis-
 pence,
 Gaunst which the pallid death findes no de-
 fence,
 But all in vaine their numbers are so gret,
 That naught may boot to banishe them from
 thence,
 I or soone as he their outrage bracke doth beat,
 They turne afresh, and oft renew their former
 threat.

And now they doe so sharpeely him assaile,
 That they his shield in peeces battred have,
 And forced him to throw it quite away,
 Fro dangers dread his doubtfull life to save,
 Albe that it most safely to him give,
 And much did magnifie his noble name
 For, from the day that he thus did leave,
 Amongst all Knights he blotted was with
 blame, [les shame.

And counted but a recreant Knight with end-
 Whom when they thus distress'd did behold,
 They drew unto his aide, but that rude rout
 Them also gan assaile with outrage bold,
 And forced them, how ever strong and stout
 They were, as well approv'd in many a doubt,
 Backe to reekle until that yron man
 With his huge flail began to lay about,
 From whose sterne presence they diffus'd ran,
 Like scatter'd chaffe the which the wind away
 doth fan

So when that Knight from perill cleare was
 freed,
 He drawing neare began to grette them faire,
 And veld great thanks for their so goodly
 In saving him from dangerous despair [deed,
 Of those which sought his life for to empire
 Of whom Sir Artegall gan then enquire
 The whole occasion of his late misfare,
 And who he was, and what those villaines were,
 The which with mortall malice him pursu'd so
 nere

To whom he thus 'My name is Burbo
 light,
 Well knowe, and far renowned heretofore,
 Untill late mischance did upon me light,
 That all my former praise hath blemish't sore
 And that faire Lady, which in that uprore
 Ye with those crytives saw, Flourdeis light,
 Is mine owne love, though me she have forlore,

Whether withheld from me by wrongfull might,
Or with her owne good will, I cannot read
anight

L

'But sure to me her faith she first did plight
To be my love, and take me for her Lord,
Till that a Tyrant, which Grandtorto hight,
With golden giftes and many a guilefull word
Entyce her to him for to accord [tempted]
O' who may not with giftes and words be
Sith which she hath me ever since abhord,
And to my foe hath guilefully consented
Ay me, that ever guyle in women was invented'

LI

'And now he hath this troupe of villains sent
By open force to fetch her quite away
Gainst whom my selfe I long in vaine have
To rescue her, and daily meanes assay, [bent
Yet rescue her thence by no meanes I may,
For they doe me with multitude oppresse,
And with unequall might doe overlay,
That oft I driven am to great distresse,
And forced to forgoe th' attempt remedlesse'

LII

'But why have ye' (said Artegall) 'forborne
Your owne good shield in dangerous dismay?
That is the greatest shame and foulest scorne,
Which unto any knight behappen may,
To loose the badge that should his deedes display'
[shame]
To whom Sir Burbon blushing halfe for
'That shall I unto you' (quoth he) 'bewray,
Least ye therefore mote happily me blame,
And deeme it doen of will, that through in-
forcement came.

LIII

'True is that I at first was dubbed knight
By a good knight, the knight of the Red-
crosse, [sight]
Who, when he gave me armes in field to
Gave me a shield, in which he did endosse
His deare Redeemers badge upon the bosse
The same long while I bore, and therewithall
Fought many battels without wound or losse.
Therewith Grandtorto selfe I did appall,
And made him oftentimes in field before
me fall

LIV

'But for that many did that shield envie,
And cruell enemies increased more,
To stint all strife and troublous enmitie,
That bloudie scutcheon, being battered sore,
I layd aside, and have of late forborne,
Hoping thereby to have my love obtayned,
Yet can I not my love have anythemore,

For she by force is still fro me detayned,
And with corruptfull brybes is to untruth
mis-trayned'

LV

To whom thus Artegall 'Certes, Sir knight,
Hard is the case the which ye doe complaine
Yet not so hard (for nought so hard may light
That it to such a streight mote you constraine)
As to abandon that which doth continue
Your honours stile, that is your warlike shield
All perill ought be lesse, and lesse all paine
Then losse of fame in disaventrous field
Dye, rather then doe ought that mote dis-
honour yeld'

LVI

'Not so,' (quoth he) 'for yet, when time
doth serve,
My former shield I may resume againe.
To temporize is not from truth to swerve,
Ne for advantage terme to entertaine,
When as necessitie doth it constraine'
'Tie on such forgerie' (sayd Artegall)
'Under one hood to shadow faces twaine
Knights ought be true, and truth is one in all
Of all things, to dissemble, foully may befall'

LVII

'Yet let me you of courtesie request'
(Said Burbon) 'to assist me now at need
Against these pesants which have me opprest,
And forced me to so infamous deed,
That yet my love may from their hands be
Sir Artegall, albe he erst did wyte [freed]
His wavering mind, yet to his aide agreed,
And, buckling him eftsoones unto the fight,
Did set upon those troupes with all his powre
and might

LVIII

Who flocking round about them, as a swarme
Of flies upon a birchen bough doth cluster,
Did them assault with terrible allarme,
And over all the fields themselves did muster,
With buis and glayves making a dreadfull
luster, [retire]
That forst at first those knights backe to
As when the wrathfull Boreas doth bluster,
Nought may abide the tempest of his yre,
Both man and best doe fly, and succour doe
inquire

LIX

But, when as overblown was that brunt,
Those knights began afresh them to assayle,
And all about the fields like Squirrels hunt,
But chiefly Talus with his yron flayle,
Gainst which no flight nor rescue mote awayle,
Made cruell havocke of the baser crew,
And chased them both over hill and dale

C A

The raskall manie soone they overthrow
But the two knights themselves their captains
did subdew

IX

At last they came whereto that Ladie bode,
Whom now her keepers had for-aken quight
To save themselves, and scattered were abroad
Her halfe dismayd they found in doubtfull
plight,

As neither glad nor sorie for their sight,
Yet wondrous faire she was, and richly clad
In rouall robes, and many Jewels dight
But that those villens through their rage had
Them foully rent, and shainelessly defaced had

IXI

But Barbon, streight dismounting from his
Unto her ran with greedie steed to discomfite,
And catelung her fast by her ragged weed
Would have embraced her with hart entyre,
But she backstarting with disdainfull ire
Bad him as aunt, no would unto his love
Allured be for praiser nor for meed [where
Whom when those knights so froward and
Beheld, they her rebuked and upbraided sore

IXII

Sayd Artegall 'What soule disgrace is this
To so faire Ladie, as ye seeme in sight
To blot your verities, that unblemisht is
With so soule blame as breach of faith once
plight,

Or change of love for any worlds delight
Is ought on earth so pretious or deare
As praiser and honour? Or is ought so bright
And beautefull as glories beames appeare,
Whose goodly light then Phoebus lampe doth
shine more clear?

CANTO XII

Artegall doth Sir Barbon alide
And blame for changing shield
He with the great Grantorto fights
And slaieth him in field

I

O stern hunger of ambitious mindes,
And impotent desire of men to rule
Whom neither dread of God, that devils bindes,
Nor lawes of men, that common-weales con-
taine, [straine,
Nor bands of nature, that wilde beastes re-
Can keepe from outrage and from doing wrong,
Where they may hope a kingdome to obtaine

IXIII

'Why then will ye, fond Dame, attempted
Unto a strangers love, so lightly placed, [be
For gustes of gold or any worldly glee
To leave the love that ye have embraced,
And let your fame with falshood be defaced?
Lie on the pill for which good name is sold,
And honour with indignitie defaced?
Dearer is love then life, and fame then gold
But dearer then them both your faith once
plighted hold,

IXIV

Much was the Ladie in her gentle mind
Aha hit at his rebuke, that hit her neare,
Ne ought to answer thereunto did find
But, hanging down her head with heavy
chaine,
Stood long amayd as she amazed were
Which Barbon seeing her pained asayed,
And, clasping twixt his armes, her up did
reare [said
Upon his steede whiles she no whit paine-
So bore her quite away, nor vll nor ill
apayd

IXV

Nathlesse the yron man did still pursue
That raskall many with unpittied spote,
Ne ceased not, till all their centred crew
Into the sea he drove quite from that coyle
The which they trouble I had with great tur-
mayle
But Artegall seeing his cruell deed,
Commanded him from slaughter to recede,
And to his voyage gan againe proceed,
For that the terme, approach fast, required
speed

II

No faith so firme no trust can be so strong,
No love so lasting then, that may enduren
long

Witness may Barbon be, whom all the
hands
Which may a Knight assure had surely bound,
Untill the love of Lordship and of lands
Made him become most faithles and unsound

And wisse he Gerioneo found,
Who for like cause faire Belge did oppresse,
And right and wrong most cruelly confound
And so be now Grantorto, who no lesse
Then all the rest burst out to all outrageous-
nesse

III

Gainst whom Sir Artegall, long having since
Taken in hand th' exploit, (being theretoo
Appointed by that mightie Faerie Prince,
Great Gloriane, that Tyrant to foordoo,)
Through other great adventures hetheretoo
Had it forslackt But now time drawing ny
To him assynd her high beheast to doo,
To the sea-shore he gan his way apply,
To weete if shipping readie he mote there
descry

IV

Tho when they came to the sea coast they
found
A ship all readie (as good fortune fell)
To put to sea, with whom they did compound
To passe them over where them list to tell.
The winde and weather served them so well,
That in one day they with the coast did fall,
Whereas they readie found, them to repell,
Great hostes of men in order marshall,
Which them forbad to land, and footing did
forstall.

V

But nathemore would they from land refraine
But, when as nigh unto the shore they drew
That foot of man might sound the bottome
plaine,
Talus into the sea did forth issew [him threw,
Though darts from shore and stones they at
And wading through the waves with stedfast
sway,
Maugre the might of all those troupes in vew,
Did win the shore, whence he them chast away,
And made to fly like doves whom the Eagle
doth affray

VI

The whyles Sir Artegall with that old knight
Did forth descend, there being none them neare,
And forward marched to a towne in sight
By this came tydings to the Tyrants care,
By those which earst did fly away for feare,
Of their arrival wherewith troubled sore
He all his forces streight to him did reare,
And forth issuing with his scouts afore,
Meant them to have encountred ere they left
the shore

VII

But ere he marched farre he with them met,
And fiercely charged them with all his force

But Talus sternely did upon them set,
And brusht and battred them without remorse,
That on the ground he left full many a corse,
Ne any able was him to withstand,
But he them overthrew both man and horse,
That they lay scattred over all the land, [hand
As thicke as doth the seede after the sowers

VIII

Till Artegall him seeing so to rage
Willd him to stay, and signe of truce did make
To which all harkning did a while asswage
Their forces fure, and their terror slake,
Till he an Herauld cald, and to him spake,
Willing him wend unto the Tyrant streight,
And tell him that not for such slaughters sake
He thither came, but for to trie the right
Of sayre Irenaes cause with him in single fight.

IX

And willed him for to reclayme with speed
His scattred people, ere they all were slaine,
And time and place convenient to reed,
In which they two the combat might darraigne
Which message when Grantorto heard, full
fayne
And glad he was the slaughter so to stay,
And pointed for the combat twixt them twayne
The morrow next, no gave him longer day
So sounded the retraite, and drew his folke
away.

X

That night Sir Artegall did cause his tent
There to be pitched on the open plaine,
For he had given straight commaundement
That none should dare him once to entertaime,
Which none durst breake, though many would
right faine
For faire Irena, whom they loved deare
But yet old Sergis did so well him pame,
That from close friends, that dar'd not to ap-
peare, [full weare
He all things did purvey which for them need-

XI

The morrow next, that was the dismall day
Appointed for Irenas death before,
So soone as it did to the world display
His chearefull face, and light to men restore,
The heavy Mayd, to whom none tydings bore
Of Artegals arryvall her to free,
Lookt up with eyes full sad and hart full sore,
Weening her lifes last howe then neare to bee,
Sith no redemption nigh she did nor heare nor
see.

XII

Then up she rose, and on her selfe did dight
Most squalid garments, fit for such a day,

And with dull countenance and with doleful
spright
She forth was brought in sorrowfull dismay
For to receive the doome of her decay
But coming to the place, and finding there
Sir Artegall, in battailous array
Wayting his foe, it did her dead hart cheare,
And new life to her lent in midst of deadly
feare.

XIII

Like as a tender Rose in open plaine,
That with untimely drough t nigh withered was,
And hung the head, soone as few drops of raine
Thereon distill and dew her daintie face,
Gins to looke up, and with fresh wonted grace
Dispreys the glorie of her leaves gay,
Such was Irenas countenance, such her case,
When Artegall she saw in that array,
There wayting for the Tyrant till it was farre
day

XIV

Who came at length with proud presumptuous
gate
Into the field, as if he fearelesse were,
All armed in a cote of iron plate
Of great defence to ward the deadly feare,
And on his head a steele-cap he did weare
Of colour rustie-browne, but sure and strong,
And in his hand an huge Polaxe did beare,
Whose steale was yron-studded, but not long,
With which he wont to fight to justifie his
wrong

XV

Of stature huge and hideous he was,
Like to a Giant for his monstrous light,
And did in strength most sorts of men surpas,
Ne ever any found his match in might,
Thereto he had great skill in single fight
His face was ugly, and his countenance sterne,
That could have frayed one with the very sight,
And gaped like a gulfe when he did gerne,
That whether man or monster one could scarce
discerne.

XVI

Soone as he did within the listes appeare,
With dreadfull looke he Artegall beheld,
As if he would have daunted him with feare,
And, grinning griesly, did against him wield
His deadly weapon which in hand he held
But th' Elfin swayne, that oft had seene like
sight,
Was with his ghastly count'nance nothing
queld,
But gan him streight to buckle to the fight,
And cast his shield about to be in readie
plight

XVII

The trumpets sound, and they together goe
With dreadfull terror and with fell intent,
And their huge strokes full dangerously be-
stow,
To doe most damage where as most they ment.
But with such force and furie violent
The Tyrant thundred his thicke blowes so fast,
That through the yron walles their way they
And even to the vitall parts they past, [rent,
Ne ought could them endure, but all they cleft
or brast

XVIII

Which cruell outrage when as Artegall
Did well avize, thenceforth with warie heed
He shund his strokes, where ever they did fall,
And way did give unto their gracelesse speed
As when a skilfull Murrour doth reed
A storme approching that doth perill threat,
He will not bide the daunger of such dread,
But strikes his sayles, and vereth his main-
sheet, [beat
And lends unto it leave the emptie ayre to

XIX

So did the Faerie knight himselfe abear,
And stouped oft his head from shame to shield.
No shame to stoupe, ones head more high to
reare
And, much to grieve, a litle for to yield
So stoutest knights doen oftentimes in field.
But still the tyrant sterne at him layd,
And did his yron axe so numbly wield,
That many wounds into his flesh it made,
And with his burdenous blowes him sore did
overlade

XX

Yet when as fit advantage he did spy,
The whiles the cursed felon high did reare
His cruell hand to smite him mortally,
Under his stroke he to him stepping neare
Right in the flanke him strooke with deadly
dreere,
That the gore-bloud thence gushing grievously
Did underneath him like a pond appeare,
And all his armour did with purple dye
Thereat he brayed loud, and yelled dreadfully

XXI

Yet the hugestroke, which he before intended,
Kept on his course as he did it direct,
And with such monstrous poise adowne des-
cended, [protect,
That seemed nought could him from death
But he it well did ward with wise respect,
And twixt him and the blow his shield did cast,
Which thereon seizing tooke no great effect,

But, by t'ing deepe therein did sticke so fast
That by no meanes it backe againe he forth
could wrast

XXII

Long while he tug'd and strove to get it out,
And all his powre applyed thereunto,
That he therewith the knight drew all about
Nathlesse, for all that ever he could doe,
His axe he could not from his shield undoe,
Which Artegall perceiving strooke no more,
But loosing soone his shield did it forgoe,
And, whiles he combed was therewith so sore,
He gan at him let drive more fiercely then
afore.

XXIII

So well he him pursew'd, that at the last
He stroke him with Chrysar on the hed,
That with the souse thereof full sore aghast
He staggered to and fro in doubtfull sted
Againe, whiles he him saw so ill bested,
He did him smite with all his might and
maune,
That, falling on his mother earth he fed
Whom when he saw prostrated on the plaine,
He lightly reft his head to ease him of his
paine.

XXIV

Which when the people round about him
saw,
They shouted all for joy of his successe,
Glad to be quit from that proud Tyrants awe,
Which with strong powre did them long time
opresse,
And, running all with greedie joyfulness
To faire Irena, at her feet did fall,
And her adored with due humblenesse
As their true Iuge and Princesse naturall,
And eke her champions glorie sounded over-
all

XXV

Who streight her leading with meeete majesty
Unto the pallace where their kings did rayne,
Did her therein establish peaceable,
And to her kingdomes seat restore agayne
And all such persons, as did late maintayne
That Tyrants part with close or open ayde,
He sorely punished with hevy payne,
That in short space, whiles there with her he
stayd, [obayd
Not one was left that durst her once have dis-

XXVI

During which time that he did there remayne,
His studie was true Justice how to deale,
And day and night employ'd his busie paine
How to reforme that ragged common-weale

And that same yron man, which could reveale
All hidden crimes, through all that realme he
sent

To search out those that usd to rob and steale,
Or did rebell gainst lawfull government,
On whom he did inflict most grievous punish-
ment.

XXVII

But, ere he coule reforme it thoroughly,
He through occasion called was away
To Faerie Court, that of necessity
His course of Justice he was forst to stay,
And Talus to revoke from the right way
In which he was that Realme for to redresse
But envies cloud still dimmeth vertues ray.
So, having freed Irena from distresse,
He tooke his leave of her there left in heavi-
nesse.

XXVIII

Tho, as he backe returned from that land,
And there arriv'd againe whence forth he set,
He had not passed farre upon the strand,
When as two old ill favour'd Hags he met,
By the way side being together set,
Two griesly creatures and, to that their faces
Most foule and filthie were, their garments
yet,
Being all rag'd and tatter'd, their disgraces
Did much the more augment, and made most
ugly cases

XXIX

The one of them, that elder did appeare,
With her dull eyes did seeme to looke askew,
That her mis-shape much helpt, and her foule
heare
Hung loose and loathsomely Thereto her hen
Was wan and leane, that all her teeth arow,
And all her bones might through her cheekes
be red
Her lips were, like raw lether, pale and blew
And as she spake therewith she slavered;
Yet spake she seldom, but thought more the
lesse she sed.

XXX

Her hands were foule and durtie, never
washt
In all her life, with long nayles over-raught,
Like puttocks claws, with th' one of which
she scracht
Her cursed head, although it itched naught
The other held a snake with venime fraught,
On which she fed and gnawed hungrily,
As if that long she had not eaten ought,
That round about her jawes one might descry
The bloudie gore and poyson dropping loth-
somely

XXVI

Her name was Envy, known well thereby,
Whose nature is to grieve and grudge at all
That ever she sees doon prays-worthily,
Whose right to her is greatest crosse may fall,
And vexeth so that makes her eat her grill,
For, when she wanteth other thing to eat,
She feedes on her owne maw unnaturall,
And of her owne soule entrayles makes her
meat,
Meat fit for such a monsters monstrous dy eat

XXVII

And if she hapt of any good to heare,
That had to any happily betid,
Then would she inly fret, and grieve, and
teare
Her flesh for felnesse, which she inward hid
But if she heard of ill that any did,
Or harme that any had, then would she make
Great cheare, like one unto a banquet bid,
And in anothers losse great pleasure take,
As she had got thereby and gayned a great
stake

XXVIII

The other nothing better was then shee,
Agreeing in bad will and cankered kynd,
But in bad maner they did disagree,
For what so Envy good or bad did find
She did conceale, and murder her owne
mynd,
But this, what ever evill she conceived
Did spread abroad and throw in th' open
wynd
Yet thus in all her words might be perceived,
That all she sought was mens good name to
have bereaved

XXIX

For, whatsoever good by any syd
Or doon she heard, she would straightwayes
invent
How to deprave or slanderously upbrayd,
Or to misconstrue of a mans intent,
And turne to ill the thing that well was
ment
Therefore she used often to resort
To common haunts, and companies frequent,
To hearken what any one did good report,
To blot the same with blame, or wrest in
wicked sort

XXX

And if that any ill she heard of any,
She would it eke, and make much worse by
telling,
And take great joy to publish it to many
That every matter worse was for her melling

Her name was hight Detraction, and her
dwelling
Was neare to Envy, even her neighbour next,
A wicked hag, and Envy selfe excellling
In mischiefe, for her selfe she onely vext,
But this same both her selfe and others eke
perplext

XXXI

Her face was ugly, and her mouth distort,
Foming with payson round about her gils,
In which her cursed tongue, full sharpe and
short,
Appear'd like Asps sting that closely kils,
Or cruelly does wound whom so she wils
A distaffe in her other hand she had,
Upon the which she litle spinnes, but spils,
And fawnest to weate false tales and leasings braid,
To throw amongst the good which others had
disprad

XXXII

These two now had themselves combynd in
one,
And linct together gainst Sir Artegall
For whom they was ted as his mortall fone,
How they might make him into mischewe
fall,
For freeing from their snares Irens thrall
Besides, unto themselves they gotten had
A monster, which the Blatant Beast men
call,
A dreddfull feend of gods and men ydrad
Whom they by slighte allurd, and to their
purpose had

XXXIII

Such were these Hags, and so unhandsome
drest
Who when they nigh approching had espyde
Sir Artegall, return'd from his late quest,
They both arose, and at him loudly cryde,
As it had bene two shepherds curres had
seryde [flockes
A ravenous Wolfe amongst the scattered
And Envy first, as she that first him evde,
Towardes him runs and, with rude flaring lockes
About her eares, does beat her brest and for-
head knockes

XXXIV

Then from her mouth the gobbet she does
take,
The which whyleare she was so greedily
Devouring, even that halfe-gnawen snake,
And at him throwes it most despightfully
The cursed Serpent, though she hungrily
Earst chawd thereon, yet was not all so dead
But that some life remayned secretly,

And as he past afore withouten dic'd,
Bit him behind, that long the marke was to
be read

XL

Then th' other comming neare gan him re-
vile,

And foul ryle with all she could invent,
Saying that he had, with unmanly guile
And foule abusion, both his honour blent,
And that bright sword, the sword of Justice
Had stayned with reprochfull crueltie [lent
In guiltlesse blood of many an innocent
As for Grandtorto, him with treacherie
And traynes having surpriz'd, he foully did
to die.

XLI

Thereto the Blatant Beast, by them set on,
At him began aloud to barke and bay
With bitter rage and fell contention, [way
That all the woods and rockes nigh to that
Began to quake and tremble with dismay,
And all the aire rebellowed againe,
So dreadfully his hundred tongues did bry
And evermore those hags them selvs did paine
To sharpen him, and their owne curs'd tongs
did straine

XLII

And still among most bitter wordes they spake,
Most shamefull, most unrighteous, most un-
trew,

That they the mildest man alive would make
Foiget his patience, and yeeld vengeaunce
dew

To her, that so false sclaunders at him threw.
And more, to make them pierce and wound
more deepe, [grew
She with the sting which in her vile tongue
Did sharpen them, and in fresh poyson steepe.
Yet he past on, and seem'd of them to take no
keepe

XLIII

But Talus, hearing her so lewdly raile,
And speake so ill of him that well deserved,
Would her have chastiz'd with his yron flaile,
If her Sir Artegall had not preserved,
And him forbidden, who his heast observ'd
So much the more at him still did she scold,
And stones did cast, yet he for nought would
swere

From his right course, but still the way did hold
To Faerie Court, where what him fell shall
else be told

THE SIXTE BOOKE

or

THE FAERIE QUEENE

CONTAINING THE LEGEND OF SIR CALADRI, OR COURTESIE

I

THE waies, through which my weary steps I
In this delightfull land of Faery, [guyde
Are so exceeding spacious and wyde,
And sprinkled with such sweet variety
Of all that pleasant is to care or eye, [light,
That I, nigh ravisht with rare thoughts de-
My tedious travell doe forget thereby,
And, when I gin to feeble decay of might,
It strength to me supplies, and chears my
dulled spright

II

Such secret comfort and such heavenly
pleasures,
Ye sacred mps, that on Parnasso dwell,
And there the keeping have of learnings
treasures
Which doe all worldly riches farre excell,
Into the mindes of mortall men doe well,
And goodly fury into them infuse,
Guyde ye my footing, and conduct me well
In these strange waies where never foote did
use, [the Muse.
Ne none can find but who was taught them by

III

Revele to me the sacred nursery
Of vertue, which with you doth there re-
maine,
Where it in silver bowre does hidden ly
From view of men, and wicked worlds dis-
daine,
Since it at first was by the Gods with paine
Planted in earth, being derived at first
From heavenly seedes of bounty soveraine,
And by them long with carefull labour nurst,
Till it to ripenesse grew, and forth to honour
burst.

IV

Amongst them all growes not a sayrer
flowre
Then is the bloosme of comely courtesie,
Which though it on a lowly stalke doe bowre,
Yet brancheth forth in brave nobilitie,
And spreads it selfe through all civilitie
Of which though present age doe plenteous
seeme,
Yet, being matcht with plaine Antiquitie,
Ye will them all but fayned shewes esteeme
Which carry colours faire that feeble eyes mis-
deeme

V

But, in the triall of true courtesie,
Its now so farre from that which then it was,
That it indeed is nought but forgerie.
Fashion'd to please the eyes of them that pas,
Which see not perfect things but in a glas
Yet is that glasse so gay, that it can blynd
The wisest sight to thinke gold that is bras,
But vertues seat is deepe within the mynd,
And not in outward shewes, but inward thoughts
defynd

VI

But where shall I in all Antiquity
So faire a patterne finde, where may be seene
The goodly praise of Princely courtesie,
As in your selfe, O soveraine Lady Queene?
In whose pure minde as in a mirrour sheene,
It shewes, and with her brightnesse doth in-
flame
The eyes of all which thereon fixed beene,
But menteth indeede an higher name
Yet so from low to high uplifted is your fame

VII

Then pardon me, most dreaded Sovaine
That from your selfe I doe this vertue bring,

And to your selfe doe it returne againe
So from the Ocean all rivers spring,
And tribute backe repay as to their King
Right so from you all goodly vertues well

Into the rest which round about you ring,
Faire Lords and Ladies which about you dwell,
And doe adorne your Court where courtesies
excell.

CANTO I

Calidore saves from Maleeffort
A Damzell used vyld
Doth vanquish Cruder, and doth make
Brianna wexe more mylde

I

OF Court, it seemes, men Courtesie doe call,
For that it there most useth to abound,
And well beseemeth that in Princes hall
That vertue should be plentifully found,
Which of all goodly manners is the ground,
And roote of civill conversation
Right so in Faery court it did redound, [won
Where courteous Knights and Ladies most did
Of all on earth, and made a matchlesse para-
gon.

II

But mongst them all was none more courteous
Then Calidore, beloved over-all, [Knight
In whom, it seemes, that gentlenesse of spright
And manners mylde were planted naturall,
To which he adding comely guize withall
And gracious speach, did steale mens hearts
away
Nathlesse thereto he was full stout and tall,
And well approv'd in battelous affray,
That him did much renowme, and far his fame
display

III

Ne was there Knight ne was there Lady
found

In Faery court, but him did deare embrace
For his faire usage and conditions sound,
The which in all mens liking gayned place,
And with the greatest purchast greatest grace
Which he could wisely use, and well apply,
To please the best, and th' evill to embase,
For he loathd leasing and base flattery,
And loved simple truth and stedfast honesty.

IV

And now he was in travell on his way,
Upon an hard adventure sore bestad,
Whenas by chaunce he met upon a day
With Artegall, returning yet halfe sad
From his late conquest which he gotten had
Who whenas each of other had a sight,
They knew them selves, and both their per-
sons rad,

When Calidore thus first 'Haile, noblest
Knight
Of all this day on ground that breathen living
spright'

V

'Now tell, if please you, of the good successe
Which ye have had in your late enterprize'
To whom Sir Artegall gan to expresse
His whole exploite and valorous emprise,
In order as it did to him arise
'Now, happy man,' (sryd then Sir Calidore)
'Which have, so goodly as ye can devise,
Atchiev'd so hard a quest, as few before,
That shall you most renowned make for ever-
more

VI

'But where ye ended have, now I begin
To tread an endlesse trace, withouten guye
Or good direction how to enter in,
Or how to issue forth in waies untryde,
In perils strange, in labours long and wide,
In which although good Fortune me befall,
Yet shall it not by none be testifide'
'What is that quest,' (quoeth then Sir Artegall)
'That you into such perils presently doth call?'

VII

'The Blattant Beast' (quoeth he) 'I doe pursue,
And through the world incessantly doe chase,
Till I him overtake, or else subdew
Yet know I not or how, or in what place
To find him out, yet still I forward trace'
'What is that Blattant Beast?' (then he re-
plide)
'It is a Monster bred of hellishe race,'
(Then answered he) 'which often hath annoyd
Good Knights and Ladies true, and many else
destroyd

VIII

'Of Cerberus whilome he was begot
And fell Chumera, in her darkesome den,
Through fowle commixture of his filthy blot,
Where he was fostred long in Stygian fen,

Till he to perfect ripenesse grew and then
 Into this wicked world he forth was sent
 To be the plague and scourge of wretched men
 Whom with vile tongue and venomous intent
 He sore doth wound, and bite, and cruelly torment.

IX

'Then, since the salt age Island I did leave,
 Sayd Artegall, 'I such a Beast did see
 The which did seeme a thousand tongues to
 have,
 That all in spite and malice did agree,
 With which he baid and loudly brkt it mee,
 As if that he attonce would me deuoure
 But I, that knew my selfe from perill free
 Did nought regard his malice nor his powre,
 But he the more his wicked poyson forth did
 poure'

X

'That surely is that Beast' (saide Calidore)
 'Which I pursue, of whom I am right glad
 To heare these tidings, which of none afore
 Through all my weary travell I have had,
 Let now some hope your words unto me add'
 'Now God you speed,' (quoth then Sir Arte-
 gall)
 'And keepe your body from the drunger drad,
 I or e have much adoe to deale withall'
 So both tooke goodly leave, and parted severall

XI

Sir Calidore thence travelled not long,
 When as by churunce a comely Squire he found
 That thorough some more mighty enemies
 wrong
 Both hand and foote unto a tree was bound,
 Who, seeing him from furre, with piteous
 sound
 Of his shrill cries him called to his aide
 To whom approching, in that painefull stound
 When he him saw, for no demaunds he staide,
 But first him losde, and afterwards thus to him
 saide.

XII

'Unhappy Squire' what hard mishap thee
 Into this bay of perill and disgrace? [brought
 What cruell hand thy wretched thraldome
 wrought,
 And thee captiued in this shamefull place?'
 To whom he answered thus 'My haplesse
 case
 Is not occasioned through my misdesert,
 But through misfortune, which did me abuse
 Unto this shame, and my young hope subvert,
 Ere that I in her guilefull trames was well
 expert

XIII

'Not farre from hence, uppon vnd rocky hill,
 Hard by a streight, there stands a castle strong
 Which doth observe a custome lewd and ill,
 And it hath long maintaynd with might
 wrong

For may no Knight nor Lady passe along
 That way, (and yet they neede must passe
 that way,
 By reason of the streight and rocks among)
 But they that Ladies lockes doe shawe away
 And that knights baid, for toll which they for
 passage pay'

XIV

'A shamefull use as ever I did heare,
 Sayd Calidore, 'and to be overthrowne.
 But by what meanes did they at first it reire.
 And for what cause? tell, if thou have it
 knowne.'
 Sayd then that Squire, 'The Lady which doth
 This Castle, is by name Briana light,
 Then which a prouder Lady lieth none
 She long time hath deere lov'd a doughty
 Knight, [she might,
 And sought to win his love by all the meanes

XV

'His name is Crudor, who, through high dis-
 daine
 And proud despight of his selfe-pleasing mynd,
 Refus'd hath to vield her love againe,
 'Till a Mantle she for him doe fynd [lynd
 With beards of Knights and locks of Ladies
 Which to provide she hath this Castle light,
 And therein hath a Seneschall assaynd,
 Cold Malesort, a man of muckle might,
 Who executes her wicked will with worse de-
 spight.

XVI

'He, this same day, as I that way did come
 With a sure Dranzell, my beloved deare,
 In execution of her lawlesse doome
 Did set upon us flying both for fire,
 For little bootes agaynst him hand to reire.
 Me first he tooke unable to withstand,
 And whiles he her pursued every where,
 Till his returne unto this tree he bond,
 Newote I surely whether her he yet have fond'

XVII

Thus whiles they spake they heard a ruefull
 shriek
 Of one loud crying, which they straightway
 That it was she the which for helpe did seeke.
 The looking up unto the cry to lest, [unblest
 They saw that Carle from furre, with hand
 Hayling that mayden by the yellow heire,
 That all her garments from her snowy brest,

And from her head her lockes he nigh did teare,
 He would he spare for pittie, nor refraine for
 feare

XXIII

Which havnous sight when Calidore beheld,
 Lftsoones he loosed that Squire, and so him left
 With hearts dismay and inward dolour queld,
 For to pursue that villaine, which had rest
 Thrt piteous spoile by so injurious theft,
 Whom on ertaking, loude to him he cryde
 'Leave, saytor, quickly that mrgotten west
 To him that hith it better justifi de,
 And turne thee soone to him of whom thou art
 defyde.'

XXIV

Who, hearkning to that voice, him selfe up-
 reard,
 And seeing him so fiercely towrdes make,
 Against him stoutly ran, as nought afeard,
 But rather more enrag'd for those words sake,
 And with sterne count'naunce thus unto him
 spake
 'Art thou the caytive that defyest me?
 And for this Mayd, whose party thou doest take,
 Wilt give thy beard, though it but litle bee?
 Yet shall it not her lockes for raunsome fro me
 free'

XXV

With that he fiercely at him flew, and layd
 On hideous strokes with most importune might,
 That oft he made him stagger as unstayd,
 And oft recule to shunne his sharpe despyght
 But Calidore, that was well skild in fight,
 Him long forbore, and still his spirite spard,
 Lying in waite how him he damadge might,
 But when he felt him shrinke, and come to
 ward, [hard
 He greater grew, and gan to drive at him more

XXVI

Like as a water-streame, whose swelling sourse
 Shall drive a Mill, within strong bancks is pent,
 And long restrayned of his ready course,
 So soone as passage is unto him lent,
 Breakes forth, and makes his way more violent,
 Such was the fury of Sir Calidore
 When once he felt his foeman to relent,
 He fiercely him pursu'd, and pressed sore
 Who as he still decayd so he increased more

XXVII

The heavy burden of whose dreadfull might
 Whenas the Carle no longer could sustaine,
 Has heart gan faint, and straight he tooke his
 flight
 Toward the Castle, where, if need constraine,

His hope of refuge used to remaine
 Whom Calidore perceiving fast to flie,
 He him pursu'd and chased through the plaine,
 That he for dread of death gan loude to crie
 Unto the ward to open to him haste

XXVIII

They, from the wall him seeing so aghast,
 The gate soone opened to receive him in,
 But Calidore did follow him so fast,
 That even in the Porch he him did win,
 And cleft his head asunder to his chin
 The carkasse tumbling downe within the dore
 Did choke the entraunce with a lumpe of sin
 That it could not be shut, whilst Calidore
 Did enter in, and slew the Porter on the flore

XXIX

With that the rest the which the Castle kept
 About him flockt, and hard at him did lay,
 But he them all from him full lightly swept,
 As doth a Steare in heart of sommers day,
 With his long taile the brizes brush away
 Thence passing forth into the hall he cme,
 Where of the Lady selfe in sad dismay
 He was ymett, who with uncomely shame
 Gan him salute, and fowle upbrayd with faulty
 blame.

XXX

'False traytor Knight' (said she) 'no Knight
 at all,
 But scorne of armes that hast with guilty hand
 Murdred my men, and slaine my Seneschall,
 Now comest thou to rob my house unmand,
 And spoile my selfe that can not thee with-
 stand'
 Yet doubt thou not, but that some better Knight
 Then thou, that shall thy treason understand,
 Will it avenge, and pay thee with thy right,
 And if none do, yet shameshal thee with shame
 requight'

XXXI

Much was the Knight abashed at that word
 Yet answer'd thus 'Not unto me the shame,
 But to the shamefull doer it afford
 Bloud is no blemish, for it is no blame
 To punish those that doe deserve the same,
 But they that breake Lands of civilitie,
 And wicked customes make, those doe defame
 Both noble armes and gentle curtesie
 No greater shame to man then inhumanitie

XXXII

'Then doe your selfe, for dread of shame, for-
 goe
 This evill manner which ye here maintaine,
 And doe instead thereof mild curt sie shov
 To all that passe That shall you glory gaine

More then his love, which thus ye seeke t' obtaine,
Wherewith all full of wrath she thus replyde
'Vile recreant I know that I doe much dishonour
Thy courteous lore, that doest my love deride,
Who scornes thy ydle scoffe, and bids thee be
defye de.'

XXIII

'To take defiance at a Ladies word
(Quoth he) 'I hold it no indignity,
But were he here, that would it with his sword
Abett, perhaps he mote it deare aby'
'Cowherd' (quoth she) 'were not that thou
wouldst fly
Ere he doe come, he should be soone in place'
'If I doe so,' (sayd he) 'then liberty
I leave to you for aye me to disgrace
With all those shames, that erst ye spake me
to deface'

XXIV

With that a Dwarfes she cald to her in hast,
And taking from her hand a ring of gould,
A privy token which betwene them past.
Brd him to flie with all the speed he could
To Crudor, and desire him that he would
Vouchsafe to reskue her agunst a Knight,
Who through strong powre had now her self
in bound,
Having late slaine her Seneschall in fight,
And all her people murdered with outrageous
might

XXV

The Dwarfes his way did hst, and went all
night,
But Calidore did with her there abyde
The coming of that so much threatned
Knight, [pride
Where that discourteous Dame with scornfull
And fowle entreaty him indignifyde,
That yron heart it hardly could sustaine
Yet he, that could his wrath full wisely guyde,
Did well endure her womanish disdain,
And did him selfe from fraile impatience re-
fraine

XXVI

The morrow next, before the lampe of light
Above the earth upward his flaming head,
The Dwarfes, which bore that message to her
knight, [bread
Brought answers backe, that ere he tasted
He would her succour, and alive or dead
Her foe deliver up into her hand
Therefore he wold her doe away all dread,
And, that of him she mote assured stand,
He sent to her his basenet as a faithfull
band.

XXVII

Thereof full blith the Lady straight became,
And gan t' augment her bitternesse much
more,
Yet no whit more appalled for the same,
Ne ought dismayed was Sir Calidore,
But rather did more chearefull seeme there-
fore
And having soone his armes about him dight,
Did issue forth to meete his foe afore,
Where long he staved not, when as a Knight
He spide come pricking on with all his powre
and might

XXVIII

Well wend he straight that he should be the
same
Which tooke in hand her quarrell to maintaine,
No stayd to aske if it were he by name,
But coucht his speare, and ran at him amaine
They bene met in middest of the plaine
With so fell fury and disputeous force,
That neither could the others stroke sustaine.
But rudely rowld to ground, both man and
horse,
Neither of other taking pittie nor remorse.

XXIX

But Calidore uprose againe full light,
Whiles yet his foe lay fast in senselesse wound,
Yet would he not him hurt although he might,
For shame he wend a sleeping wight to wound
But when Brianna that drery stound,
There where she stood upon the Castle wall,
She dectm'd him sure to have bene dead on
ground,
And made such piteous mourning therewithall,
That from the battlements she ready seem'd
to fall

XXX

Notlesse at length him selfe he did upreare
In lustlesse wise, as if against his will,
Ere he had slept his fill, he wakened were,
And gan to stretch his limbs, which feeling all
Of his late fall, awhile he rested still
But, when he saw his foe before in view,
He shooke off luskinesse, and courage chill
Kindling afresh, gan battell to renew, [enew
To prove if better foote then horsebacke would

XXXI

There then began a ferrefull cruell fray
Betwixt them two for mastery of might,
For both were wondrous practicke in that play,
And passing well expert in single fight,
And both infirm'd with furious despit,
Which as it still encreast, so still encreast
Their cruell strokes and terrible affright,

Ne once for ruth their rigour they releast,
Ne once to breath awhile their angers tempest
ceast.

XXXXII

Thus long they trac'd and traverst to and fro,
And try'd all waies how each mote entrance
make

Into the life of his malignant foe [brake,
They hew'd their helmes, and plates asunder
As they had potshares bene, for nought mote
slake

Their greedy vengeance but goary blood,
That at the last like to a purple lake
Of bloody gore congeal'd about them stood,
Whence from their riven sides forth gushed like
a flood.

XXXXIII

At length it chaunst that both their hands on
lie [might,

At once did heave with all their powre and
Thinking the utmost of their force to trie,
And prove the finall fortune of the fight,
But Calidore, that was more quicke of sight
And nimbler handed then his enemy,
Prevented him before his stroke could light,
And on the helmet smote him formerlie,
That made him stoupe to ground with meeke
humilitie

XXXXIV

'And, ere he could recover soote againe,
He, following that faire advantage fast,
His stroke redoubled with such might and
maine,

That him upon the ground he groveling cast,
And leaping to him light would have unlast
His Helme, to make unto his vengeance way
Who, seeing in what danger he was plast,
Cryde out, 'Ah mercie, Sir' doe me not slay,
But save my life, which lot before your foot
doth lay'

XL

With that his mortall hand a while he staid,
And, having somewhat calm'd his wrathfull
heat

With goodly patience, thus he to him said
And is the boast of that proud Ladies threat,
That menaced me from the field to beat,
Now brought to this? By this now may ye
learne

Strangers no more so rudely to entreat,
But put away proud looke and usage sterne,
The which shal nought to you but foule dis-
honor yearne.

XLI

'For nothing is more blamefull to a knight,
That court'sie doth as well as armes professe,

How ever strong and fortunate in fight,
Then the reproch of pride and crueltiesse.
In vaine he seeketh others to suppressse,
Who hath not leard him selfe first to subdew
All flesh is frayle and full of sicklenesse,
Subject to fortunes chance, still chaunging new
What hys to day to me to morrow may to
you

XLII

'Who will not mercie unto others shew,
How can he mercie ever hope to have?
To pay each with his owne is right and dew,
Yet since ye mercie now doe need to crave,
I will it graunt, your hopelesse life to save,
With these conditions which I will propound
First, that ye better shall your selfe behave
Unto all errant knights, whereso on ground,
Next, that ye Ladies aye in every stead and
stound'

XLIII

The wretched man, that all this while did
dwell

In dread of death, his heasts did gladly heare,
And promist to performe his precept well,
And whatsoever else he would requere
So, suffering him to rise, he made him sweare
By his owne sword, and by the crosse thereon,
To take Briana for his loving fere
Withouten dowre or composition,
But to release his former foule condition

XLIV

All which accepting, and with faithfull oth
Bynding himselfe most firmly to obay,
He up arose, how ever lief or loth,
And swore to him true fealtie for aye
Then forth he cald from sorrowfull dismay
The sad Briana which all this beheld,
Who coming forth yet full of late affray
Sir Calidore upheard, and to her told
All this accord to which he Crudor had com-
peld

XLV

Whereof she now more glad then sory earst,
All overcome with infinite affect
For his exceeding courtesie, that pearst
Her stubborne hart with inward deepe effect,
Before his feet her selfe she did project,
And him adoring as her lives deare Lord,
With all due thanks and dutifull respect,
Her selfe acknowledg'd bound for that accord,
By which he had to her both life and love re-
stord.

XLVI

So all returning to the Castle glad,
Most joyfully she them did entertaine,

Where goodly glee and feast to them she made,
To show her thankfull mind and meaning faine,
By all the meanes she mote it best explaine
And after all, unto Sir Calidore
She freely gave that Castle for his paine,
And her selfe bound to him for evermore,
So wondrously now churnd from that she was
afore

LXII

But Calidore himselfe would not retaine
Nor land nor see for hyre of his good deede,

But gave them streight unto that Squire
Agrine,
Whom from her Seneschall he lately freed,
And to his damzell, as their rightfull meed
For recompence of all their former wrong
There he remaid with them right well
agreed,
Till of his wounds he wexed hole and strong
And then to his first quest he passed forth
along

CANTO II

Calidore sees young Tristram slay
A proud discourteous knight
He makes him Squire and of him learns
His state and present plight.

I

WHAT vertue is so fitting for a knight,
Or for a Ladie whom a knight should love,
As Curteisie to beare themselves aright
To all of each degree as doth behoove?
For whether they be placed high above
Or low beneath, yet ought they well to know
Their good, that none them rightly may re-
prove

Of rudenesse for not yielding what they owe
Great skill it is such duties timely to bestow

II

Thereto great helpe dame Nature selfe doth
lend,
For some so goodly gracious are by kind
That every action doth them much commend,
And in the eyes of men great liking find,
Which others that have greater skill in mind,
Though they enforce themselves, cannot at-
taine,
For every thing to which one is inclin'd
Doth best become and greatest grace doth
gaine
Yet praise likewise deserve good thewes enforced
with paine

III

That well in courteous Calidore appears
Whose every deed and word, that he did say,
Was like enchantment, that through both the
eares
And both the eyes did steale the hart away
He now agrine is on his former way
To follow his first quest, when as he sprde
A tall young man, from thence not furre away,
Fighting on foot, as well he him descride,
Against an armed knight that did on horse-
backe ryde

IV

And them beside a Ladie sure he saw
Standing alone on foot in foule array
To whom him-selfe he hastily did draw
To weet the cause of so unconely fray,
And to depart them if so be he may
But, ere he came in place, that youth had killd
That armed knight, that low on ground he lay
Which when he saw, his hart was wily childe
With great amazement, and his thought with
wonder wild

V

Him stedfastly he markt, and saw to bee
A goodly youth of amiable grace,
Yet but a slender slip that scarce did see
Yet seventene yeres but tall and sure of face,
That sure he deem'd him borne of noble race
All in a woodmans jacket he was clad
Of Lincoln greene, belaid with silver lace,
And on his head an hood with wretts sprad,
And by his side his hunters horne he hanging
had

VI

Buckins he wore of costliest cordwayne,
Pinckt upon gold, and paled part per part,
As then the guize was for each gentle swayne
In his right hand he held a trembling dart,
Whose fellow he before had sent apart,
And in his left he held a sharpe bore-speare,
With which he wont to launch the salvage
hart

Of many a Lion and of many a Beare.
That first unto his hand in chase did happen
naie

VII

Whom Calidore awhile well having viewed
At length bespake, 'What meanes this, gentle
swaine.

Why hath thy hand too bold it selfe embrewed
In blood of knight, the which by thee is slaine,
By thee no knight, which armes impugneth
plaine?

'Certes,' (said he) 'loth were I to have broken
The law of armes yet bridle it should againe,
Rather than let my selfe of wight be stroken,
So long as these two armes were able to be
wroken

VIII

'For not I him, as this his Ladie here
May witness well, did offer first to wrong,
Ne surely thus unarm'd I likely were, [strong
But he me first through pride and püssance
Assaild, not knowing what to armes doth long,
'Perdie great blame' (then said Sir Calidore)
'I or armed knight a wight unarm'd to wrong
But then arend thou gentle chylde, wherefore
Betwixt you two began this strife and sterne
upore.'

IX

'Thit shall I, sooth,' (said he) 'to you de-
clare

I, whose unryper yeares are yet unfit
For thing of weight or worke of greater care
Doe spend my dayes and bend my carlesse wit
To salvage chace where I thereon may hit
In all this Forrest and wild wooddie raine
Where as this day I was enraunging it, [slaine
I chaunst to meete this knight, who there lies
Together with this Ladie, passing on the plaine

X

'The knight, as ye did see, on horsebricke was,
And this his Ladie (that him ill became)
On her faire feet by his horse side did pæ
Through thicke and thin, unfit for any Dame
Yet not content, more to increase his shame,
When so she lagged as she needs mote so,
He with his speare, that was to him greit blame,
Would thumpe her forward and enforce to goe,
Weeping to him in vaine and making piteous
woe

XI

'Which when I saw, as they me passed by,
Much was I moved in indignant mind,
And gan to blame him for such cruelty
Towards a Ladie whom with usage kind
He rather should have taken up behind,
When with he wroth, and full of proud disclame
Tooke in soule scorn that I such fault did find,
And me in heu thereof revild againe [pertaine
Threatning to chastise me, as doth t'a chylde

XII

'Which I nolesse disdayning, backe returned
His scornfull taunts unto his teeth againe,

That he streightway with haughtie choler
burned, [twaine,

And with his speare strooke me one stroke or
Which I, enforst to beare though to my
paine,

Cast to requite, and with a slender dart,
Fellow of this I beare, throwne not in vaine,
Strooke him, as seemeth, underneath the hart,
That through the wound his spirit shortly
did depart'

XIII

Much did Sir Calidore admyre his speech
Tempred so well, but more admyr'd the stroke
That through the mayles had made so strong
a breach

Into his hart, and had so sternely wroke
His wrath on him that first occasion broke,
Yet rested not, but further gan inquire
Of that same Ladie, whether what he spoke
Were soothly so, and that th' unrighteous ire
Of her owne knight had given him his owne
due hire'

XIV

Of all which when as she could nought deny,
But cleard that stripling of th' imputed
blame,

Sayd then Sir Calidore, 'Neither will I
Him charge with guilt, but rather doe quite
clame

For what he spake, for you he spake it, Dame,
And what he did, he did him selfe to save
Against both which that knight wrought
knightlesse shame,

For knights and all men this by nature have,
Towards all womenkind them kindly to be-
have

XV

'But, with that he is gone irrevocable,
Please it you, Ladie, to us to arend
What cause could make him so dishonourable
To drive you so on foot, unfit to tread
And lackey by him gainst all womanhead'
'Certes, Sir knight,' (sayd she) 'full loth I
were

To rase a lying blame against the dead,
But since it me concernes my selfe to clere,
I will the truth discover as it chaunst whyl-
cre

XVI

'This day, as he and I together roade
Upon our way to which we weren bent,
We chaunst to come forely a covert glade
Within a wood, where as a Ladie gent
Sate with a knight in joyous jolliment
Of their franke loves, free from all jealous
spyes

Faire was the Ladie, sure, that mote content

An hart not curried with too curious eyes,
And unto him did shew all lovely courtesies

XXII

'Whom when my knight did see so lovely
faire,
He myn gan her lover to envy,
And wish that he part of his spoyle might
share

Whereto when as my presence he did spy
To be a let, he bad me by and by
For to alight but when as I was loth
My loves owne part to leave so suddenly,
He with strong hand downe from his steed me
throw'th

And with presumptuous powre agunst that
knight streight go'th.

XXIII

Unarm'd all was the knight, as then more
meete
For Ladies service, and for loves delight,
Then ferring any foeman there to meete
Whereof he taking oddes, streight bids him
dight

Himselfe to yeeld his Love, or else to fight
Whereat the other starting up dismay'd,
Yet boldly answer'd, as he rightly might,
To leave his love he should be ill wpy'd,
In which he had good right gaynst all that it
gunesyd

XXIV

'Yet since he was not presently in plight
Her to defend, or his to justifie,
He him requested, as he was a knight,
To lend him day his better right to trie,
Or stay till he his armes, which were thereby,
Might lightly fetch But he was herce and
whot,

Ne time would give, nor any termes aby,
But at him flew, and with his speare him smot,
From which to thinke to save himselfe it
booted not.

XXV

'Meane while his Ladie, which this outrage
saw,
Whilest they together for the quarrey strove,
Into the covert did her selfe withdraw,
And closely hid her selfe within the grove
My knight hers soone, as seemes, to danger
drove,

And left sore wounded but, when her he mist,
He woxe halfe mrd, and in that rage gan
rove [wist]
And range through all the wood, where so he
She hidden was, and sought her so long as him
hst

XXVI

'But, when as her he by no meanes could
find,

After long search and chauff he turned backe
Unto the place where me he left behind
There gan he me to cur-e and brn, for lacke
Of that faire bootie, and with bitter wracke
To wreake on me the guilt of his owne wrong
Of all which I yet glad to beare the packe
Strove to appease him, and perswaded long,
But still his passion grew more violent and
strong

XXVII

'Then, as it were t' avenge his wrath on mee,
When forward we should fare he flat refused
To take me up (as this young man did see)
Upon his steed, for no just cause accused,
But forst to trot on foot, and foule misused,
Pounching me with the butt end of his speare,
In a rine complavingnt to be so abused,
For he regarded neither playnt nor teare,
But more enforst my prync, the more my plaints
to heare

XXVIII

'So passed we till this young man us met,
And being moov'd with pittie of my plight
Spake, as was meet, for ease of my regret
Whereof befell what now is in your sight.'
'Now sure,' (then said Sir Calidore) 'and
right

Me seemes, that him befell by his owne fault
Who ever thinke through confidence of
might, [hault,
Or through support of count'nance proud and
To wrong the weaker, oft fillen in his owne
assault'

XXIX

Then turning backe unto that gentle boy,
Which had himselfe so stoutly well accit,
Seeing his face so lovely steme and coy,
And hearing th' answers of his pregnant wit,
He pry'd it much, and much admyred it,
That sure he wrend him borne of noble blood,
With whom those graces did so goodly fit
And when he long had him beholding stood,
He burst into these wordes, as to him seemed
good

XXX

'Faiegentleswarne, and yet as stout as fyre,
That in these woods amongst the Nymphs
dost wonne,
Which daily may to thy sweete lookes repaire,
As they are wont unto Iatonaes sonne
Alter his elace on woodie Cynthus donne,
Well may I, certes, such an one thee read,
As by thy worth thou worthily hst wonne,

Or surely borne of some Heroicke seed,
That in thy face appeares and gracious goodly-
head

XXVI

But, should it not displease thee it to tell,
(Unless thou in these woods thy selfe conceale
For love amongst the woodie Gods to dwell)
I would thy selfe requite thee to reveale,
For deare affection and unfayned zeale
Which to thy noble personage I beare,
And wish thee grow in worship and great
weale,
For, since the day that armes I first did reare,
I never saw in any greater hope appeare

XXVII

To whom then thus the noble Youth 'May
be,
Sir knight, that, by discovering my estate,
Harme may arise unweeting unto me,
Nathelasse, sith ye so courteous seemed late,
To you I will not feare it to relate
Then wote ye that I am a Briton borne,
Sonne of a King, (how ever thorough fate
Or fortune I my countrie have forlorne,
And lost the crowne which should my head
by right adorne,)

XXVIII

'And Tristram is my name, the onely heire
Of good king Meliagras which did rayne
In Cornewale, till that he through lives despeire
Untimely dyde, before I did attaine
Ripe yeares of reason my right to maintaine
After whose death his brother, seeing mee
An infant, weake a kingdom to sustaine,
Upon him tooke the roiall high degree,
And sent me, where him list, instructed for to
bee.

XXIX

'The widow Queene my mother, which then
hight
Faire Emiline, conceiving then great feare
Of my fraile safetie, resting in the might
Of him that did the kingly Scepter beare,
Whose gealous dread induring not a peare
Is wont to cut off all that doubt may breed,
Thought best away me to remove some where
Into some forrein land, where is no need
Of dreaded daunger might his doubtfull hu-
mor feed

XXX

'So, taking counsell of a wise man red,
She was by him adviz'd to send me quight

Out of the countrie wherein I was bred,
The which the fertile Lionesse is hight,
Into the land of Faerie, where no wight
Should weet of me, nor worke me any wrong
To whose wise read she hearkning sent me
streight

Into this land, where I have wond thus long
Since I was ten yeares old, now grown to
stature strong

XXXI

'All which my daies I have not lewdly
spent,
Nor spilt the blossome of my tender yeares
In ydlesse, but, as was convenient,
Have trayned bene with many noble feres
In gentle thewes and such like seemly leres
Mongst which my most delight hath alwaies
been

To hunt the salvage chace, amongst my peres,
Of all that raungeth in the forrest greene,
Of which none is to me unknowne that ev'r
was scene

XXXII

'Ne is there hauke which mantleth her on
pearch,
Whether high towring or accoasting low,
But I the measure of her flight doe search,
And all her pray and all her diet know
Such be our joyes which in these forrests grow
Onely the use of armes, which most I joy,
And fitteth most for noble swayne to know,
I have not tasted yet, yet past a boy, [to imploy
And being now high time these strong joynts

XXXIII

'Therefore good Sir, sith now occasion fit
Doth fall, whose like hereafter seldome may,
Let me this crave, unworthy though of it,
That ye will make me Squire without delay,
That from henceforth in batteilous array
I may beare armes and learne to use them right,
The rather, since that fortune hath this day
Given to me the spoile of this dead knight,
These goodly gilden armes which I have won
in fight

XXXIV

All which when well Sir Calidore had heard,
Him much more now then earst he g'n admire
For the rare hope which in his yeares appear'd,
And thus replide 'Faire child, the high de-
sire
To love of armes, which in you doth aspire,
I may not, certes, without blame denie,
But rather wish that some more noble hure
(Though none more noble then, is chevalrie)
I had, you to reward with greater dignitie'

XXXV

There him he causd to kneele, and made to
swaere
Fmth to his knight, and truth to Ladies all,
And never to be recreant for feare
Of perill, or of ought that might befall
So he him dubbed, and his Squire did call
Full glad and joyous then yong Tristram grew,
Like as a flower, whose silken leaves small
Long shut up in the bud from heavens ew,
At length breakes forth, and brode displays
his smyling hew.

XXXVI

Thus when they long had treated to and fro,
And Calidore betooke him to depart, [goe
Chyld Tristram prayd that he with him might
On his adventure, vowing not to start,
But wayt on him in every place and part
Whereat Sir Calidore did much delight,
And greatly joyd at his so noble hart,
In hope he sure would prove a doughtie knight
Yet for the time this answer he to him behight

XXXVII

'Glad would I surely be, thou courteous Squire,
To have thy presence in my present quest,
That mote thy kindled courage set on fire,
And flame forth honour in thy noble brest,
But I am bound by vow, which I protest
To my dread Sovereigne, when I it assayd,
That in atchevment of her high behest
I should no creature joyne unto mine side
For-thy I may not graunt that ye so greatly
prayde

XXXVIII

'But since this Ladie is all desolate,
And needeth safeguard now upon her way,
Ye may doe well, in this her needfull state,
To succour her from danger of dismay,
'That thankfull guerdon may to you repay'
The noble ympe, of such new service fryne,
It gladly did accept, as he did say
So taking courteous leave they parted twayne,
And Calidore forth passed to his former payne

XXXIX

But Tristram, then despyling that dead knight
Of all those goodly implements of prayse,
Long fed his greedie eyes with the faire sight
Of the bright mettall shynynge like Sunne rayes,
Handling and turning them a thousand wayes
And, after having them upon him dight,
He tooke that Ladie, and her up did rise
Upon the steed of her owne late dead knight,
So with her marched forth, as she did him
behight

XL

There to their fortune leave we them awhile,
And turne we backe to good Sir Calidore,
Who, ere he thence had traveld many a mile,
Came to the place whereas ye heard afore [sore
This knight, whom Tristram slew, had wounded
Another knight in his despitous pryde
There he that knight found lying on the flore
With many wounds full perillous and wyde,
That all his garments and the grasse in vermeill
dyde.

XLI

And there beside him sate upon the ground
His wofull Ladie, piteously complayning
With loud laments that most unluckie stound,
And her sad selfe with carefull hand constrayn-
ing,
To wype his wounds, and ease their bitter
payning
Which sorie sight when Calidore did vew
With heavey eyne, from teares unceath refrayn-
ing,
His mightie hart their mournfull case can rew,
And for their better comfort to them higher
drew

XLII

Then speaking to the Ladie thus he said
'Ye dolefull Dame, let not your gnesse empeach
To tell what cruell hand hath thus ary d
This knight unarm'd with so unknightly breach
Of armes, that, if I vet him nigh may reach,
I may avenge him of so foule despight.'
The Ladie, hearing his so courteous speach,
Gan reare her eyes as to the chearefull light,
And from her sory hart few heavey words forth
sight

XLIII

In which she shew d, how that discourteous
knight,
(Whom Tristram slew) them in that shadow
found
Joying together in unblam'd delight,
And him unarm'd, as now he lay on ground,
Charg'd with his speare, and mortally did
wound,
Withouten cruse, but onely her to reave
From him to whom she was for ever bound
Yet when she fled into that covert greave,
He, her not finding, both them thus nigh dead
did leave.

XLIV

When Calidore this ruefull storie had
Well understood, he gan of her demand,
What manner wight he was, and how clad,
Which had this outrage wrought with wicked
hand.

She then, like as she best could understand,
Him thus describ'd, to be of stature large,
Clad all in golden armes, with azure band
Quartred athwart, and bearing in his targe
A Ladie on rough waves row'd in a sommer
burge.

XLV

Then gan Sir Calidore to ghesse streight-
way,
By many signes which she described had,
That this was he whom Tristram earst did
slay,
And to her said 'Dame, be no longer sad,
For he, that hath your Knight so ill bestad,
Is now him selfe in much more wretched plight
These eyes him saw upon the cold earth sprad,
The meede of his desert for that despight,
Which to your selfe he wrought and to your
loved knight

XLVI

'Therefore, faire Lady, lay aside this griefe,
Which ye have gathered to your gentle hart
For that displeasure, and thinke what reliefe
Were best devise for this our lovers smart,
And how ye may him hence, and to what part,
Convey to be recurd' She thank't him deare
Both for that newes he did to her impart,

And for the courteous care which he did beare
Both to her love and to her selfe in that sad
dreade

XLVII

Yet could she not devise by any wit, [place;
How thence she might convey him to some
For him to trouble she it thought unfit,
That was a straunger to her wretched case,
And him to beere she thought it thing too base.
Which when as he perceiv'd he thus bespake
'Faie Lady, let it not you seeme disgrace
To beare this burden on your dainty backe,
My selfe will beare a part, coportion of your
pache'

XLVIII

So off he did his shield, and downward layd
Upon the ground, like to an hollow beare,
And powring balme, which he had long pur-
chayd,
Into his wounds, him up thereon did reare,
And twixt them both with purged paines did
beare, [donne
Twixt life and death not knowing what was
Thence they him carried to a Castle neare,
In which a worthy auncient Knight did wonne
Where what ensu'd shall in next Canto be be-
gonne

CANTO III

Calidore brings Priscilla home,
Pursues the Blatant Beast
Saves Serena, whilst Calpine
By Turpine is oppress.

I

TRUE is, that whilome that good Poet sayd,
The gentle minde by gentle deeds is knowne
For a man by nothing is so well bewrayd
As by his manners; in which plaine is
showne
Of what degree and what rice he is growne
For seldome scene a trotting Stallion get
An ambling Colt, that is his proper owne
So seldome scene that one in basenesse set
Doth noble courage shew with courteous man-
ners met

II

But evermore contrary hath bene tryde,
That gentle blood will gentle manners breed,
As well may be in Calidore descrie,
By late ensample of that courteous deed
Done to that wounded Knight in his great
need, [brought
Whom on his backe he bore, till he him
Unto the Castle where they had decreed

There of the Knight, the which that Castle
ought, [besought.
To make abode that night he greatly was

III

He was to weete a man of full ripe yeares,
That in his youth had bene of mickle might,
And borne great sway in armes amongst his
peares,
But now weake age had dimd his candle-light
Yet was he courteous still to every wight,
And loved all that did to armes incline,
And was the Father of that wounded Knight,
Whom Calidore thus carried on his chune,
And Aldus was his name, and his sonnes,
Aladine.

IV

Who when he saw his sonne so ill bedight
With bleeding wounds, brought home upon a
beere
By a faire Lady and a straunger Knight,

Was inly touched with compassion dreire,
And deare affection of so dolefull dreire,
That he these words burst forth 'Ah, sory
boy'

Is this the hope that to my houre heare
Thou brings? aie me! is this the timely joy,
Which I expected long, now turned to sad
annoy?

'Such is the weaknesse of all mortall hope,
So tickle is the state of earthly things.
That, ere they come unto their remed scope,
They fall too short of our fraile reckonings,
And bring us bryle and bitter sorrowings.
In stead of comfort which we should embrace
This is the state of Kearsars and of Kings!
Let none therefore, that is in meaner place,
Too greatly grieve at any his unluckie case.'

So well and wisely did that good old Knight
Temper his griefe, and turned it to cheere,
To cheare his guests whom he had staid
that night,
And make their welcome to them well appeare
That to Sir Calidore was easie geare
But that faire Lady would be chearful for
nought,
But sigh'd and sorrow'd for her lover dreire,
And inly did afflict her pensive thought
With thinking to what case her name should
now be brought

For she was daughter to a noble Lord
Which dwelt thereby, who sought her to
aff

To a great pere, but she did disaccord,
Ne could her liking to his love apply
But lov'd this fresh young Knight who dwelt
her ny.

The lusty Aladine, though meiner borne
And of lesse blood and habilitie,
Yet full of valour the which did adorne
His meynes much, and make her th' others
riches scorae

So, having both found fit occasion,
They met together in that lucklesse glade
Where that proud Knight in his presumption
The gentle Aladine did erst invade,
Being unarm'd and set in secret shade
Whereof she now bethinking, gan t' advize
How great a hazard she at erst had made
Of her good fame, and further gan devise
How she the blame might save with coloured
disguize

But Calidore with all good courtesie
Fain'd her to frolicke, and to put away
The pensive it of her melancholie,
And that old Knight by all meanes did asay
To make them both as merry as he my
So they the evening past full time of rest,
When Calidore in semly good array
Unto his bowre was brought, and there undrest
Did sleepe all night through weary travell of
his quest

But faire Priscilla (so that Lady hight)
Would to no bed, nor take no kindly sleepe,
But by her wounded love did watch all night
And all the night for bitter anguish weepe,
And with her teares his wounds did wash and
steepe [wacht him,
So well she wist them, and so well she
that of the deadly wound, in which full deepe
He drenched was, she at the length dispright
him. [attacht him
And drove away the wound which mortally

The morrow next, when day gan to uplooke,
He also gan uplooke with dreery eye,
Like one that out of deadly dreame awooke
Where when he saw his faire Priscilla by,
He deeply sigh'd, and groaned inwardly,
To thinke of this ill state in which she stood,
To which she for his sake had weetingly
Now brought her selfe, and blam'd her noble
blood
For first, next after life, he tendered her good

Which she perceiving did with plenteous
tear.
His care more then her owne compassionate,
Forgetfull of her owne to munde his feares
So both con-pyng gan to intimate
Each others griefe with zeale affectionate,
And twixt them twaine with equall care to
erst

How to save hole her hazarded estate
For which the onely helpe now left them last
Seem'd to be Calidore all other helpes were
past

Him they did deeme, as sure to them he
seemed,
A courtesie Knight and full of faithfull trust,
Therefore to him their cause they best es-
teemed
Whole to commit, and to his dealing just

Earely, so soone as Titans beames forth brust
Through the thicke clouds in which they
steeped lay
All night in darknesse, duld with yron rust,
Calidore rising up as fresh as day
Gan freshly him addresse unto his former way

XIV

But first him seemed fit that wounded
Knight
To visite, after this nights perillous passe,
And to salute him, if he were in plight,
And eke that Lady, his faire lovely lasse
There he him found much better then he was,
And moved speech to him of things of course,
The anguish of his paine to overpasse
Mongst which he namely did to him discourse
Of former daies mishap, his sorrowes wicked
source.

XV

Of which occasion Aldine taking hold
Gan breake to him the fortunes of his love,
And all his disadvantages to unfold,
That Calidore it dearly deepe did move
In th' end, his kyndly courtesie to prove,
He hum by all the bands of love besought,
And as it mote a faithfull friend behoue,
To safe-conduct his love, and not for ought
To leave, till to her fathers house he had her
brought.

XVI

Sir Calidore his faith thereto did plight
It to performe so after little stay,
That she her selfe had to the journey dight,
He passed forth with her in faire array,
Fearlesse who ought did thinke or ought did
say, [from wite
Sith his own thought he knew most cleare
So, as they past together on their way,
He can devize this counter-cast of sight,
To give faire colour to that Ladies cause in
sight

XVII

Streight to the carlasse of that Knight he
went,
The cause of all this evil, who was slaine
The day before by just avengement
Of noble Tristram, where it did remaine
There he the necke thereof did cut in twaine,
And tooke with him the head, the signe of
shame.
So forth he passed thorough that daies paine,
Till to that Ladies fathers house he came,
Most pensive man, through feare what of his
childe became.

XVIII

There he arriving boldly did present
The fearefull Lady to her father deare,
Most perfect pure, and guiltlesse innocent
Of blame, as he did on his Knighthood swear,
Since first he saw her, and did free from feare
Of a discourteous Knight, who her had left
And by outrageous force away did beare
Witness thereof he shew'd his head there left,
And wretched life forlorne for vengeance of
his theft.

XIX

Most joy full man her sire was her to see,
And heare th' adventure of her late mis-
chaunce,
And thousand thanks to Calidore for see
Of his large paines in her deliveraunce
Did yield Ne lesse the Lady did advance
Thus having her restored trustily,
As he had vow'd, some small continuance
He there did make, and then most carefully
Unto his first explate he did him selfe apply

XX

So, as he was pursuing of his quest,
He chaunst to come whereas a jolly Knight
In covert shade him selfe did safely rest,
To solace with his Lady in delight
His warlike armes he had from him undight,
For that him selfe he thought from daunger
free, [spight,
And far from envious eyes that mote him
And eke the Lady was full faire to see,
And courteous withall, becomming her degree

XXI

To whom Sir Calidore approaching nye,
Ere they were well aware of living wight,
Them much abasht, but more him selfe
thereby,
That he so rudely did upon them light,
And troubled had their quiet loves delight
Yet since it was his fortune, not his fault,
Him selfe thereof he labour'd to acquite,
And pardon crav'd for his so rash default,
That he gaunst courtesie so fowly did default.

XXII

With which his gentle words and goodly wit
He soone allayd that Knights conceiv'd dis-
pleasure,
That he besought him downe by him to sit,
That they mote treat of things abroad at
leasure,
And of adventures, which had in his measure
Of so long waies to him befallen late
So downe he sate, and with delightfull pleasure

His long adventures gan to him relate,
Which he endured had through dangerous
debate

XXXX

Of which whilst they discoursed both to-
gether,

The faire Serena (so his Lady hight)
Allur'd with mildnesse of the gentle wether
And pleasurce of the place, the which was
dight

With diuers flowres distinct with rare delight,
Wandred about the fields, as liking led
Her wavering lust after her wandring sight,
To make a garland to adorne her hed,
Without suspect of ill or daungers hidden dred

XXXX

All sodainely out of the Forrest nere
The Blatant Beast forth rushing unaware
Caught her, thus loosely wandring here and
there,

And in his wide great mouth away her bare
Crying aloud to shew her sad misfere
Unto the Knights, and calling oft for aide,
Who with the horror of her haplesse care
Hastily starting up, like men dismayde,
Ran after fast to reskue the distressed mayde

XXV

The Beast, with their pursuit incited more,
Into the wood was bearing her apiece
For to have spoyled her, when Calidore,
Who was more light of foote and swift in chace,
Him overtooke in midst of his race,
And, fiercely charging him with all his might,
Forst to forgoe his pray there in the place,
And to betake him selfe to fearefull flight,
For he durst not abide with Calidore to fight

XXVI

Who nathelasse, when he the Lady saw
There left on ground, though in full evill plight,
Yet knowing that her Knight now neare did
draw,

Staide not to succour her in that affright,
But follow'd fast the Monster in his slight
Through woods and hils he follow'd him so fast,
That he would let him breath, nor gather
spright,

But forst him gape and gaspe, with dread aghast,
As if his lungs and lites were nigh asunder
brast

XXVII

And now by this Sir Calepine (so hight)
Came to the place where he his Lady found
In dolorous dismay and deadly plight,
All in gore bloud there tumbled on the ground

Having both sides through grypt with griesly
wound

His weapons soone from him he threw away,
And stouping downe to her in drey sround
Uppear'd her from the ground whereon she lay,
And in his tender armes her forced up to stay

XXXX

So well he did his busie prunes apply,
That the faint sprite he did reoke againe
To her fraile mansion of mortality
Then up he tooke her twixt his armes twaine,
And setting on his steede her did sustaine
With carefull hands, soft footing her beside.
Till to some place of rest they mote attaine,
Where she in safe assurunce mote abide,
Till she recured were of those her woundes wide.

XXXX

Now when as Phœbus with his fiery waime
Unto his Inne began to draw apiece,
The waxing weary of that toylesome paine,
In travellng on foote so long a space,
Not wont on foote with heavy armes to trace,
Downe in a dale forby a rivers side
He churust to spie a faire and stately place,
To which he meant his weary steps to guide,
In hope there for his love some succour to
provyde

XXXX

But, comming to the rivers side, he found
That hardly pressable on foote it was,
Therefore there still he stood as in a stound,
Ne wist which way he through the foord mote
pas
Thus whilst he was in this distressed case,
Devising what to doe, he nigh espide
An armed Knight approaching to the place
With a faire Lady lincked by his side,
The which themselves preparad thorough the
foord to ride

XXXX

Whom Calepine saluting (as became)
Besought of courtesie, in that his neede,
For safe conducting of his sickely Dame
Through that same perillous foord with better
heede,
To take him up belunde upon his steed,
To whom that other did thus taunt returne
'Perdy, thou peasant Knight mightst rightly
Me then to be full base and evill borne, [reed
If I would beare behinde a burden of such scorne

XXXX

'But, as thou hast thy steed forlorne with
shame,
So fare on foote till thou another gayne,

And let thy Lady likewise doe the same,
Or beare her on thy backe with pleasing payne,
And prove thy manhood on the billowes wayne,
With which rude speech his Lady much displeased

Did him reprove, yet could him not restrayne,
And would on her owne Palfrey him have eased,
For pity of his Dame whom she saw so diseased

XXXIII

Sir Calepine her thanckt, yet, inly wroth
Against her Knight, her gentlenesse refused,
And carelesly into the river goth,
As in despite to be so fowle abused
Of a rude churle, whom often he accused
Of fowle discourtesie, unfit for Knight,
And, strongly wading through the waves unused,
With speare in th' one hand stayd him selfe
upright, [might
With th' other staide his Lady up with stedy

XXXIV

And all the while that same discourteous
Knight
Stood on the further bancke beholding him,
At whose calamity for more despite,
He laught, and mockt to see him like to swim
But when as Calepine came to the brim,
And saw his carriage past that perill well,
Looking at that same Carle with count'nance
grim,
His heart with vengeance inwardly did swell,
And forth at last did breake in speeches sharpe
and fell

XXXV

'Unknightly Knight, the blemish of that
name,
And blot of all that armes upon them take,
Which is the badge of honour and of fame,
Loe! I desie thee, and here challenge make,
That thou for ever doe those armes forsake,
And be for ever held a recreant Knight,
Unlesse thou dare, for thy deare Ladies sake
And for thine owne defence, on foote alight
To justifie thy fault gaunst me in equall fight'

XXXVI

The dastard, that did heare him selfe defyde,
Seem'd not to weigh his threatfull words at all,
But laught them out, as if his greater pryde
Did scorne the challenge of so base a thrall,
Or had no courage, or else had no gall
So much the more was Calepine offended,
That him to no revenge he forth could call,
But both his challenge and him selfe contemned,
Ne cared as a coward so to be condemned

XXXVII

But he, nought weighing what he sayd or did,
Turned his steede about another way,
And with his Lady to the Castle rid,
Where was his wonne did the other stay,
But after went directly as he may, [seeke,
For his sicke charge some harbour there to
Where he arriving with the fall of day
Drew to the gate, and there with prayers meeke
And myld entreaty lodging did for her beseeke

XXXVIII

But the rude Porter that no manners had
Did shut the gate against him in his face,
And entraunce boldly unto him forbad
Nathelesse the Knight, now in so needy case,
Gan him entreat even with submission brise,
And humbly praid to let them in that night,
Who to him answered, that there was no place
Of lodging fit for any errant Knight,
Unlesse that with his Lord he formerly did fight.

XXXIX

'Full loth am I,' (quoth he) 'as now at earst
When day is spent, and rest us needeth most,
And that this Lady, both whose sides are pearst
With wounds, is ready to forgo the ghost,
Ne would I gladly combate with mine host,
That should to me such curtesie afford,
Unlesse that I were thereunto enforst
But yet aread to me, how hight thy Lord,
That doth thus strongly ward the Castle of the
Ford?'

XL

'His name,' (quoth he) 'if that thou list to
lernne,
Is hight Sir Turpine, one of mickle might
And manhood rare, but terrible and stearne
In all assaies to every errant Knight,
Because of one that wrought him fowle
despight.'
'Ill seemes,' (sayd he) 'if he so valiaunt be,
That he should be so sterne to stranger wight,
For seldome yet did living creature see
That curtesie and manhood ever disagree

XLI

'But go thy waies to him, and fro me say,
That here is at his gate an errant Knight,
That horse-rome craves, yet would be loth t'
assay
The prooffe of battell now in doubtfull night,
Or curtesie with rudenesse to requite
Yet, if he needes will fight, crave leave till
morne,
And tell with all the lamentable plight

In which this Lady languisheth forlorne,
That pittie craves, as he of woman was y borne

XLII

The groome went streight way in, and to his
Lord [move
Declar'd the message which that Knight did
Who, sitting with his Lady then at bord,
Not onely did not his demaund approve,
But both himselfe revild and eke his love,
Albe his Lady, that Blindmarch light,
Him of ungentle usage did reprove,
And earnestly entreated, that they might
Finde favour to be lodged there for that same
night.

XLIII

Yet would he not perswaded be for ought,
Ne from his currish will a whit reclume
Which answer when the groome returning
To Calpeine, his heart did inly flame [brought
With wrathfull fury for so soule a shame,
That he could not thereof avenged bee,
But most for pittie of his dearest Dame,
Whom now in deadly drunger he did see,
Yet had no meanes to comfort, nor procure her
glee.

XLIV

But all in vaine for-why no remedy
He saw the present mischiefe to redresse,
But th' utmost end perforce for to aby,
Which that nights fortune would for him
addresse.
So downe he tooke his Lady in distresse,
And layd her underneath a bush to sleepe,
Cover'd with cold and wrapt in wretchednesse
Whiles he him selfe all night did nought but
weepe, [keepe
And wary watch about her for her safeguard

XLV

The morrow next, so soone as joyous day
Did shew it selfe in sunny beames bedight,
Serena full of dolorous dismay, [light
Twist darknesse dredd and hope of living
Uppear'd her head to see that chearefull sight.
Then Calpeine, howe'er inly wroth,
And greedy to avenge that vile despyght,
Yet for the feeble Ladies sake, full loth
To make there lenger stay, forth on his journey
goth

XLVI

He goth on foote all armed by her side,
Upstaving still her selfe upon her steede,
Being unable else alone to ride,
So sore her sides, so much her wounds did bleede,
Till that at length, in his extremest neede,
He chaunst far off an armed Knight to spy
Pursuing him apace with greedy speede,

Whom well he wist to be some enemy,
That meant to make advantage of his misery

XLVII

Wherefore he stayd, till that he nearer drew,
To weet what issue would thereof betryde
Tho, whenas he approched nigh in view,
By certayne signes he plainly him descried
To be the man that with such scornfull pryde
Had him abuse and shamed yesterday,
Therefore, misdoubting lest he should mis-
guyde
His former malice to some new assay,
He cast to keepe him selfe so safely as he may

XLVIII

By thus the other came in place likewise,
And couching close his speare and all his powre,
As bent to some malicious enterprise,
He bad him stand t' abide the bitter stoure
Of his sore vengeance, or to make avoure [done
Of the lewd words and deedes which he had
With that ran at him, as he would devour
His life attonce, who nought could do but shun
The perill of his pride, or else be over-run

XLIX

Yet he him still pursu'd from place to place,
With full intent him cruely to kill,
And like a wilde goate round about did chace
Flinging the fury of his bloody will
But his best succour and refuge was still
Behind his Ladies back who to him cryde,
And called oft with prayers loud and shrill,
As ever he to Lady was affide,
To spare her Knight, and rest with reason
pacifyde

L

But he the more thereby enriged was,
And with more eager felnesse him pursu'd,
So that at length, after long weary chace,
Havyng by chaunce a close advantage view'd,
He over raught him, having long eschew'd
His violence in vaine, and with his speare
Strooke through his shoulder, that the blood en-
In great aboundance, as a well it were [sew'd
That forth out of an hill fresh gushing did
appere.

LI

Yet ceast he not for all that cruell wound,
But chaste him still for all his Ladies cry,
Not satisfyde till on the fatall ground
He saw his life powrd forth despitiously,
The which was certes in great jeopardy,
Had not a wondrous chaunce his reskue
And saved from his cruell villany [wrought
Such chaunces oft exceed all humane thought
That in another Canto shall to end be brought

CANTO IV

Calepine by a salvage man
From Turpine reskewed is,
And, why lest an Infant from a Beare
He saves, his love doth misse

LIKE as a slup with dreadfull storme long tost,
Having spent all her mastes and her ground-
hold,

Now farre from harbour likely to be lost,
At last some fisher-barke doth neare behold,
That giveth comfort to her courage cold
Such was the state of this most courteous knight
Being oppressed by that fay tour bold,
That he remained in most perillous plight,
And his sad Ladie left in pitifull affright

II

Till that, by fortune passing all foresight,
A salvage man, which in those woods did wonne,
Drawne with that Ladies loud and piteous
shright,

Toward the same incessantly did runne
To understand what there was to be donne
There he this most discourteous craven found,
As fiercely yet as when he first begonne,
Chasing the gentle Calepine around,
Ne sparing him the more for all his grievous
wound

III

The salvage man, that never till this houre
Did taste of pittie, neither gentlesse knew,
Seeing his sharpe assault and cruell stoure,
Was much emmoyed at his perils vew,
That even his ruder hart began to rew,
And feeble compassion of his evill plight,
Against his foe that did him so pursew,
From whom he meant to free him, if he might,
And him avenge of that so villenous despight

IV

Yet armes or weapon had he none to fight,
Ne knew the use of warlike instruments,
Save such as sudden rage him lent to smite,
But naked, without needfull vestiments
To clad his corpe with meete habiliments,
He cared not for dint of sword nor speere,
No more then for the stroke of straves or
bents

For from his mothers wombe, which him did
He was invulnerable made by Magicke leare

V

He staved not t' advize which way were best
His foe t' assayle, or how himselfe to gard,
But with fierce fury and with force infest
Upon him ran, who being well prepard
His first assault full warily did ward,
And with the push of his sharp-pointed speare
Full on the breast him strooke, so strong and
hard
That forst him backe recoyle and reele areare,
Yet in his bodie made no wound nor bloud
appeare

VI

With that the wylde man more enraged grew,
Like to a Tygre that hath mist his pray,
And with mad moode againe upon him flew,
Regarding neither speare that mote him slay,
Nor his fierce steed that mote him much dis-
may
The salvage nation doth all dread despize,
Tho on his shield he gryple hold did lay,
And held the same so hard, that by no wize
He could him force to loose, or leave his en-
terprize

VII

Long did he wrest and wring it to and fro,
And every way did try, but all in vaine,
For he would not his greedie grype forgoe,
But hayld and puld with all his might and
maime,
That from his steed him nigh he drew againe
Who having now no use of his long speare
So nigh at hand, nor force his shield to straine,
Both speere and shield, as things that need-
lesse were, [feare
He quite forsooke, and fled himselfe away for

VIII

But after him the wylde man ran apace,
And him pursewed with importune speed,
(For he was swift as any Bucke in chace)
And, had he not in his extreamest need
Bene helped through the swiftnesse of his
He had him overtaken in his flight. [steed,
Who, ever as he saw him nigh succeed,

Gm cry aloud with horrible affright,
And shrieked out, a thing uncomely for a knight.

IX

But, when the Salvage saw his labour vaine
In following of him that fled so fast,
He wearie woxe, and backe return'd againe
With speede unto the place, whereas he last
Had left that couple nere their utmost cast
There he that knight full sorely bleeding found,
And eke the Ladie fearefully aghast,
Both for the perill of the present stound,
And also for the sharpnesse of her rankling wound

X

For though she were right glad so rid to bee
From that vile lozell which her late offended,
Yet now no lesse encombrance she did see,
And perill, by this salvage man pretended,
Gaunst whom she saw no meanes to be defended,
By reason that her knight was wounded sore
Therefore her selfe she wholly recommended
To Gods sole grace, whom she did oft implore
To send her succour, being of all hope forfore

XI

But the wyld man, contrarie to her feare,
Came to her creeping like a fawning hound,
And by rude tokens made to her appeare
His deepe compassion of her dolefull stound,
Kissing his hands, and crouching to the ground,
For other language had he none, nor speech,
But a soft murmure and confused sound
Of senselesse words, which nature did him teach
T' expresse his passions, which his reason did [empeach

XII

And, comming likewise to the wounded knight,
When he beheld the streames of purple blood
Yet flowing fresh, as moved with the sight,
He made great mone after his salvage mood,
And, running straight into the thickest wood,
A certaine herbe from thence unto him brought,
Whose vertue he by use well understood,
The iuyce whereof into his wound he wrought,
And stopt the bleeding straight, ere he it staunched thought.

XIII

Then taking up that Recreants shield and speare,
Which carst he left, he signes unto them made

With him to wend unto his winning nere,
To which he easily did them perswade
Farre in the Forrest, by a hollow glade [brode
Covered with mossie shrubs, which spreading
Did underneath them make a gloomy shade,
Where foot of living creature never trode,
Ne scarce wylde beests durst come, there was
this nights abode

XIV

Thether he brought these unacquainted guests,
To whom faire semblance, as he could, he shewed
By signes, by lookes, and all his other gests,
But the bare ground with hoarie mosse bestrowed
Must be their bed, their pillow was unsowed
And the frates of the Forrest was their feast,
For their bad Stuard neither plough'd nor sowed,
Ne fed on flesh, ne ever of wylde beest
Did taste the bloud, obaying natures first behest.

XV

Yet, howsoever base and meane it were,
They tooke it well, and thanked God for all,
Which had them freed from that deadly feare,
And say'd from being to that captive thrall
Here they of force (as fortune now did fall)
Compelled were themselves awhile to rest,
Glad of that easement, though it were but small,
That having there their wounds awhile redrest,
They mote the abler be to passe unto the rest.

XVI

During which time that wyld man did apply
His best endeavour and his daily paine
In seeking all the woods both sure and nere
For herbes to dresse their wounds, still seeming
faine
When ought he did, that did their lykynge
So as ere long he had that knightes wound
Recured well, and made him whole againe,
But that same Ladies hurt no herbe he found
Which could redresse, for it was inwardly unsound

XVII

Now when as Calepine was woxen strong,
Upon a day he cast abroad to wend,
To take the ayre and heare the thrushes song,
Unarm'd, as fearing neither foe nor frend,
And without sword his person to defend.
There him befell, unlooked for before,
An hard adventure with unhappie end,
A cruell Beare, the which an infant bore [gore.
Betwxt his bloodie jawes, besprunkled all with

XXVIII

The litle babe did loudly srike and squall,
And all the woods with piteous plaunts did fill,
As if his cry did meane for helpe to call
To Calepine, whose eares those shrieches shrill,
Percing his hart, with pities point did thrill,
That after him he ran with zealous haste
To rescue th' infant, ere he did him kill
Whom though he saw now somewhat overpast,
Yet by the cry he follow'd, and pursuw'd fast

XXIX

Well then him chaunst his heavy armes to
want, [speed,
Whose burden mote emperch his needfull
And hinder him from libertie to pant,
For having long time, as his daily weed, [need,
Them wont to weare, and wend on foot for
Now wanting them he felt himselfe so light,
That like an Hauke, which feeling her selfe
freed
From bels and jesses which did let her flight,
Him seem'd his feet did fly and in their speed
delight

XX

So well he sped him, that the wearie Beare
Ere long he overtooke and forst to stay,
And without weapon him assaying neare,
Compeld him soone the spoyle adowne to lay
Wherewith the beast enrag'd to loose his pray
Upon him turned, and with greedie force
And furie to be crossed in his way,
Gaping full wyde, did thinke without remorse
To be aveng'd on him and to devoure his corse

XXI

But the bold knight no whit thereat dismayd,
But catching up in hand a ragged stone
Which lay thereby (so fortune him did ayde)
Upon him ran, and thrust it all attone
Into his gaping throte, that made him grone
And gaspe for breath, that he nigh choked was,
Being unable to digest that bone,
Ne could it upward come, nor downward passe,
Ne could he brooke the coldnesse of the stony
masse

XXII

Whom when as he thus combred did behold,
Stryving in vaine that nigh his bowels brast,
He with him closd, and, laying mightie hold
Upon his throte, did gripe his gorge so fast,
That wanting breath him downe to ground he
cast,
And, then oppressing him with urgent paine,
Ere long enforst to breath his utmost blast,
Gnashing his cruell teeth at him in vaine,
And threatning his sharpe clawes, now wanting
powre to traunce.

XXIII

Then tooke he up betwixt his armes twaine
The litle babe, sweet reliques of his pray,
Whom pitying to heare so sore complaine,
From his soft eyes the teares he wpyt away,
And from his face the filth that did it rye,
And every litle limbe he searcht around
And every part that under sweath-bands lay,
Least that the beasts sharpe teeth had any
wound

Made in his tender flesh, but whole them all
he found

XXIV

So, having all his bands againe uptide,
He with him thought backe to returne againe,
But when he lookt about on every syde,
To weet which way were best to entertaine
To bring him to the place where he would faime,
He could no path nor tract of foot descry,
Ne by inquire learne, nor ghesse by ayme,
For nought but woods and Forrests farre and
nye, [eye
That all about did close the compasse of his

XXV

Much was he then encombred, ne could tell
Which way to take now West he went a-
while,
Then North, then nether, but as fortune fell
So up and downe he wandred many a mile
With weary travell and uncertaine toyle,
Yet nought the nearer to his journey's end,
And evermore his lovely litle spoile
Crying for food did greatly him offend
So all that day in wandring vainely he did
spend

XXVI

At last, about the setting of the Sunne,
Him selfe out of the forest he did wynd,
And by good fortune the plaine champion
wonne
Where, looking all about where he mote fynd
Some place of succour to content his mynd,
At length he heard under the Forrests syde
A voice, that seemed of some woman kynd,
Which to her selfe lamenting loudly cryde,
And oft complayn'd of fate, and fortune oft
defyde

XXVII

To whom approching, when as she perceived
A stranger wight in place, her plaint she
staid,
As if she doubted to have bene deceiv'd,
Or loth to let her sorrowes be bewray'd
Whom when as Calepine saw so dismayd,
He to her drew, and with faire blndishment
Her chearing up, thus gently to her sayd

'What be you, wofull Dame, which thus la-
ment, [repent]
And for what cause, declare, so mote ye not

XXXVIII

To whom she thus 'What need me Sir, to
tell [right?]

That which your selfe have earst ared so
A wofull dame ye have me termed well,
So much more wofull, as my wofull plight
Cannot redressed be by living wight,
'Nathlesse,' (quoth he) 'if need doe not you
bynd,
Doe it disclose to ease your grieved spright
Of times it haps that sorrowes of the mynd
Find remedie unsought, which seeking cannot
fynd'

XXXIX

Then thus began the lamentable Dame
'Sith then ye needs will know the griefe I
hoord,

I am th' unfortunate Matilde by name,
The wife of bold Sir Bruin who is Lord
Of all this land, late conquer'd by his sword
From a greit Gyant, called Cormoraunt,
Whom he did overthrow by yonder foord,
And in three battailes did so deadly daunt,
That he dare not returne for all his daily
vaunt.

XXX

'So is my Lord now seiz'd of all the land,
As in his fee, with peaceable estate,
And quietly doth hold it in his hand,
Ne any dares with him for it debate
And to these happie fortunes cruell fate
Hath joyn'd one evill, which doth overthrow
All these our joves, and all our blisse abate,
And like in time to further ill to grow,
And all this land with endlesse losse to over-
flow

XXXI

'For th' heavens, envying our prosperitie,
Have not vouchsaf't to graunt unto us twaine
The gladfull blessing of posteritie,
Which we might see after our selves remaine
In th' heritage of our unhappie paine
So that for want of heires it to defend,
All is in time like to returne againe
To that soule feend, who dayly doth attend
To leape into the same after our lives end

XXXII

'But most my Lord is grieved herewithall,
And makes exceeding mone, when he does
thinke
That all this land unto his foe shall fall,
For which he long in vaine did sweate and
swinke,

That now the same he greatly doth forthunke
Yet was it sayd, there should to him a sonne
Be gotten, not begotten, which should drinke
And dry up all the water which doth rounne
In the next brooke, by whom that feind should
be fordonne

XXXIII

'Well hop't he then, when this was prophe-
side, [rise,
That from his sides some noble chyld should
The which through fame should farre be mag-
nifide,
And this proud gyant should with brave emprize
Quite overthrow, who now gunnes to despaze
The good Sir Bruin growing farre in yeares,
Who thynkes from me his sorrow all doth rize.
Lo! this my cause of griefe to you appeares,
For which I thus doe mourne, and poure forth
ceaselesse teares'

XXXIV

Which when he heard, he only touched was
With tender ruth for her unworthy griefe,
And, when he had devized of her case,
He gan in mind conceive a fit reliefe
For all her paine, if please her make the priefe,
And, having cleared her, thus said 'Faure
Dame,
In evils counsell is the comfort chiefe,
Which though I be not wise enough to frame,
Yet, as I well it meane, vouchsafe it without
blame

XXXV

'If that the cause of this your languishment
Be lacke of children to supply your place,
Lo! how good fortune doth to you present
This litle babe, of sweete and lovely face,
And spotlesse spirit in which ye may enchace
Whatever formes ye list thereto apply,
Being now soft and fit them to embrace,
Whether ye list him traine in chevalry,
Or nourse up in lore of learn'd Philosophy

XXXVI

'And, certes it hath oftentimes bene seene,
That of the like, whose linage was unknowne,
More brave and noble knights have rayseed
beene
(As their victorious deedes have often shoven,
Being with fame through many Nations
blown,) [lap
Then those which have bene dandled in the
Therefore some thought that those brave imps
were sown
Here by the Gods, and fed with heavenly syp,
That made them grow so hight t' all honorable
hap'

XXVI II

The Ladie, hearkning to his sensefull speech,
Found nothing that he said unmeet nor
gerson,

Having oft scene it tryde as he did teach
Therefore inclining to his goodly reason,
Agreeing well both with the place and season,
She gladly did of that same babe accept,
As of her owne by liverye and seisin,
And, having over it a lile wept,
She bore it thence, and ever as her owne it
kept.

XXVII III

Right glad was Calepine to be so rid
Of his young charge whereof he skilled
nought,

Ne she lesse glad, for she so wisely did,
And with her husband under hand so
wrought,

That, when that infant unto him she brought,
She made him think it surely was his owne,
And it in goodly thewes so well upbrought,
That it became a famous knight well knowne,

And did right noble deedes, the which els-
where are showne

XXXIX

But Calepine, now being left alone
Under the greenewoods side in some plight,
Withouten armes or steede to ride upon,
Or house to hide his head from heavens spight,
Albe that Dame, by all the meanes she might,
Him oft desired home with her to wend,
And offred him, his courtesie to requite,
Both horse and armes and what so else to lend,
Yet he them all refusd, though thankd her as
a frend,

XL

And, for exceeding grieve which inly grew
That he his love so lucklesse now had lost,
On the cold ground maugre himselfe he threw
For fell despight to be so sorely crost,
And there all night himselfe in anguish tost,
Vowing that never he in bed againe
His limbes would rest, ne lig in ease embost,
Till that his Ladies sight he mote attaine,
Or understand that she in safetie did remaine

CANTO V

The salvage serves Serena well,
Till she Prince Arthure fynd,
Who her, together with his Squire,
With th' Hermit leaves behynd

I

O WHAT an easie thing is to desery
The gentle blood, how ever it be wrapt
In sad misfortunes soule deformity
And wretched sorrowes, which have often hapt
For howsoever it may grow mis-shapt,
Like this wyld man being undisciplind,
That to all vertue it may seeme unrapt,
Yet will it shew some sparkes of gentle mynd,
And at the last breake forth in his owne proper
lynd

II

That plainly may in this wyld man be red,
Who, though he were still in this desert wood,
Mongst salvage beasts both rudely borne and
bred,

Ne ever saw faire guize, ne learned good,
Yet shewd some token of his gentle blood
By gentle usage of that wretched Dame
For certes he was borne of noble blood,
How ever by hard hap he hether came,
As ye may know when time shall besto tell the
same

III

Who, when as now long time he lacked had
The good Sir Calepine, that farre was stryd,
Did wepe exceeding sorrowfull and sad,
As he of some misfortune were afraid,
And, leaving there this Ladie all dismayd,
Went forth streightway into the forest wyde
To seeke if he perchance asleep were layd,
Or what so else were unto him betyde
He sought him farre and neare, yet him no
where he spyde

IV

Tho, backe returning to that sorie Dame,
He shewed semblant of exceeding mone
By speaking signes, as he them best could
frame,
Now wringing both his wretched hands in one,
Now beating his hard head upon a stone,
That ruth it was to see him so lament
By which she well perceiving what was done,
Gin teare her hayre, and all her garments rent,
And beat her breast, and piteously her selfe
torment.

V

Upon the ground her selfe she fiercely threw,
 Regardless of her wounds yet bleeding rife,
 That with their bloud did all the flore imbrew,
 As if her breast, new launcht with murderous
 knife,

Would streight dislodge the wretched wearme
 life [lay,

There she long groveling and deepe groining
 As if her vitall powers were at strife
 With stronger death, and feared their decay
 Such were this Ladies pangs and dolorous
 assay.

VI

Whom when the Salvage saw so sore distrest,
 He reared her up from the bloudie ground,
 And sought by all the meanes that he could
 best

Her to recure out of that stony swound,
 And staunch the bleeding of her dreary wound
 Yet nould she be recomforted for nought,
 Nor cease her sorrow and impatient sound,
 But day and night did vexe her carefull
 thought, [wrought
 And ever more and more her owne affliction

VII

At length, when as no hope of his retourne
 She saw now left, she cast to leave the place,
 And wend abroad, though feeble and forlorne,
 To seeke some comfort in that sorie case.
 His steede, now strong through rest so long a
 space,

Well as she could she got, and did bedight,
 And being thereon mounted forth did pace
 Withouten guide her to conduct aright,
 Or gard her to defend from bold oppressors
 might.

VIII

Whom when her Host saw readie to depart,
 He would not suffer her alone to fare,
 But gan himselfe addresse to take her part
 Those warlike armes which Calepine whyleare
 Had left behind he gan estoones prepare,
 And put them all about himselfe unfit,
 His shield, his helmet, and his curats bare,
 But without sword upon his thigh to sit
 Sir Calepine himselfe away had hidden it

IX

So forth they traved, an uneven payre
 That mote to all men seeme an uncouth sight,
 A salvage man matcht with a Ladie fyre,
 That rather seem'd the conquest of his might,
 Gotten by spyle then purchased aright
 But he did her attend most carefully,
 And faithfully did serve both day and night

Withouten thought of shame or villeny,
 Ne ever shewed signe of foule disloyalty.

X

Upon a day, as on their way they went,
 It chaunst some furniture about her steed
 To be disordred by some accident,
 Which to redresse she did th' assistance need
 Of this her groomme, which he by signes did
 reede,
 And steight his combrous armes aside did lay
 Upon the ground withouten doubt or dreed,
 And in his homely wize began to assay
 T' amend what was amisse, and put in right
 aray

XI

Bout which whylest he was busied thus hard,
 Lo' where a knight, together with his squire,
 All arm'd to point came ryding thitherward,
 Which seemed, by their portance and attire,
 To be two errant knights, that did inquire
 After adventures, where they mote them get
 Those were to meet (if that ye it require)
 Prince Arthur and young Timias, which met
 By straunge occasion that here needs forth be
 set.

XII

After that Timias had againe recured
 The favour of Belphebe (as ye heard)
 And of her grace did stand againe assured,
 To happie blisse he was full high upreard,
 Nether of envj nor of chaunge afraid
 Though many foes did him maligne therefore,
 And with unjust detraction him did beard,
 Yet he himselfe so well and wisely bore,
 That in her sovraigne kyng he dwelt evermore

XIII

But of them all which did his runne seeke,
 Three mightie enemies did him most despyght,
 Three mightie ones, and cruell munded eke,
 That him not onely sought by open might
 To overthrow, but to supplint by sight
 The first of them by name was cald Despetto,
 Exceeding all the rest in powre and hight,
 The second, not so strong but wise, Decetto,
 The third, nor strong nor wise, but spightfullest,
 Defetto

XIV

Oftimes their sundry powres they did employ,
 And several deceipts but all in vaine,
 For neither they by force could him destroy,
 Ne yet entrap in treasons subtil traine.
 Therefore, conspiring all together plaine,
 They did their counsels now in one compound
 Where singled forces faile, conjoynd may game.

The Blatant Beast the fittest meanes they found
To worke his utter shame, and throughly him
confound

XV

Upon a day, as they the time did waite,
When he did raunge the wood for salvage game,
They sent that Blatant Beast to be a baite
To draw him from his deare beloved dame
Unwares into the daunger of defame,
For well they wist that Squire to be so bold,
That no one beast in forrest, wy lde or tame,
Met him in chase but he it challenge would,
And plucke the pray oftymes out of their greedy
hould

XXI

The hardy boy, as they devised had,
Seeing the ugly Monster passing by,
Upon him set, of perill nought adrad,
Ne skulfull of the uncouth jeopardie,
And charged him so fierce and furiously,
That his great force unable to endure,
He forced was to turne from him and fly
Yet ere he fled he with his tooth impure
Him heedlesse bit, the whiles he was thereof
secure.

XVII

Securely he did after him pursue,
Thinking by speed to overtake his flight,
Who through thicke woods and brakes and
briers him drew,
To weary him the more and waste his spright,
So that he now has almost spent his spright,
Till that at length unto a woody glade
He came, whose covert stopp his further sight
There his three foes shrowd in guilefull shade
Out of their ambush broke, and gan him to
invade

XVIII

Sharpely they all attonce did him assaile,
Burning with inward rancour and despight,
And heaped strokes did round about him haile
With so huge force, that seemed nothing might
Beare off their blowes from percing thorough
quite
Yet he them all so warily did ward,
That none of them in his soft flesh did bite,
And all the while his backe for best safegard
He lent against a tree, that backward onset
bard

XIX

Like a wylde Bull, that, being at a bay,
Is layted of a mastiffe and a hound
And a curre-dog, that doe him sharpe assay
On every side, and beat about him round,
But most that curre, barking with bittersound,
And creeping still behinde, doth him incombere,
That in his chaffe he digs the trampled ground,

And threats his horns, and bellowes like the
thonder [asonder
So did that Squire his foes disperse and drive

XX

Him well behoved so, for his three foes
Sought to encompass him on every side,
And dangerously did round about enclose
But most of all Defetto him annoyde,
Creeping behinde him still to have destroyde,
So did Decetto eke him circumvent,
But stout Despetto in his greater pryde
Did front him, face to face against him bent
Yet he them all withstood, and often made
releant

XXI

Till that at length nigh tyrd with former
chace,
And weary now with carefull keeping ward,
He gan to shrinke and somewhat to give place,
Full like ere long to have escaped hard,
When as unwares he in the forrest heard
A trampling steede, that with his neighing fast
Did warne his rider be uppon his gard,
With noise whereof the Squire, now nigh
aghast,
Revived was, and sad dispaire away did cast.

XXII

Etsoones he spide a Knight approaching
nye,
Who, seeing one in so great daunger set
Monst among many foes, him selfe did faster hie
To reskue him, and his weake part abet,
For pity so to see him overset
Whom soone as his three enemies did see,
They fled, and fast into the wood did get
Him booted not to thinke them to pursue,
The covert was so thicke that did no passage
shew

XXIII

Then turning to that swaine him well he knew
To be his Timias, his owne true Squire,
Whereof exceeding glad he to him drew,
And, him embracing twixt his armes entire,
Him thus bespake 'My lief, my lifes desire,
Why have ye me alone thus long yleft?
Tell me what worlds despight, or heavens yre,
Hath you thus long away from me bereft?
Where have ye all this while bin wandring,
where bene weft?'

XXIV

With that he sighed deepe for inward tye
To whom the Squire nought answered againe,
But, shedding few soft teares from tender eyne,
His dear affect with silence did restraime,
And shut up all his plaint in privy paine

There they awhile some gracious speeches spent,
As to them seemed fit time to entertaine,
After all which up to their steedes they went,
And forth together rode, a comely couplement

XXX

So now they be arrived both in sight
Of this wylde man whom they full busie found
About the sad Serena things to dight,
With those brave armour lying on the ground,
That seem'd the spoile of some right well re-
nown'd

[stept

Which when that Squire beheld, he to them
Thinking to take them from that hiding
hound,

But he it seeing lightly to him leapt,
And sternely with strong hand it from his
handling kept

XXXI

Gnashing his grinded teeth with grieu-
looke,
And sparkling fire out of his furious eyne,
Him with his fist unwares on th' head he
strooke,

That made him downe unto the earth encline
Whence soone upstartyng much hegan repine,
And layyng hand upon his wrathfull blade
Thought therewithall forthwith him to have
slaine,
Who it perceyving hand upon him layd,
And greedily him griping his vengeance
stayd

XXXII

With that aloude the faire Serena cryde
Unto the Knight, them to depart in twaine,
Who to them stepping did them soone divide,
And did from further violence restraine,
Albe the wylde-man hardly would refrain
Then gan the Prince of her for to demand
What and from whence she was, and by what
traue
She fell unto that salvage villaines hand?
And whether free with him she now were, or
in band?

XXXIII

To whom she thus 'I am, as now ye see,
The wretchedst Dame that liues this day on
ground,

Who both in minde, the which most grieveth
And body have receiv'd a mortall wound, [me,
That hath me driven to this dreary stound.
I was ere while the love of Calpeine,
Who whether he alive be to be found,
Or by some deadly chauce be done to pine
Since I him lately lost, unceath is to deigne.

XXXIV

'In salvage Forrest I him lost of late,
Where I had surely long ere this bene dead,
Or else remained in most wretched state,
Had not this wylde man in that wofull stead
Kept and delivered me from deadly dredd
In such a salvage wight, of brutish kind,
Amongst wilde beastes in desert Forrests bred
It is most straunge and wonderfull to fynd
So milde humanity and perfect gentle mynd

XXXV

'Let me therefore this favour for him finde,
That ye will not your wrath upon him wreake,
Sith he cannot expresse his ample minde,
Ne your conceive, ne but by tokens speake
Small praise to prove your powre on wight so
weake'

[swage,

With such faire words she did their heat as-
And the strong course of their displeasure
breake.

That they to pity turn'd their former rage,
And each sought to supply the office of her page.

XXXVI

So having all things well about her dight,
She on her way cast forward to proceede,
And they her forth conducted where they
might

Finde harbour fit to comfort her great neede,
For now her wounds corruption gan to breed-
And eke this Squire, who likewise wounded was
(Of that same Monster late, for lacke of heed
Now gan to faine, and further could not pas
Through feeblenesse, which all his limbes op-
pressed has

XXXVII

So forth they rode together all in troupe
To seeke some place the which mote yeeld
some ease

[droupe

To these sicke twaine, that now began to
And all the way the Prince sought to appease
The bitter anguish of their sharpe disease
By all the courteous meanes he could invent,
Somewhile with merry purpose, fit to please,
And others while with good encouragement
To make them to endure the pains did them
torment

XXXVIII

Mongst which Serena did to him relate
The toyle discourtesies and unknighly parts,
Which Turpine had unto her shewed late,
Without compassion of her cruell smarts
Although Blandina did with all her arts
Him otherwise perswade all that she might,
Yet he of malice, without her de-arts,

Not onely her excluded late at night,
But also trayterously did wound her weary
Knight

XXIV

Wherewith the Princesore moved there avoud
That soone as he returned backe againe,
He would avenge th' abuses of that proud
And shamefull Knight of whom she did com-
plaine

This wise did they each other entertaime
To passe the tedious travell of the way,
Till towards night they came unto a plaine,
By which a little Hermitage there lay,
Far from all neighbourhood the which annoy
it may

XXXV

And nigh thereto a little Chappell stode,
Which being all with Yvy overspred
Deckt all the rooffe, and, shadowing the roode,
Seem'd like a grove faire braunched over-hed
Therem the Hermite, which his life here led
In streight observaunce of religious vow,
Was wont his howres and holy things to bed,
And therein he likewise was praying now,
Whenas these Knights arriv'd, they wist not
where nor how

XXXVI

They stayd not there, but straightway in did
pas

Whom when the Hermite present saw in place,
From his devotion streight he troubled was,
Which breaking off he toward them did pace
With stayd steps and grave beseeeming grace
For well it seem'd that whilome he had bene
Some goodly person, and of gentle race,
That could his good to all, and well did
weene

How each to entertaime with curt'sie well be-
[seene]

XXXVII

And soothly it was sayd by common fame,
So long as age enabled him thereto,
That he had bene a man of mickle name,
Renowned much in armes and derring doe,
But being aged now, and weary to
Of varres delight and worlds contentious toyle,
The name of knighthood he did disavow,
And, hanging up his armes and warlike spoyle,
From all this worlds incombraunce did himselfe
assoyle.

XXXVIII

He thence them led into his Hermitage,
Letting their steedes to graze upon the greene
Small was his house, and like a little cage,
For his owne turne, yet nely neate and clene,
Deckt with greene boughes and flowers gay
besene

Therein he them full fure did entertaime
Not with such forged shoves, as sifter beene
For courting fooles that curtesies would faine,
But with entire affection and appearance
plaine

XXXIX

Yet was their fare but homely, such as hee
Did use his feeble body to sustaine,
The which full gladly they did take in gree,
Such as it was, ne did of want complaine,
But being well suffiz'd them rested faine
But fair Serene all night could take no rest,
Ne yet that gentle Squire, for grievous paine
Of their late woundes, the which the Blatant
Beast
Had given them, whose griefe through suf-
fraunce sore increast

XL

So all that night they past in great disease,
Till that the morning, bringing early light
To guide mens labours, brought them also ease,
And some asswagement of their painefull plight
Then up they rose, and gan them selves to dight
Unto their journey, but that Squire and Dame
So faint and feeble were, that they ne might
Endure to travell, nor one foote to frame
Their hearts were sicke, their sides were sore,
their feete were lame

XLI

Therefore the Prince, whom great affaires in
mynd

Would not permit to make there longer stay,
Was forced there to leave them both behynd
In that good Hermits charge, whom he did
pray

To tend them well So forth he went his way,
And with him eke the salvage, (that why leare
seeing his royall usage and array
Was greatly growne in love of that brave pere)
Would needs depart, as shall declared be else-
where

CANTO VI

The Hermite heales both Squire and dame
Of their sore maladies
He Turpine doth defeat, and shame
For his late villanies

I

No wound, which warlike hand of enemy
Inflicts with dint of sword, so sore doth
light

As doth the poysonous sting which infamy
Inficteth in the name of noble wight
For by no art, nor any leaches might,
It ever can recured be againe,
Ne all the skill, which that immortall spright
Of Podalyrius did in it retaine,
Can remedy such hurts such hurts are hellish
paine

II

Such were the wounds the which that Blatant
Beast

Made in the bodies of that Squire and Dame,
And, being such, were now much more increast
For want of taking heede unto the same,
That now corrupt and curelesse they became
Howbe that carefull Hermite did his best,
With many kandes of medicines meete, to
tame

The poysonous humour which did most infest
Their rancelling wounds, and every day them
duely drest

III

For he right well in Leaches craft was scene,
And through the long experience of his dayes,
Which had in many fortunes tossed beene
And past through many perillous assayes,
He knew the diverse went of mortall wayes,
And in the mindes of men had great insight,
Which with sage counsell, when they went
astray,

He could enforme, and them reduce aright,
And all the passions heale which wound the
weaker spright.

IV

For whylome he had bene a doughty Knight,
As any one that lived in his dayes,
And proved oft in many perillous fight,
Of which he grace and glory wonne alwayes,
And in all battels bore away the baies
But being now attacht with timely age,
And weary of this worlds unquiet waies,

He tooke him selfe unto this Hermitage,
In which he liv'd alone, like carelesse bird in
cage

V

One day, as he was searching of their
wounds,
He found that they had festered privily,
And rancelling inward with unruly stounds,
The inner parts now gan to putrify,
That quite they seem'd past helpe of surgery,
And rather needed to be disciplinde
With wholesome reede of sad sobriety,
To rule the stubborne rage of passion blinde
Give salves to every sore, but counsell to the
minde

VI

So, taking them apart into his cell,
He to that point fit speeches gan to frame,
As he the art of words knew wondrous well,
And che could doe as well as say the same,
And thus he to them said 'kure daughter
Dame, [now he
And yon, faire Sonne, which here thus long
In piteous languor since ye hither came,
In vaine of me ye hope for remedie,
And I likewise in vaine doe salves to you
applie

VII

'For in your selfe your onely helpe doth he
To heale your selves, and must proceed alone
From your owne will to cure your maladie
Who can him cure that will be cur'd of none?
If therefore health ye seeke, observe this one
First lerne your outward senses to refraine
From things that stur up frile affection,
Your eyes, your eares, your tongue, your talk
restraine [containe
From that they most affect, and in due termes

VIII

'For from those outward senses, ill affected,
The seede of all this evil first doth spring,
Which at the first, before it had infected,
Mote easie be suppress with little thing,
But being grown strong it forth doth bring
Sorrow, and anguish, and impatient paine,
In th' inner parts, and lastly, scattering

Contagious poyson close through every vaine,
It never rests till it have wrought his finall
bane

IX

'For that beastes teeth, which wounded you
tofore,
Are so exceeding venemous and keene,
Made all of rusty iron runceling sore,
That where they bite it booteth not to weene
With salve, or antidote, or other mene,
It ever to amend ne mirvaile ought,
For that same beast was bred of hellish strene,
And long in darksome Stygian den upbrought,
Begot of foule Echidna, as in bookes is
taught

X

'Echidna is a Monster direfull dred,
Whom Gods doe hate, and heavens abhor to
see,
So hideous is her shape, so huge her hed,
That even the hellish fiends affrighted bee
At sight thereof, and from her presence flee
Yet did her face and former parts professe
A faire young Mayden, full of comely glee,
But all her hinder parts did plaine expresse
A monstrous Dragon, full of fearefull uglinesse

XI

'To her the Gods, for her so dreidfull face,
In fearefull darknesse, furthest from the skie
And from the earth, appointed have her place
Mongst rocks and caves, where she enrolde
doth lie
In hideous horror and obscurity,
Wasting the strength of her immortall age
There did Typhaon with her company,
Cruell Typhaon, whose tempestuous rage
Makes th' heavens tremble oft, and him with
vowes assuage

XII

'Of that commition they did then beget
This hellish Dog, that hight the Blatant
Beast,
A wicked Monster, that his tongue doth whet
Ganst all, both good and bad, both most and
least,
And pours his poysonous gall forth to infest
The noblest wights with notable defame
Nelever Knight that bore so lofty crest,
Nelever Lady of so honest name,
But he them spotted with repioch, or secrete
shame

XIII

'In vaine therefore it were with medicine
To goe about to sive such kynd of sore,

That rather needes wise reid and discipline,
Then outward salves that may augment it
more.'

'Aye me!' (sayd then Serena, sighing sore)
'What hope of helpe doth then for us remaine,
If that no salves may us to health restore?'
'But sith we need good counsell,' (sayd the
swaine) [sustaine']
'Aread, good Sire, some counsell that may us

XIV

'The best' (sayd he) 'that I can you advize,
Is to avoide the occasion of the ill
For when the cause, whence evill doth arise,
Removed is, th' effect surceriseth still [will],
Abstaine from pleasure, and restraine your
Subdue desire, and bridle loose delight,
Use scantied diet, and forbear your fill,
Shun secrecie, and talke in open sight
So shall you soone repaire your present evill
plight'

XV

Thus having sayd, his sickely patients
Did gladly hearken to his grave behest,
And kept so well his wise commaundements,
That in short space their malady was ceast,
And eke the biting of that harmefull Beast
Was thoroughly heal'd Tho when they did
perceave
Their wounds secur'd, and forces reincreast,
Of that good Hermite both they tooke their
leave, [leave]
And went both on their way, ne ech would other

XVI

But each the other vow'd t' accompany
The Lady, for that she was much in dred,
Now left alone in great extremity,
The Squire, for that he courteous was indeed,
Would not her leave alone in her great need
So both together traveld, till they met
With a faire Mayden clad in mourning weed,
Upon a mangy jade unmeetely set,
And a lewd foole her leading thorough dry
and wet

XVII

But by what meanes that shame to her
befell,
And how thereof her selfe she did requite,
I must while forbear to you to tell,
Till that, as comes by course I doe recite
What fortune to the Briton Prince did hie,
Pursuing that proud Knight, the which
whileare
Wrought to Sir Calepine so foule despyght,
And eke his Lady, though she sickely were,
So lewdly had abusde, as ye did lately heare.

To fight with many foes about him ment,
Feeling some curre behinde his heeles to bite,
Turnes him about with fell avengement
So likewise turnde the Prince upon the Knight,
And layd at him amaine with all his will and might

XXVIII

Who, when he once his dreadfull strokes had
Durst not the furie of his force abyde, [tasted,
But turn'd abacke, and to retyre him hasted
Through the thick prease, there thinking him
to hyde [e]de,
But, when the Prince had once him plainely
He foot by foot him followed alway,
Ne would him suffer once to shrinke asyde,
But joyning close huge lode at him did lay,
Who flying still did ward, and warding fly
away

XXIX

But, when his foe he still so eager saw,
Unto his heeles himselfe he did betake,
Hoping unto some refuge to withdraw
Ne would the Prince him ever foot forsake
Where so he went, but after him did make
He fled from roome to roome, from place to place,
Whylest every joynt for dread of death did
quake,
Still looking after him that did him chace,
That made him evermore increase his speedie
pace.

XXX

At last he up into the chamber came
Whereas his love was sitting all alone,
Wayting what tydings of her folke became
There did the Prince him overtake anone,
Crying in vaine to her him to bemeone,
And with his sword him on the head did smyte,
That to the ground he fell in senselesse swone
Yet, whether thwart or flatly it did lyte,
The tempredd steele did not into his braynepan
byte

XXXI

Which when the Ladie saw, with great af-
fright

She starting up began to shrinke aloud,
And with her garment covering him from sight,
Seem'd under her protection him to shroud,
And falling lowly at his feet her bowd
Upon her knee, intreating him for grace,
And often him besought, and prayd, and coud,
That with the ruth of her so wretched case,
He stayd his second strooke, and did his hand
abase

XXXII

Her need she then withdrawing did him dis-
cover,
Who now come to himselfe yet would not rize,

But still did heasdead, and quake, and quiver,
That even the Prince his basenesse did de-
spize,
And eke his Dame, him seeing in such guize,
Gan him recomfort and from ground to reare
Who rising up at last in ghostly wize,
Like troubled ghost, did dreadfully appeire,
As one that had no life him left through for-
mer feare

XXXIII

Whom when the Prince so deadly saw dismayd,
He for such basenesse shamefully him shent,
And with sharpe words did bitterly upbrayd
'Vile cowheard dogge' now doe I much repent,
That ever I this life unto thee lent,
Whereof thou, caytive, so unworthe art,
That both thy love, for lacke of hardiment,
And eke thy selfe, for want of manly hart,
And eke all knights hast shamed with this
knightlesse part

XXXIV

'Yet further hast thou heaped shame to shame,
And crime to crime, by this thy cowheard
feare

For first, it was to thee reprochfull blame
To erect this wicked custome, which I heare
Gainst errant Knights and Ladies thou dost
reare, [spoule,

Whom when thou mayst thou dost of arms de-
Or of their upper garment they weare,
Yet dost thou not with manhood, but with guile,
Maintaine this evil use, thy foes thereby to
foile

XXXV

'And lastly, in approvance of thy wrong,
To shew such faintnesse and foule cowardize
Is greatest shame, for oft it falles, that strong
And valiant Knights doe rashly enterprize
Either for fame, or else for exercise,
A wrongfull quarrell to maintaine by fight;
Yet have through prowesse and their brave
emprize

Gotten great worship in this worldes sight
For greater force there needs to maintaine
wrong then right

XXXVI

'Yet, since thy life unto this Ladie sayre
I given have, live in reproch and scoine,
Ne ever armes ne ever knighthood d're
Hence to professe, for shame is to adorne
With so brave badges one so basely borne
But onely breath, sith that I did forgive'
So having from his craven bodie torne
Those goodly armes, he them away did give,
And onely suffred him this wretched life to live

XVIII

The Prince, according to the former token
Which faire Serene to him delivered had,
Pursu'd him straight, in mind to bene ywro-
Of all the vile demeaner and usage bad, [ken
With which he had those two so ill bestad
Ne wight with him on that adventure went,
But that wyld man, whom though he oft
forbad,
Yet for no bidding, nor for being shent,
Would he restrayned be from his attendement

XIX

Arriving there, as did by chaunce befall,
He found the gate wvde ope, and in he rode,
Ne stay'd, till that he came into the hall,
Where soft dismounting, like a weary lode,
Upon the ground with feeble feete he trode,
As he unable were for very neede
To move one foote, but there must make
abode
The whiles the salvage man did take his steede,
And in some stable neare did set him up to
feede

XX

Ere long to him a homely groome there came,
That in rude wise him asked, what he was
That durst so boldly, without let or shame,
Into his Lords forbidden hall to passe?
To whom the Prince, him sayning to embase,
Milde answer made he was an errant knight,
The which was fill'd into this feeble case
Through many wounds, which lately he in
bight
Received had, and pray'd to pittie his ill plight.

XXI

But he, the more outrageous and bold,
Sternely did bid him quickly thence avaunt,
Or deare aby, for why his Lord of old
Did hate all errant Knights which there did
haunt,
Ne lodging would to any of them graunt,
And therefore lightly bad him packe away,
Not sparing him with bitter words to taunt,
And therewithall rude hand on him did lay,
To thrust him out of dore doing his worst assay

XXII

Which when the Salvage, comming now in
place,
Behold, est-soones he all enraged grew,
And, running straight upon that villaine base,
Like a full Lion at him fiercely flew,
And with his teeth and nailes, in present view,
Him rudely rent and all to peeces tore,
So miserably him all helplesse slew,

That with the noise, whilst he did loudly rore,
The people of the house rose forth in great up-
rore

XXIII

Who when on ground they saw their fellow
slaine, [by,
And that same Knight and Salvage standing
Upon them two they fell with might and
And on them layd so huge and horribly, [maine,
As if they would have slaine them presently
But the bold Prince defended him so well,
And their assault withstood so mightily,
That, maugre all their might, he did repell
And beat them back, whilst many underneath
him fell

XXIV

Yet he them still so sharply did pursue,
That few of them he left alive, which fled
Those evil tidings to their Lord to shew
Who, hearing how his people badly sped,
Came forth in hast, where, when as with the
dead [Knight
He saw the ground all strow'd, and that same
And salvage with their blood fresh steening
red, [spight,
He wove nigh mad with wrath and fell de-
And with reprochfull words him thus bespake
on light

XXV

'Art thou he, traitor, that with treason vile
Hast slaine my men in this unmanly manner,
And now triumphest in the piteous spoile
Of these poore folk, whose soules with black
dishonor
And foule defame doe decke thy bloody baner?
The meede wherof shall shortly be thy shame,
And wretched end which still attendeth on her,
With that him selfe to battell he did frane,
So did his forty women, which there with him
came

XXVI

With dreddfull force they all did him assaile,
And round about with boystrous strokes op-
presse,
That on his shield did rattle like to hails
In a great tempest, that in such distresse
He wist not to which side him to addresse
And evermore that errant cowherd Knight
Was at his backe with heartlesse heedinesse,
Waiting if he unawares him murder might,
For cowardize doth still in villany delight.

XXVII

Whereof whenas the Prince was well aware,
He to him turn'd with furious intent,
And him against his powre gan to prepare,
Like a fierce Bull, that being busie bent

CANTO VII

Turpine is bisfild, his two knights
Doe grune their treasons need
Payre Mirabellacs punishment
For Loves diuaine decreed

I

LIKE as the gentle hart it selfe bewrayes
In doing gentle deedes with franke delight,
Even so the baser mind it selfe displays
In cankered malice and reuengefull spight
For to maligne, t' envie, t' use shifting slight,
Be arguments of a vile donghill mind,
Which, what it dare not doe by open might,
To worke by wicked treason wayes doth find,
By such discourteous deedes discouering his base
kind.

II

That well appears in this discourteous knight,
The coward Turpine, whereof now I treat,
Who notwithstanding that in former sight
He of the Prince his life receiued late,
Yet in his mind, malicious and ingrite,
He gan devise to be aueng'd anew
For all that sharme, which kindled inward hate
Therefore, so soone as he was out of view,
Himselfe in hast he arm'd, and did him fast
pursew.

III

Well did he tract his steps as he did ryde,
Yet would not neare approach in dunnegs eyes,
But kept aloofe for dread to be deseryde,
Untill hit time and place he mote espy,
Where he mote worke him scath and villeny
At last he met two knights to him unknowne,
The which were armed both agreeably,
And both combynd, whatever chaunce were
blowne
Betwixt them to diuide, and each to make his
owne

IV

To whom false Turpine comming courteously,
To cloke the mischiefe which he inly ment,
Gin to complaine of great discourtesie,
Which a straunge knight, that neare afore him
went,
Had doen to him, and his deare Ladie shent
Which if they would afford him ayde it need
For to reuenge in time conuenient,
They should accomplish both a knightly deed,
And for their paines obtaine of him a goodly
meed.

V

The knights belceyd that all he sayd was
trew,
And being fresh and full of youthly spright,
Were gladd to heare of that aduenture new,
In which they mote make triall of their might
Which never yet they had approv'd in fight,
And eke desirous of the offred meed
Said then the one of them, 'Where is that wight,
The which hath doen to thee this wrongfull deed,
That we may it avenge, and punish him with
speed?'

VI

'Herides' (said Turpine) 'there not farre afore,
With a wyld man soft footing by his syde,
'That, if ye list to haste a litle more,
Ye may him overtake in timely tyde'
Eftsoones they pricked forth with forward pryde,
And, ere that litle while they ridden had,
The gentle Prince not farre away they spyde,
Ryding a softly pace with portance sad,
Deuizing of his love more then of daunger drad

VII

Then one of them aloud unto him cryde,
Bidding him turne againe, false traytour
knight,
Foule woman-wronger, for he him desyde
With that they both at once with equall spight
Did bend their speares, and both with equall
might [marke,
Against him ran, but th' one did misse his
And being carried with his force forthright
Glaunst swiftly by, like to that heavenly
sparke,
Which glyding through the ayre lights all the
heavens darke

VIII

But th' other, ayming better, did him smite
Full in the shield with so impetuous powre,
That all his launce in peeces shivered quite,
And scattered all about fell on the flowre
But the stout Prince, with much more steddye
stowre,
Full on his bever did him strike so sore,

XXXXII

There whilst he thus was thing things above,
 Awene that Ladie myld and meeke int knyght,
 To whom his life he graunted for her love,
 He gan be thynke him in what perillous plight
 He had behynd him left that saluage wyght
 Amongst so many foes, whom sure he thought
 By this quite shune in so unquell fight
 Therefore descending breke in haste he sought
 If yet he were dyve, or to destruction brought

XXXXIII

There he him found environed about [slaine,
 With sloughtered bodies which his hand had
 And laying yet as he, with courage stout,
 Upon the rest that did alive remaine,
 Whom he likewise right sorely did constraine,
 Like scattered sheepe, to seek for succour,
 After he gotten had with busie paine
 Some of their weapons which thereby did he,
 With which he fyd about, and made them fast
 to the

XXXXIV

Whom when the Prince so felly saw to rage,
Approching to him in ire, his hand he tryd,
 And sought by making signes him to r-wake,
 Who them perceiving straight to him oh yd,
 As to his Lord, and downe his weapons fyd,
 As if he long had to his hearts bene trynd
 Thence he him brought away, and up conveyd
 Into the chamber where that Dame remaynd
 With her unworthy knight, who all him en-
 tertayned

XV

Whom when the Salvage saw from danger
 Sitting beside his Lady there it came [free,
 He well remembred that the same was hee,
 Which lately sought his Lord for to displice
 Tho all in rage he on him straight did see,
 As if he would in peeces him have rent
 And, were not that the Prince did him appeaze,
 He had not left one limbe of him unrent
 But straight he held his hand at his com-
 mandement

XVI

Thus having all things well in peice ordayned,
 The Prince himselfe there all that night did rest,

Where him Blandina saynly entertayned
 With all the courteous glee and goodly feast
 The which for him she could imagine best
 For well she knew, the wyse to win good will
 Of every wight, that were not too inf-t,
 And how to please the munde of good and ill,
 Through tempering of her words and lookes by
 wondrous skill

XLII

Yet were her words and lookes but false and
 fayned,
 To some bad end to make more evill wy,
 Or to allure such toudlings whom she trayned
 Into her trap unto their owne decay
 Thereto, when needed, she could weepe and
 prye,
 And when her hated she could fawne and dote
 Now smiling smoothly, like to summers day,
 Now ploomng sadly, so to close her miter,
 Yet were her words but wynd, and all her teares
 but water

XLIII

Whether such grise were given her by hand,
 As women wout their full will wits to guyde,
 Or learned the art to please, I doe not fynd
 This well I wote, that she so well applyde
 Her pleasing tongue, that soone she pacifyde
 The wrathfull Prince, and wrought her hus-
 bands peace
 Who nithelasse, not therewith satisfyde,
 His rancorous despyght did not release,
 Se secretly from thought of full revenge
 surreasse

XLIV

For all thit night, the whylest the Prince did
 rest
 In earlesse couch, not waiting wh it was ment,
 He watcht in close wyse with weapons prest,
 Willing to worke his villenous intent
 On him thit had so unchally him shent
 Yet durst he not for very cowardize
 Effect the same, whylest all the night was
 spent
 The morrow next the Prince did curly rize,
 And passed forth to follow his first enter-
 prize

That other swayne, like ashes deadly pale,
Lay in the lap of death, rewing his wretched
bale.

XVIII

Much did the Ciaven seeme to mone his
case,

That for his sake his deare life had forgone,
And, him bewailing with affection base,
Did counterfeit kind pittie where was none
For wheres no courage, theres no ruth nor
mone

Thence passing forth, not farre away he found
Whereas the Prince himselfe lay all alone,
Loosely displayd upon the grasseie ground,
Possessed of sweete sleepe that luld him soft
in s wound

XIX

Wearie of travell in his former fight,
He there in shade himselfe had layd to rest,
Having his armes and warlike things un-
dight,

Fearlesse of foes that mote his peace molest,
The whyles his salvage page, that wont be
piest,

Was wandred in the wood another way,
To doe some thing that seemed to him best,
The whyles his Lord in silver slomber lay,
Like to the Evening starre adorn'd with dewy
ray

XX

Whom when as Turpin saw so loosely layd,
He weened well that he in deed was dead,
Like as that other knight to him had sayd,
But, when he nigh approchit, he mote read
Plaine signes in him of life and liveliehead
Wherert, much griev'd agunst that straunger
knight,

That him too light of credence did mislead,
He would have backe retyred from that sight,
That was to him on earth the deadliest despyght

XXI

But that same knight would not once let
him start,

But plainly gan to him declare the case
Of all his mischief and late lucklesse smart,
How both he and his fellow there in place
Were vanquished, and put to foule disgrace,
And how that he, in lieu of life him lent,
Had vow'd unto the victor him to trace
And follow through the world where so he
went,

Till that he him delivered to his punishment

XXII

He, therewith much abashed and affrayd,
Began to tremble every limbe and vaine,

And, softly whispering him, entyrelly prayd
T'advize him better then by such a traime
Him to betray unto a straunger swaine
Yet rather counsell'd him contray wize,
Sith he likewise did wrong by him sustaine,
To joyne with him and vengeance to devize,
Whylest time did offer meanes him sleeping to
surprize

XXIII

Nathelesse, for all his speach the gentle
knight

Would not be tempted to such villenie,
Regarding more his faith which he did plight,
All were it to his mortall enemye,
Then to entrap him by false teacheerie
Great shame in heges blood to be embrew'd
Thus whylest they were debating diverslie,
The Salvage forth out of the wood issew'd
Backe to the place, whereas his Lord he sleep-
ing vew'd

XXIV

There when he saw those two so neare him
stand, [bee,
He doubted much what mote their meaning
And throwing downe his load out of his hand,
(To weet, great store of Forrest frute which hee
Had for his food late gathered from the tree,)
Himselfe unto his weapon he betooke,
That was an oaken plant, which lately hee
Rent by the root, which he so sternely shooke,
That like an hazell wand it quivered and
quooke

XXV

Whereat the Prince awaking, when he spyde
The traytour Turpin with that other knight,
He staid up, and snatching neare his syde
His trustie sword, the servant of his myght,
Like a fell Lyon leaped to him light,
And his lett hand upon his collar layd
Therewith the cowheard, deaded with affright,
Fell flat to ground, ne word unto him sayd,
But, holding up his hands, with silence mercie
payd

XXVI

But he so full of indignation was,
That to his prayer nought he would incline,
But, as he lay upon the humbled gras,
His foot he set on his vile necke, in signe
Of servile yoke, that nobler harts repine
Then, letting him arise like abject thiall,
He gan to him object his haynous crime,
And to revile, and rate, and recient call,
And lastly to despoyle of knightly bannerall

XXVII

And after all, for greater infamie,
He by the heeles him hung upon a tree,

That the cold steele, through piercing, did de-
vowre
His vitall breath, and to the ground him bore.
Where still he bathed lay in his owne bloody
gore

As when a cast of Faulcons make their flight
At an Herneshaw, that lyes aloft on wing,
The whyles they strike at him with heedlesse
might,
The warie soule his bill doth backward wing,
On which the first, whose force her first doth
bring,

Her selfe quite through the bodie doth engore,
And falleth downe to ground like senselesse
But th' other, not so swift as she before, [thing]
Fayles of her souse, and passing by doth hurt
no more

By this the other, which was prassed by,
Himselfe recovering was returned to fight,
Where when he saw his fellow lifelesse ly,
He much was daunted with so dismall sight,
Yet, nought abating of his former spight,
I et drive at him with so malicious mynd,
As if he would have passed through him quight,
But the steele-head no stedfast hold could fynd,
But glauncing by deceiv'd him of that he de-
svnd

Not so the Prince, for his well-learned speare
Tooke surer hould and from his horse, bracke
Above a launces length him forth did beare,
And against the cold hard earth so fore him
strake.

That all his bones in peeces nigh he brake
Where seing him so he, he left his steed,
And to him leaping vengeance thought to take
Of him for all his former follies meed, [breed]
With flaming sword in hand his terror more to

The fearfull swaine beholding death so nigh,
Cryde out aloud for mercie, him to save,
In lieu whereof he would to him deserve
Great treason to him meant, his life to reave
The Prince soone hearkned, and his life forgave
Then thus said he 'There is a straunger
knight,

The which, for promise of great meed, us drave
To this attempt to wreake his lud despight,
For that himselfe thereto did want sufficient
might'

The Prince much mused at such villenie,
And sayd 'Now sure ye well have earn'd
your meed,

For th' one is dead, and th' other soone shall die,
Unlesse to me thou hither bring with speed,
The wretch that hyr'd you to this wicked deed',
He glad of life, and wishing eke to wreake
The guilt on him which did this mischiefe
breed,
Swore by his sword, that neither day nor weke
He would surceasse, but him where so he were
would seeke.

So up he rose, and forth streightway he went
Bracke to the place where Turpine lay he lore,
There he him found in great astonishment,
To see him so bedight with bloodie gore,
And greisly wounds that him appalled sore,
Yet thus at length he said 'How now, Sir
knight,
What meaneth this which here I see before?
How fortuneth this foule uncomely plight,
So different from that which earst ye seem'd
in sight?'

'Perdie,' (said he) 'in evill hours it fell,
That ever I for meed did undertake
So hard a taske as life for hyre to sell,
The which I earst adventur'd for your sake
Witness the wounds, and thus wyde bloudie
lake,
Which ye may see yet all about me steeme.
Therefore now yeeld, as ye did promise make,
My due reward, the which right well I deeme
I've earned have, that life so dearly did re-
deeme.'

'But where then is' (quoth he halfe wroth-
fully) [bought]
'Where is the bootie, which therefore I
That cursed cative, my strong enemy,
That recreant knight, whose lited life I
sought?' [ought?]
And where is eke your friend which halfe it
'He lyes' (said he) 'upon the cold bare ground,
Slayne of that errant knight with whom he
fought,
Whom afterwards my selfe with many a wound
Did slay againe, as ye may see there in the
stound'

Thereof false Turpin was full glad and faine,
And needs with him streight to the place
would ryde,
Where he himselfe might see his foeman slaine,
For else his feare could not be satisfyde
So as they rode he saw the way all dyde
With streames of blood, which tractyng by
the traile,
Ere long they came, whereas in evill tyde

XXXII

The sonne of Venus, who is myld by kynd
But where he is provokt with peevishnesse,
Unto her prayers piteously enclynd,
And did the rigour of his doome repressse,
Yet not so freely, but thurt nathellessa
He unto her a penance did impose,
Which was, that through this worlds wyde
wildernes
She wander should in companie of those,
Till she had sav'd so many loves as she did lose

XXXIII

So now she had bene wandring two whole
yeres
Throughout the world in this uncomely case,
Wasting her goodly hew in hervie teares,
And her good dayes in dolorous disgrace
Yet had she not in all these two yeres space
Saved but two, yet in two yeres befoie,
Through her dispiteous pride, whylest love
lackt place,
She had destroyed two and twenty more
Aie me! how could her love make half amends
therefore?

XXXIV

And now she was uppon the weary way,
When as the gentle Squire, with faire Serene,
Met her in such misseeming soule array,
The whiles that mighty man did her demeane
With all the evil termes and cruell meane
That he could make And eeke that angry foole
Which follow'd her, with cur'd hands uncleane
Whipping her horse, did with his smarting toole
Oft whip her dauntie selfe, and much augment
her doole

XL

Ne ought it mote availe her to entreat
The one or th' other better her to use,
For both so wilfull were and obstinate
That all her piteous plant they did refuse,
And rather did the more hei beate and bruse
But most the former villaine, which did lead
Her tyreling jade, was bent her to abuse,
Who, though she were with wearinesse nigh
dead,
Yet would not let her lye, nor rest a little stead

XLI

For he was sterne and terrible by nature,
And eeke of person huge and hideous,
Exceeding much the measure of mans stature,
And rather like a Gyant monstrous
For sooth he was descended of the hous
Of those old Gyants, which did warres darraine
Against the heaven in orde battailous,

And sib to great Orgolio, which was slaine
By Arthure, when as Unas Knight he did
maintaine

XLII

His lookes were deadfull, and his fiery eyes,
Like two great Beacons, gl'ired bright and wyde,
Glauncing askew, as if his enemies
He scorned in his overveening pryde,
And stalking stately, like a Crane, did stye de
At every step uppon the tiptoes he
And, all the way he went, on every syde
He gaz'd about and stared horrible,
As if he with his lookes would all men terrifie

XLIII

He wore no armour, ne for none did care,
As no whit dreading any living wight,
But in a Jacket, quilted richly rare
Upon checklaton, he was straungely dight,
And on his head a roll of linnen plight,
Like to the Mores of Malabar, he wore,
With which his locks, as blacke as pitchy night,
Were bound about and voyded from before,
And in his hand a mighty yron club he bore

XLIV

This was Disdaine, who led that Ladies horse
I through thuck and thin, through mountains
and through plains,
Compelling her, wher she would not, by force,
Haling her palfrey by the hempen rames
But that same foole, which most increast her
paines,
Was Scorne, who having in his hand a whip,
Her therewith ynks, and still, when she com-
plaines,
The more he laughs, and does her closely quip,
To see her sore lament and bite her tender lip

XLV

Whose cruell handling when that Squire be-
held,
And saw those villaines her so vildely use,
His gentle heart with indignation sweld,
And could no lenger beare so great abuse
As such a Lady so to beate and bruse,
But, to him stepping, such a stroke him lent,
That forst him th' halter from his hand to loose,
And maugie all his might backe to relent
Else had he surely there bene slaine, or fowly
shent

XLVI

The villaine, wroth for greeting him so sore,
Gathered him selfe together soone againe,
And with his yron batton which he bore
Let drive at him so dreadfully amaine,

And baffuld so, that all which passed by
The picture of his punishment might see,
And by the like ensample warned bee,
How ever they through reason doe trespassse
But turne we now backe to that Ladie free,
Whom late we left riding upon an Asse,
Led by a Carle and foole which by her side did
passe.

XXXIII

She was a Ladie of grent dignitie,
And lifted up to honorable place,
Famous through all the laud of Faerie
I though of meane parentage and kindred base,
Yet deckt with wondrous giftes of natures grace,
That all men did her person much admire,
And prais'd the feature of her goodly face,
The beames whereof did kindle lovely fire
In th' harts of many a knight, and many a
gentle squire.

XXXIV

But she thereof grew proud and insolent,
That none she worthie thought to be her sere,
But scorn'd them all that love unto her ment
Yet was she lov'd of many a worthy pere
Unworthy she to be belov'd so dere,
That could not weigh of worthinesse aright,
For beautie is more glorious bright and clere,
The more it is admir'd of many a wight,
And noblest she that served is of noblest
knight

XXXV

But this coy Damzell thought contrariwise,
That such proud looks would make her pray sell
more,
And that, the more she did all love despize,
The more would wretched lovers her adore
What cured she who sighed for her sore,
Or who did waile or watch the wernie night?
Let them that list their lucklesse lot deplete,
She was borne free, not bound to any wight,
And so would ever live, and love her owne de-
light

XXXVI

Through such her stubbornne stifnesse and hard
Many a wretch for want of remedie [hart,
Did languish long in life consuming smart,
And at the last through dreary dolour die
Whilist she, the Ladie of her libertie,
Did boast her beautie had such soveraine might,
That with the onely twinkle of her eye
She could or save or spill whom she would light
Wh it could the Gods doe more, but doe it more
aright?

XXXVII

But loe! the Gods, that mortall follies vew,
Did worthily revenge this maydens pride;

And, nought regarding her so goodly hew,
Did laugh at her that many did deride,
Whilist she did weepe, of no man mercifide
For on a day, when Cupid kept his court,
As he is wont at each Saint Valentide,
Unto the which all lovers doe resort,
That of their loves successe they there may
make report,

XXXVIII

It fortun'd then, that when the roules were
red [fyed,
In which the names of all loves folke were
That many there were missing, which were ded,
Or kept in bands, or from their loves exyled,
Or by some other violence despoiled
Which when as Cupid heard he wexed wroth,
And doubting to be wronged or beguiled,
He brd his eyes to be unblindfold both,
That he might see his men, and muster them
by oth

XXXIX

Then found he many missing of his crew,
Which wont doe suit and service to his might,
Of whom what was becomen no man knew
Therefore a Jurie was unprincely straight
T' enquire of them, whether by force or slight,
Or their owne guilt, they were away conveyd?
To whom foule Infamie and fell Despight
Gave evidence, that they were all betrayd
And murthered cruelly by a rebellious Mayd

XL

Fayre Mirabella was her name, whereby
Of all those crimes she there indicted was
All which when Cupid heard, he by and by
In great displeasure wold a Cypias
Should issue forth t' attach that scornefull
lasse
The warrant straight was made, and there-
withall
A Bay heste-errant forth in post did passe,
Whom they by name there Portamore did call,
He which doth summon lovers to loves judge-
ment hall

XLI

The damzell was attacht, and shortly brought
Unto the barre whereus she was arrivned,
But she theretoould plead, nor answer ought,
I ven for stubbornne pride which her restrayned
So judgement past, as is by law ordayned
In cases like, which when at last she saw,
Her stubbornne hart, which love before dis-
dayned,
Gan stoupe, and, falling downe with humble
awe,
Cryde mercie, to abate the extremitie of Law

V

The Squire him selfe, when as he saw his Lord
The witness of his wretchednesse in place,
Was much asham'd that with an hempen cord
He like a dog was led in captiue case,
And did his head for bashtulnesse abase,
As loth to see or to be seene at all
Shame would be hid But whenas Enias
Beheld two such, of two such villaines thrall,
His manly mynde was much emmoued there-
withall,

VI

And to the Prince thus sayd 'See you, Sir
Knight,
The grentest shame that ever eye yet saw,
Your Lady and her Squire with foule despyght
Abuse, against all reason and all law,
Without regard of pittie or of awe?
See, how they doe that Squire beat and reuile'
See, how they doe the Lady haile and drow'
But, if ye please to lend me leaue awhile,
I will them soone acquite, and both of blame
assoile'

VII

The Prince assented, and then he, straight-
way
Dismounting light, his shield about him threw,
With which approuching thus he gan to say
'Abide, ye captiue trenchetours wretre,
That haue with treason thrall'd unto you
These two, unworthy of your wretched bands,
And now your crime with cruelty pursue'
Abide, and from them lay your loathly hands,
Or else abide the death that hard before you
stands'

VIII

The villaine staid not answer to inuent,
But with his iron club prepring way,
His mindes sad message backe unto him sent,
The which descended with such dreadfull sway
That seemed nought the course thereof could
stay,
No more then lightening from the lofty sky
No list the Knight the powre thereof assav,
Whose doome was death, but, lightly slipping
by,
Unwares defrauded his intended destiny

IX

And, to requite him with the like againe,
With his sharpe sword he fiercely at him flew,
And strooke so strongly, that the Carle with
paine
Saved him selfe but that he there him slew,
Yet say'd not so, but that the blood it drew,
And gave his foe good hope of victory
Who therewith flesht upon him set anew,

And with the second stroke thought certainly
To haue supplyde the first, and paide the usury

X

But Fortune answerd not unto his call,
For, as his hand was heaued up on hight,
The villaine met him in the middle fall,
And with his club bet bracke his brondy ron
bright
So forcibly, that with his owne hands might,
Rebenten backe upon himselfe againe,
He driven was to ground in selfe despyght,
From whence ere he recovery could gaine,
He in his necke had set his foote with fell dis-
claime

XI

With that the foole, which did thit end awayte,
Came running in, and, whilest on ground he
lay,
Lande heavy hands on him and held so strauite,
That downe he kept him with his scornfull
sway,
So as he could not weld him any way
The whiles that other villaine went about
Him to haue bound and thrall'd without delay,
The whiles the foole did him reuile and flout,
Threatning to yoke them two and tame their
courage stout

XII

As when a sturdy ploughman with his hynde
By strength haue overthrowne a stubborne
steare, [bynde,
They downe him hold, and fast with cords do
Till they him force the buyome yoke to beare
So did these two this Knight oft tug and teare
Which when the Prince beheld, there standing
by,
He left his lofty steede to ride him neare,
And, buckling soone him selfe, gan fiercely fly
Upon that Carle to save his friend from
jeopardy

XIII

The villaine, leauing him unto his mate
To be captiue'd and handled as he list,
Himselfe addrest unto this new debate,
And with his club him all about so blist,
That he which way to turne him scarcely wist
Sometimes aloft he layd, sometimes alow,
Now here, now there, and oft him nere he
mist,
So doubtfull, that hardly one could know
Whether more wary were to giue or waite the
blow

XIV

But yet the Prince so well enured was
With such huge strokes, approved oft in fight,

That for his safety he did him constrain,
To give him ground, and shift to every side,
Rather than once his burden to sustain,
For bootlesse thing him seemed to abide
So mighty blowes, or prove the painfullness of
his pride.

XVII

I like as a Mistifull having at a by
A salvage Bull, whose cruell hornes doe threat
Desperate danger, if he them a by
Trace th his ground, and stand about doth beat,
To spy where he may some advantage get,
The whike the best doth reape and husbandrie,
So did the Squire, the whike the Cark did beat
And fume in his disdaine full mynd the more,
And oftentimes by Turming, and Mithound,
swore

XVIII

Nathlesse so sharply still he him pursued,
That at last into him at last he tooke
When his tooke slept, (that ship he deadly
revel)
And with his iron club to ground him strooke,
Where still he lay, ne out of swon he awoke,
Till heavy hand the Cark upon him layd,
And bound him fast. The, when he up did looke

And saw him selfe captiv'd, he was dismayd,
Ne power had to withstand, no hope of any
ryd

XIX

Then up he made him rise, and forward fare,
Tied in a rope which both his hands did bind,
Ne might that tooke for pittie dol him spare,
But with his whip, him following behynd,
Him ofte scourg'd, and forc'd his feete to stand
A dolefull whike with bitter moans and mooves
He wold him euen, that to his gentle myrd
Was much more greivous then the others
blowes
Words sharply wound, but greatest griefe of
scurving growes.

L

The fure Squire, when she saw him fall
Took that villaines club, then surely thought
That shame he wold, or made a wretched thrall,
And fled away with all the speede she mought,
To wake for a while which long times he mought,
And past through many perils by the way,
Till she came to the place where was brought
He which discourse as now I must delay,
Till Mirabellas fortunes I doe further say.

CANIO VIII

Prince Arthur o' creones D'Alaine,
Quitt a Mirabell from disaine,
Seren a fount of disaine,
By Calpita is faine

I

Ye gentle Iudex, in whose soveraine power
I owe with the glory of his Iudicium left,
And th' hearts of men, as your eternall dower,
In yron chains of liberty be set,
Delivered hath into your hands by gift,
Be well to the how so the same doe use,
That pride doe not to tyranny you list,
I east, if men you of cruelty accuse,
He from you like that chudome which ye doe
abuse

II

And as ye soft and tender are by kinde,
Adorn'd with goodly gifts of beauties grace,
So be ye soft and tender eke in mynde,
But cruelty and hardness from you chace,
That all your other praises will deface,
And from you turne the love of men to hate
I nsample take of Mirabellas case,
Who from the high degree of happy state
Fell into wretched woes, which she repented
late

III

Who after thralldome of the gentle Squire,
Which she beheld with lamentable eye,
Was touch'd with compassion enter,
And much lamented his calamity,
That for her sake fell into misery,
Which booted nought for prayers nor for thee it
To hope for to release or mollify,
For he the more that she did them entreat,
The more they him mis-use, and cruelly did
beat

IV

So as they forwird on their way did pry,
Him still revyling and insulting sore,
Thy met Prince Arthur with Sir Lmas,
(That was that courteous knight, whom he
before
Having subdew'd yet did to life restore,
To whom as they approacht, they gave augment
Their cruelty, and him to punish more,
Scourging and haling him more vehement,
As if them should grieve to see his punishment

XXIII

'Certes,' (sayd then the Prince) 'the God is
just,
That taketh vengeance of his peoples spoile,
For were no law in love, but all that lust
Might them oppresse, and painefully turmoile,
His kingdome would continue but a while
But tell me, Lady, wherefore doe you beare
This bottle thus before you with such toile,
And eeke this wallet at your backe arreare,
That for these Curles to carry much more
comely were?'

XXIV

'Here in this bottle' (sayd the sory Mayd)
'I put the teares of my contrition,
Till to the brim I have it full defrayd
And in this bag, which I behinde me don,
I put repentance for things past and gon
Yet is the bottle leake, and bag so torne,
That all which I put in fals out anon,
And is behinde me trodden downe of Scorne
Who mocketh all my paine, and laughs the
more I mourn.'

XXV

The Infant hearkned wisely to her tale,
And wondred much at Cupids judg'ment wise,
That could so meekly make proud hearts
ayale,
And wreake him selfe on them that him despise
Then suffred he Disdaune up to arise,
Who was not able up him selfe to reare,
By meanes his leg, through his late luckelesse
prise,
Was crackt in twaine, but by his foolish feare
Was holpen up, who him supported standing
neare

XXVI

But being up he lookt againe aloft,
As if he never had received fall,
And with sterne eye-browes stared at him oft,
As if he would have daunted him withall
And standing on his tiptoes, to seeme tall,
Downe on his golden teete he often gazed,
As if such pride the other could apall,
Who was so far from being ought amazed,
That he his lookes despised, and his boast
disprazed.

XXVII

Then turning backe unto that captive thrall,
Who all this while stood there beside them
bound,
Unwilling to be knowne or seene at all,
He from those bands weend him to have un-
wound,

But when approaching neare he plainly found
It was his owne true groome, the gentle Squire,
He thereat wext exceedingly astound,
And him did oft embrace, and oft admire,
Ne could with seemg satisfie his great desire

XXVIII

Meane-while the Salvage man, when he be-
held [Knight,
That huge great foole oppressing th' other
Whom with his weight unweldy downe he
held,
He flew upon him like a greedy hight
Unto some carrion offered to his sight,
And, downe him plucking, with his nailes and
teeth
Gan him to hale, and teare and scratch, and bite,
And, from him taking his owne whip, therewith
So sore him scourgeth that the blood downe
followeth.

XXIX

And sure I weene, had not the Ladies cry
Procur'd the Prince his cruell hand to stay,
He would with whipping him have done to
dye,
But being checkt he did abstaine streightway,
And let him rise Then thus the Prince gan
say
'Now, Lady, sith your fortunes thus dispose,
That if ye list have liberty ye may,
Unto your selfe I freely leave to chose,
Whether I shall you leave, or from these vil-
laines lose'

XXX

'Ah' nay, Sir Knight,' (said she) 'it may
not be,
But that I needes must by all meanes fulfill
This penance, which enjoyned is to me,
Least unto me betide a greater ill,
Yet no lesse thanks to you for your good will'
So humbly taking leave she turnd aside,
But Arthure with the rest went onward still
On his first quest, in which did him betide
A great adventure, which did him from them
devide

XXXI

But first it filleth me by course to tell
Of faire Serena, who, as erst you heard,
When first the gentle Squire at vantage fell
With those two Curles, fled fast away, afeard
Of villany to be to her infeid
So fresh the image of her former dread,
Yet dwelling in her eye, to her appeard,
That every foote did tremble which did tread,
And every body two, and two she foure did
read

That way to them he gave forth right to pas,
Ne would endure the daunger of their might,
But wayt advantage when they downe did
light

At last the day tve, after long discourse,
When all his strokes he saw avoided quite,
Resolved in one t' assemble all his force,
And make one end of him without ruth or re-
morse.

XXV

His dreadfull hand he heaved up aloft,
And with his dreadfull instrument of yre
Thought sure hve powdred him to powder
soft,
Or deepe emboweld in the earth entyre
But Fortune did not with his will conspire,
For, ere his stroke attayned his intent,
The noble childe preventing his desire,
Under his club with wary boldnesse went,
And smote him on the knee that never yet was
bent

XXVI

It never yet was bent, ne bent it now,
Albe the stroke so strong and pussant were,
That seemd a mirble pillour it could bow,
But all that leg, which did his body beire,
It crackt thorought, (yet did no bloud ap-
peare.)

So as it w is unable to support
So huge a burden on such broken geire,
But fell to ground, like to a lumpe of dunt
Whence he assaid to rise, but could not for his
hurt

XXVII

Eftsoones the Prince to him full numbly stept,
And least he should recover foote againe,
His head meant from his shoulders to have
swept

Which when the Lady saw, she cryde imaine,
'Stay, stay, Sir Knight' for love of God
abstaine

From that unwares ye welesse doe intend,
Slay not that Carle, though worthy to be
slaine,

For more on him doth then him selfe depend
My life will by his death hve lamentable end

XXVIII

He staide his hand according her desire,
Yet nathmore him suffred to aize,
But, still suppressing, gaue of her inquire,
What meaning mote those uncouth words
comprize,
That in that villaines health her safety lies,
That, were no might in man, nor heart in
Knights,

Which durst her diered rescue enterprize,
Yet heavens them selves, that favour feble
rights,
Would for it selfe redresse, and punish such
despights

XXIX

Then bursting forth in teares, which gushed
fast

Like many water streames, awhile she stayd,
Till the sharpe passion being overpast,
Her tongue to her restord, then thus she sayd
'Nor heavens, nor men, can me, most wretched
mayd,

Deliver from the doome of my desert,
The which the God of love hath on me layd,
And damned to endure this dreffull smart,
For penance of my proud and hard rebellious
hart

XXX

'In prime of youthly yeares, when first the
floure

Of beauty gan to bud, and bloosme delight,
And Nature me endu'd with plentious dowre
Ot all her gifts, that pleside each living sight,
I w as below d of many a gentle Knight,
And suide and sought with all the service dew
full in my one for me deepe ground and
sight,

And to the dore of death for sorrow draw,
Complaining out on me that would not on
them rew

XXXI

'But let them love that list, or live or die,
Me list not die for any lovers doole,
Ne list me leave my loved libertie

To pittie him that list to play the foole,
To love my selfe I learned had in schoole
Thus I triumphed long in lovers paine,
And, sitting carelesse on the scorners stoole,
Did laugh at those that did lament and
plaine,

But all is now repayd with interest againe

XXXII

'For loe' the winged God that woundeth
harts

Cruide me be called to accompt therefore,
And for revengement of those wrongfull
smarts,

Which I to others did inflict afore,
Addem'd me to endure this penance sore,
That in this wize and thus unmeet array,
With these two lewd companions, and no more,
Disdaine and Scorne, I through the world
should stry,

Till I have sav'd so many as I earst did slay'

And of the pray each one a part doth beare
Now being naked, to their sordid eyes
The goodly treasures of nature appeare
Which as they view with lustfull fantasyes,
Each wisheth to him selfe, and to the rest
envyes —

XLII

Her yvorne neck, her alabaster brest,
Her pappe, which like whitesilken pillowes were
For love in soft delight thereon to rest;
Her tender sides, her bellie white and clere,
Which like an Altar did it selfe upreare
To offer sacrifice divine thereon,
Her goodly tighes whose glorie did appeare
Like a triumphal Arch, and thereupon
The spoiles of Princes hang'd which were in
battel won

XLIII

Those daintie parts, the dearlings of delight,
Which mote not be prophand of common
eyes,
Those villains view'd with loose lascivious sight,
And closely tempted with their craftie spves,
And some of them gan mongst themselves
devize

Thereof by force to take their berstly pleasure
But them the Priest rebuking did advize
To dare not to pollute so sacred treasure
Vow'd to the gods religion held even theeves
in measure.

XLIV

So, being stayd, they her from thence directed
Unto a hille grove not farr asyde,
In which an altar shortly they erected
To lay her on And now the Eventyde
His brode black wings had through the heavens
wyde

By this dispred, that was the tyme ordayned
For such a dismall deed, their guilt to hyde
Of few greene turfes an altar soone they sained,
And deckt it all with flowres which they nigh
hand obtayned

XLV

Tho, when as all things readie were aright,
The Damzell was before the altar set,
Being already dead with fearefull fright
To whom the Priest with naked armes full net
Approching nigh, and murderous knife well
whet

Can mutter close a certaine secret charme,
With other divish ceremonies met
Which doen, he ran aloft t'advantage his arme
Whereat they shouted all, and made a loud
alarme.

XLVI

Then gan the bagpipes and the hornes to
shrill
And shriek aloud, that, with the peoples
Contused, did the ayre with terror fill,
And made the wood to tremble at the noyce
The whyles she wayld, the more they did
rejoyce

Now mote ye understand that to this grove
Sir Calepine, by chauce more then by choyce,
The selfe same evening fortune hether drove,
As he to seeke Serena through the woods did
rove

XLVII

Long had he sought her, and through many
a soyle
Had traveld still on foot in heavie armes,
Ne ought was tyred with his endlesse toyle,
Ne ought was feared of his certaine harmes
And now all weetlesse of the wretched stormes,
In which his love was lost, he slept full fast,
Till, being waked with these loud alarmes,
He lightly started up like one aghast,
And, catching up his arms, streight to the
noise forth past

XLVIII

There by th' uncertaine glims of starry night,
And, by the twinkling of their sacred fire,
He mote perceive a litle dawning sight
Of all which there was doing in that quire.
Mongst whom a woman spoild of all attire
He spyde lamenting her unluckie strife,
And groning sore from grieved hart entire
Eftsoones he saw one with a naked knife
Readie to launch her brest, and let out loved
life.

XLIX

With that he thrusts into the thickest throng
And, even as his right hand adowne descends,
He him preventing layes on earth along,
And sacrificeth to th' infernall seends
Then to the rest his wrathfull hand he bends,
Of whom he makes such havocke and such hew,
That swarmes of damned soules to hell he
sends

The rest, that scape his sword and deatheschew,
Fly like a flocke of doves before a Faulcons
vow

L

From them returning to that Ladie Lacke,
Whom by the Altar he doth sit, and
Yet fearing death, and next to death the Licke
Of clothes to cover what they ought by kind,
He first her hands begynneth to unbind,
And then to question of her present woe
And afterwards to cheare with speeches full,

XXVII

Through hils and dales, through bushes and
through breres
Long thus she fled, till that at last she thought
Her selfe now past the perill of her feires
Then looking round about, and seeing nought
Which doubt of daunger to her offer mought,
She from her palfrey lighted on the plaine,
And, sitting downe, her selfe while bethought
Of her long travell and turmoyling paine,
And often did of love, and oft of lucke complaine

XXVIII

And evermore she blamed Calpine,
The good Sir Calpine, her owne true Knight,
As th' onely author of her wotull tyme,
For being of his love to her so light,
As her to leave in such a pitious plight
Yet never Turtle truer to his make,
Then he was true unto his Lady bright,
Who all this while endured for her sake
Great perill of his life, and restlesse paines did
take

XXIX

Tho when as all her plants she had displayd,
And well disburdened her engrieved brest,
Upon the grasse her selfe adowne she layd,
Where, being tyde with travell, and opprest
With sorrow, she betooke her selfe to rest
There whilist in Morpheus bosome safe she lay,
Ferrelse of ought that mote her peace molest,
False Fortune did her safety betray
Unto a strange mischaunce that menaced her
decay

XXX

In these wilde deserts where she now abode,
There dwelt a salvage nation, which did live
Of stealth and spoile, and making mightily rode
Into their neighbours borders, ne did give
Ihem selves to any trade, (as for to drive
The painefull plough, or cattell for to breed,
Or by adventrous marchandize to thrive.)
But on the labours of poore men to feed,
And serve their owne necessities with others
need

XXXI

Thereto they usde one most accursed order,
To eate the flesh of men whom they mote fynde,
And straungers to devoure, which on their
border
Were brought by error or by wreckfull wande,
A monstious cruelty gainst course of kynde
They, towards evening wandering every way
To seeke for booty, came by fortune blynde
Whereas this Lady, like a sheepe astray,
Nowdrowned in the depth of sleepe all fearelesse
lay

XXXVII

Soone as they spide her, Lord! what gladfull
glee
They made amongst them selves, but when
her face
Like the faire yory shining they did see,
Each gan his fellow solace and embrace
For joy of such good hap by heavenly grace
Then gan they to devise what course to take,
Whether to slay her there upon the place,
Or suffer her out of her sleepe to wake,
And then her eate attonce, or many meales to
make

XXXVIII

The best advizement was, of bad, to let her
Sleepe out her ill without encomberment,
For sleepe, they sayd, would make her battill
better
Then when she wakt they all gave one consent
That, since by grace of God she there was sent,
Unto their God they would her sacrifice,
Whose share, her guiltlesse blood, they would
present,
But of her dauntly flesh they did devise
To make a common feast, and feed with gurnandize.

XXXIX

So round about her they them selves did place
Upon the grasse, and diversely dispose space
As each thought best to spend the hyngring
Some with their eyes the damtest morsels chose,
Some praise her paps, some praise her lips and
nose,
Some whet their knives, and strip their elboes
bare
The Priest him selfe a garland doth compose
Of finest flowers, and with full busie care
His bloody vessels wash, and holy fire prepare

XL

The Damzell wakes, then all attonce upstart,
And round about her flocke, like many flies,
Whooping and hallowing on every part,
As if they would have rent the brassen skies
Which when she sees, with ghastly griefes full eyes,
Her heart does quake, and deadly palmed how
Benumbes her cheekes Then out aloud she
cries,
Where none is nigh to heare that will her rewe,
And rends her golden locks, and snowy breasts
embrew

XLI

But all bootes not, the hands upon her lay,
And first they spoile her of her jewels deere,
And afterwards of all her rich array,
The which amongst them they in peeces teare,

VIII

Upon a hille hillocke she was placed
Higher then all the rest, and round about
Environ'd with a girland, goodly graced,
Of lovely lasses, and them all without
The lustie shepheard swaynes sate in a rout,
The which did pype and sing her prayes dew,
And oft rejoyce, and oft for wonder shout,
As if some miracle of heavenly hew
Were downe to them descended in that earthly
view

IX

And soothly sure she was full fayre of face,
And perfectly well shapt in every lim,
Which she did more augment with modest
grace

And comely curiage of her count'raunce trim,
That all the rest like lesse laups did dim
Who, her admiring as some heavenly wight,
Did for their soveraine goddesses her esteeme,
And, caroling her name both day and night,
The fayrest Pastorella her by name did light

X

Ne was there heard, no was there shepheards
swayne,
But her did honour, and eke in my a one
Burnt in her love, and with sweet pleasing
payne
Full in my a night for her did sigh and grone
But most of all the shepheard Coridon
for her did l'ingush, and his deere life spend,
Yet neither she for him nor other none
Did care a whit, ne any liking kind
Though meant her lot, yet higher did her
mound ascend

XI

Her whyles Sir Calidore there vewed well,
And markt her rare demeanure, which him
seemed
So farr the meane of shepheards to excell,
As that he in his mind her worthy deemed
To be a Princes Paragone esteemed,
He was unware surpris'd in subtil bands
Of the blynd boy, ne thence could be redeemed
By any skill out of his cruell hands,
Caught like the bird which gazing still on
others stands.

XII

So stood he still long gazing thereupon,
Ne any will had thence to move away,
Although his quest were farr afor, him gon
But after he had sed, yet did he stay
And sate there still untill the flying day
Was farr forth spent, discoursing diversly
Of sundry things as fell, to worke delay,

And evermore his speech he did apply
To th' heards, but meant them to the damzels
fantazy

XIII

By this the moyste night approaching fast
Her dewy humour gan on th' earth to shed,
That warn'd the shepheards to their homes to
Their tender flocks, now being fully fed, [hast
for feare of wetting them before their bed.
Then came to them a good old aged syre,
Whose silver lockes bedeckt his beard and hed,
With shepheards hooke in hand, and fit attyre,
That wold the damzell rise, the day did now
expyre

XIV

He was, to weet, by common voice esteemed
The father of the mayrest Pastorell,
And of her selfe in vry deede so deemed,
Yet was not so, but, as old stories tell,
Found her by fortune, which to him lesell,
In th' open fields an Infant left alone,
And, taking up, brought home and noursed well
As his owne chylde, for other he had none,
That she in tract of time accompted was his
owne

XV

She at his bidding meekely did arise,
And streight unto her little flocke did fare
Then all the rest about her rose likewise,
And each his sundry sheepe with severall care
Gathered together, and them homeward bare
Whylest everie one with helping hands did
strive, [share,
Amongst themselves, and did their labours
To helpe faire Pastorell home to drive
Her fleecy flocke, but Coridon most helpe did
give

XVI

But Melibee (so hight th' it good old man)
Now seeing Calidore left all alone,
And night arriv'd hard at hand, began
Him to invite unto his simple home,
Which though it were a cottage clad with lome,
And all things therein meane, yet better so
To lodge then in the salvage fields to come
The knight full gladly soone agreed thereto,
(Being his harts owne wish,) and home with
him did go

XVII

There he was welcom'd of that honest syre
And of his aged Bedlame homely well,
Who him besought himselfe to disutye,
And rest himselfe till supper time befall,
By which home came the fayrest Pastorell,
After her flocke she in their fold had tyde
And supper readie dight they to it fell

But she, for ought that he could see or doe,
One word durst speake, or answer him awlitt
thereto

II

So inward shame of her uncomely case
She did conceive, through care of womanhood,

That though the night did cover her disgrace,
Yet she in so unwomanly a mood
Would not be wray the state in which she stood
So all th'it night to him unknown she past,
But day, that doth discover bad and good,
Forsworn, made her knowne to him at last
The end wherof he keeps untill another east.

CANIO IX

Calidore hesteth with Melibe,
And loves his re Pastorell
Coridon envies him yet le
For all revails him well

I

Now turne againe my time, thou jolly swaine,
Hicke to the furrow which I lately left
I lately left a furrow one or twayne,
Unplough'd, the which my coultter hath not
left,

Yet seem'd the soyle both faine and fruite full left,
As I it past that were too great a shame,
That so rich fruite should be from us bereft,
Besides the great dishonour and defame,
Which should befall to Calidore's immortal
name

II

Great travell hath the gentle Calidore
And to be endured, with I left him last
Sewing the Blissant Beast, which I forbore
To finish thine, for other present hast
Full many pathes and perils he hath past,
Through hills, through dikes, through forrests,
and through plumes

In that same quest which fortune on him cast,
Which he achieved to his owne great graces,
Reaping eternall glorie of his restles paines

III

So shurly he the Monster did pursue,
That day nor night he suffred him to rest,
Ne rested he himself, but naturas dew,
For dread of danger not to be redrest,
If he for slouth forslack't so famous quest.
Him first from court he to the citties coursed,
And from the citties to the townes him prest
And from the townes into the countrie forsed,
And from the countrie back to private farmes
he scored

IV

From thence into the open fields he fled,
Whereas the Heardes were keeping of their
neat, [fed]
And shepherds singing to their flockes (that
Layes of sweete love and youthes delightfull
heat

Him thither eke, for all his wrefull threat,
He followed fast, and chaced him so nee,
That to the fold, where sheepe at night doe
rest,
And to the little cots, where shepherds lie
In winter, wrefull time, he forced him to tie.

V

There on a day, as he pursu'd the chace,
He chaunst to spy a sort of shepheard groomes,
Playing on pipes and caroling spruce,
The whiles their beasts there in the budded
broomes

Beside them sed, and nipt the tender bloomes,
For other worldly wealth they cared nought.
To whom Sir Calidore yet sweating come,
And them to tell him courteously brought,
If such a beast they saw, which he had thither
brought

VI

They answer'd him that no such beast they
Nor my wicked hand that mote offend saw
Their happie flocke nor danger to them draw,
But if that such there were (as now they kend)
They prayd high God them fure from them to
send

Then one of them, him seeing so to sweat,
After his rusticke wise, that well he weend,
Offer'd him drinke to quench his thirstie heat,
And, if he hungry were, him offer'd eke to eat

VII

The knight was nothing mee, where was no
need,

And took their gentle offer so adowne
They prayd him sit, and gave him for to feed
Such homely whitt as serves the simple clowne,
That doth despise the dainties of the towne.
Thow, having fed his ill, he then beside
Saw a faire damzell, which did weare a crowne
Of sundry flowres with silken ribbands tyde
Yclad in home-made greene that her owne hands
had dyde

XXVII

Yet to occasion meanes to worke his mind,
And to insuinate his harts desire,
He thus replyde 'Now surely, syre, I find,
That all this worlds gray shoves, which we
admire,
Be but vaine shadowes to this safe retyre
Of life, which here in lowlinesse ye lead,
Fearelesse of foes, or fortunes wiackfull yre
Which tosseth states, and under foot doth tread
The mightie ones, affrayd of every chaunges
dread

XXVIII

'That even I, which daily doe behold
The glorie of the great mongst whom I won,
And now have prov'd what happinesse ye hold
In this small plot of your dominion,
Now loath great Lordship and ambition,
And wish th' heavens so much had graced mee,
As graunt me live in like condition,
Or that my fortunes might transposed bee
From pitch of higher place unto this low de-
gree'

XXIX

'In vaine' (said then old Meliboe) 'doe men
The heavens of their fortunes fault accuse,
Sith they know best what is the best for them,
For they to each such fortune doe diffuse,
As they doe know each can most aptly use
For not that which men covet most is best,
Nor that thing worst which men do most re-
But fittest is, that all contented rest [fuse,
With that they hold each hath his fortune in
his brest

XXX

'It is the mynd that maketh good or ill,
That maketh wretch or happie, rich or poore,
For some, that hath abundance at his will,
Hath not enough, but wants in greatest store,
And other, that hath litle, asks no more,
But in that litle is both rich and wise,
For wisdom is most riches fooles therefore
They are which fortunes doe by vovs devize,
Sith each unto himselfe his life may fortunize'

XXXI

'Since then in each mans self' (said Calidore)
'It is to fashion his owne lyfes estate,
Give leave awyle, good father, in this shore
To rest my bareke, which hath bene beaten late
With stormes of fortune and tempestuous fate
In seas of troubles and of toylesome paine,
That, whether quite from them for to retrate
I shall resolve, or backe to turne againe,
I may here with your selfe some small repose
obtaine

XXXII

'Not that the burden of so bold a gnest
Shall chargefull be, or chaunge to you at all,
For your meane food shall be my daily feast,
And this your cabin both my bowre and hall
Besides, for recompence hereof I shall
You well reward, and golden guerdon give,
That may perhaps you better much withall,
And in this quiet make you safer live'
So forth he drew much gold, and toward him
it drive

XXXIII

But the good man, nought tempted with the
offer
Of his rich mould, did thrust it farre away,
And thus bespake 'Sir knight, your boun-
teous proffer
Be farre fro me, to whom ye ill display
That mucky masse, the cause of mens decay,
That mote empaire my peace with duncers
But, if ye algates covet to assay [dread,
This simple sort of life that shepherds lead,
Be it your owne our rudenesse to your selfe
aread'

XXXIV

So there that night Sir Calidore did dwell,
And long while alter, whilst him list remaine,
Dayly beholding the faire Pastorell,
And feeding on the bayt of his owne bane
During which time he did her entertaime
With all kind courtesies he could invent,
And every day, her companie to gaime,
When to the field she went he with her went
So for to quench his fire he did it more aug-
ment.

XXXV

But she that never had acquainted beene
With such quaint usage, sit for Queenes and
Kings,
Ne ever had such knightly service seene,
But, being bred under brise shepherds wings,
Had ever learn'd to love the lowly things,
Did litle whit regard his courteous guise,
But cared more for Collins carolings
Then all that he could doe, or ever devize
His layes, his loves, his lookes, she did them
all despize

XXXVI

Which Calidore perceiving, thought it best
To chaunge the manner of his lustie looke,
And doffing his bright aimes himselfe address
In shepherds weed, and in his hand he tooke,
Instead of steele-head speare, a shepherds
hooke, [thought
That who had seene him then, would have be-
On Phrygian Paris by Plexippus brooke,

With small adoe, and nature satisfyde,
The which doth little crave contented to abyde

XXIII

Tho when they had their hunger slack'd well,
And the faire maid the table ta'ne away,
The gentle knight, as he that did excell
In courtesie and well could doe and say,
For so great kindnesse as he found that day
(Can greatly thank his host and his good wife
And drawing thence his speech another way,
Can highly to commend the happie life
Which Shepherds lead, without debate or
bitter strife

XXIV

How much (sayd he) more happie is the
state
In which ye, father here doe dwell at ease,
Leading a life so free and fortunate
From all the tumults of these worldly cares,
Which tesse the rest in dangerous disease,
Where warres, and wrackes, and wicked en-
mities
Doe them afflict, which no man can appease
That certes I your happinesse crave,
And wish my lot were plust in such felicitie

XXV

Surely my sonne, (then answerd he agayne)
If happie then it is in this intent,
That living small yet doe I not complaine
Or want, ne wish for more it to augment,
But doe my selfe with that I have content,
So taught of nature, which doth little need
Of forreine helpes to lifes due nourishment
The fields my tood, my flocke my payment
breed,
No better doe I weare, no better doe I feed.

XXVI

Therefore I doe not any one envy,
Nor am envye of any one therefore
They, that have much, feare much to lose
thereby,
And store of cares doth tollow riches store
The hile that I live grows daily more
Without my care, but onke to attend it,
My lambes doe every yere increase their score,
And my flockes rather daily doth amound it
What have I, but to praise th' Almighty that
doth send it

XXVII

To them that list the worlds gay shewes I
leave,
And to great ones such follies doe forgive
Which oft through pride do their owne perill
weave, [drive
And through ambition downe themselves doe

To sad decay, that might contented live.
Me no such cares nor combrous thoughts
offend,

Ne once my munde unmoved quiet grieve,
But all the night in silver sleepe I spend,
And all the day to what I list I doe attend

XXVIII

Sometimes I hunt the Fox, the vowed foe
Unto my Lambes, and him dislodge away,
Sometime the fawne I practise from the Doe
Or from the Goat her kidde, how to convey
Another while I baytes and nets display
The birds to catch, or bees to beguile,
And when I wane am, I downe doe lay
My lumbes in every shade to rest from toyle,
And drinke of every brooke when thirst my
throate doth boyle.

XXIX

The time was once in my first prime of yeares,
When pride of youth forth pricked my desire,
That I disdaind amorous minne, equall pearles
To follow sheepe and shepherds base attire
For further fortune than I would inquire;
And leaving home to roall court I sought,
Where I did sell my selfe for yearely hire,
And in the Princes garbun daily wrought
Then I beheld such vanities as I never
thought.

XXX

With sight whereof soonc djoyd, and long
deluded
With idle hopes which them doe entertaine,
After I hid ten yeares my selfe excluded
From native home, and spent my youth in vaine,
I gan my follies to my selfe to plaine,
And this sweet peace, whose lacke did then
appeare
Tho, backe returning to my sheepe againe,
I from thenceforth have learn'd to love more
deere
This lowly quiet life which I inherite here

XXXI

Why lest thus he talkt the knight with greedy
care
Hong still upon his melting mouth attent.
Whose sensefull words empierst his hart so
neare.
That he was rapt with double ravishment,
Both of his speech, that wrought him great
content,
And also of the object of his view,
On which his hungry eye was alwayes bent;
That twist his pleasing tongue, and her furr
hew, [grew
He lost himselfe, and like one halfe entranced

Which having got, he used without crime
Or blamefull blot, but menaged so well,
That he, of all the rest which there did dwell,
Was favoured and to her grace commended

But what straunge fortunes unto him befell,
Ere he attain'd the point by him intended,
Shall more conveniently in other place be
ended

CANTO X.

Calidore sees the Graces daunce
To Collins melody,
The whiles his Pastorell is led
Into captivity

I

Who now does follow the soule Blatant
Beast,
Whilest Calidore does follow that faire Mayd,
Unmyndfull of his vow, and high beheast
Which by the Faery Queene was on him layd,
That he should never leaue, nor be deliue'd
From chasing him, till he had it attchieued?
But now, entrapt of love, which him betrayd,
He mindeth more how he may be relieved
With grace from her, whose love his heart hath
sore en griev'd

II

That from henceforth he meanes no more to
sew
His former quest, so full of toile and paine
Another quest, another game in vew
He hath, the guerdon of his love to gaue,
With whom he myndes for ever to remaine,
And set his rest amongst the rusticke sort,
Rather then hunt still after shadowes vaine
Of courtly favour, fed with light report
Of every blaste, and sayling alwaies in the
port.

III

Ne certes mote he greatly blamed be
From so high step to stoupe unto so low,
For who had tasted once (as oft did he)
The happy peace which there doth overflow,
And provid'd the perfect pleasures which doe
grow [dales,
Amongst poore hyndes, in hils, in woods, in
Would never more delight in painted show
Of such false blisse, as there is set for stales
" entrap unwary fooles in their eternall
bales

IV

For what hath all that goodly glorious gaze
like to one sight which Calidore did vew?
The glaunce whereof their dimmed eyes would
daze,
That never more they should endure the shew

Of that sunne-shine that makes them looke
askev
Ne ought, in all that world of beauties rare,
(Save onely Glorianaes heavenly hew,
To which what can compare?) can it compare,
The which, as commeth now by course, I will
declare

V

One day, as he did raunge the fields abroad,
Whilest his fure Pastorella was elsewhere,
He chaunst to come, far from all people troad,
Unto a place whose pleasance did appere
To passe all others on the earth which were
For all that ever was by natures skill
Devized to worke delight was gathered there,
And there by her were poured forth at fill,
As if, this to adorne, she all the rest did pill

VI

It was an hill plaste in an open plaine,
That round about was bordered with a wood
Of matchlesse light, that seem'd th' earth to
disdaine,
In which all trees of honour stately stood,
And did all winter as in sommer bud,
Spredde pavilions for the birds to bowre,
Which in their lower branches sung aloud,
And in their tops the spring hauke did towre,
Sitting like King of fowles in majesty and
powre

VII

And at the foote thereof a gentle flud
His silver waves did softly tumble downe,
Unmard with ragged mosse or filthy mud,
Ne mote wylde beastes, ne mote the ruder
clowne,
Thereto approach, ne filth mote therein drowne
But Nymphes and Faeries by the bancks did
sit [croune,
In the woods shade which did the waters
Keeping all noysome things away from it,
And to the waters fall tuning their accents
fit

When he the love of fayre Oenone sought,
What time the golden apple was unto him
brought

XXVI

So being clad unto the fields he went
With the faire Pastorella every day,
And kept her sheepe with diligent attent,
Watching to drive the ravenous Wolfe away,
The whilst at pleasure she mote sport and
play,

And every evening helping them to fold
And otherwhiles, for need, he did assay
In his strong hand their rugged tears to hold,
And out of them to presse the milke love so
much could

XXVII

Which seeing Coridon, who her likewise
Long time had lov'd, and hop'd her love to
gaine,

He much was troubled at that straungers guize,
And many ge'ous thoughts conceiv'd in vaine,
That this of all his labour and long paine
Should reap the harvest ere it ripened were
That made him scoule, and pout, and oft com-
plaine

Or Pastorell to all the shepherds there,
That she did love a stranger swayer then him
more dere

XXVIII

And ever, when he came in companie
Where Calidore was present, he would loure
And byte his lip and even forgerouslie
Was ready oft his owne heart to devoure,
Impitient of any paramoure
Who, on the other side, did seeme so faire
From malicing or grudging his good houre,
That all he could he graced him with her,
Ne ever shewed signe of rancour or of jurre

XL

And oft, when Coridon unto her brought
Of litle sparrows stolen from their nest,
Or wanton squirrels in the woods fire sought,
Or other daintie thing for her addrest,
He would commend his gust, and make the
Yet she no whit his presents did regard, [best,
Ne him could find to fancee in her brest
This new-come shepherd had his market mard
Old love is litle worth when new is more
prefard

XLI

One day, when as the shepherd swaines
together
Were met to make their sports and merrie
[glee,
As they are wont in faire sunshyne weather,
The whilst their flockes in shadowes shrouded
lee,

They fell to daunce then did they all agree
That Colin Clout should pipe, as one most fit,
And Calidore should lead the ring, as hee
That most in Pastorells grace did sit
Therent frown'd Coridon, and his lip closelv
bit

XLII

But Calidore, of courteous inclination,
Tooke Coridon and set him in his place,
That he should lead the daunce, as was his
fashion,
For Coridon could daunce, and trimly trace
And when as Pastorella, him to grace,
Her flowry garland tooke from her owne head,
And plast on his, he did it soone displace,
And did it put on Coridons instead
Then Coridon wore frolicke, that earst seemed
dead

XLIII

Another time, when as they did dispose
To practise games and maisteries to try,
They for their Judge did Pastorella chose,
A girl and was the meed of victory
There Coridon forth stepping openly
Did chalenge Calidore to wrestling game,
For he, through long and perfect industry,
Iherem well practis'd was, and in the same
Thought sure t'avenge his grudge, and worke
his foe great shame

XLIV

But Calidore he greatly did mistake,
For he was strong and mightily stiffie fight,
That with one fall his necke he almost brake,
And had he not upon him fillen light,
His dearest joynt he sure had broken quight
Then was the orken crowne by Pastorell
Given to Calidore as his due right,
But he, that did in courtesie excell,
Gave it to Coridon, and wold he wonne it well

XLV

Thus did the gentle knight him-elfe abear
Amongst that rusticke rout in all his deeds,
That even they, the which his rivals were,
Could not maligne him, but commend him
needs,
For courtesie amongst the rudest breeds
Good will and favour So it surely wrought
With this faire Mayd, and in her mynde the
seeds

Of perfect love did sow, that last forth brought
The fruite of joy and blisse, though long time
dearely bought

XLVI

Thus Calidore continu'd there long time
To winne the love of the faire Pastorell,

And standing long astonished in spright
And iapt with pleasaunce, wist not what to
weene,

Whether it were the traine of beauties Queene,
Or Nymphes, or Faeries, or enchanted show,
With which his eyes mote haue deluded beene
Therefore, resolving what it was to know,
Out of the wood he rose, and toward them did
go

XVIII

But, soone as he appeared to their view,
They vanished all away out of his sight, [knew
And cleane were gone, which way he never
All save the shepheard, who, for fell despight
Of that displeasure, broke his bag-pipe quight,
And made great mone for that unhappy turne
But Calidore, though no lesse sory wight
For that mishap, yet seeing him to mourne,
Drew neare, that he the truth of all by him
mote learne

XIX

And, first him greeting, thus unto him spake
‘Hail, jolly shepheard, which thy joyous
dayes

Here ledest in this goodly merry-make,
frequented of these gentle Nymphes alwayes,
Which to thee flocke to heare thy lovely
layes’

Tell me, what mote these dainty Damzels be,
Which here with thee doe make their pleasant
playes?

Right happy thou that mayst them freely see!
But why, when I them saw, fled they away
from me?’

XX

‘Not I so happy,’ answered then that swaine,
‘As thou unhappy, which them thence didst
chace,

Whom by no means thou canst recall againe,
For, being gone, none can them bring in place,
But whom they of them selves list so to grace’
‘Right sory I,’ (sude then Sir Calidore)

‘That my ill fortune did them hence displace,
But since things passed none may now restore,
Tell me what were they all, whose lacke thee
grieves so sore?’

XXI

Thou gan that shepheard thus for to dilate
‘Then wote, thou shepheard, whatsoever thou
bee,

That all those Ladies, which thou sawest late,
Are Venus Damzels, all within her see,
But differing in honour and degree
They all are Graces which on her depend,
Besides a thousand more which ready bee

Her to adorne, when so she forth doth wend
But those three in the midst doe chiefe on her
attend

XXII

‘They are the daughters of sky-ruling Iove,
By him begot of faire Eury nome,
The Ocean daughter, in this pleasant grove,
As he, this way comming from feastfull glee
Of Thetis wedding with Æacidee,
In sommers shade him selfe here rested weary
The first of them hight mylde Euphrosyne,
Next faire Aglaur, last Thalia merry,
Sweete Goddesses all three, which me in mirth
do cherry’

XXIII

‘These three on men all gracious gifts bestow,
Which decke the body or adorne the mynde,
To make them lovely or well-favoured show,
As comely carriage, entertainment kynde,
Sweete semblant, friendly offices that bynde,
And all the complements of curtesie
They teach us how to each degree and kynde
We should our selves demeane, to low, to hie,
To friends, to toes, which skill men call Civility

XXIV

‘Therefore they alwayes smoothly seeme to
smile,

That we likewise should mylde and gentle be,
And also naked ire, that without guile
Or false dissemblance all them plume may see,
Simple and true, from covert malice free,
And eke them selves so in their daunce they
bore,

That two of them still froward seem’d to bee,
But one still towards shew’d her selfe afore,
That good should from us goe, then come, in
greater store

XXV

‘Such were those Goddesses which ye did see,
But that fourth Mayd, which there amongst them
traced,

Who can aread what creature mote she bee,
Whether a creature, or a goddesse graced
With heavenly gifts from heaven first enriched?
But what so sure she was, she worthy was
To be the fourth with those three other placed
Yet was she certes but a country lasse,
Yet she all other country lasses farre did
passe

XXVI

‘So farre, as doth the daughter of the day
All other lesser lights in light excell,
So farre doth she in beauty full array
Above all other lasses beare the bell,

VIII

And on the top thereof a spacious plaine
Did spread it selfe, to serve to all delight,
Either to daunce, when they to daunce would
taine,

Or else to course about their bases light,
No ought there wanted which for pleasure
Desired be, or thence to banish byle, [might
So pleasantly the hill with equall hight
Did seeme to overlooke the lowly vale,
Therefore it rightly cleeped was mount Acidale

IX

They say that Venus, when she did dispose
Her selfe to pleasurce, used to resort
Unto this place, and therein to repose
And rest her selfe in a gladsome port,
Or with the Graces there to play and sport,
That even her owne Cytheron, though in it
She used most to keepe her rovall court,
And in her soveraine Mesty to sit,
She in regard hereof refused and thought
unfit

X

Unto this place when as the Elfin Knight
Approcht, him seemed that the merry sound
Of a shrill pipe he plying heard on light,
And many feete fast thumping th' hollow
ground, [bound
That through the woods their Echo did re
He nigher drew to weete what mote it be
There he a troupe of Ladies dauncing found
Full merrily, and in iking glidfull glee,
And in the midst a Shepheard piping he did
see

XI

He durst not enter into th' open greene,
For dread of them unwares to be descryde
For breaking of their daunce, if he were seene,
But in the covert of the wood did by de,
Beholding all, yet of them unespide
There he did see that pleased much his sight,
That even he him selfe his eyes envide,
An hundred naked in odens lilly white
All raunged in a ring and dauncing in delight

XII

All they without were raunged in a ring,
And daunced round, but in the midst of them
Three other Ladies did both dounce and sing,
The whilst the rest them round about did
hemme,
And like a gurlond did in compasse steeme
And in the midst of those same three was
placed
Another Damzell, as a precious gemme

Amidst a ring most richly well enchaced,
That with her goodly presence all the rest
much graced

XIII

Looke! how the crowne, which Ariadne wore
Upon her yvory forehead, that same day
That Theseus her unto his bridle bore, [saw
When the bold Centaures made that bloody
With the nerce Lapithes which did them dis-
Being now placed in the firmament, [may,
Through the bright heaven doth her beam-
display,
And is unto the starres an ornament, [lent.
Which round about her move in order excel-

XIV

Such was the beauty of this goodly band,
Whose sundry parts were here too long to tell,
But she that in the midst of them did stand
Seemed all the rest in beauty to excell,
Crowned with a rosie gurlond that right well
Did her besecme And ever, as the crew
About her daunst, sweet flowres that far did
smell
And fragrant odours they uppon her threw,
But most of all those three did her with gifts
endow

XV

Those were the Graces, daughters of delight,
Handmaides of Venus, which are wont to
haunt [might
Uppon this hill, and dounce there day and
Those three to men all gifts of grace do graunt,
And all that Venus in her selfe doth want
Is borrowed of them But that faire one,
That in the midst was placed paravaunt,
Was she to whom that shepheard pypt alone,
That made him pipe so merrily, as never none

XVI

She was, to weete, that jolly Shepherds
lasse,
Which piped there un'o that merry rout,
That jolly shepheard, which there piped, was
Poore Colin Clout, (who knowes not Colin
Clout?)
He pypt apace, whilst they him daunst about
Pype, jolly shepheard, pype thou now apace
Unto thy love that made thee low to lout
Thy love is present there with thee in place,
Thy love is there advaunst to be another
Grace

XVII

Much wondred Calidore at this straunge
sight,
Whose like before his eye had never seene,

With which so sternely he the monster strooke,
That to the ground astonished he fell,
Whence, ere he could recou'r, he did him quell,
And, hewing off his head he it presented
Before the feete of the faire Pastorell,
Who, scarcely yet from former feire exempted,
A thousand times him thank't that had her
death prevented

XXXVII

From that day forth she gan him to affect,
And daily more her favour to augment,
But Coridon for cowherdize reject,
Fit to keepe sheepe, unft for loves content
The gentle heart scornes base disparagement.
Yet Calidore did not despise him quight,
But vsde him friendly for further intent,
That by his fellowship he colour might
Both his estate and love from skil of any wight

XXXVIII

So well he woo'd her, and so well he wrought
her,
With humble service, and with daily sute,
That at the last unto his will he brought her,
Which he so wisely well did prosecute,
That of his love he reapt the timely frute,
And joyed long in close felicity, [brute,
Till fortune, fraught with malice, blinde and
That envies lovers long prosperity,
Blew up a bitter storme of foule adversity

XXXIX

It fortun'd one day when Calidore
Was hunting in the woods, (as was his trade)
A lawlesse people, Brigants hight of rore,
That never use to live by plough nor spade,
But fed on spoile and booty, which they made
Upon their neighbours which did nigh them
border
The dwelling of these shepheards did invade,
And spoild their houses and them selves did
murder,
And drove away their flocks, with other much
disorder

XL

Amongst the rest, the which they then did
They spoild old Melibee of all he had, [pry,
And all his people captive led away, [rid,
Mongst which this lucklesse mayd away was
Faie Pastorella, sorrowfull and sad,
Most sorrowfull, most sad, that ever sight,
Now made the spoile of theeves and Brigants
bad,

Which was the conquest of the gentlest Knight
That ever liv'd and th' only glory of his
might.

XLI

With them also was taken Coridon,
And carried captive by those theeves away,
Who in the covert of the night, that none
Mote them descry, nor reskue from their pray,
Unto their dwelling did them close convey
Their dwelling in a litle Island was, [way
Covered with shrubby woods, in which no
Appeard for people in nor out to pas,
Nor any footing fynde for overgrown gras.

XLII

For underneth the ground their way was
made [cover
Through hollow caves, that no man mote dis-
For the thicke shrubs, which did them alwayes
shade
From view of living wight and covered over,
But darkenesse dred and daily night did hover
Through all the inner parts, wherein they
dwelt,
Ne lightned was with window, nor with lover,
But with continuall candle-light, which delt
A doubtfull sense of things, not so well seene
as felt.

XLIII

Hither those Brigants brought their present
pay, [ward,
And kept them with continuall watch and
Meaning, so soone as they convenient may,
For slaves to sell them for no small reward
To Merchants, which them kept in bondage
hard,
Or sold againe. Now when faire Pastorell
Into this place was brought, and kept with
gard
Of griesly theeves she thought her self in hell,
Where with such damned fiends she should in
darknesse dwell

XLIV

But for to tell the dolefull dreriment
And pittifull complaints which there she made,
Where day and night she nought did but l-
ment
Her wretched life shut up in deadly shade,
And waste her goodly beauty, which did fade
Like to a slowre that feelles no heate of sunne,
Which may her feeble leaves with comfort
glade—
And what befell her in that theerish wonne,
Will in another Canto better be begonne

Ne lesse in vertue thit besemes her will
Doth she exceede the rest of all her race,
For which the Graces thit here wont to dwell,
Hive for more honor brought her to this place,
And graced her so much to be another Grace

XXXII

'Another Grace she well deserves to be,
In whom so many Graces gathered are,
Excelling much the means of her degree,
Divine resemblance, beauty, soveraine rare,
Divine Christity, that sight no blinde dare
All which she with such courtesie doth grace,
That all her peers cannot with her compare,
But quite are dimmed when she is in place
She made me often pipe, and now to pipe againe

XXXIII

'Sunne of the world, great glory of the sky,
That all the earth dost light with thy rayes,
Great Gloriana, greatest Majesty
Pardon thy shepherde, monger so many Lyes
As he hath sung of thee in all his dayes,
To make one mume of thy poore handmaide,
And underneath thy feete to place her prayse,
That when thy glory shall be farre displayed
To future age of her this mention may be
made'

XXXIV

When thus that shepherde ended had his
speech,
Said Calidore: 'Now sure it vrketh mee,
That to thy blame I made this lucklesse breach,
As now the author of thy bale to be. [thou]
Thus to bereave thy loves deare sight from
But, gentle Shepherde, pardon thou my shame,
Who rashly sought thit which I mote not see'
Thus did the courteous Knight excuse his
blame, [frame]
And to recomfort him all comely meanes did

XXXV

In such discourse, they together spent
Long time, as fit occasion forth them led,
With which the Knight him selfe did much
content,
And with delight his greedy fancy fed
Both of his words, which he with reason red,
And also of the place, whose pleasures rare
With such regard his senses ravished,
That thence he had no will away to fere,
But wisht that with that shepherde he mote
dwelling share

XXXVI

But that envenim'd sting, the which of yore
His poysonous point deepe fixed in his hart

Had left, now gan afresh to rince sore,
And to renew the rigour of his smart,
Which to cure no skill of I chiches art
Mote him avale, but to returne againe
To his wounds worke, thit with lovely dart
Dinting his brest had bred his restles paine -
Like as the wounded Whale to shore flies from
the mine

XXXVII

So, taking leave of that same gentle Swaine,
He bad e returned to his rusticke wonne,
Where his faire Pastorella did remaine
To whom in sort as he at first begonne,
He duly did apply him selfe to donne
All dewfull service vnde of thoughts impure,
Ne any paines ne perill did he shonne,
By which he might her to his love allure,
And liking in her yet untried heart procure

XXXVIII

And evermore the shepherde Coridon,
What ever thing he did her to aggrate,
Did strive to much with strong contention,
And all his paines did closely emulite,
Whether it were to caroll, as they ate
Keeping their sheepe, or games to exercise,
Or to prevent her with their labours lite,
Through which if any grave chaunce to arise
To him, the Shepherde straight with jealousy
did frize

XXXIX

One day, as they all three together went
To the greene wood to gather strawberies,
There chaunce to them a dangerous accident
A figne forth out of the wood did rise,
Thit with full clowes full of neregourmandize,
And grately mouth wide gaping like hell-gate,
Did runne it Pastorall her to surprize,
Whom she beholding, now all desolate,
Can cry to them aloud to helpe her all too late

XL

Which Coridon first hearing, ran in first
To rescue her, but when he saw the fiend,
Through cowherd feare he fled away as fust,
Ne durst abide the danger of the end
His lie he steemed dearer then his friend
But Calidore soone comming to her aide,
When he the best saw ready now to rend
His loves deare spoile, in which his heart was
prayed,
He ran at him enraged, instead of being trayde

XLI

He had no weapon but his shepherds hooke
To serve the vengeance of his wrathfull will,

And seeking all things meete for remedy,
But she resol'd no remedy to synde,
Nor better cheare to shew in misery,
Till Fortune would her captive bonds unbynde
Her sicknesse was not of the body, but the
mynde

IX

During which space that she thus sicke did
lie, [wound
It chaunst a sort of merchants, which were
To skim those coastes for bondmen there to
buy,
And by such trafficke after grunes to hunt,
Arrived in this Isle, though bare and blunt,
To inquire for slaves, where being readie met
By some of these same thee es at the instant
brunt,
Were brought unto their Captaine, who was set
By his faire patients side with sorrowfull re-
gret.

X

To whom they shewed, how those marchants
were
Arr'd in place their bondslaves for to buy;
And therefore prayd that those same captives
there
Mote to them for their most commoditie
Be sold, and amongst them shared equally
This their request the Captaine much appalled,
Yet could he not their just demaund deny,
And walled straight the slaves should forth be
called,
And sold for most advantage, not to be for-
stalled.

XI

Then forth the good old Melibee was brought,
And Coridon with many other moe, [caught,
Whom they before in diverse spoyle had
All which he to the marchants sold did howe
Till some, which did the sundry prisoners
knowe,
Can to inquire for that faire shepherdesse
Which with the rest they tooke not long agoe,
And gan her forme and feature to expresse,
The more to augment her price through prudence
of comelinesse

XII

To whom the Captaine in full angry woe
Made answer, that the maid of whom they
spoke
Was his owne purchase and his onely prize;
With which none had to doe, ne ought partake,
But he himselfe which did that conquest make
Little for him to have one silly lasse [weake
Besides, through sicknesse now so wan and

That nothing meet in merchandise to passe
So shew'd them her, to prove how pale and
weake she was.

XIII

The sight of whom, though now decayd and
mard,
And eke but hardly seene by candle-light,
Yet, like a Diamond of rich regard,
In doubtfull shadow of the darke some night
With starrie beames about her shining bright,
These marchants fixed eyes did so amaze,
That what through wonder, and what through
delight,
A while on her they greedily did gaze,
And did her greatly like, and did her greatly
praise.

XIV

At last when all the rest them offred were,
And prizes to them placed at their pleasure,
They all refused in regard of her,
Ne ought would buy, how ever prised with
measure, [sure
Withouten her, whose worth above all threa-
They did esteeme, and offred store of gold
But then the Captaine, fraught with more
displeasure
Bad them be still his love should not be sold,
The rest take it they would, he her to him
would hold

XV

Therewith some other of the chiefest theeves
Boldly him bad such injurie forbare,
For that same mayd, how ever it him grieves,
Should with the rest be sold before him
there,
To make the prizes of the rest more deare
That with great rage he stoutly doth deny,
And, fiercely drawing forth his blade, doth
swear
That who so lardie hand on her doth lay,
It dearly shall aby, and death for hand-ell
pay

XVI

Thus, as they words amongst them multiply,
They fall to strokes, the frute of too much
talke.
And the mad steale about doth fiercely fly,
Not sparing wight ne leaving any balk,
But making way for death at large to walke,
Who in the horror of the grievely night,
In thousand dreadful shapes doth amongst them
stalke, [light
And makes hugge havocke, whiles the candle-
Out quenched leaves no skul nor difference of
wight.

CANTO XI.

Theeues fall out for Pastorell,
Whilest Melibee is slaine
Her Calidore from them redemes,
And bringeth backe to asne

I

The joyes of love, if they should ever last
Without affliction or disquietnesse
That worldly chaunces doe amongst them
Would be on earth too great a blessednesse,
I like to he even then most ill wretchednesse
Therefore the winged God, to let men weet
That here on earth is no sure happinesse,
A thousand sowes hath tempered with one
sweet, [meete]
To make it seeme more deere and dainty, is it

II

Like as is now befallne to this faire Mayd,
Faire Pastorell, of whom is now my song
Who being now in dreadfull darknesse laid
Amongst the theeues, which her in bondage
Delaynd yet fortune not with all this wrong
Contented, greater mischance on her threw
And sorrowe kept on her in greater throng
That who so heares her heavynesse, would run
And putty her out plight, so chingd from
pleasaut hew

III

Whylest thus she in these hellish dens re
mayned,
Wrapped in wretched cares and hearts unrest,
It so befell (as fortune had ordayned)
That he which was their Capitaine profest,
And had the chiefe command of all the rest,
One day, as he did all his prisoners view,
With lustfull eyes beheld that lovely guest,
Faire Pastorella, whose sad mournfull hew
Like the faire Morning clad in misty fog did
shew

IV

At sight whereof his barbarous heart was
fiend,
And only burnt with flames most raging whot,
That her alone he for his part desired
Of all the other pray which they had got,
And her in mynde did to him selfe allot
From that day forth he kyndnesse to her
showed, [mote]
And sought her love by all the meanes he

With looks, with words, with gifts he oft her
wowed,
And mixed threats among, and much unto her
wowed.

V

But all that ever he could doe or say
His constant mynde could not a whit remove,
Nor draw unto the lure of his lewd lay,
To graunt him favour or afford him love -
Yet erst he not to see, and all waies prove,
By which he mote accomplish his request,
Saying and doing all that mote behove,
No day nor night he suffered her to rest,
But his ill night did witch, and all the day
molest.

VI

At last, when him she so importune saw,
Fearing lest he at length the raines would
lend
Unto his lust, and make his will his law,
With in his powre she was to see or tread,
She thought it best, for shadow to pretend
Some shew of favour, by him grieving small,
That she thereby mote either freely wend,
Or at more ease continue there his thrall
A little well is lent that gameth more withall

VII

So from thenceforth, when love he to her
made,
With better tearmes she did him entertaime,
Which gave him hope, and did him halfe per
swade,
That he in time her joy mee should obtaine
But when she saw through that small myours
gaine,
That further then she willing was he prest,
She found no meanes to hurte him, but to fause
A sodaine sicknesse which her sore opprest,
And made unfit to serve his lawlesse mindes
beliest

VIII

By meanes whereof she would not him permit
Once to approach to her in privacy,
But only amongst the rest by her to sit,
Mourning the rigour of her malady,

That more increas'd the anguish of his paine
He sought the woods, but no man could see
there [heare]
He sought the plaines, but could no tidings
The woods did nought but echoes vaine re-
bound,

The playnes all waste and empie did appeare,
Where went the shepheards oft their pipes
resound, [he found]
And feed an hundred flocks, there now not one

XXVII

At last, as there he romed up and downe,
He chaunst one coming towards him to -py,
That seem'd to be some simple clowne.
With ragged weede-, and lockes upstaring
As if he did from some late daunger fly, [hye,
And yet his feare did follow him behynd
Who as he unto him approached nye,
He mote perceiue by signes which he did fynd,
That Coridon it was, the silly shepherds
hynd

XXVIII

Tho, to him running fast, he did not stay
To greet him first, but askt where were the
rest?
Where Pastorell?—Who full of fresh dismay,
And gushing forth in teares, was so oppress.
That he no word could speake, but smit his
brest,
And up to heauen his eyes fast-trembling threw
Whereat the knight amaz'd yet did not rest
But askt agayne, what ment that rufull hew
Where was his Pastorell? where all the other
crew?

XXIX

'Ah, well-away!' (sayd he, then sighing
sore)
'That ever I did liue this day to see
This dismall day, and was not dead before,
Ere I saw furt Pastorell dye'
'Die' out alas!' then Calidore did cry,
'How could the death dare ever her to quell?
But read thou shepherd, read what destiny
Or other dyrefull hap from heauen or hell
Hath wrought this wicked deed doe feare
away, and tell'

XXX

Tho, when the Shepherd breathed had a-
while [mence]
He thus began 'Where shall I then com-
this wofull tale? or how those Brigants vyle,
With cruell rage and dreadfull violence,
Spoyld all our cots and cined us from hence,
Or how sure Pastorell should have bene sold
To marchants, but was sav'd with strong de-
fence,

Or how those theeves, whilst one sought her
to hold, [and bold]
Fell all at odds, and fought through fury fierce

XXXI

'In that same conflict (woe is me) befell
This fatall chaunce, this dolefull accident,
Whose heuyn tidings now I have to tell.
First all the captives, which they here had
hent,
Were by them slaine by generall consent
Old Melibee and his good wife withall
These eyes saw die, and dearely did lament,
But, when the lot to Pastorell did fall,
Their Captaine long withstood, and did her
death withstand.

XXXII

'But what could he gainst all them doe alone?
It could not boot needs mote she die at last.
I onely scapt through great confusione
Of cries and clamors which amongst them past,
In dreadfull d irknesse dreadfully aghast,
That better were with them to haue bene dead,
Then here to see all desolate and wast,
Depry'd of those ioyes and jollie-head,
Which with these gentle shepherds here I
wont to lead'

XXXIII

When Calidore these ruefull newes had raught,
His hart quite deaded was with anguish great,
And all his wits with doole were nigh dis-
traught,
That he his face, his head, his brest did beat,
And death it selfe unto himselfe did threat,
Oft cursing th' heuens, that so cruell were
To her, whose name he often did repeat,
And wishing oft that he were present there
When she was slaine, or had bene to her
succour nere

XXXIV

But after grieve while had had his course,
And pent it selfe in mourning, he at last
Began to mitigate his swelling source,
And in his mind with better reason cast
How he might save her life, if life did last,
Or, if that dead, how he her death might
wreake,
Sith otherwise he could not mend thing past,
Or if it to revenge he were too weake,
Then for to die with her, and his lives threed
to breake.

XXXV

Tho Coridon he pryd sith he well knew
The readie way unto that theevish wonne,
To wend with him, and be his conduct crew
Unto the place, to see wh it should be donne,

XXII

Like a sort of hungry dogs, ymet
About some carcase by the common way,
Doe fall together, strying each to get
The greatest portion of the greedie pray,
All on confused heapes themselves assay,
And snatch, and by te, and rend, and tug, and
teire,
That who them sees would wonder at their fray,
And who sees not would be afraide to heare
Such was the conflict of those cruell Brigants
there

XXIII

But first of all their captives they doe kill,
Least they should joyne against the weaker
side,
Or rise against the remnant at their will
Old Meliboe is slaine, and him beside
His aged wife, with many others wide,
But Cordon, escaping craftily, [hide,
Creepes forth of dore, whilst darknes him doth
And flies away as fast as he can hie,
Ne stayeth leave to take before his friends doe
dye.

XXIV

But Pastorella, wofull wretched Elfe,
Was by the Captaine all this while defended,
Who, minding more her safety then himselfe,
His target alwayes over her pretended,
By means whereof, that mote not be amended,
He at the length was slaine and layd on
ground,
Yet holding fast twixt both his armes extended
Fyre Pastorell, who, with the selfe same
wound
Launcht through the arme, fell down with him
in dreerie swoond.

XXV

There lay she covered with confused preasse
Of carcases, which dying on her fell [ceasse,
Tho, when as he was dead, the fray gan
And each to other calling did compell
To stay their cruell hands from slaughter fell,
Sith they that were the cause of all were gone
Hereto they all ittonce agreed well,
And, lighting candles new, gan search anone,
How many of their friends were slaine, how
many fone

XXVI

Their Captaine there they cruelly found kild,
And in his armes the dreary dying maid,
Like a sweet Angell twixt two clouds uphild,
Her lovely light was dimmed and decayd
With cloud of death upon her eyes displayd,

Yet did the cloud make even that dimmed
light
Seeme much more lovely in that darknesse layd,
And twixt the twinkling of her eye-lids bright
To sparke out little beames, like starres in fog-
gie night

XXVII

But when they mov'd the carcases aside,
They found that life did yet in her remaine
Then all their helps they busily applyde
To call the soule backe to her home againe,
And wrought so well, with labour and long
That they to life recovered her at last [paine,
Who, sighing sore, as if her hart in twaine
Had riven bene and all her hart-strings brast,
With drearie drouping eyne lookt up like one
aghast

XXVIII

There she beheld, that sore her griev'd to see,
Her father and her friends about her lying,
Her selfe sole left a second spoyle to bee
Of those, that, having saved her from dying,
Renew'd her death by timely death denying
What now is left her but to weep and weepe,
Wringing her hands, and ruefully loud crying?
Ne cared she her wound in teares to steepe,
Albe with all their might those Brigants her
did keepe

XXIX

But when they saw her now reliv'd againe,
They left her so, in charge of one, the best
Of many worst, who with unkind disdain
And cruell iugour her did much molest,
Scarse yielding her due food or timely rest,
And scarcely suffering her distressed wound,
That sore her paynd, by any to be drest
So leave we her in wretched thraldome bound,
And turne we backe to Calidore where we him
found

XXX

Who when he backe returned from the wood,
And saw his shepherds cottage spoiled
quight,
And his love left away, he wexed wood
And halfe enraged at that ruefull sight,
That even his hart, for very fell despight,
And his owne flesh he readie was to teare
He chaufte, he griev'd, he fretted, and he
And fared like a furious wyld Beare, [sight,
Whose whelpes are stolne away, she being
otherwhere

XXXI

Ne wight he found to whom he might com-
plane,
Ne wight he found of whom he might inquire,

Knowing his voice, although not heard long
 sin,
 She sudden was revived therewithall,
 And wondrous joy felt in her spirits thrall
 Like him that being long in tempest tost,
 Looking each houre into deathes mouth to fall,
 At length espyes at hand the happie cost,
 On which he safety hopes that earst feard to
 be lost.

XLV

Her gentle hart, that now long season past
 Had never joyance felt nor chearefull thought,
 Began some smache of comfort new to tast,
 Like lyfull heat to nummed senses brought,
 And life to feele that long for death had sought
 Ne lesse in hart rejoyced Calidore,
 When he her found, but, like to one distraught
 And robd of reason, towards her hum bore,
 A thousand times embrast, and kist a thousand
 more.

XLVI

But now by this, with noyse of late uprore,
 The hue and cry was raysed all about,
 And all the Brigants flocking in great store
 Unto the cave gan preasse, nought having
 dout
 Of that was doen, and entred in a rout
 But Calidore in th' entry close did stand,
 And enterdayning them with courage stout,
 Still slew the foremost that came first to hand
 So long till all the entry was with bodies mand

XLVII

Tho, when no more could nigh to him approach,
 He breath'd his sword, and rested him till day,
 Which when he spyde upon the earth t'
 encroch,
 Through the dead carcases he made his way,
 Mongst which he found a sword of bette
 sty,
 With which he forth went into th' open light,
 Where all the rest for him did readie stay,
 And, fierce assayling him, with all their might
 Gan all upon him lay there gan a dreadfull
 fight.

XLVIII

How many flies, in whottest sommers day,
 Do seize upon some beast whose flesh is bare,
 That all the place with swarmes do overlay,
 And with their litle stings right felly fare,
 So many theeves about him swarming are,
 All which do him assaile on every side,
 And sore oppresse, ne any hum doth spare,
 But he doth with his raging broad divide
 Their thickest troupes, and round about him
 scattreth wide

XLIX

Like as a Lion mongst an heard of dere,
 Disperseth them to catch his choysest pray,
 So did he fly amongst them here and there,
 And all that nere him came did hew and slay,
 Till he had strowd with bodies all the way,
 That none his daunger daring to abide
 Fled from his wrath, and did themselves convey
 Into their caves, their heads from death to hide,
 Ne any left that victorie to him envide

L

Then, backe returning to his dearest deare,
 He her gan to recomfort all he might
 With gladfull speaches and with lovely cheare,
 And forth her bringing to the joyous light,
 Whereof she long had lackt the wishfull sight,
 Deviz'd all goodly meanes from her to drive
 The sad remembrance of her wretched plight
 So her uneath at last he did revive
 That long had lyen dead, and made again alive

LI

This doen, into those theevish dens he went,
 And thence did all the spoyles and treasures
 take,
 Which they from many long had robd and rent,
 But fortune now the victors meed did make
 Of which the best he did his love betake,
 And also all those flockes, which they before
 Had rett from Meliboe and from his make,
 He did them all to Cordon restore
 So drove them all away, and his love with
 him bore.

But he whose hart through feare was late for-
doone,
Would not for ought be drawne to former drede,
But by all meanes the daunger knowne did
shonne
Yet Calidore so well him wrought with meed,
And sure bespoke with words that he at last
agreed

XXXVI

So forth they goe together (God before)
Both chid in shepheards weeds agreeably.
And both with shepheards hookes But
Calidore
Had, underneath him armed privily
Tho, to the place whither they approached nye,
They churmt, upon a hill not farre away,
Some flockes of sheepe and shepheards to
espy

To whom they both agreed to take their way,
In hope there eyes to learne, how they mote
best assay

XXXVII

There did they find, that which they did not
feare, [had rest,
The selfe same flockes that which those thieves
from Melibee had from themselves whyfeare,
And curstome of the thieves there by them left
The which, for want of heards, themselves
then kept.

Right well knew Coridon his owne late sheepe,
And seeing them for tennet pittie wept,
But when he saw the thieves which did them
keepe, [sheepe,
His hart gan fayle, albe he saw them all

XXXVIII

But Calidore recomforting his griefe,
Though not his feare, for nought may feare
dissuyle
Him hardly forward drew, whereas the these
Lay sleeping soundly in the bushes shade,
Whom Coridon him counsell to invade
Now all unware, and like the spowes aw ay,
But he, that in his mind had closely made
A further purpose, would not so them slay,
But gently waking them gave them the time
or day

XXXIX

Tho, sitting downe by them upon the greene,
Of sundry things he purpose gan to taine,
That he by them might certaine tidings weene
Of Pastorell were she alive or slaine
Amongst which the thieves them questioned
araine

What mater men and eke from whence they
To woeen they answered, as did appertaine,

That they were poore heardgroomes, the which
whyfere
Had from their maisters fled, and now sought
hyre elsewhere

XL

Whereof right glad they seemd, and offer
made [keepe,
To hyre them well if they their flockes would
For they themselves were evill groomes, they
said [sheepe,
Unwont with heards to watch or pasture
But to forray the land, or scoure the deere
Thereto they soone agreed, and earnest tooke
To keepe their flockes for litle hyre and chepe,
For they for better hyre did shortly looke
So there all day they bode, till light the sky
forsooke

XLI

Tho, when towards darksome night it drew,
Unto their hellish dens those theeves them
brought,
Where shortly they in great acquaintance grew,
And all the secrets of their entayles sought
There did they find contrarie to their thought,
That Pastorell yet livd, but all the rest
Were dead, right so as Coridon had taught
Whereof they both full glad and blith did rest,
But chidly Calidore, whom grieve had most
possest.

XLII

At length, when their occasion fittest found,
In deed of night when all the theeves did rest,
After a late forray, and slept full sound,
Sir Calidore him armed as he thought best,
Having of late by diligent inquest
Provided him a sword of meanest sort;
With which he streight went to the Captaines
nest
But Coridon durst not with him consort,
Ne durst abide behind, for dread of worse effort

XLIII

When to the Cave they came, they found it
fast,
But Calidore with huge resistlesse might
The dores assailed and the locks upbrast
With noise whereof the moun waking light
Unto the entrance ran where the bold knight
Encountering him with small resistance slew,
The whiles sure Pastorell through great affright
Was almost dead, misdoubting least of new
Some uprore were like that which lately she
did raw

XLIV

But when as Calidore was comen in,
And gan aloud for Pastorell to call,

Would for the wretched infants helpe provyde,
For which it loudly cald, and pittifully cryde,

IX

At length a Shepheard, which there by did
keepe
His fleecie flock upon the playnes around,
Led with the infants cry that loud did weepe,
Came to the place, where, when he wrapped
found
Th' abandond spoyle, he softly it unbound,
And, seeing there that did him pittie sore,
He tooke it up and in his mantle wound,
So home unto his honest wife it bore,
Who as her owne it nurst (and named) ever-
more

X

Thus long continu'd Claribell a thrall,
And Bellamour in bands, till that her syre
Departed life, and left unto them all
Then all the stormes of fortunes former yre
Were turnd, and they to freedome did retyre
Thenceforth they joy'd in happinesse together,
And lived long in peace and love entyre,
Without disquiet or dislike of ether,
Till time that Calidore brought Pastorella
thether.

XI

Both whom they goodly well did entertaine,
For Bellamour knew Calidore right well,
And loved for his prowesse, sith they twaine
Long since had fought in field Als Claribell
Ne lesse did tender the faire Pastorell, [long
Seeing her weake and wan through durance
There they a while together thus did dwell
In much delight, and many joyes among,
Untill the Damzell gan to wax more sound and
strong.

XII

Tho gan Sir Calidore him to advize
Of his first quest, which he had long forlore,
Asham'd to thinke how he that enterprize,
The which the Faery Queene had long afore
Bequeath'd to him, fors lacked had so sore,
That much he feared least reprochfull blame
With foule dishonour him mote blot therefore,
Besides the losse of so much loos and fame,
As through the world thereby should glorifie
his name.

XIII

Therefore, resolving to returne in hast
Unto so great achievement, he bethought
To leave his love, now perill being past,
With Claribell, whylest he that monstersought
Throughout the world, and to destruction
brought.

So taking leave of his faire Pastorell,
Whom to recomfort all the meanes he wrought,
With thanks to Bellamour and Claribell,
He went forth on his quest, and did that hum
befell.

XIV

But first, ere I doe his adventures tell
In this exploite, me needeth to declare
What did betide to the faire Pastorell
During his absence, left in heavy care
Through daily mourning and nightly misfare
Yet did that auncient matrone all she might,
To cherish her with all things choise and rare,
And her owne handmayd, that Melissa hight,
Appointed to attend her dewly day and night.

XV

Who in a morning, when this Maiden faire
Wasighting her having her snowy brest
As yet not laced, nor her golden haire
Into their comely tresses dewly drest,
Chaunst to espy upon her yvory chest
The rosie marke, which she remembred well
That litle Infant had, which forth she kest,
The daughter of her Lady Claribell,
The which she bore the whiles in prison she
did dwell

XVI

Which well wizing, straight she gan to cast
In her conceptfull mynd that this faire Mayd
Was that same infant, which so long sith past
She in the open fields had loosely layd
To fortunes spoile, unable it to ayd
So, full of joy, straight forth she ran in hast
Unto her mistresse, being halfe dismayd,
To tell her how the heavens had her graste
To save her chyld, which in misfortunes
mouth was plaste.

XVII

The sober mother seeing such her mood,
Yet knowing not what meant that sodaine
thro,
Askt her, how mote her words be understood,
And what the matter was that mov'd her so?
'My hefe,' (sayd she) 'ye know that long ygo,
Whylest ye in durance dwelt, ye to me gave
A litle mayde, the which ye chylded tho,
The same agayne if now ye list to have,
The same is yonder Lady, whom high God did
save'

XVIII

Much was the Lady troubled at that speach,
And gan to question straight, how she it knew?
'Most certaine markes' (sayd she) 'do me it
teach,

CANTO XII

Payre Pastorella by great hap
Her parents understands.
Calidore doth the Blatant Beast
Subdew, and bynd in bands

I

LIKE as a ship, that through the Ocean wyde
Directs her course unto one certayne coast,
Is met of many a counter winde and tyde,
With which her winged speed is let and crost,
And she her selfe in stormie surges tost,
Yet, making many a borde and many a bay,
Still winneth way, ne hath her compasse lost
Right so it fares with me in this long way,
Whose course is often stayd, yet never is astray

II

For all that hetherto hath long delayd
This gentle knight from sewing his first quest,
Though out of course, yet hath not bene mis-
To shew the courtesie by him profest [sayd,
Even unto the lowest and the least
But now I come into my course againe,
To his atchievement of the Blatant Beast
Who all this while at will did range and rume,
Whilst none was lum to stop, nor none lum to
restraine

III

Sir Calidore, when thus he now had raught
Fure Pastorella from those Brigants powre,
Unto the Cistle of Belgard her brought,
Whereof was Lord the good Sir Bellamoure,
Who whilome was, in his youtthes freshest
flowre,
A lustie knight as ever wielded speare,
And had endured many a dreadfull stoure
In bloody battell for a Ladie deare,
The fayrest Ladie then of all that living were

IV

Her name was Claribell, whose father hight
The Lord of Many Hands, furre renound
For his great riches and his greater might
He, through the wealth wherein he did abound,
This daughter thought in wedlocke to have
bound
Unto the Prince of Picteland, bordering nere,
But she, whose sides before with secret wound
Of love to Bellamoure emperced were,
By all meanes shund to match with any for-
rein fere

V

And Bellamour againe so well her pleased
With dailly service and attendance dew,
That of her love he was entyrelly seized,
And closely did her wed, but knowne to few
Which when her fater understood, he grew
In so great rage that them in dongeon deepe
Without compassion cruelly he threw.
Yet did so streightly them asunder keepe,
That neither could to company of th' other
creepe.

VI

Nathlesse Sir Bellamour, whether through
grace
Or secret guifts, so with his keepers wrought,
That to his love sometimes he came in place,
Whereof her wombe, unwist to wight, was
fraught, [brought
And in dew time a mayden chuld forth
Which she straightway, (for dread least if her
syre [sought.)
Should know thereof to slay he would have
Delivered to her handmayd, that for hyre
She should it cause be fostred under straunge
attyre.

VII

The trustie damzell bearing it abroad
Into the emptie fields, where living wight
Mote not bewray the secret of her lode,
She forth gan lay unto the open light
The litle babe, to take thereof a sight
Whom whylest she did with watnie eyne
behold,
Upon the litle brest, like chrystall bright,
She mote perceive a litle purple mold,
That like a rose her silken leaves did faire
unfold

VIII

Well she it markt, and pittied the more,
Yet could not remedie her wretched case,
But, closing it againe like as before,
Bedeaw'd with teares there left it in the place
Yet left not quite, but drew a litle sprce
Behind the bushes, where she did her hyde,
To weet what mortall hand, or heavens grace

But most of them were tongues of mortall men,
Which spake reprochfully, not caring where
nor when.

XXVIII

And them amongst were mingled here and there
The tongues of Serpents, with three forked
That spat out poyson, and gore-bloudy gere,
At all that came within his ravengings,
And spake licentious words and hatefull
Of good and bad alike, of low and hie, [things
Ne Kesars spared he a whit, nor Kings,
But either blotted them with infamie,
Or bit them with his banefull teeth of injury

XXIX

But Calidore, thereof no whit afayd,
Rencountred him with so impetuous might,
That th' outrage of his violence he stayd,
And bet abacke, threatning in vaine to bite,
And spitting forth the poyson of his spight
That fomed all about his bloody jawes
Tho, rearing up his former feete on hight,
He ramp't upon him with his ravenous pawes,
As if he would have rent him with his cruell
clawes

XXX

But he, right well aware, his rage to ward
Did cast his shield twene, and, therewithall
Putting his puissance forth, pursu'd so hard,
That backward he enforced him to fall,
And, being downe, ere he new helpe could call,
His shield he on him threw, and fast downe
held

Like as a bullocke, that in bloudy stall
Of butchers balefull hand to ground is feld,
Is forcibly kept downe, till he be throughly
queld

XXXI

Full cruelly the Beast did rage and rore
To be downe held, and maystred so with
might,
That he gan fret and fume out bloudy gore
Striving in vaine to rere him selfe upright
For still, the more he strove, the more the
Knight

Did him suppress, and forcibly subdew,
That made him almost mad for fell despight
He grnd, hee bit, he scratcht, he venom threw,
And fared like a feend right horrible in hew

XXXII

Or like the hell-borne Hydra, which they
fane
That great Alcides whilome overthrew,
After that he had laboured long in vaine
To crop his thousand heads, the which still new

Forth budded, and in greater number grew
Such was the fury of this hellish Beast,
Whilost Calidore him under him downe threw,
Who nathemore his heavy load releast,
But aye, the more he rag'd, the more his
powre increast.

XXXIII

Tho, when the Beast saw he mote nought
availe
By force, he gan his hundred tongues apply,
And sharply at him to revile and raile
With bitter termes of shamefull infamy,
Oft interlacing many a forged lie,
Whose like he never once did speake, nor heare,
Nor ever thought thing so unworthily
Yet did he nought, for all that, him forbear,
But strained him so straightly that he chokt
him neare

XXXIV

At last, when as he found his force to shrink
And rage to quail, he tooke a muzzel strong
Of surest yron, made with many a lincke
Therewith he mured up his mouth along,
And theren shut up his blasphemous tong,
For never more defaming gentle Knight,
Or unto lovely Lady doing wrong,
And thereunto a great long chaine he tight,
With which he drew him forth, even in his
own despight.

XXXV

Like as whylome that strong Trynthian
swaine [hell,
Brought forth with him the dreadfull dog of
Against his will fast bound in yron chaine,
And, roring horribly, did him compell
To see the hatefull sunne, that he might tell
To grisly Pluto what on earth was donne,
And to the other damned ghosts which dwell
For aye in darkenesse, which day-light doth
shonne
So led this Knight his captyve with like con-
quest wonne

XXXVI

Yet greatly did the Beast repune at those
Straunge bands, whose like till then he never
Ne ever any durst till then impose, [bore,
And chaufed only, seeing now no more
Him liberty was left aloud to rore
Yet durst he not draw backe, nor once with-
stand
The proved powre of noble Calidore,
But trembled underneath his mighty hand,
And like a fearefull dog him followed through
the land

For on her brest I with these eyes did view
The litle purple rose which thereon grew,
Whereof her name ye then to her did give
Besides, her countenance and her like hew,
Matched with equall years, do surely pricke
That yond same is your daughter sure, which
yet doth live.

XIV

The matrone stayd no longer to enquire,
But forth in hast ran to the stranger Mayd,
Whom catching greedily, for great desire
Rent up her brest, and bosome open layd,
In which that rose she plainly saw displaid
Then, her embracing twixt her armes twaine,
She long so held, and softly weeping sayd,
'And livest thou, my daughter, now againe?
And art thou yet alive, whom dead I long did
fame?'

XV

The further asking her of sundry things,
And times comparing with their accidents,
She found at last, by very certaine signes
And speaking markes of passed monuments,
That this young Mayd, whom chance to her
presents,
Is her owne daughter, her owne infant deare.
Tho, wondring long at those so straunge
events,
A thousand times she her embraced nere,
With many a joyfull kisse and many a melt-
ing teare

XVI

Who ever is the mother of one chyld,
Which having thought long dead she fyndes
alive,
Let her by prooffe of that which she hath fynde
In her owne breast, this mothers joy deserve,
For other none such passion can contrive
In perfect forme, as this good Lady felt,
When she so sure a daughter saw survive,
As Pistorilla was, that nigh she swelt
For passing joy, which did all into pitty melt.

XVII

Thence running forth unto her loved Lord,
She unto him recounted all that fell,
Who, joyning joy with her in one accord,
Acknowledg'd for his owne sure Pistorill
There leave we them in joy, and let us tell
Of Calidore, who, seeking all this while
That monstrous Beast by finall force to quell,
Through every place with restlesse paine and
toile
Him follow'd by the tract of his outrageous spoile.

XVIII

Through all estates he found that he had
In which he many massacres had left, [past,

And to the Clergy now was come at last,
In which such spoile, such havocke, and such
theft
He wrought, that thence all goodnesse he berift,
That culdesse were to tell. The Libn Knight,
Who now no place besides unsought had left,
At length into a Monastere did light.
Where he him found despoyling all with maine
and might.

XXIV

Into their cloysters now he broken had,
Through which the Monches he chaced here
and there,
And them pursu'd into their dortours sad,
And searched all their cels and secrets neare
In which what filth and ordure did appeare,
Were ykesome to report, yet that foule Beast,
Nought sparing them, the more did tosse and
teare,
And ransacke all their dennes from most to last,
Regarding nought religion, nor their holy
beast

XXV

From thence into the sacred Church he broke,
And robd the Chancell, and the desks downe
threw,
And Altars fouled, and blasphemy spoke,
And th' Images, for all their goodly hew,
Did cast to ground, whilst none was them to
rew,
So all confounded and disordered there
But, seeing Calidore, awy he flew,
Knowing his fatall hand by former scare,
But he him fast pursuing soone approched
neare

XXVI

Him in a narrow place he overtook,
And fierce assailing forst him turne againe
Sternely he turnd againe, when he him
strooke
With his sharpe steele, and ran at him anaine
With open mouth, that seemed to continue
A full good peeke within the utmost brim,
All set with iron teeth in runges twaine,
That terride his foes, and armed him,
Appearing like the mouth of Orcus griesly
grim

XXVII

And therein were a thousand tongues empight
Of sundry kindes and sundry quality,
Some were of dogs, that barked day and
night,
And some of cats, that wrawling still did cry,
And some of Beares, that growld continually;
And some of Igres, that did sceme to gren
And snar at all that ever passed by

TWO CANTOS OF

MUTABILITIE

WHICH, BOTH FOR FORME AND MATTER, APPEARE TO BE PARCELL OF SOME
FOLLOWING BOOKE OF

THE FAERIE QUEENE,

UNDER

THE LEGEND OF CONSTANCIE

CANTO VI.

Proud Change (not pleas'd in mortall things
Bereath the Moone to rugne)
Pretends as well of Gods as Men
To be the Sovereine

I

WHAT man that sees the ever-whirling wheele,
Of Change, the which all mortall things doth
sway,

But that thereby doth find, and plainly feele,
How MUTABILITY in them doth play
Her cruell sports to many mens decay?
Which that to all may better yet appeare,
I will rehearse that whylome I heard say,
How she at first her selfe began to reare
Gainst all the Gods, and th' empire sought
from them to beare

II

But first, here falleth fittest to unfold
Her antique race and linage ancient,
As I have found it registred of old
In Faery Land mongst records permanent
She was, to weet, a daughter by descent
Of those old Titans that did whylome strive
With Saturnes sonne for heavens regiment,
Whom though high Jove of kungdome did
deprive, [vive
Yet many of their stemme long after did sur-

III

And many of them afterwards obtain'd
Great power of Jove, and high authority
As Hecate, in whose mighty hand
He plac't all rule and principalltie,

To be by her disposed diversly
To Gods and men, as she them list divide,
And drad Bellona, that doth sound on hie
Warres and allarums unto Nations wide,
That makes both heaven and earth to tremble
at her pride

IV

So likewise did this Titanesse aspire
Rule and dominion to her selfe to gaine,
That as a Goddesse men might her admire,
And heavenly honors yield, as to them twaine
And first, on earth she sought it to obtaine,
Where shee such prooffe and sad examples
shewed
Of her great power, to many ones great paine,
That not men onely (whom shee soone subdew'd)
But eke all other creatures her bad dooings
rewed

V

For she the face of earthly things so changed,
That all which Nature had establisht first
In good estate, and in meet order ranged,
She did pervert, and all their statutes burst
And all the worlds faire frame (which none
yet durst
Of Gods or men to alter or misguide)
She alter'd quite, and made them all accurst
That God had blest, and did at first provide
In that still happy state for ever to abide

And, beating at his gates full earnestly,
Gan call to him aloud with all their might
To know what meant that suddaine lacke of
light

The father of the Gods, when this he heard,
Was troubled much at their so strange affright,
Doubting leaſt Typhon were againe appeard,
Or other his old foes that once him sorely
feard.

XXI

Eftsoones the sonne of Maia forth he sent
Downe to the Circle of the Moone, to knowe
The cause of this so strange astonishment,
And why she did her wonted course forslowe,
And if that any were on earth belowe
That did with chymes or Magicke her molest,
Him to attache, and downe to hell to throwe,
But if from heaven it were, then to arrest
The Author, and him bring before his presence
preſt

XXII

The wingd-foot God so fast his plumes did
beat,

That soone he came where-as the Titanesse
Was striving with faire Cynthia for her ſert,
At whose strange sight and highty hardi-
nesse

He wondred much, and feared her no lesse
Yet laying feare aside to doe his charge,
At last he bade her (with bold ſtedfastnesse)
Ceasse to molest the Moone to walke at large,
Or come before high Jove her dooings to dis-
charge

XXIII

And there-with-all he on her ſhoulder laid
His ſnaky-wreathed Mace, whose awfull power
Doth make both Gods and hellish hends affraid
Where-at the Titanesse did sternly lower,
And stoutly answer'd, that in evill hower
He from his Jove ſuch message to her brought,
To bid her leave faire Cynthia's ſilver bower,
Sith ſhee his Jove and him eſteemed nought,
No more then Cynthia's ſelfe, but all their
kingdoms ſought.

XXIV

The Heavens Herald ſtand not to reply,
But preſt away, his doings to relate
Unto his Lord, who now, in th' highest ſky,
Was placed in his principall Estate,
With all the Gods about him congregat
To whom when Hermes had his message told,
It did them all exceedingly amate,
Sive Jove, who, changing nought his coun-
'nance bold, [unfold,
Did unto them at length theſe ſpeeches wiſe

XXV

'Harken to mee awhile, yee heavenly
Powers'

Ye may remember ſince th' Earths curſed ſeed
Sought to aſſaile the heavens eternall towers,
And to us all exceeding feare did breed,
But, how we then defeated all their deed,
Yee all do knowe, and them deſtroyed quite,
Yet not ſo quite, but that there did ſucceed
An off-ſpring of their bloud, which did alight
Upon the fruitful earth, which doth us yet
deſpite

XXVI

'Of that bad ſeed is this bold woman bred,
That now with bold presumption doth aſpire
To thruſt faire Phoebe from her ſilver bed,
And eke our ſelves from heavens high Empire,
If that her might were match to her deſire
Wherefore it now behoves us to adviſe
What way is beſt to drive her to retire,
Whether by open force, or counſell wiſe
Areed, ye ſonnes of God, as beſt as ye can de-
viſe'

XXVII

So having ſaid, he ceaſt, and with his brow
(His black eye-brow, whose doomefull dreaded
Is wont to wield the world unto his vow, [beck
And even the highest Powers of heaven to
check)

Made ſigne to them in their degrees to ſpeake,
Who ſtraight gan caſt their counſell grave
and wiſe [nought did reck
Mean-while th' Earths daughter, though ſhe
Of Hermes message, yet gan now adviſe
What courſe were beſt to take in this hot
bold emprise.

XXVIII

Eftsoones ſhe thus reſolv'd, that whil'ſt the
(After returne of Hermes Embaſſie) [Gods
Were troubled, and amongst themſelves at
Before they could new counſels re-allie, [ods,
To ſet upon them in that extaſie, [lend
And take what fortune, time, and place would
So forth ſhe roſe, and through the pureſt ſky
To Joves high Palace ſtraight caſt to aſcend,
To proſecute her plot Good on-ſet boads
good end

XXIX

Shee there arriving boldly in did paſſe,
Where all the Gods ſhe found in counſell
cloſe,
All quite unarm'd, as then their manner was
At ſight of her they ſuddaine all aroſe
In great amaze, ne wiſt what way to choſe

VI

Ne shee the lawes of Nature onely brake,
But eke of Justice, and of Policie,
And wrong of right, and bad of good did make
And death for life exchanged foolishlie
Since which all living wights have learn'd to
And all this world is woeen daily worse [die,
O pittious worke of MUTABILITY,
By which we all are subject to that curse,
And death, instead of life, have sucked from
our Nurse'

VII

And now, when all the earth she thus had
brought
To her behest, and thrall'd to her might,
She gan to cast in her ambitious thought
To attempt the empire of the heavens light,
And Jove himselfe to shoulder from his right.
And first, she past the region of the ayre
And of the fire, whose substance thin and slight
Made no resistance, ne could her contraire,
But ready passage to her pleasure did prepare

VIII

Thence to the Circle of the Moone she clamb,
Where Cynthia raignes in everlasting glory,
To whose bright shinning palace strught she
came,
All fairely deckt with heavens goodly storie,
Whose silver gates (by which theresate an hory
Old aged Sire, with hower-glasse in hand,
Night Time) she entred, were he lefe or sory.
Ne staude till she the highest stage had scand,
Where Cynthia did sit, that never still did
stand.

IX

Her sitting on an Ivory throne shee found,
Drawne of two steeds, th' one black, the other
white,
Environd with tenne thousand starres around
That duly her attended day and night,
And by her side thereran her Page, that light
Vesper, whom we the Evening-starre intend,
That with his Torche, still twinkling like
twilight, [wend,
Her lightened all the way where she should
And joy to weary wandring travellers did lend

X

That when the hardy Titanesse beheld
The goodly building of her Palace bright,
Made of the heavens substance, and up-held
With thousand Crystall pillars of huge height,
She gan to burne in her ambitious spright,
And to envie her that in such glory raigned
Eftsoones she cast by force and tortious might

Her to displace, and to her selfe to have gamed
The kingdome of the Night, and waters by her
wamed

XI

Boldly shee bid the Goddesse downe descend,
And let her selfe into that Ivory throne,
For shee her selfe more worthy thereof wend,
And better able it to guide alone,
Whether to men, whose fall shee did bemone,
Or unto Gods, whose state shee did maligne,
Or to th' infernall Powers her need gave lone
Of her faire light and bounty most benigne,
Her selfe of all that rule shee deemed most
condigne

XII

But shee, that had to her that soveraigne seat
By highest Jove assign'd, therein to beire
Nights burning lump, regarded not her threat,
Ne yielded ought for favour or for feare,
But with sterne count'naunce and disdainfull
cheare,
Bending her horned browes, did put her back,
And, boldly blaming her for comming there,
Bade her retorne from heavens coast to prick,
Or at her perill bide the wrathfull Thunders
wrack.

XIII

Yet nathemore the Giantesse forbore,
But boldly preacing-on raught forth her hand
To pluck her downe perforce from off her
chaire,
And, there-with lifting up her golden wand,
I threatned to strike her if shee did with-stand
Where-at the starres, which round about her
blazed,
And eke the Moones bright wagon still did
stand,
All beeing with so bold attempt amazed,
And on her uncouth habit and sterne looke
still gazed

XIV

Mean-while the lower World, which nothing
knew
Of all that chaunced heere, was darkned quite,
And eke the heavens, and all the heavenly
crew
Of happy wights, now unpurged of light,
Were much afraid, and wondred at that sight,
Fearing least Chaos broken had his chaine,
And brought againe on them eternall night,
But chiefly Mercur, that next doth rugne,
Ran forth in haste unto the king of Gods to
plaine

XV

All ran together with a great out-cry
To Joves faire place first in heavens light,

For we by conquest, of our soveraine might,
And by eternal doome of Fates decree,
Have wonne the Empire of the Heavens bright,
Which to our selves we hold, and to whom
wee
Shall worthy deeme partakers of our blisse to
bee

XXXIV

'Then cease thy idle claime, thou foolish
gerle,
And seeke by grace and goodnesse to obtaine
That place, from which by folly Titan fell
There to thou maist perhaps, if so thou faime
Have Jove thy gracious Lord and Sovaine,
So having said, she thus to him replide
'Ceasse, Saturnes sonne, to seeke by proffers
vaine
Of idle hopes t' allure me to thy side,
For to betray my Right before I have it tride

XXXV

'But thee, O Jove' no equall Judge I deeme
Of my desert, or of my dewfull Right,
That in thine owne behalfe maist partiall seeme
But to the highest him, that is belight
Father of Gods and men by equall might,
To weet, the God of Nature, I appeale'
There-at Jove waxed wroth, and in his spright
Did only grudge, yet did it well conceale,
And bade Dan Phœbus scribe her Appellation
seale

XXXVI

Eftsoones the time and place appointed were,
Where all, both heavenly Powers and earthly
weights,
Before great Natures presence should appeare,
For triall of their Titles and best Rights
That was, to weet, upon the highest lights
Of Arlo-hill (Who knows not Arlo-hill?)
That is the highest head (in all mens sights)
Of my old father MOLL, whom Shepheards
quill [skill
Renowned hath with hymnes fit for a rurall

XXXVII

And, were it not ill sitting for this file
To sing of hilles and woods mongst warres and
Knights,
I would abate the sternenesse of my stile,
Mongst these sterne stounds to mingle soft
delights,
And tell how Arlo, through Dianæs spights,
(Beeing of old the best and fairest Hill
That was in all this holy Islands hights)
Was made the most unpleasant and most ill
Meane-while, O Chio! lend Callope thy quill

XXXVIII

Whylome when IRLAND florished in fame
Of wealths and goodnesse, far above the rest
Of all that beare the British Islands name,
The gods then us'd (for pleasure and for rest)
Oft to resort there-to, when seem'd them best,
But none of all there-in more pleasure found
Then Cynthia, that is soveraine Queene profest
Of woods and Forrests which therein abound,
Sprinkled with wholsom waters more then most
on ground

XXXIX

But mongst them all, as fittest for her game,
Eyther for chace of beasts with hound or boawe,
Or for to shrowde in shade from Phœbus flame,
Or bathe in fountaines that do freshly flowe
Or from high hilles or from the dales belowe,
She chose this Arlo, where she did resort
With all her Nymphes enranged on a rowe,
With whom the woody Gods did oft consort,
For with the Nymphes the Satyres love to play
and sport

XL

Amongst the which there was a Nymph that
Molanna, daughter of old Father Mole, [hight
And sister unto Mulla faire and bright,
Unto whose bed false Bregog whylome stole,
That Shepherd Colin dearly did condeole, [be
And made her lucklesse loves well knowne to
But this Molanna, were she not so shole,
Were no lesse faire and beautifull then shee,
Yet, as she is, a fayrer flood may no man see

XLI

For, first, she springs out of two marble Rocks,
On which a grove of Oakes high-mounted
grows,
That as a girlond seemes to deck the locks
Of som faire Bride, brought forth with pom-
pous shoves
Out of her bowre, that many flowers strowes
So through the flowry Dales she tumbling
downe
Through many woods and shady covertes flowes,
(That on each side her silver channell crowne)
Till to the Plaine she come, whose Valleyes
she doth drowne.

XLII

In her sweet streames Diana used oft
(After her sweaty chace and toylesome play)
To bathe her selfe, and, after, on the soft
And downy grasse her dauntie limbes to lay
In covert shade, where none behold her may,
For much she hated sight of living eye
Foolish god Faunus, though full many a day
He saw her clad, yet longed foolishly [vity
To see her naked mongst her Nymphes in pri-

But Jove all fearelesse, foret them to aby,
And in his sovaine throne gan straight dispo-
Himselfe, more full of grace and Mye tie,
That mote enchaire his friends, and fies mote
terrible

XXV

That when the haughty Titanesse beheld,
All were she fraught with pride and impu-
dence,

Yet with the sight thereof was almost queld,
And, with quaking, seem'd as rest of sense
And void of spech in that dread audience,
Until that Jove himselfe her selfe bespake

'Speake, thou fraile woman, speake with con-
fidence, [now marke]

Whence art thou, and what doost thou here
What idle errand hast thou earths mansion to
forsake?'

XXVI

She hulse confused with his great com-
mand,

Yet gathering spirit of her natures pride,
Him boldly answerd thus to his demand

'I am a daughter, by the mothers side,
Of her that is Grand-mother in guide
Of all the Gods, great Earth, great Chaos
But by the fathers, (be it not envide) child,
I greater am in blood (whercon I build)
Then all the Gods, though wrongfully from
heaven exild.

XXVII

'For Titan (as ye all acknowledge must)
Was Saturnes elder brother by birth-right,
Both sonnes of Uranus, but by unjust slight,
And guilefull meanes, through Coribantes
The younger thrust the elder from his right
Since which thou, Jove, injuriously hast held
The Heavens rule from Titans sonnes by
might,

And them to hellish dungeons downe hast feld
Witness, ye Heavens, the truth of all that I
have told'

XXVIII

Whil'st she thus spake, the Gods, that gave
good care

To her bold words, and marked well her grace,
(Beeing of stature tall as any there
Of all the Gods, and beautifull of face
As any of the Goddesses in place),

Stood all astonied, like a sort of steeres,
Mongst whom some beast of strange and for-
raine race

Unwares is chaunc't, far straying from his
So did their ghastly gaze bewry their hidden
feares

XXIX

Till, having pruzd awhile, Jove thus be-
spake

'Will never mortall thoughts cease to aspire
In this bold sort to He even claime to make,
And touch celestiall vertis with earthly mire?
I would have thought that bold Procrustes
Or Typhons fall or proud Ixions paine, [lust,
Or great Promethus tasting of our ire,
Would have suffiz'd the rest for to re-trune,
And warn'd all men by their example to re-
fraine

XXX

'But now this off-scum of that curd fry
Dare to renew the like bold enterprize,
And chulenge th' heritage of this our skie
Whom what should hinder, but that we like-
should handle as the rest of her allies, [wise
And thunder-drive to hell?'] With that, he
shooke

His Next-derewed locks with which the skyes
And all the world beneath for terror quooke,
And left his burning levin-brood in hand he
tooke.

XXXI

But when he looked on her lovely face,
In which faire beemes of beauty did appeare
That could the greatest wrath soone turne to
grace,

(Such swiftnesse doth beauty even in Heaven beare)
He stand his hand, mid having chang'd his
He thus againe in milder wise began [cheer-
'But ah! if Gods should strive with she h

ere,
Then shortly should the progeny of man
Be rooted out, if Jove should do still what he
can

XXXII

'But thee, sure Titans child, I rather weene,
Through some vaine crour, or inducement
light,

To see that mortall eyes have never seene,
Or through ensample of thy sisters might,
Bellona, whose great glory thou doost spight,
Since thou hast seene her dreadfull power be-
lowe, [adright]

Mongst wretched men (dismade with her
To bandie Crownes, and Kingdoms to bestowe
And sure thy worth no lesse then hers doth
seem to shewe.

XXXIII

'But wote thou this, thou hardy Titanesse,
That not the worth of any living wight
May challenge ought in Heavens interesse,
Much lesse the Title of old Titans Right

LII

But him (according as they had decreed)
With a Deeres-skin they covered, and then
chast

With all their hounds that after him did speed,
But he, more speedy, from them fled more
fast

Then any Deere, so sore him dread aghast
They after follow'd all with shrill out-cry,
Shouting as they the heavens would have
brast,

That all the woods and dales, where he did
Did ring agame, and loud re-echo to the skie

LIII

So they him follow'd till they weary were,
When, back returning to Molann' againe,
They, by commaundment of Diana, there
Her whelm'd with stones Yet Faunus (for
her paine)

Of her beloved Fanchin did obtaine,
That her he would receive unto his bed
So now her waves passe through a pleasant
Paine,

Till with the Fanchin she her selfe do wed,
And (both combin'd) themselves in one faire
river spread.

LIV

Nath'lesse Diana, full of indignation,
Thence-forth abandond her delicious brooke,
In whose sweet streame, before that bad oc-
casione,

So much delight to bathe her limbes she tooke
Ne onely her, but also quite forsooke
All those faire forrests about Arlo lud,
And all that Mountaine, which doth over-look
The richest champain that may else be rid,
And the faire Shure, in which are thousand
Salmons bred.

LV

Them all, and all that she so deare did way,
Thence-forth she left, and, parting from the
place,

There-on an heavy haplesse curse did lay,
To weet, that Wolves, where she was wont to
space,

Should harbour'd be and all those Woods deface,
And Thieves should rob and spoile that Coast
around

Since which, those Woods, and all that goodly
Doth to this day with Wolves and Thieves a-
bound [since have found
Which too-too true that lands in-dwellers

CANTO VII

Peeling from Jove to Nature's bar,
Bold Alteration pleads
Large Evidence but Nature soone
Her righteous Doome areads

I

Air' whither doost thou now, thou greater
Muse,

Me from these woods and pleasing forrests
And my fraile spirit, (that dooth oft refuse
This too high flight, unfit for her weake wing)

Lift up aloft, to tell of heavens King
(Thy soveraine Sire) his fortunate successe,
And victory in bigger notes to sing
Which he obtain'd against that Titanesse,
That him of heavens Empire sought to dis-
possesse?

II

Yet, sith I needs must follow thy behest,
Do thou my weaker wit with skill inspire,
Fit for this turne, and in my feeble brest
Kindle fresh sparks of that immortall fire
Which learned minds inflameth with desire

Of heavenly things for who, but thou alone
That art yborne of heaven and heavenly
Sire,
Can tell things doen in heaven so long ygone,
So farre past memory of man that may be
knowne?

III

Now, at the time that was before agreed,
The gods assembled all on Arlo Hill,
As well those that are sprung of heavenly seed,
As those that all the other world do fill,
And rule both sea and land unto their will
Onely th' infernall Powers might not appeare,
As well for horror of their count'nance ill,
As for th' unruly fiends which they did
feare,
Yet Pluto and Proserpina were present
there.

XLIII

No way he found to compass his desire,
But to corrupt Molanna, that his maid,
Her to discover for a secret fire.
So her with flattering words he first assaile,
And after, pleasing gifts for her purvail,
Queene apples, and red Cherries from the tree,
With which he her allured, and be'aved
To tell what time he might her fild be
When she her selfe did bathe, that he might
secret bee.

XLIV

There-to he promis'd, if shee would him
pleasure
With this small boon, to quit her with a
To wit, that where-as shee had out of her
Long lov'd the Fanchin, who by nought did
set her,

That he would undertake for that to get her
To be his love, and of him have well
He did all which he vow'd to be her debtor
For many more good things then he would tell.
The least of which this little pleasure should
excell

XLV

The simple mayd did yield to him all so.
And oft him plac'd where he close might view
That never any saw, save onely ou,
Who, for his love, to so soote hardy drew,
Was of his hounds devour'd in Hunter's be'r
Tho, as her name was on sunny day,
Diana, with her Nymphes about her, drew
To this sweet spring, when, ending her array,
She bath'd her lovely limbs, for Jove's likely
pray.

XLVI

There Faunus saw that pleased much his eye,
And made his hart to tickle in his brest,
That, for great joy of some what he did spy,
He could him not continue in silent rest.
But, breaking forth in laughter, loud protest
His foolish thought. A foolish Faunus and so,
That couldst not hold thy selfe so hidden blest
But wouldst needs thinne thine owne conceit a need
Babblers unworthy been of so divine a need

XLVII

The Goddess, all abashed with that noise,
In haste forth started from the guilty brooke,
And, running straight where-as she heard his
voice,
Enclos'd the bush about, and there him tooke,
Like darred Larke, not daring up to looke
On her whose sight before so much he sought
Thence forth they draw him by the horns, and
shooke

Nigh all to passe, that this left him tonight,
And th' other left the open high they forth him
laugh'd.

XLVIII

I take as an huwif, that with busie care
This of her Dary to make her wondrous care,
Filling where-as some waked be, unwear
That because it to her Dye's house, there dith
dra so
Her cunning paine, and frustrate all her
flath, in such a rare or wondrous childe-kind,
He trapped him, and caus'd him into her traine.
Then think what punishments were best
as hand,
And the second that is do with in her voice
full mouth.

XLIX

So did Diana and her maydens all
To sully I saw as love within their haile:
They in like and love him, and him to
mischance,
Some by the necke but pluckt, some by the
And by his gentle hand some did him love.
Yet he spurne scold'ly with patience all did
leare,
For thou, hit against their wils in light counten-
se on't he said, what ever he did heare,
But, hanging downe his head, did like a Meane
appeare.

L

At length, when they had flouted him their
fill,
They began to cast what p'nuance him to give,
Some would have felt him but that some
would spill
The Wood gods breed, which must for ever
Others would through the river him drive
And ducked depe, but that some p'nuance
him
But mo't agreed, and did thus sentence give,
Him in the river skin to clad, and in that plight
To hunt him with the hounds, him selfe says
how hee might.

LI

But Cynthia's selfe, more angry then the rest,
Thought not enough to punish him in sport,
And of her shame to make a game some fest,
But can examine him in straighter sort,
Which of her Nymphes, or other close consort,
Him thither brought, and her to him betray'd
He, much afraid, to her confest short
That 'twas Molanna which her so bewaild.
Then all attonce their hands upon Molanna
laid

Before her came dame Mutability,
And, being lowe before her presence feld
With meek obaysance and humilitie,
Thus gan hei plauntif Plea with words to
amplifie

XIV

'To thee, O greatest Goddess, onely great'
An humble suppliant loe 'I lowely fly,
Seeking for Right, which I of thee entreat,
Who Right to all dost deale indifferently,
Damning all Wrong and tortious Injune,
Which any of thy creatures do to other
(Oppressing them with power unequally,)
Sith of them all thou art the equal mother,
And knittest each to each, as brother unto
brother

XV

'To thee therefore of this same Jove I plaime,
And of his fellow gods that fame to be,
That challenge to themselves the whole worlds
raign,
Of which the greatest part is due to me,
And heaven it selfe by heritage in Fee
For heaven and earth I both alike do deeme,
Sith heven and earth are both alike to thee
And gods no more then men thou doest esteeme,
For even the gods to thee, as men to gods, do
seeme

XVI

'Then weigh, O soveraigne goddesse' by
what right {rainty,
These gods do claime the worlds whole sove-
And that is onely dew unto thy might
Arrogate to themselves ambitiously
As for the gods owne principality,
Which Jove usurpes unjustly, that to be
My heritage Jove's selfe cannot denie,
From my great Grandsire Titan unto mee
Deriv'd by dew descent, as is well known to
thee

XVII

'Yet mauger Jove, and all his gods beside,
I do possesse the worlds most regiment,
As if ye please it into parts divide,
And every parts inholders to convent,
Shall to your eyes appeare incontinent
And, first, the Earth (great mother of us all)
That only seemes unmov'd and permanent,
And unto Mutabilitie not thrall, [all
Yet is she chang'd in part, and eke in gene-

XVIII

'For all that from her springs, and is y bredde,
How-ever faine it flourish for a time,
Yet see we soone decay, and, being dead,
To turne againe unto their earthly slime

Yet, out of their decay and mortall crime,
We daily see new creatures to arise,
And of their Winter spring anothei Prime,
Unlike in forme, and chang'd by strange dis-
guise [lesse wise
So turne they still about, and change in rest-

XIX

'As for her tenants, that is, man and beasts,
The beasts we daily see massacred dy
As thralls and vassals unto mens beheasts,
And men themselves do change continually,
From youth to eld, from wealth to poverty,
From good to bad, from bad to worst of all
Ne doe their bodies only flit and fly,
But eke their minds (which they immortall
call) [sious fall
Still change and vary thoughts, as new occa-

XX

'Ne is the water in more constant case,
Whether those same on high, or these belowe,
For th' Ocean moveth still from place to
place,
And every River still doth ebbe and flowe,
Ne any Lake, that seems most still and slowe,
Ne Poole so small, that can his smoothnesse
holde
When any winde doth under heaven blowe,
With which the clouds are also tost and roll'd,
Now like great billis, and streight like sluces
them unfold

XXI

'So likewise are all watry living wights
Still tost and turned with continuall change,
Never abiding in their stedfast plights
The fish, still floting, doe at random range,
And never rest, but evermore exchange
Their dwelling places, as the streames them
carrie
Ne have the watry foules a certaine grange
Wherein to rest, ne in one stead do tarry,
But sitting still doe flie, and still their places
vary

XXII

'Next is the Ayre, which who feesles not by
sense
(For of all sense it is the middle meane)
To sit still, and with subtil influence
Of his thin spirit all creatures to maintaine
In state of life? O weake life! that does
On thing so tickle as th' unsteady ayre, [leane
Which every howre is chang'd and alfred
cleane
With every blast that bloweth, fowle or faire
The faire doth it prolong, the fowle doth it
impaire

IV

And thither also came all other creatures,
 What-euer life or motion do retaine,
 According to their sundry kind of features,
 That Arlo secretly could them all containe,
 So full they filled every hill and Plaine,
 And had not Natures Sergeant (that is Order)
 Them well disposed by his busie paine,
 And raunged farre abroad in every border,
 They would have caused much confusion and
 disorder

Then forth issued (great goddess) great
 dame Nature
 With proudly port and gracious Majesty,
 Being far greater and more tall of stature
 Then any of the gods or Powers on hie
 Yet cirtes by her face and phy-nomy,
 Whether she man or woman inly were,
 That could not any creature will descry,
 For with a veile, that wimpled every where,
 Her beut and face was hid that mote to none
 appeare.

VI

That, some do say, was so by skill devised,
 To hide the terror of her uncouth how
 From mortall eyes that should be sore gazed,
 For that her face did like a Lion shew,
 That eye of wight could not endure to view
 But others tell that it so becautious was,
 And round about such beames of splendor
 threw

That at the Sunne a thousand times did pass,
 Ne could be seene but like an image in a glass

VII

That well may seemen true, for well I
 weene,

That this same day when she on Arlo sat,
 Her garment was so bright and wondrous
 sheene,

That my fraile wit cannot devise to what
 It to compare, nor finde like stuffe to that
 As those three sacred Saints, though cle-most
 wise,

Yet on mount Thabor quite their wits forgot,
 When they their glorious Lord in strange dis-
 guise [their eyes
 Transfigur'd sawe, his garments so did daze

VIII

In a sayre Plaine upon an equall Hill
 She pleased was in a pavilion,
 Not such as Craftes-men by their idle skill
 Are wont for Princes states to fashion,
 But th' Earth herself, of her owne motion,
 Out of her fruitfull bosome made to growe

Most duntie trees, that, shooting up anon,
 Did seeme to bow their blossoming heads full
 lowe

For homage unto her, and like a throne did
 shoue,

IX

So hard it is for any living wight
 All her array and vestiments to tell
 Thit old Din Gullrey (in whose gentle spright,
 The pure well beut of Poesie did dwell)
 In his *Fables parley* durst not with it mel,
 But it trun-fard to Alane, who he thought
 Had in his *Plant of Inde* describ'd it well
 Which who will read set forth so as it ought,
 Go seek he out that Alane where he may be
 sought

And all the earth fir underneath her fete
 Was dight with flowers that voluntary grow
 Out of the ground, and sent forth odours sweet,
 Like thousand mores of sundry sent and hew,
 Thit might delight the smell, or please the view,
 The which the Nymphes from all the brooks
 thence

Had gathered, they at her foot-stoole throw,
 That richer seem'd then my tapestry,
 That Princes bowres adorne with painted
 images

XI

And Mole himself, to honour her the more,
 Did deck himself in freshest fure attire,
 And his high head, that seemeth alwayes hon-
 With hardned frosts of former winters ire,
 He with an Oken garland now did tire,
 As if the love of some new Nymph, late scene,
 Had in him kindled youthfull fresh desire,
 And made him change his gray attire to greene
 Ah, gentle Mole! such joyance hath thee well
 besene

XII

Was never so great joyance since the day
 Thit all the gods whilome assembled were,
 On Hamus hill in their divine array,
 To celebrate the solenne bridall cheere
 Twixt Peleus and Dame Thetis pointed there,
 Where Phae-bus selfe, that god of Poets light,
 They say, did sing the spousall hymne full
 cheere,

Thit all the gods were ravisht with delight
 Of his celestiaall song, and Musicks wondrous
 might

XIII

Thus gre it Grandmother of all creatures bred,
 Great Nature, ever young, yet full of old,
 Still mooving, yet unmoyed from her sted,
 Unscene or uny, yet of all beheld,
 Thus sitting in her throne, as I have told,

XXXII

These, marching softly, thus in order went,
And after them the Monthes all riding came
First, sturdy March, with brows full sternly
And armed strongly, rode upon a Ram, [bent
The same which over Hellespontus swam,
Yet in his hand a spade he also bent,
And in a bag all sorts of seeds yseme,
Which on the earth he strowed as he went,
And fild her wombe with frutfull hope of
nourishment

XXXIII

Next came fresh Aprill, full of lustyhed,
And wanton as a Kid whose horne new buds
Upon a Bull he rode, the same which led
Europa floating through th' Argolick fluds
His hornes were gilden all with golden studs,
And garnished with garlands goodly dight
Of all the fairest flowres and freshest buds
Which th' earth brings forth, and wet he
seem'd in sight [loves delight
With waves, through which he waded for his

XXXIV

Then came faire May, the fayrest mayd on
ground,
Deckt all with dainties of her seasons pryde,
And throwing flowres out of her lap around
Upon two brethrens shoulders she did ride,
The twinnes of Leda, which on eyther side
Supported her like to their soveraigne Queene
Lord' how all creatures laught when her they
spide
And leapt and daunc't as they had ravisht beene!
And Cupid selfe about her fluttrede all in
greene.

XXXV

And after her came jolly June, arrayd
All in greene leaves, as he a Player were,
Yet in his time he wrought as well as playd,
That by his plough-yrons mote right well
appeare.
Upon a Crab he rode, that him did beare
With crooked crawling steps an uncouth pase,
And backward yode, as Bargemen wont to
fare
Bending their force contrary to their face,
Like that ungracious crew which faunes demu-
rest grace

XXXVI

Then came hot July boyling like to fire,
That all his garments he had cast away
Upon a Lyon raging yet with ire
He boldly rode, and made him to obey
It was the beast that whylome did forray
The Nemean Forrest, till th' Amphitryonide
Him slew, and with his hide did him array

Behinde his back a sithe, and by his side
Under his belt he bore a sickle curving wide.

XXXVII

The sixt was August, being rich arrayd
In garment all of gold downe to the ground,
Yet rode he not, but led a lovely Mayd
Forth by the lilly hand, the which was crown'd
With eares of come, and full her hand was
found

That was the righteous Virgin, which of old
Liv'd here on earth, and plenty made abound
But after Wrong was lov'd, and Justice solde,
She left th' unrighteous world, and was to
heaven extold.

XXXVIII

Next him September marched, ecke on foote,
Yet was he heavy laden with the spoyle
Of harvests riches, which he made his boot,
And him enrich with bounty of the soyle
In his one hand, as fit for harvests toyle,
He held a knife-hook, and in th' other hand
A paire of waights, with which he did assoyle
Both more and lesse, where it in doubt did
stand,
And equall gave to each as Justice duly scann'd.

XXXIX

Then came October full of merry glee,
For yet his noule was totty of the must,
Which he was trading in the wine-sats-see,
And of the joyous oyle whose gentle gust
Made him so frolicke and so full of lust
Upon a dreadfull Scorpion he did ride,
The same which by Dianæes doom unjust
Slew great Orion, and ecke by his side [tyde
He had his ploughing-share and coulter ready

XL

Next was November, he full grosse and fat
As fed with lard, and that right well might
seeme,
For he had been a satting hog of late, [steem,
That yet his browes with sweat did reek and
And yet the season was full sharp and breem
In planting ecke he took no small delight
Whereon he rode not easie was to deene,
For it a dreadfull Centaure was in sight,
The seed of Saturne and faire Nais, Chron
light.

XLI

And after him came next the chill December
Yet he, through merry feasting which he made
And great bonfires, did not the cold remember,
His Saviour's birth his mind so much did glad
Upon a shaggy-bearded Goat he rode,
The same wherewith Drin Jove in tender eares,
They say, was nourishd by th' Idæan mayd,
FF

XXIII

'Therein the changes infinite beholde,
Which to her creatures every minute chaunce,
Now boyling hot, streight friezing deadly cold,
Now faire sun-shine, that makes all skip and
dauce, [tenance
Streight bitter stormes, and balefull coun-
That makes them all to shiver and to shake
Rayne, haile, and snowe do pay them sad
penance, [quake
And dreadfull thunder-claps (that make them
With flames and flashing lights that thousand
changes make.

XXIV

'Last is the fire, which, though it live for
Ne can be quenched quite, yet every day [ever,
We see his parts, so soone as they do sever,
To lose their heat and shortly to decay,
So makes himself his owne consuming pray
No any living creatures doth he breed,
But all that are of others bredd doth slay,
And with their death his cruell life dooth feed,
Nought leaving but their barren ashes without
seede

XXV

'Thus all these sower (the which the ground-
work bee
Of all the world and of all living wights)
To thousand sorts of Change we subject see
Yet are they chang'd (by other wondrous
slights)
Into themselves, and lose their native mights,
The Fire to Ayre, and th' Ayre to Water
sheere,
And Water into Earth, yet Water fights
With Fire, and Ayre with Earth, approaching
neere
Yet all are in one body, and as one appeare

XXVI

'So in them all rugnes Mutabilitie,
How-ever these, that Gods themselves do call,
Of them do clume the rule and soveruntie,
As Vesta, of the fire athereall,
Vulcan, of this with us so usuall,
Ops, of the earth, and Juno, of the ayre,
Neptune, of seas, and Nymphes, of Rivers all
For all those Rivers to me subject are,
And all the rest, which they usurp, be all my
share.

XXVII

'Which to approven true, as I have told,
Vouchsafe, O Goddesse' to thy presence call
The rest which doe the world in being hold,
As times and seasons of the yeare that fall

Of all the which demand in generall,
Or judge thyselfe, by verdit of thine eye,
Whether to me they are not subject all'
Nature did yeld thereto; and by-and-by
Bade Order call them all before her Majesty.

XXVIII

So forth issew'd the Seasons of the yeare.
First, lusty Spring, all dight in leaves of
flowres [beare,
That freshly budded and new bloomes did
(in which a thousand birds had built their
bowres
That sweetly sung to call forth Paramours)
And on his hand a javelin he did beare,
And on his head (as fit for warlike stoures)
A gullt engraven morion he did weare,
That as some did him love, so others did him
feare

XXIX

Then came the jolly Sommer, being dight
In a thin silken cassock coloured greene,
That was unlynd all, to be more light,
And on his head a garland well besene
He wore, from which, as he had chauffed been,
The sweat did drop, and in his hand he bore
A boawe and shaftes, as he in forrest greene
Had hunted late the Libbard or the Bore,
And now would bathe his limbes with labor
heated sore.

XXX

Then came the Autumne all in yellow clad,
As though he joyed in his plentiful store,
Laden with fruits that made him laugh, full
glad
That he had banisht hunger, which to-fore
Had by the belly oft him pinched sore.
Upon his head a wreath, that was enrold
With ears of corne of every sort, he bore,
And in his hand a sickle he did holde,
To reape the ripened fruits the which the
earth had y old

XXXI

Lastly, came Winter cloathed all in frize,
Chattering his teeth for cold that did him
chill, [freese,
Whil'st on his hoary beard his breath did
And the dull drops, that from his purpled
bill
As from a limbeck did adown distill
In his right hand a tipped staffe he held,
With which his feeble steps he stayed still,
For he was faint with cold, and weak with old,
That scarce his loosed limbes he hable was to
weld,

Now hornd, now round, now bright, now browne
and gray,
So that 'as changefull as the Moone' men use
to say

II

'Next Mercury, who though he lesse appeare
To change his hew, and alwayes seeme as one,
Yet he his course doth alter every yere,
And is of late far out of order gone.
So Venus cele, that goodly Paragone,
Though faire all night, yet is she darke all day.
And Phœbus self, who light some is alone,
Yet is he oft eclipsed by the way,
And fills the darkned world with terror and
dismay

LII

'Now Mars, that valiant man, is changed
most,

For he sometimes so far runnes out of square,
That he his way doth seem quite to have lost,
And chū him without his usuall spheare to fire,
That even the star-gazers stonish are
At sight of it, and dampe their lying bookes
So likewise grim old Saturne oft doth spare
His stern respect, and cōfū his crabbed lookes
So many turning crinks these have, so many
crooke &

LIII

'But you, Dm Jove, that only constant are,
And King of all the rest, as ye doe claime,
Are you not subject eke to this mutin?
Then, let me aske you this withouten blame,
Where were ye borne? Some say in Cete by
name,

Others in Helles, and others other-where,
But, where ever they comment the same,
They all consent that ye begotten were
And borne here in this world, no other can
appeare

LIV

'Then are ye mortall borne, and thrall to me
Unless the kingdom of the sky ye make
Immortall and unchūgerle to be
Besides that power and vertue which ye spake,
That ye here worke, doth many changes take,
And your owne nature change; for each of
you,

Thāt vertue have or this or that to make,
Is checkt and changed from his nature tiew,
By others opposition or obliquid view.

LV

'Besides, the sundry motions of your Spheares,
So sundry wyces and fashions as clerkes faine,
Some in short space, and some in longer
ye may
Whāt is the same but alteration plaint?

Onely the starry skie doth still remaine
Yet do the Starres and Signes therein still
move,
And even itself is mov'd, as wizards saime.
But all that moveth doth mutation love,
Therefore both you and them to me I subject
prove.

LVI

'Then, since within this wide great Universe
Nothing doth firme and permanent appeare,
But all things tost and turned by transverse,
Whāt then should Iet, but I shoud should reare
My Trophæe, and from all the triumph beare?
Now judge then, (O thou greatest goddessesse
trew)

According as thy skie doest see and heare,
And unto me addoom that is my dew,
'That is, the rule of all, all being rul'd by you'

LVII

So having ended, silence long ensweld,
Ne Nature to or iro spake for a space,
But with arme eyes affixt the ground still
viewd

Meane while all creatures, looking in her face,
Expecting th' end of this so doubtfull case,
Did hang in long suspense what would ensue,
To whether side should fall the soveraine
place.

At length she, looking up with cheerefull view,
The silence brake, and gave her doome in
speeches tiew

LVIII

'I well consider all that ye have said,
And mūd that all things stedfastnesse do hate
And chūged be, yet, being rightly wiyd,
They are not chūged from their first estate,
But by their change their being do dilate,
And turning to themselves at length againe,
Do worke their owne perfection so by late
Then over them Change doth not rule and
raigne,
But they raigne over Change, and do their
states maintaine

LIX

'Cele therefore, daughter, further to aspire,
And thee content thus to be rul'd by mee,
For thy desire thou seekst by thy desire,
But time shall come that all shall changed bee,
And from thenceforth none no more change
shall see.'

So was the Titanesse put downe and whist,
And Jove confirm'd in his imperall see
Then was that whole assembly quite dismist,
And Natur's selfe did vanish, whither no man
wist

And in his hand a broad deepe boawle he beares,
Of which he freely drinks an health to all his
peeres.

XLII

Then came old January, wrapped well
In many weeds to keep the cold away,
Yet did he quake and quiver, like to quell,
And blowe his payles to warme them if he may,
For they were numb'd with holding all the day
An hatchet keene, with which he felled wood
And from the trees did lop the needlesse spray
Upon an huge grent Earth-pot steane he stood,
From whose wide mouth there flowed forth the
Romane Flood

XLIII

And lastly came cold February, sitting
In an old wagon, for he could not ride,
Drawne of two fishes, for the season fitting,
Which through the flood before did softly slide
And swim away yet had he by his side
His plough and harness fit to till the ground,
And tooles to prune the trees, before the pride
Of hasting Prime did make them burgein
round.

So past the twelve Months forth, and their dew
places found

XLIV

And after these there came the Day and
Night,
Riding together both with equall pace,
Th' one on a Palfrey blacke, the other white,
But Night had covered her uncomely face
With a blacke veile, and held in hand a mace,
On top whereof the moon and stars were pight,
And sleep and darknesse round about did
trace

But Day did beare upon his scepters hight
The goodly Sun encompassed all with beames
bright

XLV

Then came the Howres, faire daughters of high
Jove
And timely Night, the which were all endew'd
With wondrous beauty fit to kindle love,
But they were virgins all, and love eschewed
That might forsack the charge to them fore-
shewed

By mighty Jove, who did them porters make
Of heavens gate (whence all the gods issued)
Which they did daily watch, and nightly wake
By even turnes, ne ever did their charge for-
sake.

XLVI

And after all came Life, and lastly Death,
Death with most grim and griesly visage
scene,

Yet is he nought but parting of the breath,
Ne ought to see, but like a shade to weene,
Unbodied, unsoul'd, unheard, unseene
But Life was like a faire young lusty boy,
Such as they faine Drin Cupid to have beene,
Full of delightfull health and lively joy,
Deckt all with flowres, and wings of gold fit
to employ

XLVII

When these were past, thus gan the Tita-
nesse
'Lo' mighty mother, now be judge, and say
Whether in all thy creatures more or lesse
CHANGE doth not reign and bear the greatest
sway,
For who sees not that Time on all doth prave?
But Times do change and move continually;
So nothing heere long standeth in one stay
Wherefore this lower world who can deny
But to be subject still to Mutability?

XLVIII

Then thus gan Jove 'Right true it is, that
these
And all things else that under heaven dwell
Are chaung'd of Time, who doth them all
disseise
Of being But who is it (to me tell) [pell
That Time himselfe doth move, and still com-
To keepe his course? Is not that namely wee
Which poure that vertue from our heavenly cell
That moves them all, and makes them changed
be?

So them we gods do rule, and in them also
thee.

XLIX

To whom thus Mutability 'The things,
Which we see not how they are mov'd and
swayd

Ye may attribute to your selves as Kings,
And say, they by your secret powre are made
But what we see not, who shall us perswade?
But were they so, as ye them faine to be,
Mov'd by your might and ordered by your
Yet what if I can prove, that even ye [ayde,
Your selves are likewise chang'd, and subject
unto mee?

L

'And first, concerning her that is the first,
Even you, faire Cynthia, whom so much ye
make
Joves dearest darling, she was bred and nurst
On Cynthia hill, whence she her name did
take,

Then is she mortall borne, how-so ye crake
Besides, her face and countenance every day
We changed see and sundry formes partake,

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

THE VIII. CANTO, UNERFITE

I

WHEN I bethinke me on that speech why-
 Of Mutabilitie, and well it way ' [leare
 Me seemes, that though she all unworthy were
 Of the Heav'ns Rule, yet, very sooth to say,
 In all things else she beares the greatest sway
 Which makes me loath this state of life so
 tickle,
 And love of things so vaine to cast away,
 Whose flowing pride, so fading and so fickle,
 Short Time shall soon cut down with his con-
 suming sickle.

II

Then again I thinke on that which Nature sayd,
 Of that same time when no more Change shall
 be,
 But stedfast rest of all things, firmly stayd
 Upon the pillours of Eternity,
 That is contray r to Mutabilitie,
 For all that moveth doth in Change delight
 But thence-forth all shall rest eternally
 With Him that is the God of Sabaoth lught
 O' that great Sabaoth God, grant me that
 Sabaoths sight

THE
SHEPHEARDES CALENDER:

CONTEYNING TWELVE ÆGLOGUES,

PROPORTIONABLE

TO THE TWELVE MONETHES

ENTITLED

To the noble and vertuous Gentleman, most worthy of
all titles both of learning and chevalrie,

MAISTER PHILIP SIDNEY.

TO THE MOST EXCELLENT AND LEARNED,
 BOTH ORATOR AND POETE,
 MAYSTER GABRIELL HARVEY,

HIS VERIE SPECIAL AND SINGULAR GOOD FREND E K COMMENDETH THE GOOD LYKING OF THIS
 HIS LABOUR, AND THE PATRONAGE OF THE NEW POETE.

UNCOUTHE, unkiste, sayde the old famous Poete Chaucer whom for his excellencie and wonderfull skil in making, his scholler Lidgate, a worthy scholler of so excellent a maister, calleth the Loadestarre of our Language and whom our Colin Clout in his *Eglogue* calleth Tityrus the God of shepheards, comparing hym to the worthines of the Roman Tityrus, Virgile Which proverbe, myne owne good friend Ma Harvey, as in that good old Poete it served well Pandares purpose for the bolstering of his bawdy brocage, so very well taketh place in this our new Poete, who for that he is uncouth (as said Chaucer) is unkist, and unknown to most men, is regarded but of few But I dout not, so soone as his name shall come into the knowledge of men, and his worthines be sounded in the tromp of fume, but that he shall be not onely kiste, but also beloved of all, embraced of the most, and wondred at of the best. No lesse, I thinke, deserveth his wittinesse in devising, his pithinesse in uttering, his complaints of love so lovely, his discourses of pleasure so pleasantly, his pastoral rudenesse, his morall wisesnesse, his dewe observing of Decorum everye where, in personages, in seasons, in matter, in speach, and generally, in al seemely simplicitie of handeling his matter, and framing his words the which of many things which in him be straunge, I know will seeme the strangest, the words them selves being so auncient, the knitting of them so short and intricate, and the whole Periode and compasse of speache so delightsome for the roundnesse, and so grave for the straungenesse And firste of the wordes to speake, I graunt

they be something hard, and of most men unused, yet both English, and also used of most excellent Authors, and most famous Poetes In whom, whenas this our Poet hath bene much traveled and throughly redd, how could it be, (as that worthy Oratour sayde) but that walking in the sonne, although for other cause he walked, yet needes he mought be sunburnt, and, having the sound of those auncient Poetes still ringing in his eares, he mought needes, in singing, hit out some of theyr tunes But whether he useth them by such casualtye and custome, or of set purpose and choyse, as thinking them fittest for such rusticall rudenesse of shepheards, eyther for that theyr rough sounde would make his rymes more ragged and rusticall, or els because such olde and obsolete wordes are most used of country folke, sure I think, and think I think not amisse, that they bring great grace, and, as one would say, auctoritie to the verse For albe, amongst many other faultes, it specially be objected of Valla against Livie, and of other against Saluste, that with over much studie they affect antiquitie, as coveting thereby credence and honor of elder yeeres, yet I am of opinion, and eke the best learned are of the lyke, that those auncient solemne wordes are a great ornament, both in the one, and in the other, the one labouring to set forth in hys worke an eternall image of antiquitie, and the other carefully discoursing matters of gravitie and importauce For, if my memory faile not, Tullie, in that booke wherin he endevoureth to set forth the paterne of a perfect Oratour, sayth that ofttimes an auncient worde maketh the style seeme grave, and as it were

TO HIS BOOKE.

*Goe, little booke! thy selfe present,
As child whose parent is unkent,
To him that is the president
Of Noblesse and of cheualree
And if that Enuie barke at thee,
As sure it will, for succoure flee
Under the shadow of his wing,
And asked who thee forth did bring,
A shepheards swaine, saye, did thee sing
All as his straying flocke he fedde
And, when his honor has thee redde,
Crave pardon for my hardyhedde
But, if that any asle thy name,
Say, thou wert base-begot with blame,
For-thy thereof thou takest shame
And, when thou art past jeopardie,
Come tell me what was sayd of mee,
And I will send more after thee.*

IMMERITO.

professing it, not suffice thereto accordingly. Whāch would be rather in English, as then other wise in French, doubting perhaps his habitue, which he little needed, ne requiring to furnish warl: as with this kind, wherein it standeth as you may see the example of the best and most excellent Poets, each derived into kind of writing being both so late for the matter, and hence for the manner, of the first to these three last, and as many birds, that be newly crept out of the nest, by little first to prove their feather wings, before they can be a greater. So do these Poets, as you may perceive, he was all ready full fledged, so as to write, as not yet well feeling his wings. So these Marston, as not being full so ill. So Petrarch, so Horace, so Marot, so Virgil, and also divers other excellent both Italian and French Poets, as our first Author, as where followeth; yet in a few, but they be well sorted, contrived and such. So partly doeth this our new Poet as a bird, whose principles be scarce yet new, but yet so that in time shall be able to be perfect with the best.

And, as touching the poet's life and manner of his life, as I need not to say much, his little labour, as to connect it. Once I am assured, that his untroubled youth had long we dived in the common labyrinth of love, which to him was not yet and why the taste of his passion, or else to cure (as he thought) the poison of love, as his equals and companions, of his unfortunate lady, he composed these English poems, which, for that they be proportioned to the state of the poet, rather, than to the English and Calendar, upon an old case to a new work. Hereunto have I added a certain Colours, or scheme for the exposition of all orders, and harder parts, which manner of glossing and explaining, well I wote, is scarce strange and rare in our tongue. Yet, for so much as I know many excellent and proper devices, both in words and matter, would passe in the speedy course of reading, either as unknown, or as it were, and that in this kind, as in other, we might be equal to the learned of other nations, I thought good to take the pains upon me, the rather for that by means of some few acquaintances, as I was made privy to his counsell and secret wayning in them, as also in sundry other works of his, which albeit I know he is thus much hateful as to himself, yet thus much have I ventured upon his friendship, his self being for long time strangely estranged, hoping that this will the rather

occasion him to put forth divers other excellent works of his, which sleep in silence, as his *Dreams*, his *Laments*, his *Court of Cupide*, and sundry others, whose commendations to set out were scarce time, the things though worthy of many, yet being known to few. These my present paynes, if to any they be pleasurable or profitable, be you judge, mine own good maister Harrey, to whom I have both in respect of your worthnesse generally, and otherwise upon some particular and special considerations, caused this my labour, and the inplethead of this our common friends Poetrie, himself having already in the beginning dedicated it to the Noble and worthy Gentleman, the right worshipfull Mr. Phil. Sinder, a special pursuer and maintainer of all kind of learning. Whose cause, I pray you, Sir, if Harrey shall stir up any worriful accusation, defend with your mighty Rhetorick and other your rare gifts of learning, as you can, and shield with your good will, as you might, against the malice and outrage of so many enemies, as I know will be set on fire with the sparks of his kindled glory. And thus recommending the Author unto you, as unto his most special good friend, and my self unto you both as one taking singular account of you as very good and so choice friends, I bid you both most hartely farewell and commend you and your considerable studies to the tuition of the Greatest.

Your owne assuredly to be commaunded,

L. A.

Post ter.

NOW I trust, Mr. Harrey, that upon sight of your special friends and fellow Poets downys, or els for envie of so many unworthy Quindians, which catch at the garland which to you alone is due, you will be perswaded to pluck out of the hateful darkness those so many excellent English poems of yours which lye hid, and bring the forth to eternall light. Trust me, you doe both them great wrong, in depriving them of the desired sunne, and also your self in smothering your deserved praises, and all men generally, in withholding from them so divine pleasures, which they might conceive of your gallant English verses, as they have already done of your Latine Poemes, which, in my opinion, both for invention and Elocution are very delicate and superexcellent. And thus I take my leave of my good Master Harrey from my lodgings at London this 10 of April, 1579.

reuerend, no otherwise then we honour and
 reverence gray heares, for a certain religious
 regard, which we haue of old age Yet neither
 every where must old words be stuffed in, nor
 the common Dialecte and maner of speaking
 so corrupted thereby, that, as in old buildings,
 some disorderly and ruinous But all as
 most exquisite pictures they use to bluze
 and portraict not only the daintie lineaments
 the rude thickets and craggy clifts, that, by the
 basenesse of such parts, more excellency may
 accrew to the principall, for oftimes we synde
 our selues, I knowe not how, singularly de-
 nessed, and take great pleasure in that disorderly
 termes entumbe, and make more clearly to
 appeare, the brightnesse of brace and glorious
 words So oftentimes a dischorde in Musick
 maketh a comely concordance so great delight
 tooke the worthy Poete Alceus to behold a
 blemish in the joynt of a wel shaped body But,
 if any will rashly blame such his purpose in
 choyse of old and unwonted words, him may I
 more justly blame and condemne, or of
 witlesse headnesse in judging, or of heedlesse
 the compasse of hys bent, he wil judge of the
 length of his cast for in my opinion it is one
 special prayse of many, which are dew to this
 Poete, that he hath laboured to restore, as to
 their rightfull heritage, such good and
 naturall English words, as haue ben long
 time out of use, and almost cleane disherited
 Which is the onely cause, that our Mother
 tonge, which truly of it self is both ful enough
 for prose, and stately enough for verse, hath
 long time ben counted most bare and barren
 of both Which default wheras some en-
 decoured to salte and recure, they patched
 languages, borrowing here of the French, there
 of the Italian, every where of the Latine,
 not weighing how all those tongues accord
 with themselves, but much worse with ours
 So now they have made our English tongue
 a gullunaufay, or hodgepodge of all other
 speakes Other some, not so wel sene in the
 English tonge as perhaps in other languages,
 if they happen to here an olde word, albeit
 very naturall and significant, crye out straight-
 way, that we speak no English, but qbbish,
 or rather such as in old time Ewandars
 mother spake whose first shame is, that they
 are not ashamed, in their own mother tonge,
 to be counted strawngers and alienes The
 second shame no lesse then the first, that

what so they understand not, they streight
 way deeme to be senselesse, and not at all to be
 understode Much like to the Mole in Æsopes
 fable, that, being blynd her selfe, would in no
 wise be perswaded that any beast could see
 The last, more shameful then both, that of
 their owne country and naturall speech, which
 together with their Nources milke they sucked,
 they have so base regard and bastard judge-
 ment, that they will not onely themselves not
 labor to garnish and beautifie it, but also repine,
 that of other it shold be embellished Like to
 the dogge in the maunger, that him selfe can eate
 no hay, and yet barketh at the hungry bullock,
 that so fume would feede whose currish kind,
 though it cannot be kept from barking, yet
 conne I thinke that they refrain from
 byting

Now, for the knitting of sentences, which
 they call the joynts and members therof, and
 for all the compasse of the speuch, it is round
 without roughnesse, and learned without hard-
 nes, such mudee as may be perueied of the
 leaste, understode of the moste, but judged
 onely of the learned For what in most
 English wryters useth to be loose, and as it
 were ungyrt, in this Authour is well grounded,
 finely framed, and strongly trussed up together
 In regard wherof, I scorne and spue out the
 rakehellie route of our rugged rymers (for so
 themselves use to hunt the letter) which without
 learning boste, without judgement jangle,
 without reason rage and fume, as if some
 instinct of Poeticall spirit had newly ravished
 them above the meanenesse of common capacitie
 And being, in the midst of all they bragery,
 sodenly eyther for want of matter, or of ryme,
 or having forgotten theyr former conceipt, they
 seeme to be so pained and traveled in theyr
 remembrance, as it were a woman in child-
 birth, or as that same Pythia, when the trauince
 came upon her 'O^s rabadum feri corda
 domans, &c'

Nethesle, let them a Gods name feede on
 theyr owne folly, so they seeke not to darken the
 beames of others glory As for Colin, und.,
 whose person the Authour selfe is shadowed,
 how surre he is from such vaunted titles
 glorious choices, both him selfe sheueth, as
 he sayth,

'Of Muses Hobbin, I conne no skill.
 And

'Enough is me to paint out my unrest, &c'

And also appeareth by the basenesse of
 name, wherein it semeth he chose rather to
 fold great matter of argument coertly

THE GENERALL ARGUMENT OF THE WHOLE BOOKE.

LITTLE, I hope, needeth me at large to discourse the first Originall of *Eglogues*, having already touched the same. But, for the word *Eglogues*, I know, is unknowne to most, and also mistaken of some of the best learned (as they think,) I will say somewhat thereof, being not at all impertinent to my present purpose.

They were first of the Greekes, the inventours of them, called *Eglogai*, as it were *αιγων*, or *αιγωνων λογοι*, that is, Gotcheards tales. For although in Virgile and others the speakers be more Shepheards then Gotcheards, yet Theocritus, in whom is more ground of authoritie then in Virgil, this specially from that deriving, as from the first head and welpring, the whole Invention of these *Eglogues*, maketh Gotcheards the persons and authors of his tales. Thus being, who seeth not the grossenesse of such as by colour of learning would make us beleieve that they are more rightly termed *Eclogai*, as they would say, extraordinary discourses of unnecessary matter which definition albe in substance and meaning it agree with the nature of the thing, yet no what answereth with the *αναλυσις* and interpretation of the word. For they be not termed *Eclogues*, but *Eglogues*, which sentence this authour very well observing, upon good judgement, though indeede few Gotcheards have to doe herein notwithstanding doubteth not to call them by the used and best known name. Other curious discourses hereof I reserve to greater occasion.

These xij *Eglogues*, every where answering to the seasons of the twelve monthes, may be well divided into three formes or runkes. For eyther they be Plaintive, as the first, the sixt, the eleventh, and the twelfth, or Recreative, such as all those be, which containe matter of love, or commendation of special personages, or Moral, which for the most part be mixed with some Satyirical bitterness, namely, the second, of reverence dewe to old

age, the fift, of coloured deceit, the seventh and ninth, of dissolute shepheards and pastours, the tenth, of contempt of Poetrie and pleasaunt wits. And to this division may every thing herein be reasonably applyed a few onely except, whose speciall purpose and meaning I am not privie to. And thus much generally of these xij *Eglogues*. Now will we speake particularly of all, and first of the first, which he calleth by the first monethes name, Januarie wherein to some he may seeme fowly to have faulted, in that he erroneously begunneth with that moneth, which begunneth not the yeare. For it is well known, and stoutely mainteyned with stronge reasons of the learned, that the yeare begunneth in March, for then the sonne reneweth his finished course and the seasonable spring refresheth the earth, and the pleasure thereof, being buried in the sadnesse of the dead winter now worne away, relieth.

This opinion may teine the olde Astrologers and Philosophers, namely, the reverend Andalo, and Macrobius in his holydayes of Saturne, which account also was generally observed both of Grecians and Romans. But, saving the leire of such learned heads, we mayntune a custome of counting the seasons from the moneth January, upon a more speciall cause then the heathen Philosophers ever could conceive, that is, for the incarnation of our mighty Saviour, and eternall redeemer the L Christ, who as then renewing the state of the decayed world, and returning the compasse of expired yeres to theyr former date and first commencement, left to us his heires a memoriall of his birth in the ende of the last yeere and beginning of the next. Which reckoning, beside that eternall monument of our salvation, leaneth also upon good proofe of special judgement.

For albeit that in elder tymes, when as yet the count of the yere was not perfected, as afterwarde it was by Julius Cesar, they be-

THE GENERALL ARGUMENT OF THE WHOLE BOOKE.

LITTLE, I hope, needeth me at large to discourse the first Originall of *Eglogues*, having alreadye touched the same. But, for the word *Eglogues*, I know, is unknowne to most, and also mistaken of some of the best learned (as they think,) I will say somewhat thereof, being not at all impertinent to my present purpose.

They were first of the Greekes, the inventours of them, called *Eglogai*, as it were *αἰγῶν, or αἰγνομαινον λογοι*, that is, Gotheards tales. For although in Virgile and others the speakers be more Shepheards then Goats, yet Theocritus, in whom is more ground of authoritie then in Virgile, this speaketh from that deriving, as from the first crill, from that deriving, as from the first these *Eglogues*, with Gotheards the persons and authors of his tales. This being, who seeth not the grossenesse of such as by colour of learning would make us beleve that they are more rightly termed *Eclogai*, as they would say, extraordinary discourses of unnecessary matter which definition albe in nature of the thing, yet no whit answereth the word. For they be not termed *Eclogues*, but *Eglogues*, which sentence this author very well observing, upon good judgement, though indeede few Gotheards have to doe herein, nethelasse doubteth not to call them by the used and best known name. Other curious discourses herof I reserve to greater occasion.

These *Eglogues*, ever where answering to the seasons of the twelve months, may be well divided into three termes or runcks. For either they be Plaintive, as the first, the sixt, the eleventh, and the twelfth, or Recreative, such as if those be, which containe matter of love, or commendation of special persons, or Moral, which for the most part be mixed with some Satyricall bitterness, namely, the second, of reverence due to old

age, the fift, of coloured deceit, the seventh and ninth, of dissolute shepheards and pastours, the tenth, of contempt of Poetrie and every thing herein be reasonably applied a few onely except, whose speciall purpose and meaning I am not privie to. And thus much generally of these *Eglogues*. Now will we speake particularly of all, and first of the first, which he calleth by the first monethes name, Januarie, wherein to some he may seeme slowly to have faulted, in that he erroneously begunneth with that moneth, which becommeth not the yere. For it is wel known, and stoutly maintained with stronge reasons of the learned, that the yere becommeth in March, for then the sonne reneweth his finished course, and the seasonable spring refresheth the earth, and the pleasure thereof fresheth buried in the sadness of the dead winter now worne away, relieth.

This opinion mayntaine the olde Astrologers and Philosophers, namely, the reverend Andalo, and Macrobius in his holydayes of Saturne, which account also was generally observed both of Grecians and Romans. But, saving the leave of such learned heads, who mayntaine a custome of counting the seasons from the moneth January, upon a more speciall cause then the heathen Philosophers ever could conceive, that is, for the incarnation of our mighty Saviour, and eternall redeemer the L Christ, who, as then renewing the state of the decayed world, and returning the compasse of expired yeres to theyr former date and first commencement, left to us his heires a memoriill of his birth in the ende of the last yere and beginning of the next. Which reckoning, beside that eternall monument of our salvation, leaneth all upon good proofe of speciall judgement.

For albeit that in older tymes, when as yet the count of the yere was not perfected, as afterwarde it was by Julius Cesar, they be-

THE SHEPHEARDS CALENDER

JANUARIE

ÆGLOGA PRIMA. ARGUMENT

In this first Æglogue Colin Cloute, a shepheardes boy, complaineth him of his unfortunate love, being but newly (as semeth) enamoured of a countrey lasse called Rosalinde with which strong affection being very sore traveled, he compareth his carefull case to the saile season of the yeare, to the frostie ground, to the frozen trees, and to his owne winter-beaten flocke And, lastlye, synding himselfe robbed of all former pleasaunce and delights, hee breaketh his Pipe in peeces, and casteth him selfe to the ground

COLIN CLOUTE

A SHEPHEARDS boye, (no better doe him call)
When Winters wastful spight was almost
All in a sunneshine day, as did befall, [spent,
Led forth his flocke, that had bene long pent
So saynt they woxe, and feeble in the folde,
That now unnethes their feete could them
uphold

All as the Sheepe, such was the shepheards
lookes,
For pile and wanne he was, (alas the while!)
May seeme he lord, or els some care he tooke,
Well couth he tune his pipe and frame his
stile
Tho to a hill his faynting flocke he ledde,
And thus him playnd, the while his shepe
there fedde

'Ye Gods of love, that pite lovers payne,
(If my gods the paine of lovers pite)
Looke from above, where you in joyes remaine,
And bowe your cares unto my dolefull dittie
And, Pan, thou shepherds God that once
didst love, [prove
Pite the paines that thou thy selfe didst

'Thou barren ground, whome winters wrath
hath wasted,
Art made a myrrhour to behold my plight
Whilome thy fresh spring flowrd, and after
hasted
Thy sommer prowde, with Daffadillies dight,
And now is come thy wynters stormy state,
Thy mantle mard, wherein thou maskedst
late.

'Such rage as winters reigneth in my heart,
My life-bloud friesing with unkindly cold,
Such stormy stoures do breede my brilefull
smart,

As if my care were wast and woxen old,
And yet, alas! but now my spring begonne,
And yet, alas! yet is already donne

'You naked trees, whose shady leaves are lost,
Wherein the byrds were wont to build their
bowre,
And now are clothd with mosse and hoary
[frost
Instede of bloosmes, wherewith your buds did
flowre,
I see your teares that from your boughes doe
[raine,
Whose drops in drery ysicles remaine

'All so my lustfull lease is drie and sere,
My timely buds with wailing all are wasted,
The blossome which my brunch of youth did
beare
With breathed sighes is blowne away and
[blasted,
And from mine eyes the drizzling teares de-
scend.
As on your boughes the ysicles depend.

'Thou feeble flocke, whose fleece is rough and
rent,
Whose knees are weake through fast and evil
[fare,
Mayst witness well, by thy ill government,
Thy maysters mind is overcome with care
Thou weake, I wanne, thou leine, I quite
forlorne
With mourning pyne I, you with pyning
mourne

'A thousand sithes I curse that carefull hower
Wherein I longd the neighbour towne to see,
And eke tenne thousand sithes I blesse the
stoure

Wherein I sawe so fayre a sight as shee
Yet all for naught such sight hath bred
my bane. [and payne]
Ah, God! that love should breede both joy

'It is not Hobbinol wherefore I plaine,
Albee my love he seeke with dayly suit,
His clownish gifts and curtsies I disdaine,
His kiddes, his cracknelles, and his early fruit.
Ah, foolish Hobbinol! thy gyfts bene vayne,
Colin them gaves to Rosalind againe

'I love thilke lasse, (alas! why doe I love?)
And am forlorne, (alas! why am I lorne?)
Shee deignes not my good will, but doth re-
prove,
And of my rurall musicke holdeth scorne.

Shepheards devise she hateth as the snake,
And laughs the songs that Colin Clout doth
make

'Wherefore, my pype, albee rude Pan thou
please,
Yet for thou pleasest not where most I would
And thou, unlucky Muse, that wilst to ease
My musing mynd, yet canst not when thou
should,
Both pype and Muse shall sore the while
abye'
So broke his oaten pype, and downe dyd lye

By that, the welked Phoebus gan avale
His weary waune, and nowe the frosty Night
Her mantle black through heav en gan overhaile
Which seene, the pensife boy, halfe in despyght,
Arose, and homeward drove his sonned sheepe,
Whose hanging heads did seeme his carefull
case to weepe.

COLINS EMBLEME

Anchōra speme

GLOSSE

Colin Cloute, is a name not greatly used, and yet have I sene a Poeme of M Skeltons under that title But indeede the word Colin is Trenchie, and used of the French Poete Marot (if he be worthy of the name of a Poete) in a certain *Æglogue* Under which name this Poete secretly shadoweth himself, as sometimes did Virgil under the name of Tityrus, thinking it much fitter then such Latine names, for the great unlikelyhooe of the language

Unnetthes, scarcely
Coulthe, commeth of the verbe *Conne*, that is, to know, or to have skill As well interpreteth the same, the worthy Sir Tho Smith, in his booke of government wherof I have a perfect copie in wryting, lent me by his kinseman, and my verie singular good freend, M Gabriel Harvey as also of some other his most grave and excellent wrytings

Sylts, tyme
Neighbour towne, the next towne expressing the Latine *Vicinia*
Stoure, a fitt
Sere, withered
His clownish gyfts, imitateth Virgils verse

'Rusticus es Corydon, nec munera curat Alexis'

Hobbinol, is a fained country name, whereby, it being so commune and usuall, seemeth to be hidden the person of some his very speciall and most familiar freend, whom he entirely and extraordinarily beloved, as peradventure shall be more largely declared hereafter In this place seemeth to be some savour of disorderly love, which the learned call *pæderastice*, but it is gathered beside his mean-

ing For who that hath read Plato his dialogue called *Alcybiades*, Xenophon, and Maximus Tyrus, of Socrates opinions, may easily perceive, that such love is much to be allowed and liked of, specially so meant, as Socrates used it who sayth, that indeede he loved Alcybiades extremely, yet not Alcybiades person, but his soule, which is Alcybiades owne selfe And so is *pæderastice* much to be preferred before *gynerastice*, that is, the love whiche enflameth men with lust toward woman And yet let no man thinke, that herein I stand with Lucian, or his devishish disciple Unico Artino, in defence of execrable and horrible sinnes of forbidden and unlawful fleshnesse Whose abominable errour is fully confuted of Perionius, and others

I love, a pretty *Panorthosis* in these two verses, and withall a *Paronomasia* or playing with the word, where he sayth *I love thilke lasse alas*, &c

Rosalinde, is also a feigned name, which, being wel ordered, wil bewray the very name of his love and mistresse, whom by that name he coloureth So as Ovide shadoweth his love under the name of Corynna, which of some is supposed to be Julia, themporor Augustus his daughter, and wyfe to Agryppa So doth Aruntius Stella every where call his Lady Asteris and Iantius, albe it is wel known that her right name was Violantilla as witnesseth Statius in his *Epithalamium* And so the famous Paragone of Italy, Madonna Cælia, in her letters enylopeth her selfe under the name of Zima and Petrona under the name of Bellochia And this generally hath bene a common custome of counterfeiting the names of secret Personages
Araile, bring downe
Oerhaile, drawe over

EMBLEM

His embleme or Poesue is here under added in Italian, *Anch'ora speme* the meaning wherof is, lucklesse love yet, leaning on hope, he is some what recomforted that notwithstanding his extreme passion and

FEBRUARIE

ÆGLOGA SECONDA ARGUMENT

THIS Æglogue is rather morall and generall, then bent to any secret or particular purpose. It specially conteyneth a discourse of old age, in the person of Thenot, an olde Shepheard, who for his crookednesse and unlustinesse is scorned of Cuddie, an unhappy Heardmans boye. The matter very well accordeth with the season of the month, the yeare now drouping, and as it were diuining to his last age. For as in this time of yeare, so then in our bodies there is a dry and withering cold, which congealeth the cruddled blood and fryseth the weatherbeaten flesh with stormes of Fortune and hoarie frosts of Care. To which purpose the olde man telleth a tale of the Oake and the Brue, so truly, and so feelingly, as, if the thing were set forth in some Picture before our eyes, more plainly could not appeare.

Cuddie

Cuddie

Ah for pittie! wil rancke Winters rage
These bitter blasts never gimme tasswage?
The hene cold blowes through my beaten hyde,
All as I were through the body gryde
My ragged rontes all shiver and shake
As doon high Towers in an earthquake
They wrot in the wind wagge their wngle
tayles,
Perke as a Peacock, but now it at ailes

Thenot

Lendly complainest thou laesie ladde,
Of Winters wracke for making thee siddie
Must not the world wend in his common course,
From good to badde, and from badde to worse,
From worse unto that is worst of all,
And then returne to his former fall?
Who will not suffer the stormy time,
Where will he live tyll the lusty prime?
Selfe have I worne out thirre threttie yeares,
Some in much joy, many in many teares,
Yet never complained of cold nor heate
Of Sommers flame, nor of Winters threat,
Ne ever was to Fortune foeman,
But gently tooke that ungentle cyme,
And ever my flocke was my chiefe care,
Winter or Sommer they mought well fare

Cuddie

No marveile, Thenot, if thou can heare
Cherefully the Winters wrathful cheare,
For Ago and Winter accord full me,
This chill, that cold, this crooked, that wrie,
And as the lowering Wether looks downe,
So semest thou like Good Fry day to frowne
But my flowring youth is foe to frost,
My shippe unwont in stormes to be tost

Thenot

Thenot

The soveraigne of sers he blames in vaine,
That, once sea-beate, will to sea againe
So loy tring live you little heardgroomes,
Keeping your beastes in the budded broomes
And, when the shining sunne laugheth once,
You deemen the Spring is come atonce,
Tho grvne you, fond flies! the cold to
scorne,
And, crowing in pypes made of greene come,
You thinke to be Lords of the yeare,
But est, when ye count you freed from feare,
Comes the breme Winter with chamfred browes,
Full of wrinckles and frostie furrowes,
Dreerly shooting his stormy darte,
Which cruddles the blood and pricks the harte
Then is your carelesse corage accored,
Your carefull heards with cold bene annoied
Then paye you the price of your surquedrie,
With weeping, and wayling, and misery

Cuddie

Ah, foolish old man! I scorne thy skill,
That wouldest me my springing yowngth to
I deeme thy brane empenshed beo [spil
Through misty elde, that hath rotted thee
Or sicker thy head veray tottie is,
So on thy corbe shoulder it leanes umisse.
Now thy selfe hast lost both lopp and topp,
Als my budding brunch thou wouldest crott
But were thy yeares greene, as now bene myne
To other delights they would incline
Thou wouldest thou learne to caroll of Love,
And hery with hymnes thy lasses glove,
Thou wouldest thou pype of Phyllis prayse,
But Phyllis is myne for many dayes
I wonne her with a gyrdle of gelf,
Embost with buegle about the belt.

Such an one shepherds would make full faine,
Such an one would make thee younge agraine

Thenot

Thou art a son of thy love to boote,
All that is lent to love will be lost

Cudde

Seest howe I this yond Bullooke beeres
So smutke so smoothie, his prickled eares?
His hornes be as broad as Runnowe bent,
His dewlap as lythe as lawe of Kent
So have he vented him into the ynd,
Wet out of love is not his mynde
Seest with the flocke thy counsell can,
So he does bewt thee, so weake, so wan,
Clothed with cold, and hoary with frost,
Thy flocke farther his courage hath lost,
I say thee that want to have blowne bags,
I say well full widdowes hunger their crags,
Thy rather lambs be starved with cold
All for thy Master's lustlesse and old

Thenot

Cudde I wote thou hast little good
So surely I advanced thy headlesse hood,
For yongtun is a bubble blown up with breath
Whose rent is wakenesse, whose wight is death,
Whose way is wildernes, whose name Pen-
naunce

And strepe-gallant Age, the hoste of Gre
But shall I tell thee a tale of truth, I wote
Which I read of Titus in my youth
Keepeing his sheepe on the hills of Kent

Cudde

To nought more Thenot, my mind is bent
The more to hear no wille of his desire
They bent so well thewed, and so wise
What ever that good old man bespake

Thenot

Many meete tales of youth did he make,
And some of love and some of chivalrie,
But none better then this to applie
Now I wote a while and hearken the end
There growe an acre I see on the greene,
A goodly Oake sometime had it be,
With armes full strong end largely displayd,
But of their leaves they were disarayde
The bodie bigger, and mightely might,
Throughly rooted, a id of wonderous light,
Whome had bene the King of the field
And moche well trust to the husband did yield,
And with his nuts larded many a me
But now the gray mouse mard his rine,

His bared boughes were beaten with stormes,
His toppes was bald and wisted with wormes,
His honor decayed, his branches sere
Hard by his side growe a bragging Breere,
Which proudly thrust into thelement,
And seemed to threat the lument
It was embelishit with blossomes fayre,
And thereto aye wouned to repaire
The shepherds daughters to gather slowres
To pemet their girlonds with his colourres,
And in his small bushes used to shrowde
The sweet Nightingale singing so lowde
Which made this foolish Breere weke so bold,
That eke a ture he cast him to scold
And snobbe the good Oake for he was old
Why standst there (quoth he) thou brutish
bloke?

[stooke;
Nor for fruit nor for shadowe serves this
Seest how fresh my flowers bene spreadde,
Deed in lilly white and Cressmin redde,
With leaves engrained in lusty greene,
Colours meete to clothe a mayden Queene?
Thy wast bigues but considers the ground
And dricks the beauty of my blossomes round
The mouldie moss which thee acheneth,
My simmon smell too much annoith
Wherefore soone I rede thee hence remove,
Least thou the price of my displeasure prove
So spake this bold breere with greit disdain
Little him answered the Oake againe,
But velded, with shame and greefe adawed,
That of a weck he was overerawed
It chanced after upon a day,
The hus bandman selfe to come that way,
Of custome for to surwe his ground,
And his trees of state in compasse round
Him when the spitefull breere had espied
Causelesse complained and lordly cryed
Unto his lord, stirring up sterne strife
'O, my liege Lord' the God of my life!
Pleaseth you ponder your Suppliants plaint,
Caused of wrong and cruell constraint,
Which I your poore Vasall dayly endure,
And but your goodnes the same recure,
Am like for desperate doole to dye,
Through felonous force of mine encmie'
Greatly agast with this piteous plea,
Him rested the Goodman on the le,
And bidde the Breere in his plaint proceede
With painted words though this proude weede
(As most usen Ambitious folle)
His colourd crime with craft to cloke
'Ah, my souveraine' Lord of creatures all,
Thou placer of plants both humble and tall,
Was not I planted of thine owne hand,
To be the primrose of all thy land,
With flowing blossomes to furnish the prime,
And scarlot berries in Sommer time?

How falls it then that this faded Oake,
Whose bodie is sere, whose branches broke,
Whose naked Armes stretch unto the fyre,
Unto such tyrannie doth aspire,
Hindring with his shade my lovely light,
And robbing me of the sweet sonnes sight?
So beate his old boughes my tender side,
That oft the blood springeth from woundes
Untimely my flowres forced to fall, [wyde,
That bene the honor of your Coronall
And oft he lets his cancker-wormes light
Upon my braunches, to worke me more spight,
And oft his horrie locks downe doth cast
Where with my fresh flowretts bene difust
For this, and many more such outrage,
Craving your goodlikerd to asuage
The rancorous rigour of his might,
Nought aske I, but onely to hold my right,
Submitting me to your good sufferance,
And praying to be garded from greivance'
'To this the Oake cast him to replie
Well as he coult but his enimie
Had kindled such colers of displeasure,
That the good man woulde stay his leasure,
But home him hasted with furious hente,
Encreasing his wrath with many a threite
His harmefull Hatchet he hent in hand,
(Alas! that it so ready should stand!')
And to the field alone he speedeth,
(As little helpe to harme there needeth!')
Anger nould let him speake to the tree,
Enaunter his rage mought cooled bee,
But to the roote bent his sturdy stroake,
And made many woundes in the wast Oake
The Axes edge did oft turne agayne,
As halfe unwilling to cutte the graine,
Semed, the sencelesse iron dyd ferre,
Or to wrong holy eld did forbear,
For it had bene an auncient tree,
Sacred with many a mystere,
And often crost with the prestes crewe,
And often halowed with holy-water dewe

But sike fancies weren foolerie,
And broughten this Oake to this misery;
For nought mought they quitten him from
decay,
For fiercely the good man at him did laye
The blocke oft groned under the blow,
And sighed to see his neare overthrow.
In fine, the steele bad pierced his pith,
Tho downe to the earth he fell forthwith.
His wonderous weight made the ground to
quake,
Therwith shrokke under him, and seemed to
shake —
There lyeth the Oake, pitted of none!
Now stands the Brere like a lord alone,
Puffed up with pryde and vaine pleasure,
But all this glee had no continuance
For erstones Winter gan to approche,
The blustering Boreas did eneroche,
And beate upon the solitarie Brere,
For nowe no succoure was seene him nere
Now gan he repent his pryde to late,
For, naked left and disconsolate,
The byng frost nipt his strike dead,
The watric wette weighed downe his head,
And heaped snowe burnd him so sore,
That nowe upright he can stand no more,
And being downe, is trodde in the durt
Of cattell and brouzed, and sorely hurt
Such was thend of this Ambitious brere,
For scorning Eld—

Cudde

Now I pray thee, shepheard, tel it not forth
Here is a long tale, and little worth
So longe have I listened to thy speche,
That grassed to the ground is my breche
My hart-blood is wel nigh frome, I feele,
And my galge growne fast to my heele
But little ease of thy lewd tale I tasted
I've thee home, shepheard, the day is nigh
wasted

TIPNOTS I MREMY

*Iddio, perche è vecchio,
Fu suoi al suo essemplio*

CUNDILS IMBLEME

*Quinto vecchio
Spaventato Iddio*

GLOSSE

Kene, sharpe
Gride perceid an olde word much used of Lid
gate, but not found (that I know of) in Chaucer
Lions young bullockes
Bracke, ruine or violence, whence cometh

shipwracke and not make, that is vengeance or
wrath
Forman a foe
Thenot the name of a shepheard in Marot his
Follogue

The *sovereigne of Seas*, is Neptune the God of the seas The saying is borrowed of Mimus Publanius, which used this proverb in a verse

'Improbè Neptuneum accusat, qui iterum naufragum facit'

Heardgromes, Chaucers verse almost whole
Fond Flies, He compareth careless sluggardes, or ill husbandmen, to flies that, so soone as the sunne shineth, or yt is exeth any thing warme, begin to flye abroad, when suddenly they be overtaken with cold

But *left when*, a verie excellent and lively description of Winter, so as may bee indifferently taken, eyther for old Age, or for Winter season

Breme, chill, bitter

Chamfred, chapt, or wrinkled

Accorded, plucked downe and daunted

Sun quedi te, pryde

Eldre, olde age.

Sickles, sure

Tottle, wavering

Cowbe, crooked

Heire worship

Phyllis, the name of some mayde unknowne, whom Cuddie whose person is secrete, loved The name is usuall in Theocritus, Virgile, and Man tuane

Belle, a girdle or wast-band

A fon, a foole

Luthe, soft and gentle

Yenteth smuffeth in the wind

Thy floris father, the Ramme

Crans neckes

Rather lambes, that be ewed early in the beginning of the yeare

Youth us, a verie moral and pittthy Allegorie of youth, and the lustes thereof, compared to a wearie wayfaring man

Tutus, I suppose he meanes Chaucer, whose prave for pleasant tales cannot dye so long as the memorie of his name shall live, and the name of Poetrie shal endure

Well-thewed, that is, *Bene morate*, full of morall wisesnesse

There grew This tale of the Ouke and the Breere, he telleth as learned of Chaucer, but it is cleane in another kind, and rather like to *Æsops* fables It

is verie excellent for pleasant descriptions, being altogether a certaine Icon, or Hy potyposis of disdainfull younkers

Embellisht, beautified and adorned

To vronne, to haunt or frequent

Sneb, checke

Why standst, The speech is scornful and very presumptuous

Lugrained, dyed in gruin

Acloseth, encombreth

Adared, daunted and confounded

Trees of state, taller trees, fitte for tumber wood

Sterne trife, sild Chaucer, s fell and sturdy

O my liege, a manner of supplication wherein is kindly coloured the affection and speiche of Ambitious men

Coronall, Garlande

Flourrets yong blossomes

The Primrose, the chiefe and worthiest

Aaled armes, metaphorically ment of the bare boughes, spovied of leaves This colourably he speiketh, as adjudging hym to the fyre

The blood, spoken of a blocke, as it were of a living creature, figuratively, and (as they say)

κατ' εικασμον

Hoarie lockes, metaphorically for withered leaves

Hent, caught

Aould, for would not

Any, evermore

Wounds, gashe

I naunter, least that

The priestes cire, holy water pott, wherewith the popische priest used to sprinkle and hallowe the trees from mischaunce Such blindness was in those times, which the Poete suppoeth to have bene the final decay of this auncient Ouke

The blocke off groned, a lively figure which greth sence and feeling to unsensibill creatures, as Virgile also sayeth 'Saxa gemunt gravido, &c

Boieas The Northerne wynd, that bringeth the moste stormie weather

Glee, chere and jollitie

For scorning Eld, And minding (as shoulde seme) to have made ryme to the former verse, he is cunningly crite of by Cuddie, as disdaining to here any more

Galage A startuppe or clownish shoe

EMBLEM

This embleme is spoken of Thenot, as a moral of his former tale namelye that God, which is him selfe most aged, being before al ages, and without beginninge, maketh those, whom he loveth, like to himselfe, in heaping yeares unto theyre dayes, and blessing them with longe lyfe For the blessing of age is not given to all, but unto those whome God will so bessele And albeit that many evill men reche unto such fulnesse of yeares, and some also were old in myserie and thraldome, yet therefore is not ago ever the lesse blessing For even to such evill men such number of yeares is added, that they may in their last dayes repent, and come to their first home So the old man checketh the rash headed boy for despysing his gray and frostie heere.

Whom Cuddie doth counterbuff with abyting

and bitter proverbe, spoken indeede at the first in contempt of old age generally For it was an old opinion and yet is continued in some mens conceipt, that men of yeares have no feare of God at al, or not so much as yonger folke for that being ripened with long experience, and having passed many bitter brants and blaies of vengeance, they dread no stormes of Torment, nor wrathe of God, nor daunger of menne, as being either by longe and ripe wisedome armed agaisst al mischaunces and adversitie, or with much trouble hardened against al troublesome tydes Like unto the Ape, of which is told in *Æsops* fables, that, oftentimes meeting the Lyon, he was at first sore aghast and dismayed at the grannes and austeritie of hys countenance, but at last, being acquainted with his lookes, he was so fure from fearing him, that

he would familiarly gybe and jest with him Enche-
longe experience breedeth in some men -acuritie
Although it please Præsumus, a great clerke, and
good old father more fatherly and favourable to
construe it, in his Adages, for his own behoofe,
That by the proverbe, 'Nemo senex metuit Iovem,'
is not meant, that old men have no feare of God

at all, but that they be furre from superstition and
Idoltrous regard of false Gods as is Jupiter
But his greivous learning notwithstanding, it is to
plaime to be gaine-said, that olde men are muche
more enclined to such fond fooleries, then younger
heades.

MARCH

ÆGLOGA TERTIA. ARGUMENT

*In this Æglogue two shepheards boyes taking occasion of the season, beginne to make purpose of love, and
other plesauce which to spending time is most agreeable The speciall meaning hereof is, to give certaine
markes and tokens to know Cupide, the Gods God of Love But more particularly, I thinke, in the
person of Thomalin is meant some secret friend, who scorned Love and his knights so long, till at length
him selfe was entangled, and unweares wounded with the dart of some beautifull regard, which is Cupide's
arrow*

WILLIE

Will THOMALIN why sytten we see,
As wren overtent with woe,
Upon so fayre a morow
The joyous time now nighes fast,
That shall sleage this bitter blast,
And slake the winters sorowe.
Tho Sicker, Willie, thou warrest well,
For Winters wrath begins to quell,
And pleasant spring appeareth
The grasse nowe ganne to be refreshit,
The Swallow peepes out of her nest,
And clowdie Welkin cleareth
Will See'st not thilke same Haw thorne studd
How bragh it begins to budde,
And utter his tender heed?
Flora now calleth forth eche flower,
And bids make readie Maies bowre,
That newe is upris from bedde
Tho shall we sporten in delight,
And learne with Lettice to we're light.
That scornfully looks ashaunce,
Tho will we litle Love awake.
That nowe sleepeth in Lethe lake,
And pray him ledden our daunce.
Tho Willie, I wene thou bee assot,
For lustie Love still sleepeth not,
But is abroad at his game.
Will How kenst thou that he is awake?
Or hast thy selfe his slomber broke,
Or made privie to the same?
Tho No but happily I him spyde,
Where in a bush he did him lude,
With winges of purple and blew,
And we're not that my sheepe would stray,
The privie marks I would bewray,
Whereby by chaunce I him knewe
Will Thomalin, have no care for this,
My selfe will have a double eye,
To keepe to my flocke and thine,

THOMALIN

For als at home I have a squire,
A stepdame eke, as whott as fyre,
That dewly adaves counts mine
Tho Nay but thy seeing will not serve,
My sheepe for that may chaunce to swere,
And fall into some mischiefe
For withens is but the thurd morowe
That I churust to fall asleepe with sorowe
And waked againe with grefe,
The while thilke same unhappie Iwe,
Whose clouted legge her hurt doth shewe,
Kell herdlong into a dell,
And there joynted both her bones
Mought her necke bene joynted attones.
She mought have neede no more spell,
Thel was so wanton and so wood,
(But now I trowe can better good.)
She mought ne gang on the greene
Will Let be, as may be, that is past
That is to come. let be forecast
Now tell us what thou hast seene
Tho It was upon a holiday,
When shepherdes groomes han leave to playe,
I cast to goe a shooting
Long wandring up and downe the land,
With bowe and bolts in either hand,
For birds in bushes tooting,
At length within an yve todde,
(There shrouded was the litle God)
I heard a busie bustling
I bent my bolt against the bush,
Listening if any thing did rushe,
But then herd no more rustling
Tho peeping close into the thicke,
Might see the moving of some quicke,
Whose shape appeared not,
But were it faerie, feend, or make,
My courage earnd it to awake.
And manfully thereat shotte

With that sprong forth a naked swayne
 With spotted winges, like Peacocks trayne,
 And laughing lope to a tree,
 His gylden quiver at his backe,
 And silver bowe, which was but slacke,
 Which lightly he bent at me
 That seeing, I levelde againe
 And shott at him with might and maine,
 As thicke as it had hayled
 So long I shott, that al was spent,
 Tho pumie stones I hastily hent
 And threwe, but nought availed
 He was so wimble and so wight,
 From bough to bough he lepped light,
 And oft the pumies latched
 Therewith asrayd, I ranne away
 But he, that earst seemd but to playe,
 A hasty in earnest snatched.
 And hit me running in the heele
 For then I little smart did feelee,

But soone it sore encreased,
 And now it rancleth more and more,
 And inwardly it festreth sore,
 Ne wote I how to cease it
 With Thomaſin I pittie thy plight,
 Perdie with Love thou diddest fight.
 I know him by a token,
 For once I heard my father say,
 How he him caught upon a day,
 (Whereof he wil be wroken)
 Entangled in a fowling net,
 Which he for carrion Crowes had set
 That in our Peere-tree haunted
 Tho sayd, he was a winged lad
 But bowe and shafts as then none had,
 Els had he sore be daunted
 But see, the Welkin thucks apace,
 And stooping Phebus steepes his face.
 'Tis time to hast us homeward.

WHITTIES IMBITIONE

To be wise, and else to love,
 Is graunted scarce to Gods above

THOMASINS EMBLEM

Of Hony and of Gaule in love there is store,
 The Honye is much, but the Gaule is more

GLOSSE

This Aglogue seemeth somewhat to resemble
 that same of Theocritus, wherein the boy likewise
 telling the old man, that he had shot at a winged
 boy in a tree, was by hym warned to beware of
 mischief to come

Overwent, overgone

Alegge, to lessen or aswage

To quell, to abate

Welkin, the skie

The scallow, which bird useth to be counted the
 messenger, and as it were, the forerunner, of
 springe

Flora, the Goddess of flowres, but indeede (as
 saith Tacitus) a famous harlot which, with the
 abuse of her body having gotten great riches,
 made the people of Rome her heyre who, in re-
 membrance of so great beneficence, appointed a
 yearly feste for the memoriall of her, calling her,
 not as she was, nor as some doe think, Andronica,
 but Flora, making her the Goddess of flowres, and
 doing yerely to her solemne sacrifice

Maias bower, that is, the pleasant field, or rather
 the Maye bushes. Maia is a Goddess, and
 the mother of Mercurie, in honour of whome the
 moneth of Maye is of her name so called, as sayth
 Macrobius

Lette, the name of some country house

Assaunce, a keve, or sequint

For-thu, therefore

Lethe, is a lake in hell, which the Poetes call the
 lake of forgetfulness. For Lethe signifieth forget-

fulness Wherein the soules being dipped did forget
 the cares of their former lyfe So that by love
 sleeping in Lethe lake, he meaneth he was almost
 forgotten, and out of knowledge, by reason of
 winters hardnesse, when all pleasures, as it were,
 sleepe and were oute of minde

Assolte, to dote.

His slomber To breake Loves slomber is to ever
 rise the delights of Love, and wanton pleasures
 Wings of purple so is he feyned of the Poetes
 For als, he imitateth Virgils verse

'Est mihi namque domi pater, est iniqua no-
 verca, &c'

A dell, a hole in the ground

Spell, is a kinde of vertue or charme, that in eie
 tymes they used often to say over every thing that
 they would have preserved, as the Night-spell for
 theeves, and the woodspell And hereence, I
 thinke is named the gospel, as it were Gods spell,
 or worde And so sayth Chaucer, Lister e h Lord-
 ings to my spell

Gann, gave.

An tie tolde, a thicke bush

Swaine, a bove For so is he described of the
 Poetes to be a bove, & always fresh and lustie
 blindefolde because he maketh no difference of
 personages with divers coloured winges, & full of
 flying fancies with bone and arrow, that is, with
 glauce of beautye, which prynceth as a forked
 arrowe He is sayd also to have that swaine under

Hob Colin thou kenst, the Southerne shep-
heardes boye. [darte

Him Love hath wounded with a deadly
Whilome on him was all my care and joye,
Forcing with gyfts to winne his wanton heart.

But now from me hys madding mynd is starte
And woes the Widdowes daughter of the
glenne,

So nowe fayre Rosalind hath bredde hys smart,
So now his frend is chaunged for a freune.

The. But if hys ditties bene so trimly dight,
I pray thee, Hobbinoll, recorde some one,
Thio whiles our flockes do graze about in sight,
And we close shrowded in thys shade alone

Hob Contented I then, will I singe his laye
Of fayre Eliza, Queene of shepherdes all,
Which once he made as by a spring he laye,
And tuned it unto the Waters fall

'Ye dainty Nymphs, that in this blessed
Doe bathe your brest, [brooke
Torsake your watry bowres, and hether looke,
At my request

And eke you Virgins, that on Primrose dwell,
Whence floweth Helicon, the learmed well,
Helpe me to blazo

Her worthy praise,
Which in her seve doth all excell

'Of fayre Eliza be your silver song,
Th'it blessed night,
The flowre of Virgins may shee flourish long
In princely plight'

Tor shee is Syrinx draughter without spotte,
Which Pan, the shepherds God, of her begot
So sprong her grace
Of heavenly race,

No mortall blemishe may her blotte

'See, where she sits upon the grassie greene,
(O seemely sight')

Yclad in Scarlot, like a mayden Queene,
And ermines white

Upon her head a Cranesin coronet,
With Damaske roses and Daffadillies set

By leaves betweene,
And primroses greene,
Embellish the sweete Violet

'Tell me, have ye seene her angelick face,
Like Phoebe fayre?

Her heavenly hartour, her princely grace,
Can you well compare?

The Redde rose medled with the White yfere,
In either cheekes depincten lively chere
Her modest eye,

Her Majestie,
Where have you seene the like but there?

'I sawe Phœbus thrust out his golden hedde,
Upon her to gaze [spreadde,
But, when he sawe how broade her beames did
It did him amaze

He blusht to see another Sunne belowe,
Ne durst againe his fyrye face out showe
Let him, if he daie,
His brightnesse compare

With hers, to have the overthrowe

'Shewe thyselfe, Cynthia, with thy silver rayes,
And be not abasht

When shee the beames of her beauty displayes,
O, how art thou dasht'

But I will not match her with Latonaes seede,
Such follie greit sorow to Niobe did breede

Now she is a stone,
And makes dayly mone,
Warnung all other to take heede

'Pan may be proud that ever he begot

Such a Bellibone,
And Syrinx joyset that ever was her lot
To beare such an one

Soone as my younglings cryen for the dam
To her will I offer a milkwite Lamb

Shee is my goddesse plaine,
And I her shepherds swayne,
Albet forswonck and forswatt I am

'I see Calliope speede her to the place,

Where my Goddesse shunes,
And after her the other Muses trace,
With their Violins [beare,

Bene they not Bay branches which they do,
All for Eliza in her hand to weare?

So sweetely they play,
And sing all the way,
That it a heaven is to heare

'Lo! how finely the Graces can it foote

To the Instrument
They dauncen dextly, and singen soote,

In their merment
Wants not a fourth Grace, to make the daunce
even?

Let that rowme to my Lady be yeven

She shal be a Grace,
To fill the fourth place,
And reigne with the rest in heaven

'And whither rennes this bevie of Ladies bight,
Krunge in a rowe?

They bene all Ladies of the lake belught,
That unto her goe

Chlors, that is the chiefest Nymph of all,
Of Olive branches beares a Coronall

Olives bene for perce,
When wars doe surcease
Such for a Princesse bene principall

'Ye shepheards daughters that dwell on the
greene,
Hye you there apace
Let none come there but that Virgins bene,
To adorne her grace
And, when you come whereas shee is in place,
See that your radenasse doe not you disgrace
Binde your fillets faste,
And gird in your waste,
For more finenesse, with a tawdrie lace

'Bring hether the Pincke and purple Cullambine,
With Gelliflowres,
Bring Coronations, and Sops in wine,
Worne of Paramoures
Strowe me the ground with Daffidownillies,
And Cowslips, and Kingcups, and loved Lillies
The pretie Pavnice,
And the Chevsaunce,
Shall match with the fayre flowre Delice

'Now ryse up, Elisa, decked as thou art
In royall aray,
And now ye daintie Damsells may depart
Eche one her way
I feare I have troubled your troups to longe
Let dame Elisa thanke you for her song
And if you come hether
When Damsnes I gether,
I will part them all you among'

The, And was thilk same song of Colins
owne making?

Ah, foolish Boy! that is with love yblent
Great pittie is, he be in such taking,
For naught caren that bene so lewdly bent

Hob Sicker I hold him for a greater son,
That loves the thing he cannot purchase
But let us homeward, for night draweth on,
And twinceling starres the daylight hence
chase

THIRIOTS EMBLEM

O quam te memorem Virgo!

HOBBIOLS EMBLEME

O dea certe!

GLOSSE

Gars thee greete, causeth thee weepo and complain
Fortorne, left and forsaken

Attempted to the yeare, agreeable to the season of
the yeare, that is Aprill, which moneth is most
bent to shoures and seasonable rayne to quench,
that is, to de'aye the drought, caused through dry-
nesse of March wyndes

The Ladde, Colin Clout

The Lasse, Rosalinda

Tressed locks, wrethed and curled

Is he for a ladde? a straunge manner of speak-
ing s what maner of Ladde is he?

To make, to rime and versifie For in this word,
making, our olde Englishe Poetes were wont to
comprehend all the skill of Poetrie, according to
the Greeke worde *poiesis*, to make whence com-
meth the name of Poetes

Colin thou leest, knowest Seemeth hereby that
Colin partes neth to some Southern noble man, and
perhaps in Surrye or Kent the rather because he
so often nameth the Kentish downes, and before,
As lythe as lasse of Kent

The Widowes, He calleth Rosalind the Widowes
daughter of the glenne, that is of a country Ham-
let or borough which I thinke is rather sayde to
coloure and conceale the person, then simply spoken
For it is well known, even in spight of Colin
and Hobbinoll, that shee is a Gentlewoman of no
meane house, nor endewed with anye vulgare and
common gifts, both of nature and manners but
suche indeede, as neede nether Colin be ashamed
to have her made knowne by his verses, nor Hob-

binol be greved, that so she should be commended
to immortalitie for her rare and singular vertues
Specially deserving it no lesse, then eyther Myrto
the most excellent Poete Theocritus his darling,
or Lauretta the divine Petrarches Goddesse, or
Himera the worthye Poete Stersichorns hye idol,
upon whom he is sayd so much to have doted that,
in regard of her excellencie, he scorned and wrote
against the beauty of Helena For which his pre-
sumptuous and unheedic hardinesse, he is sayde by
vengeance of the Gods, thereat being offended, to
have lost both his eyes

Frenne a straunger The word, I thinke, was
first poetically put and afterwards used in common
custome of speech for forene

Dight adorned

Laue a songe as Roundelayses and Virelayes

In all this songe is not to be respected, what the
worthinesse of her Virestie deserveth, nor what the
highnes of a Prince is agreeable, but what is
mo-te comely for the meannes of a shepherd
write or to conceive, or to utter And therefore
he calleth her Elisa, as through rudenesse trip-
ping in her name, and a shepheards daughter, it
being very unfit that a shepheards boy, brought
up in the shepfold, should know, or ever seeme to
have heard of, a Queenes roialty

1^o daintie, is, as it were, an Exordium *ad pri-
andos amicos*

Virgins, the nine Muses, daughters of Apollo
and Memorie, whose abode the Poets saie to be
on Parnassus, a hill in Grece, for that in that

countie specially florished the honor of all excellent studies

Hilcon is both the name of a fountaine at the foote of Parnassus, and also of a mountaine in Dacia, out of which floweth the famous spring Castalia dedicated to the Muses of which among it is said that, when Pegasus the winged horse of Perce is (whereby is meant fame and flying renowne) trooke the ground with his hoofe, suddenly there out spring a well of most cleare and pleasant water, which from thenceforth was consecrate to the Muses and Ladies of learning

Your silver song, seemeth to imitate the like in Hesiodus ἀργαῖοι μέλος

Syrinx is the name of a Nympe of Arcadia, whom when Pan being in love pursued her, flying from him, of the Gods was turned into a reede So that Pan catching at the Reedes in steede of the Damosell, and pulling hard (for he was almost out of wind) with hys breath made the Reedes to pype, which he seeing, tooke of them, and, in remembrance of his lost love, made him a pype thereof But here by Pan and *Syrinx* is not to bee thought, that the shepherdes simply meante those Poeticall Gods but rather suppoing (as seemeth) her graces progenie to be divine and immortal (so as the Paynims were wont to judge of all kings and Princes, according to Homeres saying,

‘Θυμος δε μεγας εστι διοτρεφεις βασιλῆος,
‘Τιμη δ’ εκ Διός εστι, φιλει δε ε μητιετα Ζεός,)

could devise no parents in his judgement so worthy for her as Pan the shepherd God, and his best beloved *Syrinx* So that by Pan is here meant the most famous and victorious king, her highnes father late of worthy memory, King Henry the eight And by that name, oftymes (as hereafter appeareth) be noted kings and mighty Potentates And in some place Christ himselfe, who is the verie Pan and god of Shepherdes

Cremosin coronet, he deviseth her crowne to be of the finest and most delicate flowers, instead of perles and precious stones, wherewith Princes Diademes use to be adorned and embost

Embellish, beautifie and set out

Phoebe, the Moone, whom the Poets saie to be sister unto Phoebus, that is, the Sonne

Mixed, mingled

Ifeve, together By the mingling of the Redde rose and the White is meant the uniting of the two principall houses of Lancaster and Yorke by whose longe discord and deadly debate this realm many yeares was sore travelled, and almost cleane decayed Til the famous Henry the seventh, of the line of Lancaster, taking to wife the most vertuous Princess Elizabeth, daughter to the fourth Edward of the house of Yorke, begat the most royal Henry the eight aforesaid, in whom was the first union of the Whyte rose and the Redde

Calliope, one of the nine Muses to whome they asigne the honor of all Poeticall Invention, and the first glorie of the Heroicall verse Other say, that shee is the Goddess of Rethorick, but by Virgilles manifestation, that they mistake the thing For there, in hys Epigrams, that arte semeth to be attributed to Polymnia, saying,

‘Signal cuncta manu, loquiturque Polymnia gestu’

Which seemeth specially to be meant of Action, and elocution, both special partes of Rethorick besides that her name, which (as some construe it) importeth great remembrance, containeth another part but I holde rather with them, which call her Polymnia, or Polyhymnia, of her good singing *Pan br anchor*, be the signe of honor and victory, and therefore of mighty Conquerors worn in their triumphes, and eke of famous Poets, as saith Petrarch in hys Sonets,

‘Arbor vittoriosa triumphale,
‘Honor d’ Imperadori et di Poeti,’ &c

The Graces be three sisters, the daughters of Jupiter, (whose names are Aglaia, Thalia, Euphrosyne, and Homer onely added a fourth, s Panthea) otherwise called Charites, that is, thankes whom the Poets feyned to be the Goddesses of all bountie and comelines, which therefore (as sayth Theophrastus) they make three, to wete, that men first ought to be gracious and bountifull to other freely, then to receive benefites at other mens hands courteously, and thirdly, to requite them thankfully, which are three sundry Actions in liberality And Boccace saith, that they be painted naked (as they were indeede on the tombe of C Julius Caesar) the one having her backe toward us, and her face forward, as proceeding from us, the other two toward us, noting double thanks to be due to us for the benefit we have done

Deffly, finelye and numbly

Soote, sweete

Affement, mirth

Bevie, a bevie of ladies, is spoken figuratively for a company, or troupe the terme is taken of Larkes I or they say a Bevie of Larkes, even as a Cove of Partridge, or an eye of Pheasants

Ladies of the lake be Nymphes I or it was an olde opinion amongst the Auncient Heathen, that of every spring and fountaine was a goddesse the Sovereigne Whiche opinion stucke in the myndes of men not many yeares sithence, by meanes of certain fine fablers, and lowd livers, such as were the Authors of King Arthurs the great, and such like who tell many an unlawfull loring of the Ladies of the Lake, that is, the Nymphes For the word Nympe in Greeke, signifieth Well water, or other lye, a Spouse or Brjde

B. hight, called or named

Cloris, the name of a Nymph, and signifieth greenes e, of whome is sayd that Zephyrus, the Westerne wind, being in love with her, and coveting her to wyfe, gave her for a dowrie the chiefe dome and sovereignty of all flowers, and greene herbes, growing on earth

Olive bene The Olive was wont to be the ensigne of Peace and quietnesse, eyther for that it cannot be planted and pruned, and so carefully looked to as it ought, but in time of peace, or es for that the Olive tree, they say, will not growe neare the Firre tree, which is dedicate to Mars the God of battaile, and used most for speares, and other instruments of warre Whereupon is finelye feigned, that when Neptune and Minerva strove for the naming of the cite of Athens Neptune striking the ground with his mace caused a horse to come

forth, that importeth warre, but at Minervaes stroke sprong out an Olive, to note that it should be a nurse of learning, and such peaceable studies
Binde your spoken rudely, and according to shepherdes simplicitie

Bring, all these be names of flowers *Sops in iune*, a flowre in colour much like to a Coronation, but differing in smel and quantitie *Flowre delice*, that which they use to mystifie flowre deluce, being in Latine called *Flos delitui um*

A Bellibone, or a bonibell, homely spoken for a fayre mayde, or Bonilasse

Forsiconcl, and *forscatt*, overlaboured and sunne burnt

I saw Phœbus, the sunne. A sensible narration, and present view of the thing mentioned, which they call *raportia*

Cynthia, the Moone, so called of *Cynthus* a hyl, where she was honoured

Latonaes seede, Was Apollo and Diana Whom, when as Niobe the Wife of Amphion scorned, in respect of the noble fruite of her wombe, namely her seven sonnes, and so many daughters, Latona, being therewith displeased, commaunded her sonne Phœbus to slen al the sonnes and Diana all the daughters wherent the unfortunate Niobe being sore dismayed, and lamenting out of measure was feigned of the Pœetes to be turned into a stone, upon the sepulchre of her children for which cause the shepherd sayth, he will not compare her to them, for feare of like misfortune

Now rise, is the conclusion For, having so decked her with prayes and comparisons, he re turneth all the thank of hys labour to the excellencie of her Majestie

When Damsins, A base reward of a clownish giver

I blent, Y is a poetically addition, *blent*, blinded

IN BLFME

This Poesye is taken out of Virgile, and there of him used in the person of *Aeneas* to his mother *Venus*, appearing to him in likeness of one of *Diannces* damo-ells being there most divinely set forth To which similitude of divinitie Hobbinoll, comparing the excellency of *Elisa*, and being, through the worthynes of *Collins* song, as it were, overcome with the hugeness of his imagination, brusteth

out in great admiration, (*O quam te memorem virgo*) being otherwise unable, then by soddein silence, to expresse the worthinesse of his conceit. Whom Thetot answereth with another part of the like verse, as confirming by his graunt and approvaunce, that *Elisa* is no whit inferiour to the Majestie of her, of whome that Poete so boldly pronounced *O dea certe*

MAYE.

ÆGLOGA QUINTA. ARGUMENT.

In this fift Ænlogue, under the persons of two shepherds, Piers and Palinode, be represented two formes of pastoures or Ministers, or the Protestant and the Catholique whose chiefe talke standeth in reasonnyn, whether the life of the one must be like the other with whom having shewed, that it is dangerous to maineine any fellowship, or give too much credit to their colourable and fained good will, he telleth him a tale of the foxe, that, by such a countenpoint of ciustines, deceived and decoured the credulous kiddy

PALINODE.

Palinode Is not thilke the mery moneth of
 When love-kids misken in fresh May, [May,
 How fallies it, then, we no merrier bene,
 Ylike as oth r, gart in gawdy greene,
 Our bloncket livers bene all to kiddy
 For thilke same season, when all is ycladd
 With plesuraunce the grownd with grasse,
 the Woods [buds

With greene leas, the bushes with blooming
 Lougthes folke now flocken in ever where
 To gather May bus-kets and smelling breere
 And home they hasten the poetes to dight,
 And all the Kirke pillours erre day light,
 With Hawthorne buds, and swete Eglantine,
 And girlonds of roses, and Soppes in wine
 Such merimake hole vunts doth queme,
 But we here sitten is drownid in a dreame

Piers For Youmbers *Palinode*, such folkes
 But we twy bene men of clider witt [stite,

PIERS

Pal Sicker this morowe, no lenger agoe,
 I sawe a shole of shepheardes outgoe
 With singing, and shouting, and jolly chere
 Before them rode a lusty Labrere,
 That to the many a Horne-pype playd, [mayd
 Whereto they dauncen, eche one with his
 To see those folkes make such joyssaunce,
 Made my heart after the pype to daunce
 I ho to the greene Wood they speeden hem all,
 To ferehen home May with their muscalle
 And home they bringen in a royall throne,
 Crowned as king and his Queene attone
 Was Lady Flora, on whom did attend
 A fayre flocke of Faeries, and a fresh bend
 Of lovely Nymphs (O that I were there,
 To helpen the Ladyes their May bush beare!)
 Ah! Piers, bene not thy teeth on edge, to
 thinke [swinck?
 How great sport they gaynen with little

Piers Perdrie, so farre am I from envie,
 That their fondnesse inly I pitie
 Those favours little regarden their charge,
 While they, letting their sheepe runne at large,
 Passen their time, that should be sparely pent,
 In lashiethed and wanton meryment [stedde,
 Thilke same bene shepeheirdes for the Deys
 That playen while their flockes be unfedde
 Well is it seene theyr sheepe bene not their
 owne,

That letten them runne at randon alone
 But they bene hyred for little pay
 Of other, that caren as little as they
 What fallen the flocke, so they han the fleece,
 And get all the gayne, paying but a peece
 I muse, what account both these will make,
 The one for the hire which he doth take,
 And thother for leavyn his Lords taske, [aske.
 When great Pan account of shepherdes shall

Pal Sicker, now I see thou speakest of
 spight,

All for thou lackest somedele their delight
 I (as I am) had rather be envied,
 All were it of my foe, then fondly pitied
 And yet, if neede were, pitied would be,
 Rather then other should scorne at me
 For pittied is much ippier than remedie,
 But scorned bene dedes of fond foolerie
 What shoulde shepherds other things tend,
 Then, sith their God his good does them send,
 Reapen the fruite thereof, that is pleasure,
 The while they here liven at ease and leasure?
 For, when they bene dead, their good is ygoe,
 They sleepe in rest, well as other moe
 Tho with them wends what they spent in cost,
 But what they left behind them is lost
 Good is no good, but if it be spend,
 God giveth good for none other end

Piers Ah! *Palinodie*, thou art a worldes
 childe

Who touches Pitch, mought needes be defilde,
 But shepherds (as *Algrind* used to say)
 Mought not live ylike as men of the laye
 With them it sits to care for their heire,
 Enaunter their heritage doe impaire [aunce,
 They must provide for meanes of maintain-
 And to continue their wont countenance
 But shepheard must walke another way,
 Sike worldly reverence he must forsay
 The sonne of his lones why should he regard
 To leave enriched with that he hath spard?
 Should not thilke God, that gave him that
 good,

Eke cherish his child, if in his waves he stood?
 For if he mislike in leudnes and lust,
 Little bootes all the welth and the trust,
 That his tather left by inheritaunce,
 All will be soone wasted with misgovernance,

But through this, and other their miscreaunce
 They maken many a wrong cheyisance,
 Heaping up waves of welth and woe,
 The floodes whereof shall them overflowe
 Sike mens folie I cannot compare
 Better then to the Apes folish care,
 That is so enamoured of her young one,
 (And yet, God wote, such cause hath she none)
 That with her hard hold, and straight em-
 bracing,

She stoppeth the breath of her younging
 So often times, when as good is meant,
 Evil ensueth of wrong entent

The time was once, and may againe retorne,
 (For ought may happen, that hath bene be-
 forme)

When shepherds had none inheritaunce,
 Ne of land, nor fee in sufferance,
 But what might arise of the bare sheepe,
 (Were it more or lesse) which they did keepe.
 Well ywis was it with shepherds thoe
 Nought having, nought feared they to forgoe,
 For Pan himselfe was their inheritaunce,
 And litle them served for their mayntenance
 The shepherds God so wel them guided,
 That of nought they were unprovided,
 Butter enough, honye, milke, and whay,
 And their flockes fleeces them to rraye
 But tract of time, and long prosperitie,
 That nource of vice, this of insolencie,
 Lulled the shepherds in such securitie,
 That, not content with loyall obeyesauce,
 Some gan to grype for greedie governaunce.
 And match them selfe with mighty potentates,
 Lovers of Lordship, and troublers of states
 Tho graun shepherds swaines to looke aloft,
 And leave to live hard, and learne to ligge
 soft

Tho, under colour of shepherds, somewhile
 There crept in Wolves, ful of fraude, and
 That often devoured their owne sheepe, [guile,
 And often the shepherds that did hem keepe
 This was the first sourse of shepherds sorowe,
 That now will be quitt with baile nor borrowe.

Pal Three thinges to beare bene very bur-
 denous,

But the fourth to forbear is outrageous
 Wemen, that of Loves longing once lust,
 Hardly forbearen, but have it they must
 So when choler is inflamed with rage,
 Wanting revenge, is hard to asswage
 And who can counsell a thirstie soule,
 With prudence to forbear the offred bowle?
 But of all burdens that a man can beare,
 Most is, a foolles talke to beare and to heare
 I wene the Geaunt has not such a weight,
 That beeres on his shoulders the heavens
 height

Thou findest faulte where nys to be found,
And buiddest strong warke upon a weake
ground

Thou raylest on, right withouten reason,
And blamest hem much for small careleson
How shoulden shepherdes live, if not so?
What? should they pynen in pynne and woe?
Nay, say I thereto by my deare borrow,
If I may rest, I will live in sorrowe

Sorrowe ne nettle be hastened on,
For he will come, without calling, anone
While tynes enduren of tranquillite,
I can we freely our felicitie,
For, when approchen the stormie stowres,
We mought with our shoulder beare of the
chaunce showres,

And, sooth to sayne, nought seemeth sile-
strife,

That shepherdes so witen eck others life,
And laven her faulte the world before,
The while their foes done cache of him scorne
Let none mislike of that may not be mended
So contek soone by concord mounht be ended

Piers Shephard I list none accordaunce
make

With shephard that does the right way for-
And of the twaine, if choise were to me,
Had lever my foe then my frend he be,
For what concord han light and darke sam?
Or what peace has the Lion with the Lambe?
Such fatours, when their false hart bent hilde,
Will doe as did the Foxe by the Kiddle

Fal Now, Piers, of slowship, tell us that
saying

For the Laddie can keepe both our flockes from

Piers Thilke same Kiddle (as I can well

Was too very foolish and unwise, (devise)

For on a tyme, in Sommer season,

The Gate her dune, that had good reason,

Yode forth abroad into the greene wood,

To brouze, or play, or what shee thought good

But, for she had a motherly care

Of her young sonne, and wit to beware

Shee set her youngling before her knee,

That was both fresh and lovely to see,

And full of favour is kiddle mounht be.

His vellet head began to shoote out,

And his wreathed hornes gan newly sprout

The blossomes of lust to bud did beginne,

And spring forth ranchly under his chunne,

'My sonne,' (quoth she and with that gan

weepe,

For carefull thoughts in her heart did creepe)

'God blesse thee, poore Orphane! as he

mought me,

And send thee joy of thy jollitee

Thy father,' (thit word she spake with payne,

For a sigh had nigh rent her heart in twaine)

'Thy father, had he lived this day,
To see the brumche of his body displeie,
How would he have joyed at this sweet sight!

But ah! false fortune such joy did him spight,
And cutte of his dayes with untimely wee,

Braving him into the trunke of his foe

Now I, a wayfull widdowe beight,

Of my old age have this one delight,

To see thee weede in thy fathers stede,

And flourish in flower of lusty head

For even so thy father his head upheld,

And so his hauty hornes did he wield'

The marking him with melting eyes

A thrilling throbbe from her hart did arise

And interrupted all her other speache

With some old sorrowe that made a newe

brach

Seemed they sawe in the younglings face

The old lineaments of his fathers grace

At last her solemn silence she broke

And gan his newe budded heard to stroke

'Kiddle, (quoth she) thou kenst the great

care

I have of thy health and thy wellfare,

Which many wild beastes ligger in waite

For to entrap in thy tender state

But most the Foxe, master of collusion

For he has voucht thy last confusion

For thy, my Kiddle, be ruld by mee,

And never give trust to his trecherye

And, if he chaunce come when I am abroad,

Sperre the vate fast for ure of fraude

Ne for all his worst, nor for his best,

Open the dore at his request.'

So schoold the Gate her wanton sonne,

Thit answerd his mother, all should be done

Tho went the pensife Damme out of dore,

And chaunst to stombie at the threshold noore

Her stombing steppes some what her amazed,

(For such, as signes of ill luck, bene dis-

praised.)

Yet forth shee yode, therent halfe aginst

And Kiddle the dore sperred after her fast

It was not long, after shee was gone,

But the false Foxe came to the dore anone

Not as a Foxe, for then he had be kend,

But all as a poore pedler he did wend,

Bearing a trusse of tryfles at his becke,

As bells, and babes, and glasses, in his packe

A Bidden he had got about his brayne,

For in his headperce he felt a sore payne

His hinder heele was wrapt in a clout,

For with great cold he had gotte the gout

There at the dore he cast me downe his pack,

And layd him downe, and groned, 'Alack!

Alack!

Ah, deare Lord! and sweete Saint Charitee!

That some good body woulde once pitie mee!

Well heard Kiddie al this sore constraint,
And leaght to know the cause of his complaint
Tho, creeping close behind the Wicket clink,
Previe he peeped out through a chnuck,
Yet not so plevie but the Foxe him spyed,
For deceitfull meaning is double eyed
'Ah, good young maister' (then gan he crye)

'Jesus blesse that sweete face I espye,
And keepe your corpe from the carefull stounds
That in my carrion carcas abounds'

The Kidd pittying his heavnesse,
Asked the cause of his great distresse,
And also who, and whence that he were?

Tho he, that had well ycond his lere,
Thus medled his talke with many a teare
'Sicke, sicke, alas' and little lack of dead,
But I be relieved by your beastly head
I am a poore sheepe, albe my coloure donne,
For with long travelle I am brent in the sonne
And, if that my Grindsire me syd be true,
Sicker, I am very sybbe to you

So be your goodlihead doe not disdayne
The wise kured of so simple swaine
Of mercy and favour, then, I you pray
With your ayd to fore-stall my neere decay

Tho out of his pocke a glasse he tooke,
Wherein while Kiddie unware did looke,
He was so enamored with the newell,
That nought he deemed deare for the jewell
Tho opened he the dore, and in came
The false Foxe, as he were starke lame
His taylor he clapt betwixt his legs twayne,
Lest he should be deservd by his travine.

Being withim, the Kidde made him good glee,
All for the love of the glasse he did see

After his chere the Pedler can chat,
And tell many lesinges of this and that,
And how he could shewe many a fine knack.
Tho shewed his ware and opened his pache,
All save a bell, which he left behind
In the basket for the Kidde to find

Which when the Kidde stooped downe to catch,
He popt him in, and his basket did latch
Ne stayd he once the dore to make fast,
But ranne awaye with him in all hyst [hyde,

Home when the doubtfull Damme had her
She mought see the dore stand open wyde
All agast, lowdly she gan to call
Her Kidde, but he nould answer at all
Tho on the flore she saw the merchaundise
Of which her sonne had sette to deere a prise
What helpe? her Kidde shee knewe well was gone

Sheeweeped and wayled, and made great mone.
Such end had the Kidde, for he nould warned
Of craft, coloured with simplicitie [be
And such end, perdie, does all hem remayne,
That of such falsers freendship bene fayne.

*Pul Truly, Piers, thou art beside thy wit,
Furthest from the marke, weening it to hit.
Now, I pray thee, lette me thy tale borrowe
For our Sir John, to say to morrowe
At the Kerke, when it is holliday,
For well he meanes, but little can say
But, and if foxes bene so crafty, as so,
Much needeth all shepheards hem to knowe
Piers, Of their falshode more could I recount,*

But now the bright Sunne gynneth to dismount,
And, for the deawie night now doth ny e,
I hold it best for us home to hye

PALINODDS EMBLEME

Πᾶς μετ' ἀριστος ἀριστέϊ

PIERS HIS EMBLEM.

Τῆς δ' ἀρα γιστὶς ἀριστῶ,

GLOSSE

Thulle, this same moneth It is applyed to the season of the moneth, when all menne delight them selves with plessaunce of fieldes, and gardens, and garments

Boucket lueries gray cortes

I clad arrayed, & redoundeth, as before

In every where, a strange, yet proper kind of speaking

Bushes, a diminutive, & little bushes of hawthorne

Kirke, church

Queme, please

A shole, a multitude, taken of fishe, whereof some,

going in great companies, are sayde to swimme in a shole

I oile, went.

Joryssaunce, Joye

Swinck, labour

Inly, entirely

Faulous, vagabonds

Great Pan, is Christ, the very God of all shepheards, which calleth himselfe the greates, and good shepherd The name is most rightly (methinks) applyed to him, for Pan signifieth all, or omnipotent, which is onely the Lord Jesus And by that name (as I remember) he is called of Euse-

bins, in his fift booke *De Preparat Erana*, who thereof telleth a proper storie to that purpose Which story is first recorded of Plutarch, in his booke of the ceasing of Oracles and of iavtere translated in his booke of walking sprights, who savth, that about the same time that our Lord suffered his most bitter passion, for the redemption of man, certein passengers sailing from Italy to Cyprus, and passing by certaine Isles called Paodes, heard a voice calling aloude Thamus, Thamins (now Thamus was the name of an Egyptian, which was Pilote of the ship) who, giving eare to the cry, was bidden, when he came to Paodes to tel that the great Pan was dead which he doubting to doe yet for that when he came to Paodes there sodely was such a calme of winde that the shippe stode still in the see unmoved he was forced to cry aloud, that Pan was dead where withall there was heard suche piteous outcries, and dreadfull shriking as hath not bene the like By which Pan though of some be under-tooke the great Satyrus whose kingdom at that time was by Christ conquered the gates of hell broken up and death by death delivered to eternall life (for at that time as he sayth, all Oracles surceased and enchanted spirits, that were wont to delude the people, thenceforth held their peace) and also at the demand of the Emperoure Tiborius, who that Pan should be answered was made him by the wisest and best learned that it was the sonne of Mercurie and Penelope yet I thinke it more properly meant of the death of Christ the onely and very Pan, then suffering for his flock.

I as I am seemeth to imitate the common proverb, *Malim irridere multi omnes, quam mihi esse care*

As is a sarcop for ne has, or has not as would for would not

The with them doth imitate the Eptaphie of the riotous king Sardanapalus which he caused to be written on his tombe in Greeke which verses be thus translated by Tullie

'Hec habui quæ edi, quæque exaturata libido
'Hæc at illa manent multa ac præclara re-
hæc'

Which may thus be turned into English

'All that I ate did I jove and all that I greedily
gorged
'As for those many goodly matters I left I for
others'

Much like the Eptaph of a good olde Frie of Devonshire which though much more wisdom be wruteth then Sardanapalus yet with a smalle of his severall delights and bestlines the rhyme these

'Ho ho' who lies here?
'I the good Frie of Devonshire
'And blaudie my wife that was ful demer
'We lived together ly veuve
'That we spent we had
'That we gave we have
'That we left we lost.'

Around the name of a shepherd

Men of the law, Laymen.

Lanaler, least that.

Sorenaunce, remembrance

Misereance, despire or misbelieve

Cherla mee sometime of Chancer used for graine sometime of other for sporie or bootie, or enterprize, and sometime for chieftome

Pan himselfe, God according as is said in Dentonomie, That in division of the lande of Canaan to the tribe of Levie no portion of heritage should bea allotted, for God himselfe was their inheritaunce

Some gan, meant of the Pope, and his Antichristian prelates which usurpe a tyrannical dominion in the Churche, and with Peters counterfet keyes open a wide gate to all wickednesse and insolent government Nought here spoken, as of purpose to deny fatherly rule and governance (as some maliciously of late have done, to the great unreste and hinderance of the Churche) but to displace the pride and disorder of such as, in steede of feeding their shepe indeede feede of their sheepe

Source, welspring and originall

Be sure pledge or surtie

The Geaunte is the greates Atlas, whom the poetes feign to be a huge geaunt that beareth Heaven on his shoulders being indeede a marvelous highe mountaine in Mauritania, that now is Barbarie which to mans seeming pereth the cloudes, and seemeth to touch the heavens Other thinke and they not amisse that this fable was meant of one Atlas king of the same countrey (of whome may bee that that hill had his denomination) brother to Prometheus who (as the Greekes say) did first find out the hidden courses of the starres by an excellent imagination wherefore the poetes feigned, that he sustained the firmament on his shoulder.

Many other conjectures needlesse be told hereof

Wauke, worke

Incheison cause occasion

Deare borow that is our Saviour, the common pledge of all mens debt to death

Wuten blame

Avought seemeth is unseemely

Contel, strife contention

Her there as useth Chancer

Han for have

Sam together

This tale is much like to that in Æops fables, but the Catastrophe and end is farre different. By the Kiddle may be understoode the simple sorte of the forthfull and true Christians. By hys dame Christe that hath already with carefull watche words (as heere doth the gote) warned her little ones, to beware of such doubling deceit By the Fove the false and faithlesse Papistes, to whom is no credit to be given nor felowshippe to be used

The Gote the Gote Northernly spoken to turne O into A

Iode went aforesaid

She set a figure called *Fictio* which useth to attribute reasonable actions and speeches to unreasonable creatures

The Morvins of *Int*, be the young and moose heares which then becommen to sprout and shoot forth when lustfull herte becommeneth to kindle

And with a very poetical *raffor*

Orphane, a youngling or pupill, that needeth a
Tutour and governour

That word, a patheticall parenthesis, to encrease
a carefull hyperbation

The branch, of the fathers body, is the child
For even so, Alluded to the saying of Andromache
to Ascanius in Virgile

'Sic ocnlos, sic ille manus, sic orn ferebat'

A thrilling throb, a percing sighe
Ziggen, iye

Maister of collusion, s coloured guile, because
the Foxe, of al bersts is mo-t wily and crafty
Sperie the yate, shut the dore

For such, the gobes stomblin., is here noted as an
evill signe The like to be marked in all histories
and that not the leaste of the I orde Hastingues in
king Rycharde the thurd his dayes For beside
his dangerous dreame (which was a shrewde
prophecie of his mishap that folowed) it is sayd
that in the morning ryding toward the tower of
London there to sitte uppon matters of counsell
his horse stombled twise or thrise by the way
which, of some, that ryding with him in his com-
pany were privie to his neere destenie was secretly
marked and afterward notid for memorie of his
great mishap that ensued For being then as
merye as man might be, and leas doubting any
mortall daunger he was, within two howres after,
of the Tyranne put to a shamefull denthe

As belles, by such trifles are noted the reliques
and ragges of popish superstition which put no

smal religion in Belles, and Babies, s Idolos and
glasses, s Paves, and such lyke trumperies

Great cold, for they boast much of their outward
patience and voluntarie sufferance, as a worke
of merite and holy humblenesse

Sweete S Charite, The Catholiques common othe,
and onely speache, to have charitie always in
their mouth, and sometime in their outward Ac-
tions but never inwardly in fayth and godly zeale

Uncle, a key hole Whose diminutive is clicket,
used of Chaucer for a Key

Stounds, fittes aforesayde

His lere, his lesson

Medled, mingled

Bestihead, agreeing to the person of a beast.

Sibbe of kinne

Awell, a newe thing

To forestall, to praevent

Glee chere aforesayde

Deare a price his lyfe which he lost for those toyes

Such ende is an Epiphonema or rather the moral
of the whole tale, whose purpose is to warne the
protestant beware how he giveth credit to the
unfaythfull Catholique, wherof we have dayly
proofes sufficient but one moste famous of all
practised of late yeares in France, by Charles the
nynth

Fayne, gladd or desirous

Our sir Iohn a Popishe priest A saying fit for
the grossenesse of a shepheard, but spoken to taunte
unlearned Priestes

Dismount descende or set

Aye, draweth nere

FABLENF

Both these Emblemes make one whole Hexa-
metre The first spoken of Palinodie as in re-
proche of them that be distrustfull, is a peece of
Theognis verse intending that whodoth most mis-
trust is most false For such experience in falshod
breedeth mistrust in the mynd thinking no less
guile to lurke in others then in hymselfe But

Piers thereto strongly replyeth with an other peece
of the same verse saying, as in his former fable,
what fayth then is there in the faythlesse? For if
fayth be the ground of religion which fayth they
dayly false, what hold is then there of theyr reli-
gion? And this is all that they saye

JUNE

ÆGLOGA SEXTA ARGUMENT

*This Æglogue is wholly towed to the complaining of Colins ill successe in his love For being (as is afore-
said) enamoured of a country lasse, Rosalind, and having (as seemeth) founde place in her heart, he
lamenteth to his deare friend Hobbinoll, that he is now forsaken unfaithfully, and in his steede
Menalcas, another shepheard, received disloyally And this is the whole Argument of this Æglogue*

HOBBINOLL

Hob Lo! Collin, here the place whose pleasant
svte [mynde
From other shades hath weand my wandering
Tell me, what wants me here to worke de-
lyte?

The simple ayre, the gentle warbling wynde,
So calme, so coole, as no where else I fynde
The grasse ground with daintie Darcies
dight,

COLIN CROUT

The Bramble bush, where Byrds of every kinde
To the waters fall their tunes attemper right
Col O happy Hobbinoll! I blesse thy state,
That Paradise hast founde which Adam
lost

Here wander may thy flocke, early or late,
Withouten dreade of Wolves to bene ytost
Thy lovely laves here mayst thou freely
boste

But I, unhappy man! whom cruell fate
And angry Gods pursue from coaste to coaste,
Can nowhere find to shroude my lucklesse
pate

Hob Then, if by me thou list advised be
Forsooke the soyle that so doth thee bewitch
Leave me those hilles where harbrough mis to
see,

Nor holy-bush, nor breere, nor winding wathe
And to the dales resort, where shepherds
ritch,

And fructfull flocks, bene every where to see
Here no night-ravens lodge, more black then
piche,

Nor elvish ghosts, nor gastly owles doe flee.

But frendly Faeries, met with many Graces,
And lightfoote Nymphes, can chince the ling-
ring Night

With Heydegues, and trimly trodden traces,
Whilst ysters nyne, which dwell on Parnas-
e light,

Doe make them musick for their more delight
And Pan himselfe, to please their christall
faces,

Will pipe and drunce when Phaebe shineth
Such pietelesse pleasures have we in these places

Col And I, whilst youth and course of
carelesse yeeres,

Did let me walke withouten lincks of love,
In such delights did joy amongst my peeres
But riper age such pleasures doth reprove
My sincke eke from former follies move

To staved steps, for tune in passing weares,
(As garments doen, which waxen old above,)
And driveth nowe delights with hoary
heares

Thou couldest I sing of love, and tune my pype
Unto my plaintive pleas in verses made

Tho would I seeke for Queene-apples unrype,
To give my Rosalind and in Sommer shade
Dight gaudy Girlands was my common trade,
To crowne her golden locks but yeeres more
rype,

And losse of her, whose love as lyfe I wold,
Those weary wanton toys away dyd wrype,

Hob Colin, to heare thy rymes and rounde-
lives,

Which thou wert wont on wastfull hilles to
sing,
I more delight then larke in Sommer daves
Whose Echo made the neighbour groves to
ring,

And taught the byrds, which in the lower
Did shroude in shady leaves from omny raves,
Frame to thy songe their chereful cherping
Or hold thy peace, for shame of thy sweete
layes.

I sawe Calliope with Muses mee,
Soone as thy oaten pype began to sound.
Theyr ivory Lutes and Tamburns forgoe,
And from the fountaine, where they sat
around,

Renne after hastely thy silver sound,
But, when they came where thou thy skill
didst shone,

They drewe abacke, as halfe with shame con-
Shepherd to see them in theyr art outgoe.

Col Of Muses, Hobbinol I conne no skill,
I or they bene daughters of the hyghest Jove,
And holden scorne of homely shepherds
quill

For with I heard that Pan with Phaebe strove,
Which him to much rebuke and Daunger
drove

I never list presume to Parnas-e hyll,
But pyping love in shade of lowly grove,
I play to please my selfe, all be it ill

Nought wagh I who my song doth prayse or
blame,

Ne strive to winne renowne or passe the rest
With shepherd sitters not followe a flyng fame,
But feede his flocke in fields where fells him
best.

I wote my rymes bene rough, and rudely drest,
The fytter they my carefull case to frame
I nough is me to paint out my unrest,
And poore my piteous plaints out in the same

The God of shepherds, Titus, is dead
Who taught me homely as I can to melle,
He, whilst he lived, was the soveraigne head
Of shepherds all that bene with love take
Well couldest he wayle his Woe, and lightly
slake

The flames which love within his heart had
And tell us mery tales to keepe us wake,
The while our sheepe about us safely fedde.

Nowe dead he is, and leth wrapt in lead,
(O! why should Death on hym such outrage
showe?)

And all his passing skil with him is fledde,
The fame whereof doth daily greater growe.

But, if on me some litle drops would flowe
Of that the spring was in his learned hedde,
I soone would learne these woods to wayle my
woe,

And teache the trees their trickling teares to
shedde.

Then should my plaints, caused of discourtesee,
As messengers of this my painfull plight,
I ke to my love, where ever that she bee,
And pierce her heart with povnt of worthy
wight

As shee deserves that wrought so deadly spight
And thou, Menalcas, that by trecheree

Didst underfong my lasse to weve so light,
Shouldst well be knowne for such thy
villanee.

But since I am not as I wish I were,
Ye gentle Shepheards, which your flocks do
feede,
Whether on hylle or dales, or other where,
Beare witness all of this so wicked deede
And tell the lasse, whose flowre is woxe a
weede,
And fawlesse fayth is turned to fawlesse
fere,

That she the truest shepheards hart made
bleede,
That lyves on earth, and loved her most true

Hob O, carefull Colm! I lament thy case,
Thy teares would make the hardest flint to slowe!
Ah, fawlesse Rosalind and voids of grace,
That art the roote of all this ruthfull woe!
But now is time, I gesse, homeward to goe
Then ryse, ye blessed Flocks, and home apace,
Least night with stealing steppes doe you
forsloe, [trace]
And wet your tender Lambes that by you

COINVS IMBLEVL

Gua speme penta

GLOSSE

Site, situation and place

Paradisus A Paradise in Greeke signifieth a Gar-
den of pleasure or place of delight. So he com-
pareth the vale, wherein Hobbinoll made his abode,
to that earthly Paradise in scripture called Eden,
wherein Adam in his first creation was placed,
which of the most learned is thought to be in
Mesopotamia the most fertile pleasant country
in the world (as may appeare by Diogenes's
description of it, in the historie of Alexanders
conquest thereof) lying betwene the two famous
Rivers, (which are said in scripture to flowe out
of Paradise) Tygris and Euphrates, whereof it is
so dominate

Lorsake the soule This is no Poetical fiction but
unfeignedly spoken of the Poete selfe, who for
speciall occasion of private affayres, (as I have
bene partly of himselfe informed) and for his
more present removing out of the Northparts
came into the South, as Hobbinoll indeede advised
him privately

Those hylles, that is in the North countrye, where
he dwelt

Nes, is not

The Dales The Southpartes, where he now
dwyleth, which though they be full of hylles and
woodes (for Kent is very hillye and woodye, and
therefore so called, for *Kant* in the Saxons tongue
signifieth woodie,) yet in respect of the North
partes they be called dales. For indeede the North
is counted the higher countrey

Night hares &c By such hatefull byrdes, hee
meth all misfortunes (whereof they be tokens)
flying every where

Frendly faeries The opinion of Faeries and
elves is very old, and yet steketh very religiously
in the myndes of some. But to roote that rucke
opinion of Elfes oute of mens hearts, the truth is,
that there be no such things, nor yet the shadowes
of the things, but onely by a sort of badd ryers
and knavish shavylings so feigned, which as in all
other things, so in that sought to nonell the
common people in ignorance, least, being once
acquainted with the truth of things, they would

in tyme smell out the untruth of theyr packed
pelfe, and Mus epynie religion. But the sooth is,
that when all Italy was distracted into the factions
of the Guelles and the Gibelins, being two famous
houses in Florence, the name began through their
great mischiefs and many outrages to be so odious,
or rather detestfull, in the peoples eares, that, if
theyr children at any time were frowarde and
wanton they would say to them that the Guelfe
or the Gibeline came. Which words nowe from
then (as many things els) be come into our usage
and for Guelles and Gibelines, we say Tifes and
Goblins. No otherwise then the Frenchmen used
to say of that valliant captain, the very scourge
of Fraunce, the Lorde Thalbot afterward Erie of
Shrewsbury whose noble se bred such a terror in
the hearts of the French, that oft times even great
armies were daunted and put to flight at the onely
hearing of his name. In somuch that the French
women to affray theyr chyldren, would tell them
that the Talbot commeth

Many Graces, though there be indeede but three
Graces or Charites (as afore is sayd) or at the ut-
most but foure, yet in respect of many giftes of
bounty there may be sayde more. And so Musaeus
sayth that in Hieroes cyther eye thero sat a hun-
dred Graces. And by that authoritie, this same
Poete, in his Pageantis, sayth 'An hundred Graces
on her eynde sat,' &c

Heudegues, A country dance or rownd. The
conceit is that the Graces and Nymphes doe
dauce unto the Muses and Pan his musick all
night by Moonelight. To signifie the pleasant-
ness of the soyle

Preier Equall, and fellow shepheards

Que-ne-apples un ipe, imitating Virgils verse

'Ipse ego cana legam tenera lanugine mala

Neighbour groves a strange phrase in English,
but word for word expressing the Latine *vicina
nemora*

Spring, not of water, but of young trees springing
Calliope, afforsayde. This stasse is full of varie-
pocetical invention

Tamburines, an old kind of instrument, which of some is supposed to be the Clarion.

Pan with *Phaebus* the tale is well knowne howe the *Pan* and *Apollon*, striving, for excellencye in musick, chose *Midas* for their iudge. Whose being corrupted with partiall affection, he the vicarior to *Pan* and served for while *Phaebus* so to a paeve of *Asses* eares upon his head &c.

Tityrus That by *Citrus* is meant *Chaucer*, hath bene already sufficiently sayde and by this more playne appeareth that he sayth, he tolde merry tales. Such as *Le Roy* *Canterburie* tales wherein he calleth the God of Poets for his excellencie, so as

Tullie calleth *Lentulus*, *Deum rite sua*, & the God of his life.

To make, to versifie
Or to I prayre I parorthose, or correction
Interitus he meaneth the fallowes of his
lover *Rosalin*'s, who for-taking him had to chouse
another.

Pycke of wether is the pike of deserved blame
Menalus the name of a shepheard in *Virgile*
but here is meant a person unknowne and secret,
against whom he often bitterly invecteth.

In *disfynge*, and myre and deceive by false
suggestion.

IN PLEIN.

To remember that in the first *Eclogue* *Colinus*
Poete was *Anchora speire* for that as then there
was hope of favour to be found in tyme. But now
being cleane forlorne and rejected of her, as whose

hope that was is cleane extinguisht and turned
into despayre he renneth all comfort and hope
of goodnesse to come which is all the meaning of
this Embleme.

JULYE.

ECLOGA SEPTIMA ARGUMENT

This *Eclogue* is made in the Honour and commendation of good shepheardes and to the shame and
dispraye of proud and ambitious Poets. Such as *Morrell* is here imagined to bee

THOMAS

MORRELL.

Thom Is not thilke same a gotche and prowde,
That sittes on yonder brinche,

Whose straying heard them selfe doth shrowde
Among the bushes ranche?

Mor What, how thou jollye shepherde
Come up the hyl to me [wayne

Better is then the lowly playne,
As for thy flocke and thee

Thom Ah! God shield man, that I should
And learne to looke those, [clume,

This reede is ryse that oftentyme
Great chymbers fall unroft

In humble dales is footing fast,
The trode is not so tickle

And though one fall through heedlesse hast,
Yet is his misse not mickle

And now the Sonne hath reared up
His fierie-footed tyme,

Making his way betweene the Cuppe
And golden Diademe

The rampant Lyon hunts he fast,
With dogges of noysome breath,

Whose befull barking brings in hast
Pyne, plagues, and dreery death

Agaynst his cruell scorching heate,
Where hast thou coverture?

The wastefull hyls unto his threate
Is a playne overture

But, if thee lust to holden chat
With seely shepherds wayne,

Come downe and learne the little what,
That *Thom* can sayne

Mor Syker thou but a heesie loord,
And rekes much of thy swynck,

That with fond termes, and wittlesse words,
To blesse mine eyes dost thinke.

In evill houre thou hentest in hond
Thus holy hylles to blame,

For sacred unto saints they stond,
And of them han their name

St *Michels Mount* who does not know,
That wades the Westerne coste?

And of St *Brigets bowre* I trow,
All bent can rightly horste

And they that com of *Muses* shill
Sayne most what, that they dwell

(As gotcheards wont) upon a hill,
Beside a learned well

And wanned not the great God *Pan*
Upon mount *Olivet*

Feeding the blessed flocke of *Dan*,
Which dyd himselfe beget?

Thom O blessed sheepe! O shepheard great
That bought his flocke so deere,

And them did save with bloody sweat
From Wolves that it would them terre.

Mor Beside, as holy fithers sayne
There is a lively place,

Where Titan ryeth from the mayne
To renue his dayly race,

Upon whose toppes the starres bene stayed,
 And all the skie doth leane,
 There is the cave where Phœbe layed
 The shepheard long to dreame
 Whilome there used shepherds all
 To feede their flocks at will,
 Till by his folly one did fall,
 That all the rest did spill
 And, sithens shepherdes bene forsayd
 From places of delight,
 For-thy I weene thou be affrayd
 To clime this hilles height
 Of Synah can I tell thee more,
 And of our Ladies bowre,
 But little needes to strow my store,
 Suffice this hill of our
 Here han the holy Faunes recourse,
 And Sylvanes haunten rathe,
 Here has the salt Medway his sourse,
 Wherein the Nymphes doe bathe,
 The salt Medway, that trickling stremis
 Adowne the dales of Kent,
 Till with his elder brother Themis
 His brackish waves be meyn
 Here growes Melampode every where,
 And Teribinth, good for Gotes
 The one my madding kiddes to smere,
 The next to heale their throates
 Hereto, the hills bene higher heven,
 And thence the passage ethe,
 As well can prove the piercing levin,
 That seeldome falles bynethe
 Thom Syker, thou speaks lyke a Jewde
 Of Heaven to demen so, [lorrell,
 How be I am but rude and borrell,
 Yet nearer wayes I knowe
 To Kerke the narre, from God more farre,
 Has bene an old-sayd save,
 And he, that strives to touch a starre,
 Oft stumbles at a strawe.
 Alsoone may shepheard clymbe to skye
 That leades in lowly dales,
 As Goteherd proude, that, sitting hye,
 Upon the Mountaine sayles
 My seely sheepe like well belowe,
 They neede not Melampode
 For their bene hyle enough, I trowe,
 And liken theyr abode,
 But, if they with thy Gotes should yede,
 They soone myght be corrupted,
 Or like not of the frowie fede,
 Or with the weedes be glutted
 The hylls where dwelled holy saints
 I reverence and adore
 Not for themselfe, but for the sayncts
 Which han be dead of yore
 And nowe they bene to heaven forewent,
 Their good is with them goe

Their sample onely to us lent,
 That als we mought doe soe
 Shepherds they wren of the best,
 And lived in lowlye leas
 And, sith their soules bene now at rest,
 Why done we them disease?
 Such one he was (as I have heard
 Old Algrind often sayne)
 That whilome was the first shepheard,
 And lived with litle gayne
 And meeke he was, as meeke mought be,
 Simple as simple sheepe,
 Humble, and like in eche degree
 The flocke which he did keepe
 Often he used of hys keepe
 A sacrifice to bring,
 Nowe with a Kidde, now with a sheepe,
 The Altars hallowing
 So lowted he unto hys Lord,
 Such favour couth he fynd,
 That sithens never was abhord
 The simple shepherds kynd
 And such, I weene, the brethren were
 That came from Canaan
 The brethren twelve, that kept yfere
 The flockes of mighty Pan
 But nothing such thilk shepheard was
 Whom Ida hyll dyd beare,
 That left hys flocke to fetch a lasse,
 Whose love he bought to deare,
 For he was proude, that ill was pryde,
 (No such mought shepherds bee)
 And with lewde lust was overlaid
 Tway things doen ill agree.
 But shepheard mought be meeke and mylde,
 Well-ved, as Argus was,
 With fleshly follyes undefyled,
 And stoute as steede of brasse
 Sike one (sayd Algrind) Moses was,
 That sawe hys makers face,
 His face, more cleare then Christall glasse,
 And spake to him in place
 This had a brother (his name I knewe)
 The first of all his cote,
 A shepheard trewe, yet not so true
 As he that earst I hote
 Whilome all these were lowe and hief,
 And loved their flocks to feede,
 They never stroven to be chiefe,
 And simple was their weede
 But now (thanked be God therefore)
 The world is well amend,
 Their weedes bene not so nighly wore,
 Such simplesse mought them shend
 They bene clad in purple and pall,
 So hath their god them blist,
 Their reigne and rulen over all,
 And lord it as they list
 H H 2

Ygert with belts of glitterand gold,
 (Mought they good sheepeheards bene y)
 They r Pan they r sheepe to them has sold,
 I saye as some have seene
 For Palinode (if thou him ken)
 Yode late on Pilgrimage
 To Rome, (if such be Rome) and then
 He saw thinke misusage,
 For sheepeheards (say d he) there doen leade,
 As Lordes done other where,
 They r sheepe han crustes, and they the bread,
 The chippes, and they the chere
 They han the fleece, and che the flesh,
 (O, seely sheepe, the while y)
 The corne is they rs, let other thresh,
 Their handes they may not file
 They han great stores and thrifty e stocks,
 Great freendes and feeble foes
 What neede hem caren for their flocke,
 They r boyes can looke to those
 These wysards welter in welthis waves,
 Pumpred in pleasures deepe
 They han tatte kernes, and lemy knaves,
 Their fasting flockes to keepe
 Sike mister men bene all misgone,
 They hepen hylles of wrath,
 Sike sylye shepheards han we none,
 They keepen all the path

Mor Here is a great deale of good matter
 Lost for lacke of telling
 Now, sicker, I see thou doest but clatter,
 Harne may come of melling
 Thou medlest more then shall have thanke,
 To wyten shepheards welth
 When folke bene fat, and riches rancke,
 It is a signe of helth
 But say me, what is Algrind, he
 That is so oft bynempt?
 Thom He is a shepheard great in gree,
 But hath bene long y pent
 One d ye he s it upon a hyll,
 (As now thou wouldest me
 But I am taught, by Algrinds ill,
 To love the lowe degree),
 For sitting so with bared scalpe,
 An Eagle sored hye,
 That, weening hys whyte head was chalke,
 A shell-fish downe let flye
 She weend the shell-fishe to have broke,
 But therewith bruzd his brayne,
 So now, astonied with the stroke,
 He lyes in lingring payne
 Mor Ah! good Algrind! his hap was ill,
 But shall be better in time
 Now farwell, shepheard, sith this hyll
 Thou hast such doubt to climbe

THOMAS'S FABLEMVL

In medio virtus

MORRIS'S FABLEMVL

In summo felicitas

GLOSSE

A Gotehead by Gotes in scripture, be repre-
 sented the wicked and reprobate, whose pastour
 also must needs be such

Banck, is the seate of honor

Straying heard, which wander out of the waye of
 truth

Als, for also

Clymbe, spoken of Ambition

Great clymbers, according to Seneca his verse
 'Decidunt celsa, graviores lapsus' Uickle much

The sonne, A reason why he refuseth to dwell on
 Mountaines, because there is no shelter against the
 scorching Sunne, according to the time of the yeare,
 whiche is the whotest moneth of all

The Cupp and Diademe, be two signes in the
 Firmament through which the sonne maketh his
 course in the moneth of July

Lion, Thys is poetically spoken, as if the Sunne
 did hunt a Lion with one dogge The meaning
 whereof is, that in July the sonne is in Leo At
 which time the Dogge starre, which is called
 Syrus, or Canicula, reigneth with immoderate
 heate, causing pestilence, drough, and many dis-
 eases

Oretune, an open place The word is borrowed
 of the French, and used in good writers

To holden chail, to talke and prate

A loorde was wont among the old Britons to
 signifie a Lorde And therefore the Danes, that
 long time usurped theerr Tyrannie here in Bry-
 taine were called, for more dread then dignitie,
 Lurdanes s Lord Danes At which time it is
 sayd that the insolencie and pryde of that nation
 was so outrageous in thys Rea'me, that if it for-
 tuned a Briton to be going over a bridge, and sawe
 the Dyne set foote upon the same, he muste re-
 torne backe, till the Dane were cleane over, or els
 abide the pryce of his displeasure which was no
 lesse then present death But being afterwarde
 expelled, that name of Lurdane became so odious
 unto the people, whom they had long oppressed,
 that even at this daye they use for more reproche,
 to call the Quartane aque the Ferer Lurdane
Recks much of thy swinck, counts much of thy
 prynces

Weetelesse, not understoode

S Michels mount, is a promontorie in the West
 part of England

A hill Parnassus afforesayd
Pan, Christ
Dan one try be is put for the whole nation, per
Synecdochen

Where Titan, the Sonne Which story is to be redde in Diodorus Syc of the hyl Ida, from whence, he sayth, all night time is to bee seene a mightye fire, as if the skye burned, which toward morning begynneth to gather into a rownd forme, and thereof ryseth the sonne, whome the Poetes call Titan

The Shepheard is Endrmon whom the Poets sayne to have bene so beloved of Phoebe & the Moone that he was by her kept asleepe in a cave by the space of xxx yeeres, for to enjoye his com panie

There, that is in Paradise, where through errorr of the shepherds understanding, he sayth, that all shepherds did use to feede theyr flocks till one, (that is Adam,) by hys follie and disobedience, made all the rest of hys offspring be debarred and shutte out from thence

Synah, a hill in Arabia, where God appeared
Our Ladies boere, a place of pleasure so called
Iannes, or Sulvanes be of Poetes feigned to be Gods of the Woode

Melcham, the name of a Ryver in Kent, which, running by Rochester meeteth with Thames whom he calleth his elder brother both because he is greater, and also falleth sooner into the Sea
Meynt mingled

Melampode and Terebinth be hearbes good to cure diseased Gotes of thospe speaketh Mantuane, and of thother Theocritus

Τερμινδου τραγων εικατος ακρεμορα

Nigher heaven Note the shepherds simplenesse, which supposeth that from the hylls is never waye to heaven

Lerin, lightning which he taketh for an argument to prove the nighnes to heaven, because the lightning doth commonly light on hygh mountaynes according to the saving of the Poete

‘Feruntque summos fulmina montes’

Lorrell, a losell
A borrell, a playne fellowe
Narre, nearer
Hale, for hole
Yede, goe
Frowye, mustye or mossie
Of vore long agoe
Fo evente, gone afore

The first shepheard, was Abel the righteous, who (as Scripture sayth) bent hys mind to keeping of sheepe, as did hys brother Cain to tilling the grownde

His keepe hys charge, & his flocke
Jowled, did honour and reverence
The bethen, the twelve sonnes of Jacob, which were shepe-masters, and lyved onelwe thereupon
Whom Ida, Paris which being the sonne of Priamus king of Troy, for his mother Heenbas dreame, which being with childe of hym, dreamed shew broughte forth a firebrand, that set all the towre of Ilum on fire, was crst forth on the hyl Ida, where being fostered of shepherds he eke in time became a shepheard, and lastly came to the knowledge of his parentage

A laste, Helena, the wyfe of Menelaus King of Lacedemonia, was by Venus for the golden Aple to her given, then promised to Paris, who thereupon with a sorte of lustre Troyanes stole her out of Lacedemonia, and kept her in Troie, which was the cause of the tenne yeares warre in Troie, and the moste famous citee of all Asia lamentably sacked and defaced

Argus, was of the Poets devised to be full of eyes and therefore to hym was committed the keeping of the transformed Cow, Io so called because that, in the print of a Cowes foote, there is figured an I in the midst of an O

His name, he meaneth Aaron, whose name for more Decorum the shephearde savth he hath forgot, lest his remembrance and skill in antiquities of holy writ should seeme to exceede the meannesse of the Person

Not so true, for Aaron, in the absence of Moses, started aside, and committed Idolatry

In purple, spoken of the Popes and Cardinales, which use such tyrannical colours and pompous parvantage

Bells, Girdles

Glitterand, glittering a participle used sometime in Chaucer, but altogether in I Gower

Then Pan, that is the Pope, whom they count theyr God and greatest shepheard

Palinode, a shephearde, of whose report he seemeth to speake all thys

Il uards, greates learned herds

Weller, wallowe

Kerne a Churle or Farmer

Sike miste men, suche kinde of men

Su ly, stately and powdrie

Melling, medling

Nell better

Dynemple named

Gree, for degree

Aigrand, the name of a shepheard afforesayde whose mishap he alludeth to the chaunce that hap pened to the Poet Aeschylus, that was brayned with a sheel-fishe

EMPIRYE

By thys poesye Thomalin confirmeth that, which in hys former spech by sondrye reasons he had proved, for being both hymselfe sequestred from all ambition and also abhorring it in others of hys cote, he taketh occasion to prysse the meane and lowly state, as that wherein is safetie without feare, and quiet without danger, according to the saving of olde Philosophers, that vertue dwelleth in the middist, being enironed with two contrary vices whereto Morrell replieth with continuance of the same Philosophers opinion, that albeit all

bountie dwelleth in mediocrtie, yet perfect felicity dwelleth in supremacie for they say, and most true it is, that happynesse is placed in the highest degree, so as if any thing be higher or better, then that streight way ceaseth to be perfect happynesse Much like to that which once I heard alleged in defence of humilitee, out of a great doctour ‘*Suorum Christus humillimus*’ which sayng a gentle man in the compnie taking at the rebownd, brate backe againe with a lyke saying of another doctour, as he sayde ‘*Suorum Deus altissimus*

AUGUST.

ÆGLOGA OCTAVA ARGUMENT

In this Æglogue is set forth a delectable controverſie made in imitation of that in Theocritus whereto alſo Virgile fashioned his third and ſer nth Æglogue. Thou chooſeſt for umpire of their ſtriſe, Cuddie, a neatheards bove, who, having ended their cauſe, reculeth alſo himſelfe a proper ſong, wherof Colin he ſayth, was Authour

WILLIE

PERIGOT

CUDDIE

Will Tell me, Perigot, what ſhalbe the game,
Wherefore with myne thou dare thy muſick
matche?
Or bene thy Bagpipe renne ſarre out of frame?
Or hath the Crampe thy joynts benomd with
ache?
Per Ah! Willye, when the hart is ill aſſayde,
How can Bagpipe or joynts be well aſſayd?
Will What the ſoule evil hath thee ſo be-
tadde?
Whilom thou waſ peregall to the beſt,
And wont to make the jolly ſhepheards gladdie,
With pyping and druncing did preſſe the
reſt
Per Ah! Willye, now I have learnd a newe
My old muſick mard by a newe miſchaunce
Will Miſchiefe mought to that miſchaunce
befill,
That ſo hath riſt us of our meriment
But reede me what pryne doth thee ſo appall,
Or loveſt thou, or bene thy younglings miſ-
went?
Per Love hath miſled both my younglings
I pryne for pryne, and they my pryne to ſee
Will Perdie, and wellawaye, ill may they
thrive!
Never knew I lovers ſheepe in good plight
But, and if in rimes with me thou dreſt ſtrive,
Such ſond fantaſies ſhall ſoone be put to flight
Per That ſhall I doe, though mocheſell worſe
I ſared
Never ſhall be ſayde that Perigot waſ dared
Will Then loe, Perigot, the Plidg which I
plight,
A mazer ywrought of the Maple warre,
Wherein is enchaſed many a fayre ſight
Of Beres and Tygres, thit maken fier warre,
And over them ſpred a goodly wild vine,
Entrailed with a wanton Yrie twine
Thereby is a Lambe in the Wolves jawes
But ſee, how faſt renneth the ſhepherd
ſwayne
To ſave the innocent from the beaſtes pawes,
And here with his ſhepe-hooke hath him
ſlayne.

Tell me, ſuch a cup haſt thou ever ſene?
Well mought it beſeme any harveſt Queene.
Per Thereto will I pawne yonder ſpotted
Lambe,
Of all my ſlocke there none ſike another,
For I brought him up without the Dambe
But Colin Clout riſte me of his brother,
That he purchaſt of me in the playne field
Sore againſt my will waſ I forſt to yeld
Will Sicker, make like account of his brother
But who ſhall judge the wager wonne or
loſt?
Per That ſhall yonder heardgrome, and none
Which over the pouſſe hetheward doth poſt
Will But, for the Sunnebeame ſo ſore doth us
beate,
Were not better to ſhunne the ſcorching heate?
Per Well agreed, Willic then, ſitte thee
downe, ſwayne
Sike a ſong never heardeſt thou but Colin
Cud Gynne when ye lyſt, ye jolly ſhepheards
twaine
Sike a judge aſ Cuddie were for a king
Per 'It fell upon a holy eve,
Will Hey, ho, hollidrive!
Per When holy fathers wont to ſhrive,
Will Now gynneth this roundelay
Per Sitting upon a hill ſo hye,
Will Hey, ho, the high hyl!
Per The while my ſlocke did feede thereby,
Will The while the ſhepherd ſelfe did
Per I ſaw the bouncing Bellibone, [ſpill
Will Hey, ho, Bonnell!
Per Tripping over the dale alone,
Will She can tripe it very well
Per Well decked in a frocke of grav,
Will Hey, ho, gryn is greete!
Per And in a Kirtle of greene ſaye,
Will The greene is for maydens meete
Per A chapelet on her head ſhe wore,
Will Hey, ho, chapelet!
Per Of ſweete Violets therein waſ ſtore,
Will She ſweteer then the Violet
Per My ſheepe did leave their wonted food,
Will Hey, ho, ſeely ſheepe!

Per And gazd on her as they were wood,
Wil Woode as he that did them keepe
Per As the bonilasse passed by e,
Wil Hey, ho, bonilasse!
Per She roide at me with glauncing eye,
Wil As cleare as the christill glasse,
Per All as the Sunnye beame so bright,
Wil Hey ho, the Sunne-beame!
Per Glaunceth from Phœbus face forthright,
Wil So love into thy hart did streame
Per Or as the thonder cleaves the cloudes,
Wil Hey, ho, the Thonder!
Per Wherein the lightsome levin shroudes,
Wil So cleaves thy soule asonder
Per Or as Dame Cynthia silver raye,
Wil Hey, ho, the Moonelight!
Per Upon the glittering wave doth plave,
Wil Such play is a piteous plight.
Per The glaunce into my hart did glide,
Wil Hey, ho, the glyder!
Per Therewith my soule was sharply gryde,
Wil Such woundes soone wexen wider
Per Hasting to raunch the arrow out,
Wil Hey, ho Perigot!
Per I left the herd in my hart-roote,
Wil It was a desperate shot
Per There it rancleth, ay more and more,
Wil Hey, ho, the arrowe!
Per Ne can I find salve for my sore
Wil Love is a curelesse sorrowe
Per And though my bale with death I bought,
Wil Hey, ho, heave cheere!
Per. Yet should thulke lasse not from my thought,
Wil So you may buye golde to deere
Per But whether in paynefull love I pyne,
Wil Hey, ho, pinching payne!
Per Or thrive in welth, she shalbe mine,
Wil But if thou can her obtene.
Per And if for gracelesse greefe I dye,
Wil Hey, ho, gracelesse griefe!
Per Witnesse shee slewe me with her eye,
Wil Let thy folly be the priefe
Per And you, that sawe it, simple shepe,
Wil Hey, ho the fayre focke!
Per For priefe thereof, my death shall weepe,
Wil And mone with many a moche
Per So leard I love on a holy eve,
Wil Hey, ho holidaye!
Per That ever since my hart did grieve,
Wil Now endeth our roundelay
Cud Sicker, sike a roundle never heard I
 Little lacketh Perigot of the best, [none
 And Willye is not greatly overgone,
 So weren his under-songs well address
Wil Herdgrome, I fear me, thou have a squint
 eye
 Areede uprightly who has the victorye

Cud Fayth of my soule, I deeme ech have
 gayned
 For-thy let the Lambe be Willye his owne
 And for Perigot, so well hath hym payned,
 To him be the wroughten mazer alone
Per Perigot is well pleased with the doome
 Ne can Willye wite the witelesse herdgroom
Wil Never dempt more right of beautye, I
 weene, [Queene
 The shepheard of Ida that judged beauties
Cud But tell me, shepherds, should it not
 yshend
 Your roundels fresh, to heare a doolefull
 yerse
 Of Rosalend (who knows not Rosalend?)
 That Colin made? ylike can I you rehearse
Per Now say it, Cuddie, as thou art a ladde
 With mery thing its good to medle sadde
Wil Fayth of my soule, thou shalt ycrownded
 be
 In Colins stede, if thou this song areede,
 For never thing on earth so pleaseth me
 As him to heare, or matter of his deede.
Cud Then listneth ech unto my heavy laye,
 And tune your py pes as ruthful as ye may
 'Ye wastell Woodes' beare witnesse of my
 woe,
 Wherein my plants did oftentimes resound
 Ye carelesse byrds are privie to my cries,
 Which in your songs were wont to make a part
 Thou, pleasaunt spring, hast luid me oft asleepe,
 Whose streames my tricklinge teares did ofte
 augment
 'Resort of people doth my greefs augment,
 The walled townes doe worke my greater woe,
 The forest wide is fitter to resound
 The hollow Echo of my carefull cries
 I hate the house, since thence my love did part,
 Whose wayefull want debarrs my neeves from
 sleepe
 'Let stremes of teares supply the place of sleepe,
 Let all, that sweete is, voyd and all that may
 augment [my woe
 My doole, draw neare! More meete to wayle
 Bene the wild woodes, my sorowes to resound,
 Then bedde, or bowre, both which I fill with
 cries,
 When I them see so waite, and find no part
 'Of pleasure past Here will I dwell apart
 In gastfull grove therefore, till my last sleepe
 Doe close mine eyes so shall I not augment
 With sight of such as chaunge my restlesse woe
 Helpe me, ye banefull byrds, whose shrieking
 sound
 Ys signe of dreery death, my deadly cries

'Most ruthfully to tune And as my cryes
(Which of my woe cannot bewray least part)
You heare all night, when nature craveth sleepe,
Increase, so let your yokesome yells augment.
Thus all the night in plaints the day in woe,
I vowed have to wayst, till safe and sound

'She home returne, whose voices siter sound
To cheerefull songs can chaunge my cherelesse
cryes
Hence with the Nightingale will I take part,
That blessed bird, that spends her time of
sleepe [ment
In songs and plaintive pleas, the more taug-
The memory of hys misdeede that bred her woe

And you that feelee no woe,
When as the sound
Of these my nightly cryes
Ye heare apart,
I et breake your sounder sleepe,
And pitie augment.'

Per O Colin, Colin! the shepheards joye,
How I admire ech turning of thy verse!
And Cuddie, fresh Cuddie, the best boye,
How dolefully his doole thou didst re-
hearse!
Cud Then blowe your pipes, shepheards, til
you be at home,
The night nigheth fast, yts time to be gone

PERIGOT HIS IMPLFME.

Vincenti gloria victi

WILLIAMS IMPLI MI

Finto non vito

CUDDIE'S IMPLFME.

Felice chi puo

GLOSSE

Bestadde, disposed, ordered
Perigall, equall
Whilome, once
Rafte, bereft deprived
Miscent, gon a straye
Ill may, according to Virgile

'Infelix o semper ov is pecus'

A mazer So also do Theocritus and Virgile
feigne pledges of their strife

Unchased, engraved Such pretie descriptions
every where useth Theocritus to bring in his
Idyllia. For which speciall cause indeede, he by
that name termeth his *Æglogues*, for Idyllion in
Greeke signifieth the shape or picture of any
thyng, wherof his booke is full And not, as I have
heard some fondly guesse, that they be called not
Idyllia, but *Hædulia*, of the Goteheards in them.

Entrusted wrought betwene

Harrest Queen, The manner of country folke in
harvest tyme

Pousse Pease

It fell upon Perigot maketh all hys song in

praye of his love to whom Will answereth every
undervse By Perigot who is meant, I can not
uprightly say but if it be who is supposed, his love,
shee deserveth no lesse praye then he giveth her

Greete, weeping and complaint.

Chaplet, a kinde of Garland lyke a crowne.

Leven, Lightning

Cynthia, was said to be the Moone

Gryde, perced

But if not i nlesse

Squint eye partiall judgement

Ech have, so saith Virgile,

'Et vitula tu dignus et hic,' &c

So by enterchaunge of gyfts Cuddie pleaseth both
partes

Doome, judgement

Dempt for deemed, judged

Wile the witelesse, blame the blamelesse

The shephard of Ida was said to be Paris

Beauties Queene, Venus, to whome Paris ad-
judged the golden Apple, as the pryce of her
beautie

EMBLEME.

The meaning hereof is very ambiguous for
Perigot by his poesie claiming the conquest, and
Wille not yelding Cuddie the arbiter of their
cause, and Patron of his own, semeth to chelenge

it as his dew, saying that he is happy which can,
so abruptly ending but hee meaneth eyther him,
that can win the beste, or moderate him selfe being
best, and leave of with the best

SEPTEMBER.

ÆGLOGA NONA ARGUMENT

HEREN Diggon Davie is devised to be a shepheard that, in hope of more gaine, drove his sheepe into a farre countrye The abuses whereof and loose living of Popish prelates, by occasion of Hobbinsols demaund, he discourseth at large

HOBBINOL

DIGGON DAVIE

Hob Diggon Davie I bidde her god
Or Diggon her is or I mi-saye

Dig Her was her, while it was daye-light
But now her is a most wretched wight
For day, that was is wightly past,
And now at earst the dirke night doth last.

Hob Diggon, areede who has theesodight?
Never I wist thee in so poore a plight [leade]
Where is the sayre flocke thou was wont to
Or bene they chaffred, or at mischiefe dead?

Dig Ah! for love of that is to thee moste
leeft

Hobbinol, I pray thee, gall not my old grieve
Sike question ripeth up cause of newe woe,
For one, opened, mote unfold many moe

Hob Niv but sorrow close shrouded in hart
I know, to kepe is a burdenous smart
Eche thing imparted is more eath to beere
When the rayne is faine the cloudes weven
cleare

And now, sithence I sawe thy head last,
Thise three Moones bene fully spent and past
Since when thou hast measured much ground
And wandred I wene, about the world round
So as thou can many thinges relate,
But tell me first of thy flocks estate

Dig My sheepe bene wasted, (wae is me
therefore)

The jolly shepheard that was of yore
Is nowe nor jollye, nor shepheard more
In forrein costes men sayd was plentye,
And so there is, but all of miserye
I dempt there much to have eeked my store.
But such eeking hath made my hart sore.
In the countryes whereas I have bene,
No being for those that truly mene
But for such as of guile maken gaine.
No such countrye as there to remaine
They setten to sale their shops of shame,
And maken a Mart of theyr good name
The shepheards there robben one another,
And layen baytes to beguile her brother
Or they will buy his sheepe out of the cote,
Or they will carven the shepheards throte.
The shepheardes sayne you cannot wel ken,
But it be by his pryde, from other men

They looken bigge as Bulls that bene bate.
And bearen the cragge so stiffe and so state.
As cocke on his dunghill crowing cranch

Hob Diggon I am so stiffe and so stanch,
That uneth may I stand my more
And nowe the Westerne wind bloweth sore,
That nowe is in his chiefe sovereigntye
Beating the withered leafe from the tree,
Sitte we downe here under the hill
Tho may we talke and tellen our fill

And make a moeke at the blu-tring blast
Now say on Diggon what ever thou hast

Dig Hobbin, ah Hobbin! I curse the
stounde

That ever I cast to have lorne this grounde
Wel-way the while I was so fonde
To leave the good that I had in hande,
In hope of better that was uncouth
So lost the Dogge the flesh in his mouth
My seely sheepe (ah seely sheepe)
That here by there I whilome used to keepe
All were they lustye as thou didst see,
Bene all starved with pyne and penurie
Hardly my selfe escaped thulke payne,
Driven for neede to come home agayne.

Hob Ah son! now by thy losse art taught,
That seeldome chaunge the better brought
Content who lives with tryed state
Neeede feare no change of frowning fate,
But who will seeke for unknowne gaine,
Oft lyes by losse, and leaves with payne.

Dig I wote ne Hobbin, how I was bewicht
With vayne desire and hope to be enricht,
But, sicker, so it is as the bright starre
Seemeth ay greater when it is farre
I thought the soyle would have made me rich,
But nowe I wote it is nothing sich,
For ever the shepheards bene vyle and still
And ledde of theyr sheepe what way they wvll
Or they bene false, and full of covetise,
And casten to compass many wrong emprise
But the more bene fraught with fraud and
spight,

Ne in good nor goodnes taken delight,
But kindle conles of conteck and yre,
Wherewith they sette all the world on fire,

Which when they thinke againe to quench,
With holy water they doo hem all drench
They saye they can to heauen the high-way,
But, by my soule, I dare undersaye
They neuer sette foote in that same trode,
But balk the right way, and strayen abroad
They boast they han the deuill at commaund,
But aske hem therefore what they han paund
Marrie! that great Pan bought with deare
borrow,

To quite it from the blacke bowre of sorrowe
But they han sold thilk same long agoe,
For thy woulde drawe with hem in my moe
But let hem gringe alone a Gods name,
As they han brewed, so let hem beare blame.

Hob Diggon, I prave thee, speake not so
dirke,

Such mister saying me seemeth to mirke

Dig Then, playnely to speake of shepheards
most what,

Baddo is the best, (this English is flatt)
Their ill havyour garres men missey
Both of their doctrine, and of theyr faye
They saye the world is much wather then it wont,
All for her shepheards bene beastly and blont
Other saye but how true! I note,
All for they holden shame of theyr cote
Some sticke not to say, (whote cole on her
tongue')

That sike mischiefe graeth hem emong,
All for they casten too much of worlds care,
To deck her Dame, and enrich her heyre,
For such encheason, if you goe nye,
Fewe chy mneis reeking you shall espye
The fatte Oxe, that wont ligge in the stal,
Is nowe fast stalled in her crumenall
Thus chatten the people in theyr stends,
Ylike as a Monstei of many heads,
But they that shooten neerest the pricke
Syne, other the fat from their beards doen
lick

For bigge Bulles of Brisun brace hem about,
That with theyr hornes buttene the mostoute,
But the leane soules trenden under foote,
And to seeke redresse mought little boote,
For liker bene they to pluck away more,
Then ought of the gotten good to restore
For they bene like soule wagmoires overgrast,
That, if thy gylage once sticketh fast,
The more to wmd it out thou doest swynch,
Thou mought ay deeper and deeper sink
Yet better leave of with a little losse,
Then by much wrestling to leese the grosse

Hob Nowe, Diggon, I see thou speakest
Better it were a litle to ferne, [to plaine,
And cleanly cover that cannot be cured
Such ill, as is forced, mought nedes be en-
dured

But of sike pastoures howe done the flocks
creepe?

Dig Sike as the shepheards, sike bene hei
sheepe,

For they will listen to the shepheards voyce,
But-if he call hem at theyr good choyce,
They wander at wil and stay at pleasure,
And to theyr foldes veed at their owne leasure
But they had be better come at their cal,
For many han into mischiefe fall,
And bene of ravenous Wolves vrent,
All for they could be buxome and bent
Hob I ye on thee, Diggon, and all thy
soule leasing!

Well is knowne that with the Saxon king
Never was Woolfe seene, many nor some,
Nor in all Kent nor in Christendome,
But the fewer Woolves (the soth to sarve)
The more bene the Foxes that here remaue

Dig Yes, but they gang in more secrete wise,
And with sheepes clothing doo hem disguise.
They walke not widely as they were wont,
For ferre of raungers and the great hunt,
But prively prolling to and froe,
Enaunter they mought be my knowe.

Hob Or prave or pert if any bene,
We han great Bandoogs will teare their skinn.

Dig Indeede, thy Ball is a bold bigge curie,
And could make a jolly hole in theyr furre
But not good Dogges hem needeth to chace,
But heedly shepheards to discerne their face;
For all their craft is in their countenance,
They bene so grave and full of maintenance
But shall I tell thee what my selfe knowe
Chaunced to Rossyn not long ygoe?

Hob Say it out, Diggon, whate'er it light,
For not but well mought lum betight
He is so meeke, wise, and merciable,
And with his word his worke is convenable
Colin Clout, I wene, be his selfe bove,
(Ah, for Colin, he whilome my joye!)
Shepheards sich, God mought us many send,
That doo so carefully theyr flocks tend

Dig Thilk same shepard mought I well
He has a Dogge to byte or to barke, [marke,
Never had shepard so kene a kurre,
That waketh and if but a leafe sturre
Whilome there wonned a wicked Wolfe,
That with many a Lambe had glutted his gulf,
And ever at night went to repayre
Unto the focke, when the Welkin shone faure,
Yeladde in clothing of seely sheepe,
When the good old man used to sleepe.
Tho at midnight he would barke and ball,
(For he had eft learned a curres call),
As if a Woolfe were among the sheepe
With that the shepard would breake his
sleepe,

And send out Lowder (for so his dog hote)
To rounge the helds with wide open throte
Tho, when as Lowder was farre awaye,
This Wolvish sheepe woulde catchen his pray,
A Lambe, or a Kidde, or a weanell wast,
With that to the wood would he speede him
Long time he used this slippery pranch, [fast
Ere Rossy could for his laboure him thanck
At end, the shepheard his practise spyed,
(For Rossy is wise, and as Argus eyed,)
And when it even he came to the flocke,
Fast in theyr folds he did them locke,
And tooke out the Woolfem his counterfect cote,
And let out the sheepes bloud at his throte

Hob Marry, Diggon, what should him
To take his owne where ever it laye? [affraye
For, had his wesand bene a little wider,
He would have devoured both hiddre and
shudder [great curse]

Dig Mischiefe light on him, and Gods
Too good for him had bene a great deale worse,
For it was a perillous beast above all,
And eke had he cond the shepherds call,
And oft in the night came to the shepe-cote,
And called Lowder, with a hollow throte,
As if it the old man selfe had bene
The dog his maisters voice did it wene,
Yet halfe in doubt he opened the dore,
And ranne out as he was wont of yore
No sooner was out, but, swifter then thought,
Fast byr the hyde the Wolfe Lowder caught,
And, had not Rossy renne to the steven,
Lowder had be slaine thilke same even

Hob God shield, may he should so ill have
All for he did his devoyr belive [thrive]

If sike bene Wolves, as thou hast told,
How mought we, Diggon, hem be-hold?
Dig How, but, with heede and watchfull-
nesse,

Forstallen hem of their wilnesse
For-thy with shepheards sittes not playe,
Or sleepe, as some doen, all the long day,
But ever liggenn in watch and ward,
From sodden force theyr flocks for to gard.
Hob Ah, Diggon! thilke same rule were
too straight,

All the cold season to wach and waite,
We bene of fleshe, men as other bee,
Why should we be bound to such nursere?
Whate'er thing lacketh chaungeable rest,
Mought needes decay, when it is at best
Dig Ah! but, Hobbinnoll, all this long tale
Nought easeth the care that doth me forhaile,
What shall I doe? what way shall I wend,
My piteous plight and losse to amend?
Ah! good Hobbinnoll mought I thee praye
Of ayde or counsell in my decaye

Hob Now, by my soule, Diggon, I lament
The haplesse mischiefe thit has thee hent,
Nethelasse thou seest my lowly saile,
That froward fortune doth ever avale
But, were Hobbinnoll as God mought please,
Diggon should soone find favour and ease
But if to my cotage thou wilt resort,
So as I can I wil thee comfort,
There mayst thou ligge in a vetchy bed,
Till fayrer Fortune shewe forth her head

Dig Ah, Hobbinnoll! God mought it thee
requite,
Diggon on fewe such freends did ever lite.

DIGGONS EMBLEM *Inopem me copia fecit.*

GLOSSE

The Dialecte and phrase of speache, in this Dia-
logue seemeth somewhat to differ from the common
The cause whereof is supposed to be, by occasion of
the party herein meant, who, being very freend to
the Author hereof, had bene long in forrain coun-
tries, and there seene many disorders, which he
here recounteth to Hobbinnoll

Bidde her, Bidde good morrow For to bidde, is
to praye whereof cometh beades for prayers, and
so they say, To bidde his beades, & to saye his
prayers

Wighfly, quicklye, or sodenlye

Chaffred, soldie

Dead at mischiefe, an unusuall speache, but much
usurped of Lidgate, and sometime of Chaucer

Legge, deare

Ette, easie

Thise three moones, nine monethes

Measured, for traveled.

Wae, woe, Northernly

Felcd, encreased

Curren, cutte

Kenne, know

Cragge, neck

Stale, stontely

Stanck, wearie or fainte

And none he applieth it to the tyme of the
yeare, which is in thend of harvest, which they
call the fall of the lease, at which tyme the Wes-
terne wynde beareth most swave

A mocke, Imitating Horace, 'Dris ludibrium
rentis'

Lorne, luste

Soule, &c

Uncouth, unknown

Hereby there, here and there.

As the bright, translated out of Mantuane
 Emprise, for enterprise Per Syncope
 Conel, strife
 Trode, path
 Marrie that, that is, their soules, which by popish
 Exorcismes and practices they damne to hell

Blacke, hell
 Gange, goe
 Miler, maner
 Mirke, obscure
 Waire, worse
 Ciuenall, purse
 Brace compasse
 Fnteson, occasion
 Overmost overgrown with grasse
 Galage, shoe
 The grosse, the whole
 Buzome and bent, meeke and obedient

Sixon King, King Edgare that reigned here in
 Britanye in the yere of our Lord (957-975) which
 King caused all the Wolves, whereof then was
 store in this countrie by a proper policie to be
 destroyed So as never since that time there have
 ben Wolves here founde, unlesse they were brought
 from other countries And therefore Hobbinnoll
 rebuketh him of untruth, for saying that there be
 Wolves in Eneland

Nor in Christendome this saying seemeth to be
 strange and unreasonable, but indeede it was wont
 to be an olde proverbe and common phrase The
 original whereof was, for that most part of Eng-
 land in the reigne of King Ethelbert was christened,
 Kent onely except, which remayned long after in
 mysbefele and unchristened So that Kent was
 counted no part of Christendome

Great hunt, Executing of lawes and iustice
 Fnaunter, least that
 Inly inwardly afforesayde
 Pricely or perly, openly, sayth Chaucer

FABLES

This is the saying of Narcissus in Ovid For
 when the foolish boy by beholding his face in the
 brooke, fell in love with his owne likeness, and
 not hable to content him selfe with much looking
 thereon, he craved out that plentie made him poore,
 meaning that much gazing had bereft him of sence

Roffy, the name of a shephearde in Marot his
 Eclogue of Robin and the Klinge Whome he here
 commendeth for grente care and wise governance
 of his flock

Colin cloute Now I thinke no man doubteth but
 by Colin is meant the Authour selfe, whose espe-
 ciall good freend Hobbinnoll sayth hee is or more
 rightly Mayster Gabriel Harvey of whose speciall
 commendation, aswell in Poetrie as Rhetorike and
 other choyce learning we have lately had a suf-
 ficient tryall in divers his workes, but specially in
 his Musarum Lachrymae, and his late Gratulationum
 Valdinensium, which booke, in the progresse at
 Andley in Essex he dedicated in writing to her
 Majesty, afterward presenting the same in print
 to her Highnesse at the worshipfull Maister Capells
 in Hertfordshire Beside other his sundrye most
 rare and very notable writings partly under un-
 known tyttles and partly under counterfayt names
 as his Typanomasia, his Ode Natalitia, his Ram-
 dos, and especially that parte of Philomusus his
 divine Antrosmopolita, and divers other of like
 importance As also, by the name of other shep-
 herdes he covereth the persons of divers other
 his familiar freendes and best acquaintance

This tale of Roffy seemeth to colour some par-
 ticular Action of his But what, I certainly know
 not

Banned, haunted
 Wellin, shie afforesaid
 A weanell waste, a weaned youngling
 Hider and shudder, he and she, Male and Female
 Steren, novse
 Helice, quickiv
 What erer, Ovids verse translated

'Quod caret alterna requie durabile non est'

Forchaile drawe or distrease
 Vetchie, of Pense strawe

But our Diggon useth it to other purpose, as who
 that, by tryall of many wayes had founde the
 worst, and through grente plentive was fallen into
 great penurie This poesie I knowe to have bene
 much used of the author and to suche like effecte,
 as fyrste Narcissus spake it

OCTOBER

AEGLOGA DECIMA ARGUMENT

In Cuddie is set out the perfecte paterne of a Poete, whiche, finding no maintenance of his state and studies
 complayneth of the contempte of Poetrie and the causes thereof Specially having bene in all ages, and
 even amongst the most barbarous, alwaies of singular accompt and honor, and being indeede so worthy
 and commendable an arte as rather no arte, but a divine gift and heavenly instinct not to be gotten by
 labour and learning but adorned with both and poured into the velle by a certain FIDUARIUS
 English Poete, which booke being lately come to my hands, I munde also by Gods grace, upon further
 aduisement, to publish

PIERCE

Piers Cuddie, for shame! hold up thy
 heavy head,
 And let us cast with what delight to chace,
 And weary this long lingring Phœbus race

CUDDIE

Whilome thou wont the shepherds ladder
 to leade
 In rymes, in riddles, and in bidding base
 Now they in thee, and thou in sleepe art dead

Cud Piers, I have pyped erst so long with
payne,
That all mine Oten reedes bene rent and wore,
And my poore Muse hath spent her spared
store,
Yet little good hath got, and much lesse gayne
Such pleasaunce makes the Grashopper so
poore, [straine,
And ligge so layd, when Winter doth her

The dapper ditties, that I wont devise
To feede y outhes fancie, and the flocking fry,
Delighten much, what I the bett for-thy?
They brn the pleasure, I a sclender prise,
I beate the bush, the byrds to them doe flye
What good thereof to Cuddie can arise?

Piers Cuddie, the prayse is better then the
price,
The glory eke much greater then the gayne
O! what an honor is it, to restraine
The lust of lawlesse youth with good advice,
Or pricke them forth with pleasaunce of thy
vaine,
Whereto thou list their trayned willes entice

Soone as thou gynst to sette thy notes in frame,
O, how the rurall routes to thee doe cleave!
Seemeth thou dost their soule of sence bereave,
All as the shepheard that did fetch his dame
From Plutoes balefull bowre withouten leave,
His musicks might the hellish hound did tame.

Cud So praysen babes the Peacocks spotted
traine,
And wounden at bright Argus blazing eye,
But who rewards him ere the more for-thy,
Or feedes him once the fuller by a graine?
Sike prayse is smoke, that sheddeth in the
skye, [vaine
Sike words bene wynd, and wasten soone in

Piers Abandon, then, the base and viler
clowne
Lyft up thy selfe out of the lowly dust,
And sing of bloody Mars, of wars, of gyaists,
Turne thee to those that wold the wful crowne,
To doubted Knights, whose woundlesse armour
rusts,
And helmes unbrazed wexen daily browne

There may thy Muse display her fluttryng
wing,
And stretch her selfe at large from East to
Whither thou list in favre Llisa rest, [West,
Or, if thee please in bigger notes to sing,
Advance the worthy whome shee loveth best
That first the white beare to the stake did
bring

And, when the stubborne stroke of stronger
stounds
Has somewhat slackt the tenor of thy string,
Of love and lustthead tho mayst thou sing,
And carroll lowde, and leade the Myllers
rownde,

All were Elisa one of thulke same ring;
So mought our Cuddies name to heaven sownde

Cud Indeepe the Romish Tityrus, I heare,
Through his Mecenas left his Oten reede.
Whereon he earst had taught his flocks to
feede,
And laboured lands to yield the timely eare,
And eft did sing of warres and deadly drede,
So as the Heavens did quake his verse to here

But ah! Mecenas is yclad in claye,
And great Augustus long ygoe is dead,
And all the worthies ligger wrapt in leade,
That matter made for Poets on to play
For ever, who in derring-doe were dreade,
The losue verse of hem was loved aye

But after vertue gan for age to stoope,
And mighte manhode brought a bedde of ease,
The vaunting Poets found nought worth a
pease

To put in preace among the learned troupe
Tho gan the streames of flowing wittes to cease,
And sonne-bright honour pend in shamefull
coupe.

And if that any budde of Poesie,
Yet of the old stocke, gan to shoote agayne,
Or it mens follies mote be forst to fayne,
And rolle with rest in ryms of rybaudrye,
Or, as it sprong, it wither must agayne
Tom Piper makes us better melodie

Piers O pierlesse Poesye! where is then
thy place?

If nor in Princes pallace thou dost sitt,
(And yet is Princes pallace the most hitt)
Ne brest of baser birth doth thee embrace,
Then make thee wings of thine wypryng wit
And, whence thou camst, flye backe to heaven
apace.

Cud Ah, Percy! it is all to weake and
wanne,
So high to soke and make so large a flight,
Her peeced pyneons bene not so in plight
For Colin fittes such famous flight to scanne,
He were he not with love so ill bedight,
Would mount as hugh, and sing as soote as
Swanne

Piers Ah, son! for love does teach him
climbe so lue,
And lyfites him up out of the loathsome myre

Such immortal mirrhor, as he doth admire,
Would rayse ones mynd above the starry skie,
And cause a caitive corage to aspire,
For lofty love doth loath a lowly eye

Cud All otherwise the state of Poet stands,
For lordly love is such a Tyrannic fell,
That where he rules all power he doth expell
The vaunted verse a vacant head demandes,
Ne wont with cribbed care the Muses dwell
Unwisely weaves, that takes two webbes in
hand

Who ever craves to compasse weighty e prise
And thinks to throwe out thondring words of
threate,
Let powre in lavish cups and thirstie bitts of
meate,
For Bacchus fruite is frend to Phœbus wine,

And, when with Wine the braine begins to
swate,
The numbers flowe as fast as spring doth ryse
Thou kenst not, Percie, howe the ryme should
ryge,

O' if my temples were distand with wine,
And girt in girlonds of wild yvie twine,
How I could reare the Muse on stately stage,
And teache her tread aloft in buskin line,
With queint Bellona in her equipage!

But ah! my corage cooles ere it be warme
For thy content us in this humble shade,
Where no such troublous tydes haue us assayde,
Here we our slender pypes may safely charme
Piers And, when my Gates shall haue their
bellies laide,
Cuddie shall have a Kidde to store his farne.

CUDDIS IMPFMI

Agitante calescimus illo, &c

GLOSSE

This *Æglogue* is made in imitation of Theocritus his xvi. Idillion, wherein he reproved the Tyrannic Illero of Syracuse for his nigardise towards Poetes, in whome is the power to make men immortal for their good dedes, or shameful for their naughty lyfe. And the lyke also is in Mantuane the style hereof, as also that in Theocritus is more lofty then the rest, and applyed to the heighte of Poeticall witte

Cuddie I doubt whether by Cuddie be specified the author selfe, or some other. For in the eighth *Æglogue* the same person was brought in, singing a Cantion of Colins making, as he sayth. So that some doubt that the persons be different

Whilome sometime
Oaten reedes, *Avena*
Lugge so layde, lyce so faynt and unlustye
Dapper, pretye

Frye, is a bold Metaphore forced from the spawning fishes, for the multitude of young fish be called the frye

To restaine This place seemeth to conspyre with Plato, who in his first booke de Legibus sayth, that the first invention of Poetry was of very vertuous intent. For at what time an infinite number of youth usually came to their greit solemne feastes called Panegyrica, which they used every five yere to hold, some learned man, being more hable then the rest for speiall gyftes of wytte and Musicke would take upon him to sing fine verses to the people, in prayse either of vertue or of victory, or of immortality or such like. At whose wonderfull gyft al men being astonied, and as it were ravished with delight thinking (as it was indeed) that he was inspired from above called him raven which kinde of men afterward framing their verses to lighter musick (as of musick be many kindes, some

sadder, some lighter, some martiall some heroidal and so diversely else affect the myndes of men) found out lighter matter of Poetrie also, some playing wyth love, some scorning at mens fashions some powred out in pleasures and so were called Poetes or makers

Sence bereave what the secreete working of Musick is in the myndes of men as well appeareth hereby, that some of the ancient Philosophers and those the moste wise as Plato and Pythagoras held for opinion, that the mynd was made of a certaine harmonie and muscalle numbers for the greit compassion, and likenes of affection in thone and in the other as also by that memorable history of Alexander to whom when as Timotheus the greit Musitian playd the Phrygian melody, it is said that he was distraught with such unwonted fury, that straightway rysing from the table in great rage, he caused himselfe to be armed as ready to goe to warre (for that musick is very warlike) And immediately when as the Musitian changed his stroke into the Lydian and Ionique harmony he was so furr from warring, that he sat as styl as if he had bene in matters of counsell. Such might is in musick, wherefore Plato and Aristotle forbid the Arcadian Melodie from children and youth. For that being altogether on the fyft and vil tone it is of greit force to mollifie and quench the kindly courage, which useth to burne in yong breests. So that it is not incredible which the Poete here sayth, that Musick can bereave the soule of sence

The shepherd that Orpheus of whom is said, that by his excellent skill in Musick and Poetry, he recovered his wife Eurydice from hell

Argue evet of Argus is before said that Juno to him committed her husband Jupiter his Para-

gon Io, because he had an hundred eyes but afterwarde Mercury, wyth hys Musick lulling Argus aslepe slew him and brought Io away, whose eyes it is sayd that Iuno, for hys eternall memory, placed in her byrd the Peacocks tayle, for those coloured spots indeede resemble eyes

Woundlesse armour, unwounded in warre, doe rust through long peace

Display, A poeticall metaphore, whereof the meaning is, that, if the Poet list shewe his skill in matter of more dignitie then is the homely *Æglogue*, good occasion is him offered of higher veyne and more Heroicall argument in the person of our most gratus soveraign, whom (as before) he calleth *Elisa* Or if matter of knight-hood and chevalrie please him better, that there he many Noble and valiaunt men, that are both worthy of his payne in theyr deserved prayes, and also fauours of hys skil and faculty

The worthy, he meaneth (as I guesse) the most honorable and renowned the Erie of Leycester, whom by his cognisance (although the same be also proper to other) rather then by his name he bewrayeth, being not likely that the names of worldly princes be known to country clownes

Slack, that is when thou chaungest thy verse from statly discourse, to matter of more pleasure and delight

The Millets, a kind of daunce
Ring, compny of dauncers

The Romish Titurus, wel known to be Virgile, who by *Mecenas* means was brought into the favour of the Emperor Augustus, and by him moved to write in loftier kinde then he erst had doen

Whereon, in these three verses are the three severall workes of Virgil intended, for in teaching his flockes to feede, is meant his *Æglogues* In labouring of lands, is hys *Bucolique* In singing of wars and deadly drede, is his divine *Æneis* figured

In derring doe, In manhood and chevalrie

Forever He sheweth the cause why Poetes were wont to be had in such honor of noble men, that is, that by them their worthines and valor shold through theyr famous Poesies be commended to all posterities Wherefore it is sayd, that Achilles had never bene so famous, as he is, but for Homers immortal verses, which is the only advantage which he had of Hector And also that Alexander the great, comming to his tombe in Sigens, with naturall teares blessed him, that ever was his hap to be honoured with so excellent a Poets work, as so renowned and ennobled onely by hys meanes Which being declared in a most eloquent Oration of Tullies, is of Petrarch no lesse woorthely sette forth in a sonet

'Giunto Alexandro a la famosa tomba
'Del fero Achille, espirando disso
'O fortunato, che si chiara tromba Trouasti,' &c

And that such account hath bene alwayes made of Poetes, as well sheweth this, that the worthy Scipio, in all his warres against Carthage and Numantia, had evermore in his company, and that in a most familiar sort, the good olde poet Ennius, as also that Alexander destroyng Thebes, when he was enformed, that the famous Lyric poet Pindarus was borne in that cite, not onely commaunded

streightly, that no man should, upon payne of death, do any violence to that house, by fire or otherwise but also specially spared most, and some highly rewarded, that were of hys kinne So favoured he the only name of a Poete, which prayse otherwise was in the same man no lesse famous, that when he came to ransacking of king Darius coffers, whom he lately had overthrowen, he founde in a little coffer of silver the two bookes of Homers works, as layd up there for speciall jewels and riches, which he taking thence, put one of them dayly in his bosome, and thother every night layd under his pillowe Such honor have Poetes alwayes found in the sight of princes and noble men, which this author here very well sheweth, as els where more notably

But after, He sheweth the cause of contempt of Poetry to be idleness, and basenesse of mynd

Pent, shut up in slouth, as in a coope or cage

Tom piper, an ironicall Scarcasmus, spoken in derision of these rude wits, which make more account of a ryming rybaud, then of skil grounded upon learning and judgment

Ae brest, the meaner sort of men

Her peeced pigeons, unperfect skil Spoken wyth humble modestie

As soote as Siranne The comparison seemeth to be strange for the swanne hath ever wonne small commendation for her swete singing but it is sayd of the learned that the swan, a little before hir death, singeth most pleasantly, as prophceying by a secrete instinct her neere destinie As well savth the Poete elsw here in one of his sonetts

'The silver swanne doth sing before her dying day,

'As shee that feelles the deepe delight that is in death,' &c

Immortall murrhoun, Beantie which is an excellent object of Poeticall spirites, as appeareth by the worthy Petrarch, saying,

'Floris faceva il mio debile ingegno,

'A la sua ombra, et crescer ne gli affanni'

A captive corage a base and abject minde

For lofly lore, I thinke this playing with the letter, to be rather a fault then a figure, as wel in our English tongue, as it hath bene alwayes in the Latine called *Cacozelon*

A vacant, imitateth Mantuanes saying, 'vacuum curis divina cerebrum Poscit'

Latish cups Rembleth the comen verse, 'Fœcundi calices quem non fecero disertum

O if my he seemeth here to be ravished with a Poetical furie For (if one rightly mark) the numbers rise so full, and the verse groweth so big, that it seemeth he had forgot the meannesse of shepherds state and stile

Wild pre, for it is dedicated to Bacchus and therefore it is sayd that the Menades (that is Bacchus franticke priestes) used in theyr sacrifice to carry Thyrsos, which were pointed staves or Javelins, wrapped about with yvie

In buskin, it was the maner of Poetes and players in tragedies to weare buskins, as also in Comedies to weare stockes and light shoes So that the buskin in Poetry is used for tragical matter as is said in Virgile, 'Sola Sophocleo tua carmina digna cothurno'

And the like in Horace, 'Magnum loqui, nitique cothurno'

Quaint, strange Bellona, the goddess of battle that is, Pallas, which may therefore well be called quaint, for that (as Lucian saith) when Jupiter his father was in trauale of her he caused his sonne Vulcane with his axe to hew his head Out of which leaped forth lustely a valliant drum-mell armed at all poyntes, whom seeing Vulcane so faire

and comely lightly leaping to her, proffered her some cortise which the Lady disdaining shewed her spure at him, and threatened his saucinesse Therefore such straungenesse is well applyed to her

I jug-ige, order

Tutts, se isours

Charme, temper and order for Charmes were wont to be made by verses, as Ovid sayth, 'Aut si cirmibus

I MIMI

Hereby is meant, as also in the whole course of this Eclogue, that Poetry is a diuine instinct and unnatural rage, passing the reach of common reason

Whom Piers answereth Epiphonematically, as admitting the excellencye of the skil, wherof in Cuddie hee hadde already hadde a taste

NOVEMBER

ECLOGA UNDCCIMA ARGUMENT

In this 21. Eclogue hee bewaileth the death of some mayden of grate bloud, whom he calleth Dido The personage is secreet and to me altogether unknowen, albe of him selfe I often required the same This Eclogue is made in imitation of Marot his song, which he made upon the death of Loue the French Queene, but farre passing his reach, and in mine opinion all other the Eclogues of this booke

THE NOT

COLIN

The COLIN, my deare, when shall it please thee sing,
As thou were wont, songs of some iour-nance?
Thy Muse to long slombreth in sorrowing,
Lulled a sleepe through loves mis-governance
Now somewhat sing, whose endles enuance
Among the shepheards swaines may we remaine,

Whether thee list thy loved lasso aduance,
Or honor Pan with hymnes of higher name

Col Thenot, now is the time of mermaie
Nor Pan to herye, nor with love to plave,
Sike myrth in May is meekest for to make,
Or summer shade, under the cocked hay
But nowe sadde Winter walked hath the day,
And Phoebus, weary of his yerely taske,
Ystabled hath his steedes in lowlye laye,
And taken up his ynn in Fishes hake
Thilke solleim season sadder plight doth aske
And longeth sike delights as thou dost pryse
The mornefull Muse in myrth now list ne make,

As shee was wont in yowth and sommer
But if thou algate lust light virgines,
And looser songs of love to underfong,
Who but thy selfe deserves sike Poetes prayse?

Relieve thy Oaten pyres that sleepe long
The The Nightingale is soveraigne of song,
Before him sits the Titmouse silent bee,
And I, unthte to thrust in skilfull thronge,
Should Colin make judge of my foolere

Nay, better learne of hem that learned bee,
And Pan be watered at the Muses well,
The kindly dewe drops from the higher tree
And wet the little plants that lowly dwell
But if sadde winters wrathe, and season chill,
Accorde not with thy Muses meriment,
To sadder time thou mayst attune thy quill,
And sing of sorrowe and deathees dreeriment,
For deade is Dido, deard, alas! and drent
Dido! the greate shephearde his daughter sheene

The fayrest May she was that ever went,
Her like shee has not left behinde I weene
And if thou wilt bewaile my wofull tene,
I shall thee give yond Cosset for thy prync,
And if thy rymes as rownde and ruffall bene
As those that did thy Rosalind complayne
Much greater gifts for guerdon thou shalt have,

Then Kiddle or Cosset, which I thee bynempt
Then up, I say thou jolly shepheard swayne
Let not my small demand be so contempt
Col Thenot, to that I choose thou dost me tempt,

But ah! to well I wote my humble rime
And how my rymes bene rugged and unknempt,
Yet, as I come my conning I will strayne

'Up, then, Melpomene! the mournefulst Muse
of mine,
Such cause of mourning never hadst afore,

Up, grieshe ghostes ' and up my rufull ryme!
 Matter of my rth now shalt thou have no more,
 For dead shee is, that my rth thee made of yore,
 Dido, my deare, altho' is dead,
 Dead, and lyeth wrapt in lead
 O heavie herse!
 Let streaming teares be poured out in store,
 O carefull verse!

'Shepheards, that by y our flocks on Kentish
 downes abyde,
 Waile ye this wofull waste of Natures warke,
 Waile we the wight whose presence was our
 pryde, [curke,
 Waile we the wight whose absence is our
 The soune of all the world is dumme and darke
 The earth now lacks her wonted light,
 And all we dwell in deadly night
 O heavie herse! [Larke,
 Breake we our pypes, that shuld as lowde as
 O carefull verse!

'Why doe we longer live, (ah! why live we so
 long?) [voo?
 Whose better dayes death hath shut up in
 The fayrest floure our gyrlond all among
 Is faded quite, and into dust y goe. [moe
 Sing now, ye shepheards daughters, sing no
 The songs that Colin made you in her praise,
 But into weeping turne your winton layes
 O heavie herse! [ygoe
 Nowe is time to dye Nav, time was long
 O carefull verse!

'Whence is it, that the flouret of the field
 doth fade,
 And lych buried long in Winters bale,
 Yet, soone as spring his mantle hath displayde,
 It floureth fresh, as it should never faile?
 But thing on earth that is of most aile,
 As vertues brunch and beauties budde,
 Reliven not for any good
 O heavie herse!
 The braunch once dead, the budde eke needes
 O carefull verse! [must quail,

'She, while she was, (that was, a woful word
 to sygne)
 For beauties prayse and plesaunce had no peere,
 So well she coult the shepherds entertryne
 With cakes and cracknells, and such country
 chere [swaine,
 Ne would she scorne the simple shepheards
 For she would cal him often heame,
 And give him curds and clouted Creame
 O heavie herse!
 Als Colin Cloute she would not once disdayne,
 O carefull verse!

'But nowe sike happy cheere is turnd to heave
 chaunce,
 Such plesaunce now displast by dolors dint
 All musick sleepes, where death doth leade the
 daunce,
 And shepherds wonted solace is extinct
 The blew in black, the greene in gray is tinct,
 The gaudie girlonds deck her grave,
 The faded flowres her corse embrace,
 O heavie herse!
 Morne nowe, my Muse, now morne with teares
 O carefull verse! [besprynt,

'O thou greate shepheard, Lobbin, how great
 is thy grieve! [thee?
 Where bene the nosegayes that she dight for
 The coloured chaplets wrought with a chiefe,
 The knotted rush-ringes, and gylte Rosemarree?
 For shee deemed nothing too deere for thee
 Ah! they bene all yclad in clay,
 One bitter blast blew e all away
 O heavie herse!
 Thereof nought remaynes but the memoree,
 O carefull verse!

'Ay me! that dicerie Death should strike so
 mortall stroke,
 That can undoe Dame Natures kindly course,
 The faded lockes fall from the lofte oke,
 The floods do gaspe, for dryed is theyr sourse,
 And floods of teares flowe in theyr stead per-
 force
 The mantled medowes mourne,
 Theyr sondry colours tourne
 O heavie herse!
 The heavens doe melt in teares without re-
 O carefull verse! [morse,

'The feeble flocks in field refuse their former
 foode, [to weepe,
 And hang theyr heads as they would learne
 The beastes in forest wyle as they were woode,
 Except the Wolves, that chase the wandring
 sheepe,
 Now she is gone that safely did hem keepe
 The Turtle on the bared braunch
 Laments the wound that death did launch
 O heavie herse!
 And Philomele her song with teares doth
 O carefull verse! [steepe,

'The water Nymphs, that wont with her to
 sing and daunce,
 And for hei gylond Olive braunches beare,
 Nowe balefull boughes of Cypres doen ad-
 vance, [weare,
 The Muses, that were wont greene bayes to
 Now bringen bitter Eldre braunches seare,

The fatall sisters eke repent
Her vitall threde so soone was spent
O heave herse!
Morne now, my Muse, now morne with heavy
O careful verse! [cheare,

'O' trustlesse state of earthly things, and
slipper hope [nought,
Of mortal men, that swinke an i sweate for
And, shooting wide, doe misse the marked
scope,

Now have I learnd (a lesson derely bought)
That nys on earth assurance to be sought,
For what might be in earthlike mould,
That did her buried body hould
O heave herse!
Yet saw I on the beare when it was brought,
O careful verse!

'But maugre death, and dreaded sisters
deadly spight,

And gates of hel, and fyrie furies forse,
She hath the bonds broke of eternall night,
Her soule unbodied of the burdenous corpse
Why then weepes Lobbin so without remorse?

O Lobb! thy losse no longer lament,
Dido mis dead, but into heaven hent
O happye herse!
Ceasse now, my Muse, now cease thy sorrowes
O joyfull verse! [source,

'Why wayle we then? why weary we the
Gods with playnts,

As if some evill were to her betight?
She raignes a goddess now among the saintes,
That whilome was the synt of shepherds
light,
And is enstalled nowe in heavens light

I see thee, blessed soule, I see
Walke in Elysian fieldes so free.
O happy herse!
Might I once come to thee, (O that I might!)
O joyfull verse!

'Unwise and wretched men, to weete whats
good or ill,
We deeme of Death as doome of ill desert,
But knewe we, fooles, what it us brings until,
Dye would we dayly, once it to expert!
No danger there the shepherd can astert,
Fyre fieldes and pleasaunt layes there bene,
The fieldes ay fresh, the grasse ay greene
O happy herse!
Make hast, ye shepherds, thether to revert
O joyfull verse!

'Dido is gone afore, (whose turne shall be the
next?)

There lives shee with the blessed Gods in blisse,
There drincks she Nectar with Ambrosia mixt,
And joyes enjoyes that mortall men doe misse.
The honor now of highest gods she is,
That whilome was poore shepherds pryde,
While here on earth she did abyde
O happy herse!

Ceasse now, my song, my woe now wasted is,
O joyfull verse!

The Ay, franche shepherd, how bene thy
verses meint

With doleful pleasaunce, so as I ne wotte
Whether rejoyce or weepe for great constrainte.
Thyne be the cossette, well hast thou it gotte.
Up, Colin up! ynough thou morned hast,
Now gynnes to mizzle, hve we homeward fast

COLINS EMBLEM

La mort ny mord

GLOSSE

Jouissance, myrrh.

Sorenaunce, remembrance

Herse, honour

Welked, shortned or empavred As the Moone
being in the waine is sayde of Lidgate to welk

In lowly lay, according to the season of the
moneth November, when the sonne draweth low
in the South toward his Tropick or returne

In fishes haske the sonne reigneth, that is, in the
signe Pisces all November a haske is a wicker pad,
wherein they use to cary fish

Virelaines, a light kind of song

Bee waitred, for it is a saying of Poetes, that they
have dronk of the Muses well Castalias, whereof
was before sufficiently sayd

Dreriment, dreery and heavy cheere.

The great shepherd, is some man of high degree,
and not, as some vainly suppose, God Pan. The
person both of the shepherds and of Dido is un-
known, and closely buried in the Authors conceipt
But out of doubt I am, that it is not Rosalind is
some imagin for he speaketh soone after of heralso

Shene, fayre and shining

May, for mayde

Tene, sorrow

Gueidon, reward

Bynempt, bequethed

Cosset, a lambe brought up without the dam
Unkempt, Incompt Not comed, that is, rude
and unhansome

Melpomene, The sadde and waylesfull Muse used of Poets in honor of Tragedies as saith Virgile, 'Melpomene tragico proclamat maesta bonu'

Up gressiv oasts, The maner of Tragicall Poetes, to call for helpe of buries, and damned ghostes as is Heecuba of Euripides and Pantalus brought in of Seneca And the rest of the rest

Herse, is the solemne obsequie in funeralles *Wax of*, decay of so beautifull a peece *Care*, care.

Ah wlu, an elegant Epanorthosis as also soone after nay, time was long ago

Flower, a diminutive for a little floure Thus is a notable and sententious comparison, 'A minor ad majus'

Behren not, live not againe, s not in theyr earthly bodies for in heven they enjoy their due reward

The bunch, He meaneth Dido who being as it were the mayne braunch now withered the buddes, that is, beautes (as he sayd afore) can no more flourish

With eales, fit for shepherds blankets *Heame*, for home, after the northerne pronouncing

Tinct, dyed or stayned

The gaudie the meaning is that the things which were the ornaments of her life are made the honor of her funeral, as is used in burralls

Jobbin, the name of a shepherd, which seemeth to have bene the lover and deere frende of Dido

Rushinng, agreeable for such base gyfts

Faded loeles, dried leaves As if Nature her selfe bewayled the death of the Mayde

Sourse, spring

Mantled medones for the sondry flowres are like a Mantle or coverlet wrought with many colours

Phulomele, the Nightingale whome the Poetes faune once to have bene a Ladie of great beauty, till, being ravished by her sisters husbände she desired to be turned into a byrde of her name, whose complaints be very well set forth of Ma George Gascoine a wittie gentleman and the very chefe of our lye rymers, who and if some partes of learning wanted not (albee it is well knownen he altogether wanted not learning,) no doubt would

have attayned to the excellencye of those famous Poets For gyfts of wit and naturall promptnesse appeare in hym abundantly

Cypresse used of the old Paynims in the furnishing of their funerall Pompe and properly the signe of all sorow and heavynesse

The fatal sisters, Clotho, Lachesis, and Atropos, daughters of Herebus and the Nighte whom the Poetes fayne to spinne the life of inan as it were a long threde which they drawe out in length till his fatal howre and timeli death be come but u by other casualtie his dyes be abridged, then one of them, that is, Atropos, is sayde to have cut the threde in twain Hereof commeth a common verse

'Clotho colum bajulat, Lachesis trahit, Atropos occat'

O trustlesse, a gallant exclamacion moralized with great wisdom and passionate wth great affection

Beare, a frame, wheron they use to lay the dead corpe

Furies of Poetes are feyned to be three, Persephone, Alecto, and Megera which are sayd to be the Anthours of all evil and mischiefe

Eternall night is death or darknesse of hell

Betrht happened

I see, a lively Icon or representation as if he saw her in heaven present

Flusian fields be devised of Poetes to be a place of pleasure like Paradise where the happye souls doe rest in peace and eternal happynesse

Due would, the very expresse saying of Plato in Phaedone

As yet, befall unawares

Actar and Ambrosia, he feigned to be the drink and foode of the gods Ambrosia they liken to Manna in scripture and Nectar to be white like Creme whereof is a proper tale of Hebe, that spilt a cup of it, and steyned the heavens, as yet appear eth But I have already discour'd that at Large in my Commentaries upon the Dreames of the same Anthour

Meant, mingled

FMDIFMF

Which is as much to say, as death but not For although by course of nature we be borne to dye and being ripened with age as with a timely harvest we must be gathered in time or els of our selves we fall like rotted ripe fruite from the tree yet death is not to be counted for evil, nor (as the Poete sayd a little before) as doome of ill desert

For though the trespassse of the first man brought death into the world, as the guerdon of sinne yet being overcome by the death of one that died for all it is now made (as Chaucer sayth) the grene path way to life So that it agreeth well with that we sayd that Death byteth not (that is) hurteth not at all

DECEMBER.

ÆGLOGA DUODECIMA. ARGUMENT

THIS Æglogue (even as the first begynne) is ended with a compaignie of Colin to God Pan wherein, as we may see by his former verses his proportion h his life to the foure seasons of the yeare comparing his youth in the spring time when he was fresh and free from loves follie His manhood to the summer, when he sayth, was consumed with great heate and excessive drouth, caused through a Comet or blaine

starre, by which hee meaneth love, which passion is commonly compared to such flames and immoderate heate His riper yeares hee resembleth to an unreasonable harveste, wherein the fruites fall ere they be ripe His latter age to winters chyll and frostie season, now drawing neare to his last ende

THE gentle shepheard satte beside a springe
All in the shadowe of a bushye breere,
That Colin light, which wel could pype and
singe,

For he of Iteirus his songs did lere
There, as he satte in secreate shade alone,
Thus gan he make of love his piteous mone

'O soveraigne Pan! thou god of shepheards
all,

Which of our tender Lambkins takest keepe,
And, when our flocks into mischaunce mought
fall,

Doest save from mischuefe the unwary sheepe,
Als of their maisters liast no lesse regarde
Then of the flocks, which thou doest watch
and warde,

'I thee beseeche (so be thou deigne to heare
Rude ditties, tuncd to shepheards Outen reede,
Or if I ever sonet song so cleare,
As it with pleasaunce mought thy fancies feede)
Hearken awhile, from thy greene cabinet,
The rurall song of carefull Colinet.

'Whylome in youth, when flowrd my joyfull
spring,

Lake Swallow swift I wandred here and there,
For heate of heedlesse lust me so did sting,
That I of doubted danger had no feare

I went the wastefull woodes and forest wide,
Withouten drede of Wolves to bene espyed

'I went to raunge my dde the mazie thickette,
And gather nuttes to make me Christmas
game,

And joyed oft to chace the trembling Pricket,
Or hunt the hartlesse hare til shee were tame
What recked I of wintre ages waste?—

Tho deemed I my spring would ever laste

'How often have I scaled the craggie Oke,
All to dislodge the Raven of her nest?
How have I wearied with many a stroke
The stately Walnut-tree, the while the rest

Under the tree fell all for nuts at strife?
For y like to me was libertee and life.

'And for I was in thilke same looser yeares,
(Whether the Muse so wrought me from my
byrth,

Or I to much beleaved my shepherd peeres,
Somedele y bent to song and musicks mirth,

A good old shepheard, Wrenock was his
name,

Made me by arte more cunning in the same.

'Fro thence I durst in derring-doe compare
With shepheards swayne what ever fedde in
field,

And, at that Hobbinol right judgement bare,
To Pan his owne selfe pype I neede not yield
For, if the flocking Nymphs did folow Pan,
The wiser Muses after Colin raune.

'But, ah! such pryde at length was ill re-
payde

The shepheards God (perdie God was he none)
My hurtlesse pleasaunce did me ill upbraide,
My freedome lorne, my life he leste to mone

Love they him called that gave me check-
mate,

But better mought they have behote him
Hate.

'Tho gan my lovely Spring bid me farewell,
And Sommer season sped him to display
(For love then in the Lyons house did dwell)

The raging fyre that kindled at his ry
A comett stard up that unkindly heate,
That reignd (as men sayd) in Venus seate

'Forth was I ledde, not as I wont afore,
When choose I had to choose my wandring
wave,

But whether luck and loves unbridled lore
Woulde leade me forth on Fancies hitte to
playe [bowre,

The bush my bedde, the bramble was my
The Woodes can witness many a wofull
stowre

'Where I was wont to seeke the honey Bee,
Working her formall rowmes in wexen frame,
I hee grieueth Tode-stoole growne there mought
I see,

And loathed Paddockes lording on the same
And where the chaunting birds luld me
asleepe,

The ghastlie Owle her grievous ynnedoth
keepe

'Then as the springe gives place to elder time,
And bringeth forth the fruite of sommers pryde,
Also my age, now passed yowngthly prime,
To thinges of ryper season selfe applyed,

And leard of lighter timber cotes to frame,
Such as might save my sheepe and me fro
shame

'To make nice cages for the Nightingale,
And Baskets of bulrushes, was my wont
Who to entrappe the fish in winding sale
Was better scene, or hurtful beastes to hunt?

I learned the signes of heauen to ken,
How Phoebe sailes, where Venus sittes, and
when

'And tried time yet taught me greater things,
The sodain rising of the raging seas,
The soothe of birdes by beating of their
wings,

The power of herbes, both which can hurt and
And which be wont t' enrage the restless
sheepe,

And which be wont to worke eternall sleepe

'But, ah' unwise and witlesse Colin Cloute,
That kydst the hidden kindes of many a wede,
Yet kydst not one to cure thy sore hart-roote,
Whose ruckling wound as yet does rifele
bleede,

Why liest thou stil, and yet hast thy deathes
Why diest thou stil, and yet alive art
founde?

'Thus is my sommer worne away and wasted,
Thus is my haruest hastened ill to rathe,
The eare that budded fure is burnt and blasted,
And all my hoped game is turnd to scathe
Of all the seede that in my youth was sowne
Was nought but brakes and brambles to be
mowne.

'My boughes with bloomes that crowned
were at first,
And promised of timely fruite such store
Are left both bare and barren now at erst,
The flitting fruite is fallen to ground before
And rotted ere they were halfe mellow ripe,
My haruest, wast, my hope away did wipe

'The fragrant flowres, that in my garden grew,
Bene withered, as they had bene gathered long,
Thei'r rootes bene dried up for lacke of dewe,
Yet dewed with teares they haue bene ever
among

Ah! who has wrought my Rosalind thus
To spil the flowres that should her girdle
dight?

'And I, that whilome wont to frame my pype
Unto the shifting of the shepheards foote,
Sike folkes now have gathered as too ripe,
And cast them out as rotten and unsoote

The loser Lasse I cast to please no more,
One if I please, enough is me therefore

'And thus of all my haruest-hope I have
Naught reaped but a weedy crop of care,
Which, when I thought haue threshed in swell-
ing sheere,

Cockel for corne, and chaffe for barley, bare
Soone as the chaffe should in the sun be fynd,
All was blowne away of the wavering wind

'So now my yeare drawes to his latter terme,
My spring is spent, my sommer burnt up quite,
My harueste hastes to stirre up Winter sterne,
And bids him clayme with rigorous rage his
right

So nowe he stormes with many a sturdy
So now his blustering blast eche coste dooth
scoure

'The carefull cold hath nypt my rugged rinde,
And in my face deepe furrowes eild hath pyght
My head besprent with hoary frost I fynd,
And by myne eie the Crow his clawes dooth
wright

Delight is layd abedde, and pleasure past,
No sonne now shines, cloudes han all over-
cast.

'Now leave, ye shepheards boyes, your merry
glee,

My Muse is hoarse and wearie of thy stounde
Here will I hang my pype upon this tree
Was never pype of reede did better sounde
Winter is come that blowes the bitter blaste,
And after Winter dreerie death doesurst.

'Gather together ye my little flocke,
My little flock, that was to me so hefe,
Let me, ah! lette me in your foldes ye lock,
Lre the breme Winter breeds you greater grieve
Winter is come, that blowes the balefull
breath,

And after Winter commeth timely death

'Adieu, delights, that lulled me asleepe,
Adieu, my deare, whose love I bought so deare,
Adieu, my little Lambes and loved sheepe,
Adieu, ye Woodes, that oft my witnesse were
Adieu, good Hobbinoll, that was so true,
Tell Rosalind, her Colin bids her adieu'

COLIN'S INBLLME

Virtus ingenio cetera mortis erunt

GLOSSE

Titurus, Chancer, as hath bene oft sayd
Lambins, young lambes
Aits of their, seemeth to expresse Virgils verse

'Pan curat oves ovumque magistros'

Daigne, vouchsafe.

Cabinet, *Colnet*, diminutives
Maze for they be like to a maze whence it is hard
to get out agayne
Peers, fellows and companions
Musick, that is Poetry, as Terence sayth, 'Qui
artem tractant musicam,' speaking of Poetes

Derring doe, aforesayd
Ions house he imagineth simply that Cupid, which is love, had his abode in the white signe Leo, which is in the middle of summer, a prettie allegory, whereof the meaning, is that love in him wrought an extraordinary in it of it at

His ray, which is Cupides beame or flames of Love

A come'te, a blasing starre meane of beaultie, which was the cause of his whole love

Venus, the goddess of beaulty or pleasure Also a signe in heaven, as it is here sayd. So he meaneth that beaultie, which hath alwayes aspect to Venus, was the cause of his unquietnes in love

Where I was a fine description of the change of his life and liking, for all things nowe turned to him to have altered their kindly course

Lording Spoken after the manner of Pallocks and Froeges sitting which is indeed lordly, not removing nor looking once aslie, unless they be stirred

Then as The second part, that is, his manhood
Cotes, Shepecotes, for such be the exercises of shepheards

Safe, or sallow, a kinde of woodde like Willow, fit to wreath and bynde in trapes to catch fish withall

Phæbe sayles, The Ellipse of the Moone which is alwayes in Cautia, or Capite Draconis signes in heaven

Venus, & Venus starre, otherwise called Hesperus, and Vesper, and Lucifer, both because he seemeth to be one of the brightest starres, and also first riseth, and setteth last. All which skill in starres being convenient for shepheards to knowe, Theocritus and the rest use

Raging seas The cause of the swelling and ebbing of the sea cometh of the course of the Moone, sometime encreasing, sometime waining and decreasing

Sooth of birds A kind of soothsaying used in older tymes, which they gathered by the flying of

The meaning whereof is that all thinges perish and come to theyr last end but workes of learned wits and monuments of Poetry abide for ever And therefore Horace of his Odes, a worke though full indeed of great wit and learning yet of no so great weleht and importaunce, boldly sayth,

'Exegi monumentum ære perennius,
 'Quod nec imber edax, nec aquilo torat' &c

Loe I have made a Calender for every
yeare,
That steale in strength, and time in durance,
shall outeure,
And, if I marked well the starres revolution,
It shall continue till the worlds dissolution,
To teach the ruder shepheard how to feede his
sheepe,
And from the falsers fraude his folded flocke to
keepe

byrds First (as is sayd) invented by the Thuscenes, and from them derived to the Romans who as it is sayd in Livie were so superstitiously rooted in the same, that they agreed that every Noble man should put his sonne to the Thuscenes, by them to be brought up in that knowledge

Of herbes That wondrous things be wrought by herbes, as will appear by the common working of them in our bodies as also by the wonderful enchainments and sorceries that have bene wrought by them insomuch that it is sayd that Cæce, a famous sorcerer, turned men into sondry kinds of beastes and Monsters and ouely by herbes as the Poete sayth

'Dei erva potentibus herbis, &c'

Aida, Knewest

Eare of corne

Scathe, for a hinderance

The fragrant flowers sundry stufes and fardable partes of spring, wherein our Poet is scene, be they witness which are privie to this study,

Leve among, Ever and anon

This is my The thyrd part wherein is set forth his ripe verses as an unthely harvest that bringeth little fruite

So now I wote The last part, wherein is described his life, by comparison of wintyrs storms
Carefull cold, for care is sayd to coole the blood
Old, with

Hoary frost, a metaphore of hoary heares scattered lyke to a gray frost

Bryne sharpe and bitter

Adieu delights is a conclusion of all where in sixe verses he comprehendeth briefly all that was touched in this booke In the first verse his delights of youth generally In the second, the love of Rosalind In the thyrd the keeping of sheepe, which is the argument of all the Elegies In the fourth, his complaints And in the last two, his professed friendship and goodwill to his good friend Hobbinoll

FINIS

Therefore let not be envied that this Poete in his Epilog. sayth he hath made a Calender that shall endure as long as time, &c following the example of Horace and Ovid in the like

'Grando opus exegi quod nec Iovis ira, nec ignis

'Nec ferum poterit nec edax abolere vetustas,' &c

Goe, lyttle Calender! thou
porte,

Goe but a lowly gate amongste the meaner sort
Dare not to match thy pyper with Tityrus his style

Nor with the Pilgrim that the Ploughman playde
achyle,

But followe them surre off, and their high steppes
adore

The better please, the worse despise, I aske no
 [more]

COMPLAINTS:

CONTAINING SUNDRIE SMALL POEMES

OF THE

WORLDS VANITIE

WHEREOF THE NEXT PAGE MAKETH MENTION.

BY ED. SP.

A NOTE OF THE SUNDRIE POEMES CONTAINFD IN THIS VOLUME.

- | | |
|--|--|
| 1 <i>The Runnes of Time</i> | 6 <i>Muicopotmos, or The Tule of the Butter-</i> |
| 2 <i>The Teares of the Muses,</i> | <i>flie</i> |
| 3 <i>Virgils Gnat</i> | 7. <i>Visions of the Worlds Vanitie</i> |
| 4. <i>Prosopopoeia, or Mother Hubberds Tale.</i> | 8. <i>Billayes Visions</i> |
| 5 <i>The Runnes of Rome by Bellay.</i> | 9. <i>Petrarches Vinons</i> |

THE PRINTER TO THE GENTLE READER

SINCE my late setting forth of the *Faerie Queene*, finding that it hath found a favourable passage amongst you, I have sithence endeavoured by all good meynes (for the better encrease and accomplisment of your delights,) to get into my handes such smale Poemes of the same Authors, as I heerd were disperst abroad in sundrie handes, and not easie to bee come by, by himselve, some of them having bene diverslie imbeziled and purloyned from him since his departure over Sea. Of the which I have, by good meanes, gathered togeather these fewe parcels present, which I have caused to bee imprinted altogether, for that they al seeme to containe like matter of argument in them, being all complaints and meditations of the worlds vanitie,

verie grave and profitable. To which effect I understand that he likewise wrote sundrie others, namelie *I celestiaes* and *Cantuum canticorum* translated, *A sennights slumber*, *The hell of lovers*, his *Purgatorie*, being all dedicated to Iames, so as it may seeme he ment them all to one volume. Besides some other Pamphlets looselie scattered abroad as *The dying Pellican* *The howers of the Lord*, *The sacrifice of a sinner* *The seven Psalmes* &c. which when I can, either by himselve or otherwise, attaine too, I meane likewise for your sake to set forth. In the meane tyme, praying you gentlie to accept of these, and graciously to entertaune the new I'vet, *I take leave*

THE RUINES OF TIME.

DEDICATED TO THE RIGHT NOBLE AND BEAUTIFULL LADIE,

THE LADIE MARIE,

COUNTESS OF PEMBROOK.

Most Honourable and bountifull Ladie,
 there bee long sithens deepe sowed in my
 brest the seede of most entire love and
 humble affection unto that most brave
 Knight, your noble brother deceased, which,
 taking roote, began in his life time some what
 to bud forth, and to shew themselves to him,
 as then in the weakenes of their first spring,
 And would in their riper strength (had it
 pleased high God till then to drawe out his
 dues) spired forth fruit of more perfection
 But since God hath disdeigned the world of
 that most noble Spirit, which was the hope
 of all learned men, and the Patron of my
 young Muses, together with him both their
 hope of anie further fruit was cut off, and also
 the tender delight of those their first blossoms
 nipped and quite dead Yet, sithens my late
 cumming into England, some frends of mine,
 (which might much prevaile with me, and
 indeede commaund me) knowing with howe
 strught bandes of duetie I was tied to him,
 as also bound unto that noble house, (of which

the chiefe hope then rested in him) have
 sought to revive them by upbriding me, for
 that I have not shewed anie thankefull re-
 membrance towards him or any of them, but
 suffer their names to sleep in silence and
 forgetfulnesse Whome chiefflie to satisfie, or
 els to avoide that fowle blot of unthankful-
 nesse, I have conceived this small Poeme,
 intituled by a generall name of *The Worlds
 Ruines*, yet speciallie intended to the re-
 nowning of that noble race, from which both
 you and he sprong, and to the eternizing of
 some of the chiefe of them late deceased
 The which I dedicate unto your La as whome
 it most speciallie concerneth, and to whome
 I acknowledge my selfe bounden by manie
 singular favours and great graces I pray
 for your Honourable happinesse, and so
 humble kisse your handes

Your Ladships ever

humble at commaund

E S.

THE RUINES OF TIME.

It chaunced me on day beside the shore
 Of silver streaming Thamesis to bee,
 Nigh where the goodly Veilame stood of yore,
 Of which there now remains no memorie,
 Nor anie little monument to see,
 By which the travailer, that fares that way,
 'This once was she,' may warned be to say

There, on the other side, I did behold
 A Woman sitting, sorrowfullie wailing,
 Rending her yelow locks, like wyrie gold
 About her shoulders carelesslie downe trailing,

And streemes of teares from her faire eyes
 forth railing

In her right hand a broken rod she held, [weld
 Which towards heaven shee seemd on high to

Whether shee were one of that Rivers Nymphes,
 Which did the losse of some dere love lament,
 I doubt, or one of those three fatall Impes
 Which draw the dayes of men forth in extent,
 Or th' unciencit Genius of that Citie brent
 But, seeing her so piteouslie perplexed,
 I (to her calling) askt what her so vexed

'Ah' what delight (quoth she) in earthlie thing

Or comfort can I, wretched creature, have?
Whose happines the heavens carving,
From highest staire to lowest step me drave,
And have in mine owne bowels made my grave
That of all Nations now I am forlorne,
The worlds sad spectacle, and fortunes scorne.

Much was I mooved at her piteous plaint,
And felt my heart nigh riven in my brest
With tender ruth to see her sore constraint,
That shedding teares a while, I still did rest,
And after did her name of her request.
'Name have I none (quoth she) nor name being,
Berest of both by Fates unjust decreeing

'I was that Citie, which the garland wore
Of Britaines pride, delivered unto me
By Romane Victors, which it wonne of yore;
Though nought at all but ruines now I bee,
And lie in mine owne ashes as ye see
Verlame I was what bootes it that I was,
Sith now I am but weedles and wastfull gras?

'O vaine worlds glorie' and unstedfast state
Of all that lives on face of sinfull earth!
Which, from their first untill their utmost date,
Taste no one hower of happines or merrith,
But like as at the ingate of their berth
They crying creep out of their mothers wombe
So wailing backe go to their wofull toombe

'Why then dooth flesh a bubble-glas of breath,
Hunt after honour and advancement vaine,
And reare a trophie for devouring death.
With so great labour and long lasting paine.
As if his dates for ever should remaine?
Sith all that in this world is great or gae
Doth as a vapour vanish, and decaye.

'Looke backe, who list, unto the former ages,
And call to count what is of them become
Where be those learned wits and antique Sages,
Which of all wisdome knew the perfect
somme?

Where those great warriors, which did over-
come

The world with conquest of their might and
maime, [raime]
And made one meare of th' earth and of their

'What nowe is of th' Assyrian Lyonesse,
Of whome no footing row on earth appears?
What of the Persian Beards outrageousnesse,
Whose memorie is quite worne out with yeares,
Who of the Grecian L'ubard now ought heares,
That on erran the East with greedie powre,
And left his helps their kingdomes to de-
voure?

'And where is that same great seven-headed
beast.

That made all nations vassals of her pride,
To fall before her feete at her behest,
And in the necke of all the world did ride?
Where doth shee all that wondrous welth nowe
hude?

With her owne waight down pressed now shee
lies.

And by her heaps her hugeness testifies.

'O Rome' thy ruine I lament and rue,
And in thy fall my fatal overthrowe, [rewe
That whilom was whilst heavens with equall
Deign'd to behold me and their gifts bestowe,
The picture of thy pride in pompous shew.
And of the whole world as thou wast the Em-
presse,
So I of this small Northerne world was Prin-
cesse.

'To tell the beawtie of my buildings fayre,
Adorn'd with purest golde and precious store,
To tell my riches, and endowments rare,
That by my soes are now all spent and gone.
To tell my forces matchable to none,
Were but lost labour that few would beleever.
And with rehearsing would me more agreever.

'High towers, faire temples, goodly theaters,
Strong walls, rich porches, princelie pallaces,
Large streetes, brave houses, sacred sepulchers,
Sure gates, sweete gardens, stately galleries,
Wrought with faire pillours and fine imageries,
All those (O pitie!) now are turn'd to dust,
And overgrown with blacke oblivions rust

'Theretoo for warlike power, and peoples store,
In Britannie was none to match with mee,
That manie often did abie full sore,
Ne froyvant, though elder sister shee,
With my great forces might compared bee
That stout Pendragon to his perill felt,
Who in a siege seaven yeres about me dwelt

'But long ere this, Bunduca, Brittonnesse,
Her mightie host against my bulwarkes
Bunduca, that victorious conqueresse, [brought,
That, lifting up her brave heroick thought
Bove womens weaknes, with the Romanes
fought. [vailed:
Fought, and in field against them thrice pre-
Yet was she sold, when as she me assailed.

'And though at last by force I conquered
were

Of hardie Saxons, and became their thrall.
Yet was I with much bloodshed bought full
deere,
And prizde with slaughter of their General,

The monument of whose sad funerall,
For wonder of the world, long in me lasted,
But now to nought through spoyle of time is
wasted

'Wasted it is, as if it never were,
And all the rest, that me so honor made
And of the world admired ev'rie where,
Is turnd to smoake, that doth to nothing fade,
And of th'at brightnes now appears no shade,
But greslie shades, such as doo haunt in hell
With fearfull fiends, that in deep darknes dwell

'Where my high steeples whilom usde to stand,
On which the lordly Faulcon wont to towre
There now is but an heap of lyme and sand,
For the Shricke-owle to build her balefull bowre
And where the Nightingale wont forth to powre
Her restles plaints, to comfort wakefull
Lovers, [Plovers
There now haunt yelling Mewes and whining

'And where the christall Thamis wont to slide
In silver channell, downe along the Lee,
About whose flowrie banks on either side
A thousand Nymphes, with mirthfull jollitee,
Were wont to play, from all annoyance free,
There now no rivers course is to be seene,
But moonsh fennes, and marshes ever greene

'Seemes, that that gentle River for great
griefe
Of my mishaps, which oft I to him plained,
Or for to shunne the horrible mischiefe,
With which he saw my cruell foes me pained,
And his pure streames with guiltles blood oft
stained,
From my unhappie neighborhood farre fled,
And his sweete waters away with him led

'There also, where the winged ships were seene
In liquid wayes to cut their somie waie,
And thousand Fishers numbred to have been,
In that wide lake looking for plenteous prue
Of fish, which they with baits usde to betraie,
Is now no like, nor anie fishers store,
Nor ever ship shall saile there anie more

'They all are gone, and all with them is gone,
Ne ought to me remaines, but to lament
My long decay, which no man els doth mone,
And mourne my fall with dolefull dreriment.
Yet it is comfort in great languishment,
To be bemoaned with compassion kinde,
And mitigates the anguish of the munde

'But me no man bewaileth, but in game,
Ne sheddeth teares from lamentable eie,
Nor anie lives that mentioneth my name
To be remembered of posteritie,

Save One that, maugre fortunes injurie,
And times decay, and envies cruell tort,
Hath writ my record in true-seeming sort

'Camden' the nourice of antiquitie,
And lanterne unto late succeeding age,
To see the light of simple veritie
Burned in ruines, through the great outrage
Of her owne people led with warlike rage
Camden' though Time all monuments obscure,
Yet thy just labours ever shall endure.

'But whie (unhappie wight') doo I thus crie,
And grieve that my remembrance quite is raced
Out of the knowledge of posteritie,
And all my antike monuments defaced?
Sith I doo daile see things highest plced
So soone as Fates their vitall thred have shorne,
Forgotten quite as they were never borne

'It is not long, since these two eyes beheld
A mightie Prince, of most renowned race,
Whom England high in count of honour held,
And greatest ones did sue to gune his grace,
Of greatest ones he, greatest in his place,
Sate in the bosome of his Sovreigne,
And Right and loyall did his word maintaine.

'I saw him die, I saw him die, as one
Of the meane people, and brought forth on
beare,

I saw him die, and no man left to mone
His dolefull fate, that late him loved deare
Scarse anie left to close his eyhds neare,
Scarse anie left upon his lips to laie
The sacred sod, or Requiem to saie.

'O' trustlesse state of miserable men,
That builde your blis on hope of earthly thing,
And vainly thinke y oursel'es halfe happie then,
When painted faces with smooth flattering
Doo fawne on you, and your wide praises sing,
And, when the courting masker louteth lowe,
Him true in heart and trustie to you throw

'All is but fumed, and with oaker dide,
That evere shower will wash and wipe away,
All things doo change that under heaven abide,
And after death all friendship doth decay
Therefore, what ever man bearest worldlie sway,
Living, on God and on thy selfe relie,
For, when thou diest, all shall with thee die

'He now is dead, and all is with him dead,
Save what in heavens storehouse he uplaid
His hope is fauld, and come to passe his dread,
And evill men, now dead, his deeds nprind
Spite bites the dead, that living never bind
He now is gone, the whiles the Foxe is crept
Into the hole, the which the Bridger swept.

'He now is dead and all his glorie gone,
And all his greatnes vapoured to nought,
That as a glasse upon the water shone,
Which vanished quite, so soone as it was sought
His name is worne alreadie out of thought,
Ye anie Poet seekes him to revive,
Yet manie Poets honourd him alive

'Ne doth his Colin, carelesse Colin Cloute,
Cure now his idle bagpipe up to ruse,
Ne tell his sorrow to the listning rout
Of shepherd groomes, which wont his songs to
praise

Praise who so list yet I will him dis-praise,
Untill he quite him of this guiltie blame
Wake, shepherds boy, at length awake for
shame'

'And who so els did goodnes by him gaine,
And who so els his bounteous minde did trie,
Whether he shepherd be, or shepherds
swaine,
(For manie did, which doo it now denie,
Awake, and to his Song a part applie
And I, the whilest you mourne for his decease,
Will with my mourning plants your plaint
increase

He dyde, and after him his brother dyde,
His brother Prince, his brother noble Peere,
That whilest he lived was of none envye,
And dead is now, as living, counted deere,
Deare unto all that true affection beare
But unto thee most deere, O dearest Dame!
His noble Spouse, and Paragon of time

'He, whilest he lived, happie was through thee,
And, being dead, is happie now much more,
Living, that lucked chaurist with thee to bee,
And dead, because him dead thou dost adore
As living, and thy lost deare love deplore
So whilst that thou, faire flower of chastitie,
Dost live, by thee thy Lord shall never die

'Thy Lord shall never die, the whiles this
verse
Shall live, and surely it shall live for ever
For ever it shall live, and shall rehearse
His worthe praise, and vertues dying never,
Though death his soule doo from his bodie
sever,
And thou thy selfe herein shalt also live
Such grace the heavens doo to my verses give.

'Ne shall his sister, ne thy father die,
Thy father, that good Earle of rare renowne,
And noble Patrone of weake povertie,
Whose great good deeds, in country and in
towne,

I have purchast him in heaven an happie crowne,
Where he now liveth in eternall blis,
And left his sonne to ensue those steps of his.

'He, noble bud, his Grandaires in chie have re,
Under the shadow of thy countenance
Now gunnes to shoote up fast, and flourish sayre
In learned artes and goodlie governaunce,
That him to highest honour shall advance
Brave Impe of Bedford! grow apace in bountie,
And count of wisdom more than of thy
Countie

'Ne may I let thy husbands sister die,
That goodly Ladie, with she eke did spring
Out of his stocke and famous familie,
Whose praises I to future age doo sing,
And forth out of her happie womb did bring
The sacred brood of learning and all honour,
In whom the heavens powde all their gifts
upon her

'Most gentle spirite, breathed from above
Out of the bosome of the makers blis,
In whom all bountie and all vertuous love
Appeared in their native proprietis,
And did enrich that noble breast of his
With treasure passing all this worlds worth,
Worthie of heaven it self which brought it
forth

'His blessed spirite, full of power divine
And influence of all celestially grace,
Loathing this sinfull earth and earthlie shame,
Iled back too soone unto his native place,
Too soone for all that did his love embrace,
Too soone for all this wretched world, whom he
Robd of all right and true nobilitie.

'Yet, ere his happie soule to heave went
Out of this fleshlie gale, he did devise
Unto his heavenly maker to present
His bodie, as a spotles sacrifice,
And chose that guiltie hands of enemies
Should powre forth th' offering of his guiltles
blood
So life exchanging for his countries good

'O noble spirite! live there ever blessed, joy,
The worlds late wonder, and the heavens new
Live ever there, and leave me here distressed
With mortall cares and cumbrous worlds annoy!
But, where thou dost that happines enjoy,
Bid me, O! bid me quicklie come to thee,
That happie there I maie thee alwaies see

'Yet, whilst the fates affoord me vitall breath,
I will it spend in speaking of thy praise,
And sing to thee, untill that timele death
By heavens doome doo ende my earthlie daies

Thereto doo thou my humble spirite raise,
And into me that sacred breath inspire,
Which thou there breathest perfect and entire.

'Then will I sing, but who can better sing
Than thine owne sister, peerles Ladie bright,
Which to thee sings with deep harts sorrowing,
Sorrowing tempered with deere delight,
That her to heare I feeble my feeble spright
Robbed of sense, and ravished with joy
O sad joy, made of mourning and any'

'Yet will I sing, but who can better sing
Than thou thy selfe thine owne selves a balance,
That, whilst thou livest, madest the Forrests
ring, [daunce,
And fields resound, and flockes to leap and
And shepherds leave their lambs unto mis-
chance,

To runne thy shrill Arcadian Pipe to heare
O, happie were those dayes, thrice happie were'

'But now, more happie thou, and wretched wee
Which want the wonted sweetnes of thy voice,
Whiles thou, now in Elisian fields so free,
With Orpheus, and with Linus and the choice
Of all that ever did in rimes rejoice, [layes,
Converse, and doost heare their heav'nelie
And they heare thine, and thine doo better
praise.

'So there thou livest, singing evermore,
And here thou livest, being ever song
Of us, which living loved thee afore, [through
And now thee worship amongst that blessed
Of heav'nelie Poets and Heroes strong
So thou both here and there immortall art,
And everie where through excellent desert.

'But such as neither of themselves can sing,
Nor yet are sung of others for reward,
Die in obscure oblivion, as the thing
Which never was, ne ever with regard
Their names shall of the later age be heard,
But shall in rustie darknes ever lie,
Unless they mentiond be with infamie

'What booteth it to have been rich alive?
What to be great? what to be gracious?
When after death no token doth survive
Of former being in this mortall hous,
But sleeps in dust, dead and inglorious,
Like beast whose breath but in his nostrils is,
And hath no hope of happinesse or blis

'How many great ones may remembred be,
Which in their daies most famouslie did flourish,
Of whome no word we heare, nor signe now
see,
But as things wipt out with a sponge to pershe,

Because they living cared not to cherishe
No gentle wits, through pride or covetize,
Which might their names for ever memorize.

Provide therefore (ye Princes) whilst ye live,
That of the Muses ye may friended bee,
Which unto men eternitie do give,
For they be daughters of Dime Memorie
And Jove, the father of eternitie,
And do those men in golden thrones repose,
Whose merits they to glorifie do chose

'The sevenfold yron gates of grislie Hell,
And horrid house of sad Proserpina,
They able are with power of mightie spell
To breake, and thence the soules to bring awaie
Out of dread darkenesse to eternall day, [die
And them immortall make, which els would
In foule forgetfulnesse, and nameles lie

'So whilome raised they the puissant brood
Of golden girt Alemen, for great merite,
Out of the dust, to which the Ocean wood
Had him consum'd, and spent his itall spirite,
To highest heaven, where now he doth inherit
All happinesse in Hebes silver bowre,
Chosen to be her dearest Paramoure

'So rusde they eke faire Ledaes warlick
twines,

And interchanged life unto them lent, [ginnes
That, when th' one dies, th' other then be-
To shew in Heaven his brightnes orient,
And they, for pittie of the sad wayment
Which Orpheus for Eurydice did make,
Her back againe to life sent for his sake

'So happie are they, and so fortunate,
Whom the Pierrin sacred sisters love,
That freed from bands of impacable fate,
And power of death they live for aye above,
Where mortall wreakes their blis may not re-
move,
But with the Gods, for former vertues meede,
On Nectar and Ambrosia do seede.

For deeds doe die, how ever noble donne,
And thoughts of men do as themselves decay,
But wise wordes, taught in numbers for to
Recorded by the Muses, live for aye, [runne,
Ne may with storming show'ers be washt away,
Ne bitter-breathing windes with harmful blast,
Nor age, nor envie, shall them ever wast.

'In vaine doo earthly Princes, then in vaine,
Seeke, with Pyramides to heav'n aspired,
Or huge Colosses built with costly paine,
Or brasen Pillours never to be fired,
Or Shrines made of the mettall most desired,

To make their memories for ever live,
For how can mortall immortallitie give?

'Such one Mausolus made, the worlds great wonder,
But now no remnant doth thereof remune

Such one Marcellus, but was torne with thunder

Such one Lippinus, but is worne with raine
Such one King Edmond, but was rent for gaine.

All such vaine moniments of earthlie misse
Devoured of time, in time to nought doo passe.

'But Fame with golden wings aloft doth flie
Above the reach of ruinous decay,
And with brave plumes doth beste the azure skie,
Admired of brave-borne men from farre away.
Then, who so will with vertuous deeds away
To mount to heaven, on Pegasus must ride,
And with sweete Poets verse be glorified

'For not to have been dipt in Lethe lake,
Could save the sonne of Ithicus from to die,
But that blinde bird did him immortall make
With verses, dipt in dew of Castalie
Which made the Lasterne Conquerour to ere,
(O fortunate young-man, whose vertue found
So brave a Trompe, thy noble acts to sound)

'Therefore in this halfe happie I doo read
Good Melibe, that hath a Poet got
To sing his living praises being dead,
Deserving never here to be forgot,
In spite of envie that his deeds would spot
Since whose decease, learning lies unregarded,
And men of armes doo wander unwarded

'Those two be those two great calamities,
That long agoe did grieve the noble spright
Of Salomon with great indignities,
Who whilome was alive the wiest wight
But now his wisdom is disprooved quite,
I or he, that now welds all things at his will,
Scorns th' one and th' other in his deeper skill

'O griefe of griefes! O gall of all good heartes!
To see that vertue should dispised bee
Of him, that first was raised for vertuous parts,
As I now, broad spreading like an aged tree,
Lets none shoot up that might him planted bee
O let the man, of whom the Muse is scorned,
Nor alive nor dead be of the Muse adorned!

'O vile worlds trust! that with such vaine illusion
Hath so wise men bewatched, and overkest,
That they see not the way of their confusion
O vaineesse! to be added to the rest,
That do my soule with inward griefe infest

'Let them behold the pitious fall of mee,
And in my case their owne ensample see

'And who so els that sits in highest seate
Of this worlds glorie worshipped of all,
Ne feareth change of time, nor fortunes threate,
Let him behold the horror of my fall,
And his owne end unto remembrance call
Thit of like ruine he may warned bee,
And in himselfe be moved to pittie mee'

Thus having ended all her pitious plaint,
With dolefull shrieks shee vanished away,
That I, through inward sorrowe, waxen faint,
And all astonished with deepe dismay,
For her departure, had no word to say,
But sate long time in senecks ease and affright,
Looking still, if I might of her have sight

Which when I misse, having looked long,
My thought returned greived home againe,
Renewing her complaint with passion strong,
For ruth of that same womans pitious paine,
Whose wordes recording in my troubled braine,
I felt such anguish wound my feeble heart,
Thit frozen horror ran through evry part

So while greiving in my groning brest,
And deepe lie musing at her doubtfull speech,
Whose meaning much I labored forth to wreste,
Being above my slender reasons reach,
At length by demonstration me to teach,
Before mine eyes strange sights presented were,
Like tragike Pageants seeming to appeare.

I SAW an Image all of massive gold,
Placed on high upon an Altare faire,
That all, which did the same from farre behold,
Might worship it, and fall on lowest staire
Not that great Idoll might with this compare,
To which th' Asirian tyrant would have made
The holie brethren falslie to have proude

But th' Altare, on the which this Image stood,
Was (O greif pittie!) built of bricke clay,
Thit shortly the foundation decayed,
With shoures of heaven and tempests worne
away,
Then downe it fell, and low in ashes lay,
Scorned of evry one, which by it went,
That I, it seeing, dearelie did lament

Next unto this a stately Towre appeared,
Built all of richest stone that might bee found,
And high unto the Heavens in height upreared,
But placed on a plot of sandie ground
Not thit great Towre, which is so much re-
nowned

For tongues confusion in Holie Writ,
King Ninus worke, might be compar'd to it

But O vaine labours of terrestriall wit,
That buidles so stronglie on so fraille & soyle,
As with each storme does fall away, and slit,
And gives the fruit of all your trauailes toyle
To be the pray of Tyme, and Fortunes spoyle
I saw this Towre fall sodainele to dust,
That nigh with griefe thereof my heart was
brust.

III

Then did I see a pleasant Paradize,
Full of sweete flowres and daintiest delights,
Such as on earth man could not more devise,
With pleasures choyce to feed his cheerefull
sprights
Not that, which Merlin by his magicke slights
Made for the gentle Squire, to entertame
His fayre Belphebe, could this gardine
staine

But O short pleasure, bought with lasting
paine
Why will hereafter anie flesh delight
In earthlie blis, and joy in pleasures vaine,
Since that I sawe this gardine wasted quite,
That where it was scarce seemed anie sight?
That I, which once that beautie did beholde,
Could not from teares my melting eyes with-
holde

IV

Soone after thus a Grunt came in place,
Of wondrous powre, and of exceeding stature,
That none durst vewe the horror of his face,
Yet was he milde of speach, and meeke of
nature

Not he, which in despite of his Creatour
With railing tearmes defied the Jewish hoast,
Might with this mightie one in hugenes boast,

For from the one he could to th' other coast
Stretch his strong thughes, and th' Ocean
overstride,

And reatch his hand into his enemies hoast
But see the end of pompe and fleshlie pride
One of his feete unwaies from him did slide,
That downe hee fell into the deepe Abysse,
Where drown'd with hum is all his earthlie
blisse.

V

Then did I see a Bridge, made all of golde,
Over the Sea from one to other side,
Withonten prop or pillour it t' upholde,
But like the coloured Rimboue reched wile
Not that great Arche, which Trayn edifice,
To be a wonder to all age ensuing,
Was matchable to this in equall vewing

But (ah!) what bootes it to see earthlie thing
In glorie, or in greatnes to excell,
Sith time doth greatest things to ruine bring?
This goodlie bridge, one foote not fastned well,
Gan faile, and all the rest downe shoulde fell,
Ne of so brave a building ought remained
That griefe thereof my spirite greatly pained

VI

I saw two Beares, as white as anie milke,
Lying together in a mightie cave,
Of milde aspect, and haire as soft as silke,
That saluige nature seemed not to haue,
Nor after greedie spoyle of bloud to crave
Two fairer beasts might not elswhere be found,
Although the compast world were sought
around

But what can long abide above this ground
In state of blis, or stedfast happinesse?
The Cave, in which these Beares lay sleeping
sound,
Was but earth, and with her owne weight
Upon them fell, and did unwaies oppresse,
That for great sorrow of their sudden fate,
Henceforth all worlds felicitie I hate

¶ Much was I troubled in my heauie
spright,
At sight of these sad spectacles forepast,
That all my senses were bereaved quight,
And I in minde remained sore agast,
Distraight twixt feare and pitie, when at
last

I heard a voyce, which loudly to me called,
That with the sudden shrill I was appalled

Behold (said it) and by ensample see,
That all is vauitie and griefe of minde,
Ne other comfort in this world can be,
But hope of heaven, and heart to God inclinde,
For all the rest must needs be left behinde
With that it bad me to the other side
To cast mine eye, where other sights I spide

I

Upon that famous Rivers further shore,
There stood a snowie Swaine hee only hiew,
And gentle kinde as ever Fowle afore,
A furer one in all the goodlie crew
Of white Strimonian brood might no man
view

There he most sweetly sung the prophecie
Of his owne death in dolefull Elegie

At last when all his mourning melodie
He ended had thit both the shores resounded,
Feeling the fit thit him forward to die
With loftie flight above the earth he bounded

And out of sight to highest heaven mounted,
Where now he is become an heavenly being,
There now the joy is his, here sorrow mine

II

Whilest thus I looked, lo! adowne the Lee
I sawe an Harpe-stroon, all with silver twaine,
And made of golde and comlie worke,
Swimming that whilome seemed to have been
The Harpe on which Dan Orphu was reue,
Wilde beasts and fowles after him to lead,
But was th' Harpe of Philides now dead

At length out of the River it was rind
And borne above the cloudes to be dy'd
Whilst all the way most heavenly noise was
heard

Of the strings, stirred with the warbling wind,
That wrought both joy and sorrow in my
mind

So now in heaven a signe it doth appeare
The Harpe well knowne beut the Northern
Beare

III

Soone after this I saw, on th' other side
A curious Coffin made of Heben wood,
That in it did most precious treasure hide,
I exceeding all this brer world's good
Yet through the overflowing of the flood
It almost drowned was, and done to nought
That sight thereof much grieved my pensive
thought

At length, when most in perill it was brought,
Two Angels, downe descending with swift
flight,

Out of the swelling streame it lightly caught
And twist their blessed armes it carried
quight

Above the reach of any living sight
So now it is transform'd into that starr,
In which all heavenly treasures locked are

IV

Looking aside I saw a stately Bed,
Adorned all with costly cloth of gold,
That might for any Princes couche be red,
And deckt with damnie flowres as if it should
Be for some bride, her joyous night to hold
Therem a goodly Virgine sleeping lay,
A fairer wight saw never summers day

I heard a voyce that called farre away,
For her awaking bad her quikly light,
For lo! her Bridegrome was in readie way
To come to her, and seeke her loves delight

With that she started up with cheerefull heart,
When suddainly both bed and all was gone,
And I in languor left there all alone

V

Still as I gaze I beheld where stood
A knight all armd, upon a winged steed,
The same that late I was of Meleas blood,
On who I did in Perous, borne of heavenly seed,
The faine Andromeda from perill freed
I full mortally this knight wounded was,
Thy streames of blood forth flowed on the
grasse

Yes, was he doct (small joy to him, alas!)
With many garlands for his victories (chance
And with rich sp'yles which late he did pur-
Through his braver achievements from his enemies,
Fruiting at last throu, his late infirmities,
He made his steed that straight to heaven
him bore
And I left me here his love for to d'plore.

VI

Lastly I saw an Arke of purest golde
Upon a braven pillow standing lie,
Which th' ashes round of some great Prince
Enclorded therein for endless memorie (to hold
Of him, whom all the world did glorie
Seemed the heavens with the earth did dis-
ap'pear,

Whether should of those ashes-keeper bee

At last me seem'd wing footed Mercury,
From heavens ascending to appease their strife,
The Arke did beare with him above the ebbe,
And to those ashes gave a second life,
To live in heaven where happiness is rife
At which the earth did grieve exceedingly,
And I for dole was almost like to die

I. Epitaph

Immortall spirite of Philides,
Which now art made the heavens ornament,
That whilome wast the world's chiefest riel es,
Gave leave to him that lov'd thee to lament
His loss, by lacke of thee to heaven bent,
And with last duties of this broken ver e,
Broken with sighs, to decke thy sable Here

And ye faire Ladie th' honour of your daies,
And glorie of the world your high thoughts
scoone,

Youcherise this monument of his last praise
With some few silver dropping teares to adorne,
And as ye be of hevenlie off-spring borne,
So unto heaven let your high minde aspire,
And loath this dross of sinfull worlds desire

THE TEARES OF THE MUSES.

BY ED. SP.

TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE

THE LADIE STRANGE.

Most brave and noble Ladie, the things, that make ye so much honored of the world as ye bee, are such, as (without my simple lines testimonie) are throughlie knowne to all men, namely, your excellent beautie, your vertuous behavior, and your noble match with that most honourable Lord, the verie Paternie of right Nobilitie But the causes for which ye have thus deserved of me to be honoured (if honour it be at all) are, both your particular bounties, and also some private bands of affinitie, which it hath pleased your Ladship to acknowledge Of which whenas I found my selfe in no part worthe, I devised this last slender meanes, both to

intimate my humble affection to your Ladship, and also to make the same universallie knowne to the world, that by honouring you they might know me, and by knowing me they might honor you Vouchsafe, noble Lady, to accept this simple remembrance, though not worthy of your self, yet such as perhaps, by good acceptance thereof, ye may hereafter cull out a more meet and memorable evidence of your own excellent deserts So, recommending the same to your Ladships good liking, I humbly take leave

Your La humbly ever.

ED SP.

THE TEARES OF THE MUSES.

REHEARSE to me, ye sacred Sisters nine,
The golden blood of great Apolloes wit,
Those piteous plaints and sorrowfull sad tyme,
Which late ye powred forth as ye did sit
Beside the silver Springs of Helicone,
Making your musick of hart-breaking mone

For since the time that Phœbus foolish
sonne
Thundered through Joves avengefull wrath,
For traversing the charret of the Sunne
Beyond the compasse of his pointed path,
Of you, his mournfull Sisters, was lamented,
Such mournfull tunes were never since in-
vented.

Nor since that faire Calliope did lose
Her loved Twinnes, the dearlings of her joy,
Her Palici, whom her unkindly foes,
The fatal Sisters, did for spight destroy,
Whom all the Muses did bewaile long space,
Was ever heard such wayling in this place

For all their groves, which with the heavenly
noyses
Of their sweet instruments were wont to sound,
And th' hollow hills, from which their silver
voyses
Were wont redoubled Echoes to rebound,
Did now rebound with nought but rufull cries,
And yelling shrieks throwne up into the skies

K K

The trembling streames, which wont in chanelles
cleare

To romble gently downe with murmur soft,
And were by them right tunefull taught to
beare

A Bases purt amongst their consorts oft,
Now, forst to overflow with brackish teares,
With troublous noyse did dull their duntie
eares

The joyous Nymphes and lightfoote T'atnes
Which thether came to heare their musick
sweet,

And to the measure of their melodies
Did learne to move their nimble-shifting feete,
Now, hearing them so heavily lament,
Like heavily lamenting from them went.

And all that els was wont to worke delight
Through the diuine infusion of their skill,
And all that els seemd faire and fresh in sight,
So made by nature for to serue their will,
Was turned now to dismall heaviness,
Was turned now to dreddfull ugliness

Ay me! what thing on earth, that all thing
breeds,

Might be the cause of so impatient plight?
What furie, or what feend with felon deeds
Hath stirred up so mischievous despight?
Can griefe then enter into heavenly hearts,
And pierce immortall breasts with mortall
smarts?

Vouchsafe ye then, whom onely it concerns,
To me those secret causes to display,
For none but you or who of you it learns
Can rightfully read so dolefull lay
Begin, thou eldest sister of the crew,
And let the rest in order thee ensue

CLIO

He're, thou great Father of the Gods on hie,
That most art dreaded for thy thunder darts,
And thou, our Syre, that ragust in Castalie
And mount Parnasse, the God of goodly Arts
Heare, and behold the miserable state
Of us, thy daughters, dolefull desolate.

Behold the fowle reproach and open shame,
The which is dry by day unto us wrought
By such as hate the honour of our name,
The foes of learning and each gentle thought,
They, not contented us themselves to scorne,
Doo seeke to make us of the world forlorne,

Ne onely they that dwell in lowly dust,
The sonnes of darknes and of ignoraunce,
But they, whom thou, great Ioue, by doome
unjust

Didst to the type of honour earst aduance,

They now, putt up with edgynfull insolence,
Despise the brood of blessed Sapience.

The sectaries of my celestiaall skill,
That wont to be the worlds chiefe ornament,
And learned Impes that wont to shoote up still,
And grow to height of kingdomes government,
They underkeep, and with their spredding
armes

Do beat their buds, that perish through their

It most behoves the honorable race
Of mightie Peeres true wisdomes sustaine,
And with their noble countenance to grace
The learned foreheads, without gifts or guine,
Or rather learnd themselves behoves to bee,
That is the grlond of Nobilitie

But (ah!) all otherwise they doo esteeme
Of th' heavenly gift of wisdomes influence,
And to be learned it a base thing deeme
Base minded they that want intelligence
For God himselfe for wisdom most is praised,
And men to God thereby are highest raised

But they doo onely strive themselves to ruse
Through pompous pride, and foolish vanitie
In th' eyes of people they put all their praise,
And onely boast of Armes and Auncestrie,
But virtuous deeds, which did those Armes
first give

To their Grandsyres, they care not to atchive
So I, that doo all noble feates professe
To register, and sound in trump of gold, [nesse,
Through their bad dooings, or base clothful-
Finde nothing worthe to be wnt or told,
I or better surer it were to hide their names,
Than telling them to blazon out their blames.

So shall succeeding ages have no light
Of things forepast, nor monuments of time,
And all that in this world is worthe light
Shall dye in darknesse and lie hid in slime
Therefore I mourne with deep harts sorrowing,
Because I nothing noble have to sing

With that she raynd such store of streaming
teares,

That could have made a stonie heart to weep,
And all her Sisters rent their golden beares,
And their sure faces with salt humour steep
So ended shee, and then the next anew,
Began her grievous plaint as doth ensue

MELPOMENE.

O! who shall powre into my swollen eyes
A sea of teares that never may be drye,
A brisen voice that may with shrilling cries
Pierce the dull heavens and fill the ayre wide,
And yron sides that sighing may endure,
To wale the wretchednes of world impure?

Ah, wretched world ! the den of wickednesse,
Deformd with filth and fowle iniquitie,
Ah, wretched world ! the house of heavinesse,
Fild with the wreaas of mortall miserie,
Ah, wretched world ! and all that is therein
The vassals of Gods wrath, and slaves of sin

Most miserable creature under sky
Man without understanding doth appeare,
For all this worlds affliction he thereby,
And fortunes freakes, is wisely taught to beere
Of wretched life the onely joy shée is,
And th' only comfort in calamities

She armes the brest with constant patience
Against the bitter throwes of dolours daits
She solaceth with rules of Sapience
The gentle minds, in midst of worldlie smarts
When he is sad, shée seeks to make him merie,
And doth refresh his sprights when they be weare

But he that is of reasons skill bereft,
And wants the staffe of wisdom him to stay,
Is like a ship in midst of tempest left
Withouten helme or Pilot her to sway
Full sad and dreadfull is that ships event,
So is the man that wants intendment

Why then doo foolish men so much despise
The precious store of this celestiall riches?
Why doo they brayn us, that patronize
The name of learning? Most unhappie
wretches!

The which he drowned in deep wretchednes,
Yet doo not see their owne unhappiness

My part it is and my professed skill
The Stage with Tragick buskin to adorne,
And fill the Scene with plaint, and outeries shrill
Of wretched persons to misfortune borne,
But none more tragick matter I can finde
Than this, of men depriv'd of sense and munde

For all mans life me seemes a Tragedy,
Full of sad sights and sore Catastrophes,
I first comming to the world with weeping eye,
Where all his dayes, like dolorous Trophees,
Are heipt with spoyles of fortune and of feare,
And he at last laid forth on balefull beare

So all with ruffall spectacles is fild,
Lit for Megera or Persephone,
But I that in true Tragedies am skild,
The flowre of wit, finde nought to busie me
Therefore I mourne, and pitifully move,
Because that mourning matter I have none

Then gan she wofully to wail, and wring
Her wretched hands in lamentable wise,
And all her Sisters, thereto answering, [cries
Threw forth lowd shrieks and drierie dolefull

So rested she, and then the next in row
Began her grievous plaint, as doth ensew.

THALIA

Where be the sweete delights of learnings
treasure

That went with Comick sock to beautefie
The painted Theaters, and fill with pleasure
The listners eyes and eares with melodie,
In which I late was wont to raine as Queene,
And maske in mirth with Graces well bescene?

O ! all is gone, and all that goodly glee,
Which wont to be the glorie of gay wits,
Is layd abed, and no where now to see,
And in her roome unseemly Sorrow sits,
With hollow bowes and greisly countenance,
Marring my joyous gentle dalliance

And him beside sits ugly Barbarisme,
And brutish Ignorance, ycept of late
Out of dredd darkness of the deepe Abysme,
Where being bredd, he light and heaven does
late

They in the mindes of men now tyrannize,
And the faire Scene with rudenes foule disguise

All places they with folle have possess,
And with vaine toyes the vulgare enterta ne,
But me have banished, with all the rest
That whilome wont to wait upon my trine,
Fine Counterfeits, and unhurtfull Sport,
Delight, and Laughter, deckt in seemly sort.

All these, and all that els the Comick Stage
With seasoned wit and goodly pleasure graced,
By which mans life in his likest image
Was limned forth, are wholly now defaced,
And those sweete wits, which wont the like to
frume,

Are now despizd, and made a laughing game

And he, the man whom Nature selfe had made
To mock her selfe, and Truth to imitate,
With kindly counter under Mimick shade,
Our pleasant Wills, ah ! is dead of late
With whom all joy and jolly meriment
Is also deaded, and in dolour drent

In stead thereof scoffing Scornfullie,
And scornfull folle with Contempt is crept,
Rolling in rymes of shameles ribaudrie
Without regard, or due Decorum kept,
Each idle wit at will presumes to make,
And doth the Learneds taske upon him take.

But that same gentle Spirit, from whose pen
Large streames of honnie and sweete Nectar
flowe,

Scorning the boldnes of such base-borne men,
Which dare then follies forth so rashly throwe,

Doth rather choose to sit in idle Cell,
Than so himselfe to mockerie to sell

So am I made the serv ant of the manie,
And laughing stocke of all that list to scorne,
Not honored nor cared for of mine,
But loath'd of losels as a thing forlorne
Therefore I mourne and sorrow with the rest,
Untill my cause of sorrow be redrest

Therewith she lowly did lament and shrike,
Pouring forth streames of teares abundantly,
And all her Sisters, with compassion like,
The breaches of her singults did supply
So rested shee, and then the next in rew
Began her grievous plant, as doth ensew

EUTERPE

Like as the dewling of the Summers pryde,
Faure Philomele, when winters stormie wrath
The goodly fields, that earst so gay were dyde
In colours divers, quite despoyled hath,
All comfortlesse doth hide her cheerlesse head
During the time of that her widowhead

So we, that earst were wont in sweet accord
All places with our pleasant notes to fill,
Whilst favourable times did us afford
I see libertie to chaunt our charmes at will,
All comfortlesse upon the bared bow,
Like wefull Cullers, doo sit way ling now,

For far more bitter storme than winters stowre
The beutie of the world hath lately wasted,
And those fresh buds, which wont so faire to
flowre, [blasted,
Hath mired quite, and all their blossoms
And those young plants, which wont with fruit
t abound,
Now without fruite or leaves are to be found

A stonie coldnesse hath benumbd the sence
And livelie spirits of each living wight,
And dimd with darknesse their intelligence,
Darknesse more than Cymerians daylie night
And monstrous error, flying in the ayre,
Hath mard the face of all that semed fayre

Image of hellish horror, Ignorance,
Borne in the bosome of the black Abyss,
And fed with furies milke for sustenance
Of his weake infancie, begot amisse
By yawning Sloth on his owne mother Night,
So hee his sonnes both Syre and brother light

He, armed with blindness and with boldnes
t-out, [defaced,
(For blind is bold) hath our fayre light
And gathering unto him a ragged rout
Of Iannes and Satyre, hath our dwellings
ruined

And our chaste bowers, in which all vertue
rained,
With brutishnesse and beastlie filth hath
stained

The sacred springs of horsefoot Helicon,
So oft bedeaved with our learned laves,
And speking streames of pure Castalion,
The famous witnesses of our wonted praise,
They trampled have with their fowle footings
trade,

And like to troubled puddles have them made
Our pleasant groves, which planted were with
paines,
That with our musick wont so oft to ring,
And arbors sweet, in which the Shepheards
swaines

Were wont so oft their Pastoralls to sing,
They have cut downe, and all their pleasure
That now no pastorall is to bee hard [mard,

Instead of them, fowle Goblins and Shrike-
owles

With fearfull howling do all places fill,
And feeble Echo now laments and howles
The dreadful accents of their outeries shrill
So all is turned into wilderness,
Whilst Ignorance the Muses doth oppresse

And I, whose joy was earst with Spirit full
To teach the warbling pipe to sound aloft,
My spirits now dismayd with sorrow dull
Doo mone my miserie with silence soft
Therefore I mourne and waile incessantly,
Till please the heavens afford me remedy

Therewith shee wayled with exceeding woe,
And pitious lamentation did make,
And all her sisters, seeing her doo soe,
With equall plants her sorrowe did partake
So rested shee, and then the next in rew
Began her grievous plant, as doth ensew.

TERPSICHOPE

Whoso hath in the lap of soft delight
Beene long time lulld, and fed with pleasures
sweet, [spight
Fareles through his own fault or Fortunes
To tumble into sorrow and regret,
If chance him fall into calumnie,
Finds greater burthen of his miserie

So wee that earst in joyance did abound,
And in the bosome of all blis did sit,
Like virgin Queenes, with laurell garlands
cround

For vertues meed and ornament of wit,
With ignorance our Kingdome did confound,
Bee now become most wretched wrightes on
ground.

And in our royall thrones, which lately stood
In th' hearts of men to rule them carefully,
He now hath placed his accursed brood,
By him begotten of foule infamy,
Blind Error, scornefull Follie, and base Spight,
Who hold by wrong that wee should have by
right.

They to the vulgar sort now pipe and sing,
And make them merrie with their fooleries,
They cherele chaunt, and rymes at randon
sing,

The fruitfull spawn of their ianke fantasies
They feede the eares of fooles with flattery,
And good men blame, and losels magnify

All places they doo with their toys possesse,
And rage in liking of the multitude,
The schooles they fill with fond new fangle-
nesse, [rude,
And sway in Court with pride and rashnes
Mongst simple shepherds they do boast their
skill,

And say their musicke matcheth Phoebus quill

The noble hearts to pleasures they allure,
And tell their Prince that learning is but vaine
Faure Ladies loves they spot with thoughts
impure,

And gentle mindes with lewd delights distaine,
Clerks they to loathly idleness entice,
And fill their bookes with discipline of vice

So every where they rule, and tyrannize,
For their usurped kingdoms maintenance,
They rule we silly Maides, whom they despise
And with reprochfull scorn discountenance,
From our owne native heritage exile,
Walk through the world of every one revilde

Not anie one doth care to call us in,
Or once vouchsafeth us to entertaine,
Unless some one perhaps of gentle kin,
For pitties sake compassion our paine,
And yeeld us some reliefe in this distresse,
Yet to be so reliev'd is wretchednesse

So wander we all carefull comfortlesse,
Yet none doth care to comfort us at all,
So seeke we helpe our sorrow to redresse,
Yet none vouchsafes to answer to our call,
Therefore we mourne and pittilesse complaine,
Because none living pittieeth our paine.

With that she wept and wofullie waymented,
That naught on earth her grieve might pacifie,
And all the rest her dolefull dnm augmented
With shrieks and groanes and grievous agonie
So ended shee, and then the next in reu
Began her piteous plaint, as doth ensew

ERATO

Ye gentle Spirits, breathing from above,
Where ye in Venus silver bowre were bred,
Thoughts halfe devine, full of the fire of love,
With beawtie kindled, and with pleasure fed,
Which ye now in securitie possesse,
Forgetfull of your former heavinesse,

Now change the tenor of your joyous layes,
With which ye use your loves to desire,
And blazon forth an earthlie beauties praise
Above the compasse of the arched skie,
Now change your praises into piteous cries,
And Eulogies turne into Elegies

Such as ye wont, whenas those bitter stounds
Of raging love first gan you to torment,
And launch your hearts with lamentable
wounds

Of secret sorrow and sad languishment,
Before your Loves did take you unto grace,
Those now renew, as sifter for this place

For I that rule in measure moderate
The tempest of that stormie passion,
And use to paint in rimes the troublous state
Of Lovers life in likest fashion,
Am put from practise of my handie skill,
Banisht by those that Love with leawdnes
fill

Love wont to be schoolmaster of my skill,
And the devicefull matter of my song,
Sweete Love devoyd of villanie or ill,
But pure and spotles, as at first he sprong
Out of th' Almightyes bosome, where he nests,
From thence infused into mortall breasts

Such high concept of that celestial fire,
The base-borne brood of blindnes cannot
gesse,

Ne ever dare their dunghill thoughts aspire
Unto so loftie pitch of perfectnesse,
But rime at riot, and doo rage in love,
Yet little wote what doth thereto behove

Faire Cytheree, the Mother of delight,
And Queene of beawtie, now thou maist go
pack,

For lo' thy Kingdome is defaced quight,
Thy scepter rent, and power put to wrack,
And thy gay Sonne, that winged God of Love,
May now goe prune his plumes like ruffed
Dove

And ye three Twins, to light by Venus
brought,
The sweete companions of the Muses late,
From whom what ever thing is goodly
thought,
Doth borrow grace, the fancie to aggrate,

Go beg with us, and be companions still,
As heretofore of good, so now of ill

For neither you nor we shall anie more
Find entertainment or in Court or Schoole,
For that which was accounted heretofore
The learneds meed is now lent to the foole
He sings of love, and maketh loving lyes,
And they him heare, and they him highly
praise

With that she powred forth a brackish flood
Of bitter teares, and made exceeding mone,
And all her Sisters, seeing her sad mood,
With lowd laments her answered all at one
So ended she, and then the next in rew
Began her grievous plaint, as doth ensue

CALLIOPE

To whom shall I my evil case complaine,
Or tell the anguish of my inward smart,
Sith none is left to remedie my paine,
Or deignes to pitie a perplexed hart,
But rather seekes my sorrow to augment
With fowle reproach, and cruell banishment?

For they, to whom I used to applie
The faithfull service of my learned skill,
The goodly off-spring of Joves progenie,
That wont the world with famous acts to fill,
Whose living praises in heroick style,
It is my chiefe profession to compyle,

They, all corrupted through the rust of time
That doth all fairest things on earth deface,
Or through unnoble sloth, or sinfull crime,
That doth degenerate the noble race,
Have both desire of worthe deeds forlorne,
And name of learning utterly doo scorne

Ne doo they care to have the auncestrie
Of th' old Heroes memorizd anew,
Ne doo they care that late posteritie [dew,
Should know their names, or speak their praises
But the forgot from whence at first they sprong,
As they themselves shalbe forgot ere long

What bootes it then to come from glorious
Forefathers, or to have been nobly bredd?
What oddes twixt Irns and old Inachus,
Twixt best and worst, when both alike are
dedd,

If none of neither mention should make,
Nor out of dust their memories awake?

Or who would ever care to doo brave deed,
Or strive in vertue others to excell,
If none should yeeld him his deserved meed,
Doe praise that is the spur of dooing well?
For if good were not praised more than ill,
None would choose goodnes of his owne free-
will

Therefore the nurse of vertue I am hight,
And golden Trompet of eternitie,
That lowly thoughts lift up to heavens hight,
And mortall men have powre to desie
Bacchus and Hercules I raisd to heaven,
And Charlemaine amongst the Starris seaven

But now I will my golden Clarion rend,
And will henceforth immortalize no more,
Sith I no more finde worthe to commend
For prize of value, or for learned lore
For noble Peeres, whom I was wont to raise,
Now onely seekke for pleasure, nought for
praise.

Their great revenues all in sumptuous pride
They spend, that nought to learning they may
spare,

And the rich fee, which Poets wont divide,
Now Parasites and Sy cophants doo share
Therefore I mourne and endless sorrow make,
Both for my selfe and for my Sisters sake

With that she lowdly gan to waile and shriek,
And from her eyes a sea of teares did powre,
And all her sisters, with compassion like,
Did more increase the sharpnes of hei shrieve
So ended she, and then the next in rew
Began her plaint, as doth herein ensue

URANIA

What wrath of Gods, or wicked influence
Of Starrs conspiring wretched men t' afflict,
Hath powd on earth this noyous pestilence,
That mortall mindes doth unwrdly infect
With love of blindnesse and of ignorance,
To dwell in darknesse without sovenance?

What difference twixt man and beast is left,
When th' heavenlie light of knowledge is put
out,

And th' ornaments of wisdom are bereft?
Then wandreth he in error and in doubt,
Unseeing of the danger hee is in,
Through fleshes frailtie, and decept of sin

In this wide world in which they, wretches,
stray,

It is the onely comfort which they have,
It is their light, their lordstarre, and their day,
But hell, and darknesse, and the grislie grave,
Is ignorance, the enemy of grace, [debrice.
That mindes of men borne heavenlie doth

Through knowledge we behold the worlds
creation,

How in his cradle first he fostred was,
And judge of Natures cunning operation,
How things she formed of a formelesse mas.
By knowledge wee do learne our selves to knowe
And what to man, and what to God, wee owe

From hence wee mount aloft unto the skie,
And looke into the Christall firmment
There wee behold the heavens great Hierarchie,
The Starres pure light, the Spheres swift
movement,

The Spirites and Intelligences sayre, [chayre
And Angels waighting on th' Almighties

And there, with humble minde and high in-
sight,

Th' eternall Makers majestic wee viewe,
His love, his truth, his glorie, and his might,
And mercie more than mortall men can view
O soveraigne Lord! O soveraigne happinesse,
To see thee, and thy mercie measurelesse!

Such happinesse have they that doo embrace
The precepts of my heavenlie discipline,
But shame and sorrow and accursed case
Have they that scorne the schoole of arts divine,
And banish me, which do professe the skill
To make men heavenly wise through humbled
will

How ever yet they mee despise and spight,
I feede on sweet contentment of my thought,
And please my selfe with mine owne selfe-
delight,

In contemplation of things heavenlie wrought
So, loathing earth, I looke up to the sky,
And, being driven hence, I thether fly.

Thence I behold the miserie of men, [breed
Which want the blis that wisdom would them
And like brute beasts doo lie in loathsom den
Of ghostly darkenes, and of gastlie dreed,
For whom I mourne, and for my selfe com-
plaine,

And for my Sisters eake whom they disdain

With that shee wept and waild so pitouslie,
As if her eyes had bene two springing wells,
And all the rest, her sorrow to supplie,
Did throw forth shrieks and cries and dreery
yells

So ended shee, and then the next in row
Began her mournfull plaint, as doth ensew

POLYHYNIA

A dolefull case desires a dolefull song,
Without vaine art or curious complements,
And squalid Fortune, into basenes flong,
Doth scorne the pride of wonted ornaments
Then fittest are these ragged rimes for mee,
To tell my sorrowes that exceeding bee

For the sweet numbers and melodious measures,
With which I wont the winged words to tie,
And make a tunefull Diapase of pleasures,
Now being let to runne at libertie

By those which have no skill to rule them right
Have now quite lost their naturall delight,

Heapes of huge wordes uphoorded ludeously,
With horrid sound though having little vence,
They thinke to be chiefe praise of Poëtry,
And, thereby wanting due intelligence,
Have mard the face of goodly Poësie,
And made a monster of their fantasie

Whilom in ages past none might professe
But Princes and high Priests that secret skill,
The sacred lawes therein they wont expresse,
And with deepe Oracles their verses fill
Then was shee held in soveraigne dignitie,
And made the nourshing of Nobilitie

But now nor Prince nor Priest doth her main-
tayne,

But suffer her prophaned for to bee
Of the base vulgar, that with hands uncleane
Dares to pollute her ludden mysterie,
And treadeth under foote hir holie things,
Which was the care of Kesar's and of Kings

One onelle lives, her ages ornament,
And myrrour of her Makers majestic,
That with rich bountie, and deare chershment,
Supports the praise of noble Poësie,
Ne onelle favours them which it professe,
But is her selfe a peereles Potresse.

Most peerles Prince, most peereles Poetresse,
The true Pandora of all heavenly graces,
Divine Lhisr, sacred Emperesse!
Live she for ever, and her royall P laces
Be filld with praises of divinst wits,
That her eternize with their heavenlie writs!

Some few beside this sacred skill esteeme,
Admirers of her glorious excellence,
Which, being lightned with her beav'ties beme,
Are thereby filld with happie influence,
And lifted up above the world's gaze,
To sing with Angels her immortall praise.

But all the rest, as borne of salvage brood,
And having bene with Acorns alwaies fed,
Can no whit savour this celestiall food,
But with base thoughts are into blindness led,
And kept from looking on the lightsome day
For whom I waile and weepe all that I may

Estsoones such store of teares shee forth did
powre,

As if shee all to water would have gone,
And all her sisters, seeing her sad stowe,
Did weep and waile, and made exceeding mone,
And all their learned instruments did breake
The rest untold no living tongue can speake

VIRGILS GNAT.

LONG SINCE DEDICATED

TO THE MOST NOBLE AND EXCELLENT LORD,

THE EARLE OF LEICESTER,

LATE DECEASED

Who'e'd yet not daring to expresse my paine,
 To you (great Lord) the causer of my care,
 In cloudie teares my case I thus complaine
 Unto yourselfe, that onely prvie are

But if that any Oedipus unware
 Shall chauce, through power of some diuining spright,
 To reade the secrets of this riddle rare,
 And know the purperts of my euill plight
 Let him rest pleased with his owne insight,
 Ne further seeke to glose upon the text,
 For grieue enough it is to grieued wight
 To feele his fault, and not be further vert.

But what so by my selfe may not be shoven,
 May by this Gnatts complaint be easily known

VIRGILS GNAT.

We now have playde (Augustus) wantonly,
 Tuning our song unto a tender Muse,
 And, like a cobweb weaving slenderly,
 Haue onely playde let thus much then excuse
 This Gnatts small Poeme, that th' whole history
 Is but a jest, though enie it abuse [blame,
 But who such sports and sweet delights doth
 Shall lighter seeme than this Gnatts idle name

Hereafter, when as season more secure
 Shall bring forth fruit, this Muse shall speak
 to thee

In bigger notes, that may thv sense allure,
 And for thy worth frame some fit Poësie
 The golden offspring of Latona pure,
 And ornament of great Ioves progenie,
 Phœbus, shall be the author of my song,
 Playing on yvone harp with siluer strong,

He shall inspire my verse with gentie mood
 Of Poets Prince, whether he woon beside
 Faire Xanthus sprinckled with Chimerus blood,
 Or in the woods of Astery abide,
 Or wherers mount Parnasse, the Muses brood,
 Doth his broad forehead like two hornes divide,
 And the sweete waves of sounding Castaly
 With liquid foote doth slide downe easly

Wherefore ye Sisters, which the glorie bee
 Of the Pierian streames, fayre Naiades,
 Go too, and, dauncing all in companie,
 Adorne that God and thou holie Pales,
 To whome the honest care of husbandrie
 Returneth by continuall successe,
 Have care for to pursue his footing light
 Through the wide woods and groves, with green
 leaves dight

That in the sacred temples he may reare
A trophée of his glittering spoiles and
treasure,
Or may abound in riches above measure

Of him his God is worshipt with his rythe,
And not with skill of craftsman polished
He joyes in groves, and makes himselfe full
bly the

With sundrie flowers in wilde fieldes gathered,
Ne frankincens he from Panchrea buyth
Sweete quiet harbour in his harmlesse head,
And perfect pleasure buildes his joyous bowre,
Free from sad cares that rich mens hearts
devoure.

This all his care, this all his whole endeavour,
To this his minde and senses he doth bend,
How he may flow in quiet matchles treasure,
Content with my food that God doth send,
And how his limbs, resolv'd through idle
leisure,

Unto sweete sleepe he may securely lend
In some coole shadow from the scorching heat
The whiles his flock their chewed cuds do
cate

O flocks! O Faunes! and O ye pleasaunt Springs
Of Tempe! where the countrey Nymphs are
rife, [sings]

Through whose not costly care each shepheard
As merrie notes upon his rusticke Fife,
As that Ascrean bard, whose fame now rings
Through the wide world, and leads us joyfull
life,

Free from all troubles and from worldly toyle,
In which fond men doe all their dayes tur-
moyle

In such delights whilst thus his carelesse time
This Shepheard drives, upleaning on his batt,
And on shrill reedes chaunting his rustick rime,
Hyperion, throwing forth his beames full
hott,

Into the highest top of heaven gan clime,
And, the world purting by an equall lott,
Did shed his whirling flames on either side,
As the great Ocean doth himselfe divide.

Then gan the shepheard gather into one
His stragling Gontes, and drave them to a
foord,

Whose carule streame, rombling in Pible stone,
Crept under mosse as Greene as any goord
Now had the Sun halfe heaven overgone,
When he his heard back from that water foord
Drave, from the force of Phoebus burning ray,
Into thick shadowes, there themselves to
lay

Soone as he them plac'd in thy sacred wood
(O Delian Goddess!) saw, to which of yore
Came the bad daughter of old Cadmus brood,
Cruell Agave, flying vengeance sore
Of king Niçticleus for the guiltie blood
Which she with cursed hands had shed before,
There she halfe frantick, having slaine her
sonne,

Did shrowd herselfe like punishment to shonne

Here also playing on the grassy Greene,
Woodgods, and Satyres, and switt Dryades,
With many Furies oft were dauncing scene.
Not so much did Dan Orpheus repressse
The streames of Hebrus with his songs, I
weene,

As that faire troupe of woodie Goddesses
Stared thee, (O Pençus!) pouring forth to thee
From cheerefull lookes great mirth and glad-
some glee

The verie nature of the place, resounding
With gentle murmure of the breathing ayre,
A pleasant bowre with all delight abounding
In the fresh shadowe did for them prepayre,
To rest their limbs with wearie redounding
For first the high Palme trees, with branches
Out of the lowly vallies did arise, [saie,
And high shoote up their heads into the skyes

And them amongst the wicked Lotos grew,
Wicked for holding guilefully away
Ulysses men, whom rapt with sweetenes new,
Taking to hoste, it quite from him did stay,
And eke those trees, in whose transformed hew
The Sunnes sad daughters waylde the rash
decay

Of Phaeton, whose limbs, with lightening rent,
They, gathering up, with sweete teares did
lament

And that same tree, in which Demophoon,
By his disloyalty, lamented sore,
Eternall hurte left unto many one
Whom also accompanied the Oke, of yore
Through fatal charmes transformd to such
an one,

The Oke, whose Acornes were our foode, before
That Ceres seede of mortall men were knowne,
Which first Triptoleme taught how to be
sowne

Here also grew the rougher rinded Pine,
The great Argoan ships brave ornament,
Whom golden Fleece did make an heavenly
signe,
Which coveting, with his high tops extent,
To make the mountaines touch the starres
druine,
Decks all the Forrest with embellishment,

And the blacke Holme that loves the watrie
vale,

And the sweete Cypresse, sigue of deadly bale

Emongst the rest the clambring Tyie grew,
Knitting his wuntou armes with grasping hold,
Lest that the Poplar happely should reu
Her brothers strokes, whose boughes she doth
enfold

With her ly the twigs, till they the top suruey,
And paint with prillid greene her buds of gold
Next did the Myrtle tree to her approach,
Not yet unmindfull of her olde reproach

But the small Birds, in their wide boughs em-
bowring, [consent,
Chaunted their sandrie tunes with sweete
And under them a siler Spring, forth powring
His trickling streames, a gentle murmure sent,
Thereto the frogs, bred in the slime scowring
Of the moist moore, their jarring voyces bent,
And shrill grasshoppers chirped them around,
All which the ayrie Echo did resound

In this so pleasant place this Shepherds flocke
Lay euerie where, their wearie limbs to rest,
On euerie bush, and euerie hollow rocke,
Where breathe on them the whistling wind
mole best, [stocke,

The whiles the Shepheard self, tending his
Sate by the fountaine side, in shade to rest,
Where gentle slumbring sleep oppressed him
Displaid on ground, and seized euerie him

Of trecherie or trames nought tooke he keep,
But, looslie on the grassie greene dispredd,
His dearest life did trust to careles sleep,
Which, weighing down his drouping drowsie
hedd,

In quiet rest his molten heart did steep,
Devoid of care, and feare of all fals-hedd,
Had not inconstant fortune, bent to ill,
Bid strange mischance his quietnes to spill.

For at his wonted time in that same place
An huge great Serpent, all with speckles pide,
To drench himselfe in moorish slime did trace,
There from the boyling heate himselfe to lude
He, passing by with rolling wretched pace,
With brandisht tongue the emptie aere did
gride,

And wrapt his scabie boughs with fell despight,
That all things seem'd appalled at his sight

Now, more and more having himselfe enrolde,
His glittering breast he listeth up on he,
And with proud vaunt his head aloft doth
holde,

His creste above, spotted with purple die,
On euerie side did shine like so the golde,
And his bright eyes, glauncing full dreadfullie,

Did seeme to flame out flakes of flashing fyre,
And with sterne lookes to threaten kindled yre

Thus wise long time he did himselfe dispace
There round about, when as at last he spide,
Lying along before him in that place,
That stock's grand Captaine and most trustie
guide

Est-oones more fierce in visage, and in pace,
Throwing his fire eyes on euerie side,
He commeth on, and all things in his way
Full sternly rends that might his passage stay

Much he disdaines that anie one should dare
To come unto his haunt, for which intent
He mly buras, and gins stright to prepare
The weapons, which Nature to him hath lent
Fellie he hisseth, and doth fiercely stare,
And hath his jawes with angrie spirits rent,
That all his tract with bloudie drops is stained
And all his foldes arenow in length outstrained

Whom, thus at point prepared, to prevent,
A litle noursling of the humid ayre,
A Gnat, unto the sleepey Shepheard went,
And, marking where his ey-lids twinkling rare
Shewd the two pearles which sight unto him
lent,

Through their thum coverings appearing fayre,
His litle needle there mixing deep,
Warnd him awake, from death himselfe to keep

Wherewith enrag'd he fiercely gan upstart,
And with his hand him rashly bruizing slewe
As in avengement of his heedles smart,
That streight the spirite out of his senses flew,
And life out of his members did depait
When, suddenly casting aside his vew,
He spide his foe with felonous intent,
And fervent eyes to his destruction bent

All suddenly dismurd, and hartles quight,
He fled abacke, and catching hastie holde
Of a yong alder hard beside him pight,
It rent, and streight about him gan beholde
What God or Fortune would assist his might
But whether God or Fortune made him bold
Its hard to read yet hardie will he had
To overcome, that made him lesse adrad.

The scabie backe of that most hideous snake
Enwrapped round, oft faining to retire
And oft him to assaile, he fiercely strake
Whereas his temples did his creast-front tyre,
And, for he was but slowe, did slow th off shake
And gizing ghastly on, (for feare and yre
Had blent so much his sense, that lesse he
seid)

Yet when he saw him slaine himselfe he
cheard

By thus the Night forth from the darksome
bowre

Of Herebus her teemed steedes gan call,
And laesie Vesper in his timely howre
From golden Oeta gan proceede withall,
Whennas the Shepheard after this sharpestowre,
Seeing the doubled shadowes low to fall,
Gathering his straying flocke, does homeward
fare,

And unto rest his neerie joynts prepare

Into whose sense so soone as lighter sleepe
Was entered, and now loosing everie lim,
Sweete slumbering deaw in carelesnesse did
steepe,

The Image of that Gnat appeard to him,
And in sad tearmes gan sorrowfully weepe,
With greishe countenance and visage grim,
Wailing the wrong which he had done of late,
In steed of good, hastning his cruell fate

Said he, 'What have I, wretch, deserv'd, that
Into this bitter brile I am outcast, [thus
Whyles that thy life more deare and precious
Was than mine owne, so long as it did last?
I now, in lieu of pynes so gracious,
Am tost in th' ayre with everie windie blast
Thou, safe delivered from sad decry,
Thy carcles limbs in loose sleep dost display.

'So livest thou, but my poore wretched ghost
Is forst to ferrie over Lethes river,
And spoyld of Charon too and fro am tost
Seest thou not how all places quake and quiver,
Lightned with deadly lamps on everie post?
Tisiphone erch where doth shrike and howl
Her flaming fire-brond, encountring me,
Whose lockes uncombed cruell adders be

'And Cerberus, whose many mouthes doo bay
And barke out flames, as if on fire he fed,
Adowne whose necke, in terrible array,
Ten thousand snakes cralling about his hed
Doo hang in heapes, that horribly affray,
And bloodie eyes doo glister fire red,
He oftentimes me dreddfullie doth threaten
With painful torments to be sorely beaten

'Ay me! that thinkes so much should faile of
meed,

For that I thee restord to life agayne,
Even from the doore of death and deathlie dreed
Where then is now the guerdon of my prayne?
Where the reward of my so piteous deed?
The praise of pitie vanisht is in vaine,
And th' antique faith of Justice long agoone
Out of the land is fled away and gone

'I saw anothers fate approaching fast,
And left mine owne his fastie to tender,

Into the same mishap I now am erst,
And shund destruction doth destruction
render

Not unto him that never hath trespass,
But punishment is due to the offender.
Yet let destruction be the punishment,
So long as thankfull will my it relent.

'I carried am into waste wilderness,
Waste wilderness, amongst Cymerran shades,
Where endles paines and huleous heaviness
Is round about me heapt in darksome glades,
I or there huge Othos sits in sad distresse,
Fast bound with serpents that him oft invades,
Far of beholding I phialtes tide,
Which once assaid to burne this world so wide

'And there is mournfull Tityus, mindefull yet
Of thy displeasure O Latona faire
Displeasure too implacable was it,
That while him ment for wild foules of the ayre
Much do I seire among such fiends to sit,
Much do I seare back to them to repayre,
To the black shrowdes of the Stygian shore,
Where wretched ghosts sit wailing evermore

'There next the utmost brinck doth he abide,
That did the bankets of the Gods bewray,
Whose throat through thirst to nought nigh
being dride

His sense to seek for ease turnes every way
And he, that in avengement of his pride
For scorning to the sacred Gods to pray,
Against a mountaine rolls a mightie stone,
Calling in vaine for rest, and can have none

Go ye with them, go cursed damosells,
Whose bridle torches foule Erinnis tynde,
And Hy-men, at your Spousalls sad, foretells
Tydings of death and massacre unkinde
With them that cruell Colchid mother dwells,
The which conceiv'd in her revengfull minde
With bitter woundes her owne deere babes to
slay,

And mureded troups upon grent heapes to lay.

'There also those two Pandionian maides,
Calling on Itis, Itis evermore,
Whom, wretched boy, they slew with guiltie
blades

For whome the Thracian King lamenting sore,
Turn'd to a Lapwing, fowle them upbraves,
And fluttering round about them still does sore
There now they all eternally complaine
Of others wrong, and suffer endles paine

'But the two brethren borne of Cadmus blood,
Whilst each does for the Sovereignty contend,
Blinde through ambition, and with vengeance
wood,
Each doth against the others bodie bend

Hus cursed steele, of neither well withstood,
And with wide wounds their carcasses doth rend,
That yet they both doe mortall foes remaine,
Sith each with brothers bloudie hand was slaine

' Ah (waladay ') there is no end of paine,
Nor chaunge of labour may intreated bee,
Yet I beyond all these am carried faine,
Where other powers farre different I see,
And must passe over to th' Elusian plaine
There grim Persephone, encountering mee,
Doth urge her fellow Furies earnestlie
With then bright firebrands me to terrifie.

' There chaste Alceste lives inviolate,
Free from all care, for that her husbands daies
She did prolong by changing fate for fate
Lo' there lives also the immortall praise
Of womankinde, most faithfull to her mate,
Penelope, and from her farre awayes
A rulesse rout of youngmen which her woo'd,
All slaine with darts, lie wallowed in their blood

' And sad Eurydice thence now no more
Must tune to life, but there detained bee
For looking back, being forbid before
Yet was the guilt thereof, Orpheus, in thee
Bold sure he was, and worthe spirite bore,
That durst those lowest shadowes goe to see,
And could beleve that one thing could please
Fell Cerberus, or Stygian powres appease

' Ne feard the burning waves of Phlegeton,
Nor those same mournfull kingdomes, compassed
With rustie horror and fowle fashion,
And deep digd vawtes, and Tartar covered
With bloodie night, and darke confusion,
And judgement seates, whose Judge is deathlie dred,

A judge, that after death doth punish sore
The faults which life hath trespassed befor

' But valiant fortune made Dan Orpheus bolde,
For the swift running rivers still did stand,
And the wilde beasts their furze did withhold,
To follow Orpheus musicke through the land
And th' Okes, deep grounded in the earthly
molde,
Did move, as if they could him understand,
And the shrill woods, which were of sense be-
reav'd, [ceav'd
Through their hard barkes his silver sound re-

' And eke the Moone her hastie steedes did
stay,
Drawing in teemes along the starrie skie,
And didst (O monthly Virgin!) thou delay
Thy nightly course, to heare his melodie?

The same was able with like lovely lay
The Queene of hell to move as easily,
To yeeld Eurydice unto her fere
Backe to be borne, though it unlawfull were.

' She, (Ladie) having well before approved
The feends to be too cruell and severe,
Observ'd th' appointed way, as her behoov'd,
Ne ever did her ey-sight turne arere,
Ne ever spake, ne cause of speaking mooved,
But, cruell Orpheus, thou much crueller,
Seeking to kisse her, brok't at the Gods decree,
And thereby mad'st her ever damn'd to be

' Ah' but sweete love of pardon worthe is,
And doth deserve to have small faults remitted,
If Hell at least things lightly done amiss
Knew how to pardon, when ought is omitted,
Yet are ye both received into blis,
And to the seates of happie soules admitted
And you beside the honourable band
Of great Heroes doo in order stand

' There be the two stout sonnes of Aercus,
Fierce Peleus, and the hardie Telamon,
Both seeming now full glad and joyous
Through their Syres dreadfull jurisdiction,
Being the Judge of all that horrid hous
And both of them, by strange occision,
Renownd in choyce of happie marriage
Through Venus grace, and vertues carnage

' For th' one was ravisht of his owne bond-
maide,
The faire Ixione captiv'd from Troy,
But th' other was with Thetis love assur'd,
Great Neueus his daughter and his joy
On this side them there is a youngman layd,
Their match in glorie, mightie, fierce, and
coy,

That from th' Argolick ships with furious yre
Bett back the furie of the Trojan fyre

' O' who would not recount the strong divorces
Of that great warre, which Trojanes oft be-
helde?

And oft beheld the warlike Greekish forces,
When Teucrican soyle with bloodie rivers
swelde,
And wide Sigæan shores were spred with corse,
And Simois and Xanthus blood outwelde,
Whilst Hector rag'd with outrageous minde,
Flames, weapons, wounds, in Greeks fleete to
have tynde

' For Idas selfe in yde of that fierce fight,
Out of her mountaines ministred supplies,
And, like a handly nourse, did yeld (for spight)
Store of firebrands out of her nourseries
Unto her foster children, that they might
Inflame the Navie of their enemies,

And all the Rhetæan shore to ashes turne,
Where lay the ships which they did seeke to
burne

'Gainst which the noble sonne of Telamon
Oppos'd himselfe, and, thwarting his huge
shield,
Them battell bad, gaunst whom appeared anon
Hector, the glorie of the Trojan field
Both fierce and furious in contention [shild,
Encountred, that their mightie strokes so
As the great clap of thunder which doth rye
The rattling heuens, and cloudes asunder
driue

'So th' one with fire and weapons did contend
To cut the ships from turning home againe
To Argos, th' other strove for to defend
The force of Vulcane with his might and
maine.

Thus th' one Aeneide did his fame extend,
But th' other joy'd, that, on the Phrygian
playne

Having the blood of vanquisht Hector shedd,
He compast Troy thrice with his bodie dedd

'Againe grent dole on either partie grewe,
That him to death unfaithfull Paris sent,
And also him that false Ulysses slewe,
Dravne into danger through close ambush-
ment,

Therefore from him Laërtes sonne his vewe
Doth turne aside, and borsts his good event
In working of Strimonian Ribresus fall,
And este in Dolons subtle surprisall

Againe the dreadfull Cycones him dismay,
And blacke Læstrigones, a people stout
Then greedie Scilla, under whom there bay
Manie great bandogs which her gird about
Then doo the Aetnean Cyclops him asray,
And deep Charybdis gulphing in and out
Lastly the squalid lakes of Tartarie,
And griesly Feends of hell him terrifie

'There also goodly Agamemnon bosts,
The glorie of the stock of Tantalus,
And famous light of all the Greekish hosts,
Under whose conduct most victorious,
The Dorick flames consum'd the Iliack posts
Ah! but the Greekes themselves, more dolo-
rous,

To thee, O Troy! paid penance for thy fall,
In th' Hellespont being righ drowned all

'Well may appeare by proove of their mis-
chaunce,

The chaungfull turning of mens slipperie state,
That none whom fortune freely doth ad-
vance

Himselfe therefore to heaven should elevate,

For loslie is pe of honour, through the glauce
Of enies dart, is downe in dust prostrate,
And all that vaunts in worldly vanitie
Shall fall through fortunes mutabilitie

'Th' Argolike power returning home againe,
Enrich with spoiles of th' Ericthouan towre,
Did happy winde and weather entertune,
And with good speed the somie billowes
scowre

No signe of storme, no feare of future prync,
Which soone ensued them with heave stowre.
Nere to the Seas a token gave, [clave
The whiles their crooked keeles the surges

'Suddenly, whether through the Gods decree,
Or haplesse rising of some froward starre,
The heavens on everie side enclouded bee
Black stormes and fogs are blownen up from
farre,

'That now the Pyloie can no loadstarre see,
But skyes and seas doo make most dreadfull
warre,

The billowes striving to the heavens to reach,
And th' heavens striving them for to impaceh

'And in avengement of their bold attempt,
Both Sun and starres and all the heavenly
powres

Conspire in one to wreake their rash contempt,
And downe on them to fall from highest
towres

The skie, in peeces seeming to be rent,
Throws lightning forth, and haile, and harm-
ful showres,

That death on everie side to them appeares
In thousand formes, to worke more ghastly
ferres

'Some in the greedie floods are suake and
drent,

Some on the rocks of Caphareus are throwne,
Some on th' Euboick Cliff in peeces rent,
Some scattred on the Hercyn shores un-
knowne,

And manie lost, of whom no monument
Remaines, nor memorie is to be showne
Whilst all the purchase of the Phirgian pray,
Lost on silt billowes, round about doth stray

'Here manie other like Heroës bee,
Equall in honour to the former crue,
Whom ye in goodly series may placed see,
Descended all from Rome by linage due,
From Rome, that holdt the world in sove-
reignie,

And doth all Nations unto her subdue
Here Fabi and Deci doo dwell,
Horati that in vertue did excell.

'And here the antique fame of stout Camill
Doth ever live, and constant Curtius
Who, stifly bent his vowed life to spill
For Countreies health, a gulph most hideous
Amidst the Towne with his owne corps did
fill,

T' appease the powers, and prduent Mutius,
Who in his flesh endur'd the scorching flame,
To daunt his foe by ensample of the same.

'And here wise Curius, companion
Of noble vertues, lives in endles rest,
And stout Flaminius, whose devotion
Taught him the fires scorn d furie to detest,
And here the praise of euther Scipion
Abides in highest place above the best,
To whom the ruin'd walls of Carthage vow'd,
Trembling their forces, sound their praises
lowd

'Lave they for ever through their lasting
praise'

But I, poore wretch, am forced to retourne
To the sad lakes that Phœbus sunnie rayes
Doo never see, where soules doo alwaies
mourne,

And by the way ling shores to waste my d'ryes,
Where Phlegeton with quenchles flames doth
burne, [sever
By which just Minos righteous soules doth
From wicked ones, to live in blisse for ever

'Me therefore thus the cruell fiends of hell,
Girt with long snakes, and thousand yron
chaynes, [compell
Through doome of that their cruell Judge
With bitter torture, and impatient paines,
Cause of my death and just complaint to tell
For thou art he whom my poore ghost com-
To be the author of her ill unwares, [plaines
That careles hear'st my intollerable cares

'Them therefore as bequerthing to the winde,
I now depart, returning to thee never,
And leave this lamentable plant behinde
But doo thou haunt he soft downe-rolling
river, [minde,
And wilde greene woods and fruitful pastures
And let the sitting aie my vaine words sever'
Thus having said, he heavily departed
With piteous crie, that aine would have
smarted

Now, when the slouthfull fit of lifes sweete rest
Had left the heavie Shepheard, wondrous cares
His onely griev'd minde full sore opprest,
That balefull sorrow he no longer beares

For that Guats death, which deeply was
imprest,
But bends what ever power his aged yeares
Him lent, yet being such a sthrough their
might
He lately slue his dreadfull foe in fight.

By that same River lurking under greene,
Eftsoones he gins to fashon forth a place,
And, squaring it in compasse well besecne,
There plotteth out a tombe by measured
space

His vion-headed spade tho making cleene,
To dig up sods out of the flowrie grasse,
His worke he shortly to good purpose brought,
Like as he had conceiv'd it in his thought.

An heape of earth he hoorded up on hie,
Enclosing it with banks on everie side,
And thereupon did raise full busily
A little mount, of greene turffs edifide,
And on the top of all, that passers by
Might it behold, the toomb he did provide
Of smoothest marble stone in order set,
That never might his luckie scape forget.

And round about he taught sweete flowres to
growe

The Rose engrained in pure scarlet die,
The Lilly fresh, and Violet belowe,
The Marigolde and cherefull Rosemarie,
The Spartan Mirtle, whence sweet gumb does
flowe,

The purple Hyacinthe, and fresh Costmarie,
And Saffron, sought for in Cilician soyle,
And Lawrell, th' ornament of Phœbus toy le

Fresh Rhododaphne, and the Sabine flowre,
Matching the wealth of th' auncient Frank-
incence,

And pulld Yvie, building his owne bowre,
And Box, yet mindfull of his olde offence,
Red Amaranthus, lucklesse Paramour,
Oxeye still greene, and bitter Patience,
Ne wants there pale Naisse, that, in a well
Seeing his beautie, in love with it fell.

And whatsoever other flowre of worth,
And whatso other hearb of lovely hew, [forth,
The joyous Spring out of the ground brings
To cloath her selfe in colours fresh and new,
He planted there, and reard a mount of earth,
In whose high front was writ as doth ensue

To thee, small Gnat, in heu of his life saved,
The Shepheard hath thy deaths record engraved

PROSOPOPOIA:
OF
MOTHER HUBBERDS TALE
BY ID SP.

DICATED TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE, THE
LADIE COMPTON AND MOUNTGLE

TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE, THE
LADIE COMPTON AND MOUNTGLE

Most pure and vertuous Ladie, having often sought opportunite by some good meanes to make knowne to your Ladship the humble affection and faithfull ducte which I have alwayes professed and am bound to beare to that House from whence yet spring I have at length found occasion to remember the same by making a simple pre sent to you of these my idle labours which having long sithens composed in the raw conceipt of my youth, I lately amongst other papers lighted upon, and was by others which liked the same, mooved to set them forth. Simple is

the device, and the composition meane, yet carrieth some d light even the rather because of the simplicitie and meanesse thus personated. The same I beseech your Ladship take in good part as a pledge of that profession which I have made to you, and keepe with you untill with some other more worthe labour, I do redeeme it out of your hands, and discharge my utmost dutie. Till then, wishing your Ladship all increase of honour and happiness, I humble take leave.

Your La ever humbly,
LD. SP

PROSOPOPOIA OR MOTHER HUBBERDS TALE

It was the month in which the righteous Maide
That for disclaime of sinfull worlds upbride
Fled back to heven, whence she was first conceived,

Into her silver bowre the Sunne received
And the hot Serrin Dog on him awayting
After the chased Lyons cruell biting
Corrupted had th' ayre with his noysome
breath, [death
And powrd on th' earth plague, pestilence and
I mongst the rest a wicked maladie
Raign'd amongst men, that manye did to die,

Depriv'd of sense and ordinarie reason,
That it to Leeches seemed strange and reason,
My fortune was amongst manye others mee,
To be partaker of their common woe,
And my weake bodie set on fire with griefe,
Was rob'd of rest and naturall reliefe.
In this ill plight there came to visite mee
Some friends who, sorie my sad case to see,
Began to comfort me in chearfull wise,
And meanes of glad some solace to devise
But seeing I idly sleep refuse to doe
His office, and my feeble eyes forgoe,

They sought my troubled sense how to deceive
With lye, that might unquiet fancies reave,
And sitting all in serbes about me round,
With pleasant tales (fit for that idle stound)
They erst in course to waste the wearie howres
Some tolde of Ladies, and their Paramoures,
Some of brave Knights, and their renowned
Squires,

Some of the Freries and their strange attires,
And some of Giants, hard to be beleaved,
That the delight thereof me much releaved
Amongst the rest a good old woman was,
Hight Mother Hubbard, who did furre surpris
The rest in honest mirth, that seem'd her
well

She, when her turne was come her tale to tell,
Tolde of a strange adventure, that betided
Betwixt the Foxe and th' Ape by him mis-
guided,

The which, for that my sense it greatly pleased,
All were my spirite heavie and desceased,
He write in termes is she the same did say,
So well as I her words remember may
No Muses aide me needs heretoo to call,
Base is the stile, and matter meane withall

Whilome (said she) before the world was
civill,

The Foxe and th' Ape, disliking of their evill
And hard estate, determined to seeke flye,
Their fortunes farre abroad, lyke with his
For both were cruell and unhappie witted,
Two fellows might no where be better fitted
The Foxe, that first th' cause of grieve did finde,
Gan first thus plaine his case with words un-
kinde

'Neighbour Ape, and my Gossip eke beside,
(Both two sure bruds in friendship to be tide)
To whom may I more trustely complaine
The evill plight that doth me sore constraine,
And hope thereof to finde due remedie?

Hearc, then, my prync and inward agonie
Thus manie yeres I now have spent and worne
In merue regard, and basest fortunes scorne,
Dooming my Countrey service as I might,
No lesse, I dare swe, than the proudest wight,
And still I hoped to be up advanced,
For my good parts, but still it has mischaunced
Now therefore thit no longer hope I see,
But froward fortune still to follow mee,
And losels lifted up on high, where I did looke,
I meane to turne the next leafe of the booke
Yet, ere that aine way I doo betake,
I meane my Gossip prive first to make'

'Ah' my deare Gossip, (answer'd then the
Ape)

Deeply doo your sad words my wits awape,
Both for because your grieffe doth great appeare,
And eke because my selfe am touched nere

For I likewise have wasted much good time,
Still wayting to preferment up to clime,
Whilst others alwayes have before me stept,
And from my beard the fit way have swept,
Thit now unto despaire I gin to growe,
And meane for better winde about to throwe
Therefore to me, my trustie friend, aread
Thy counsell (he) is better than one head'

'Certes (said he) I meane me to disguise
In some strange habit, after uncouth wise,
Oe like a Pilgrim, or a Lymiter,
Oe like a Gipsen, or a Juggeler,
And so to wandre to the worldes ende,
To seeke my fortune, where I may it mend
For worse than that I have I cannot meete
Wide is the world I wote, and everie streete
Is full of fortunes, and adventures strange,
Continuallie subject unto chaunge
Say, my faire brother now, if this device
Doth like you, or may you to like entice'
'Surely (said th' Ape) it likes me wondrous
well,

And would ye not poore fellowship expell,
My selfe would offer you t' accompanie
In this adventures chaucefull jeopardie
For to weve olde at home in idlenessse
Is disadventurous, and quite fortunelesse,

Abroad, where change is, good may gotten bee'
The Foxe was glad, and quickly did agree
So both resolv'd, the morrow next ensuing,
So soone as day appeared to peoples viewing,
On their intended journey to proceede,
And over night whittso thertoo did neede
Each did prepare, in readines to bee
The morrow next, so soone as one might see
Light out of heavens windowes forth to looke,
Both their habiliments unto them tooke,
And put themselves (i Gods name) on their
way,

Whenas the Ape, beginning well to wey
This hard adventure, thus began t' advise
'Now read, Sir Reynold, as ye be right wise,
Whit course ye weene is best for us to take,
That for our selves we may a living make
Whether shall we prole-se some trade or skill,
Oe shall we waine our device it will,
Een is now occasion appeeres?
Oe shall we tie our selves for certune yeres
To aine service, or to aine place?

For it behoves, ere that into the race
We enter, to resolve first hereupon'
'Now surely brother (said the Foxe anon)
Ye have this matter motioned in season,
For everie thing that is beguun with reason
Will come by readie meanes unto his end,
But things miscounselled must needs miswend.
I hus therefore I advise upon the case,
That not to aine cert aine trade or place,

Nor anie man, we should our selves applie,
 For why should he that is at libertie [borne,
 Make himselfe bond? sith then we are free
 Let us all servile brise subjection [corne,
 And as we bee sonnes of the world so wide,
 Let us our fathers heritage divide,
 And chlenge to our selves our portions dew
 Of all the patrimonie, which a few
 Now hold in hugger mugger in their hand,
 And all the rest doo rob of good and land
 For now a few have all, and all have nought,
 Yet all be brethren y like dearly bought
 There is no right in this partition,
 Ne was it so by institution
 Ordained first, ne by the law of Nature,
 But that she gave like blessing to each creature,
 As well of worldly lvelode as of life,
 That there might be no difference nor strife,
 Nor ought cald mine or thine thence happie
 then

Was the condition of mortall men
 That was the golden age of Saturne old,
 But this might better be the world of gold,
 For without golde now nothing wilbe got,
 Therefore (if please you) thus shalbe our plot
 We will not be of anie occupation,
 Let such vile vassals, borne to base vocation,
 Drudge in the world, and for their living
 droyle,

Which have no wit to live withouten toyle,
 But we will walke about the world at pleasure
 Like two free men, and make our ease our
 treasure

Free men some beggers call, but they be free,
 And they which cald them so more beggers bee,
 For they doo swinke and sweate to feed th
 other, [gather,

Who live like Lords of that which they doo
 And yet doo never thinke them for the same,
 But as their due by Nature doo it clame
 Such will we fashion both our selves to bee,
 Lords of the world, and so will wander free
 Where so us listeth, uncontrol'd of anie
 Hard is our hap, if we (amongst so manie)
 Light not on some that may our strite amend,
 Sildome but some good commeth ere the end

Well seemd the Ape to like this ordinance,
 Yet, well considering of the circumst-
 unce,
 As pausing in great doubt, awhile he staid,
 And afterwards with grave advizement said
 'I cannot, my lief brother, like but well
 The purpose of the complot which ye tell,
 For well I wot (compr'd to all the rest
 Of each degree) that Beggars life is best, [all
 And they, that thinke themselves the best of
 Oft-times to begging are content to fall
 But thus I wot withall, that we shall runne
 Into great daunger, like to bee undone,

Thus wildly to wander in the worlds eve,
 Withouten pasport or good warrantye,
 For farse lest we like rogues should be re-
 puted,

And for care-marked beasts abroad be bruted
 Therefore, I read that we our counsells call,
 How to prevent this mischief ere it fall,
 And how we may, with most securitie,
 Beg amongst those that beggers doo desie'
 'Right well, deere Gossip, ye advized have,
 (Said then the Foxe) but I thus doubt will
 For ere we farther passe I will devise [save,
 A pasport for us both in fittest wise,
 And by the names of Souldiers us protect
 That now is thought a civile begging sect.
 Be you the Souldier, for you liket are
 For manly semblance, and small skill in
 warre

I will but wayte on you, and, as occasion
 Falls out, my selfe fit for the same will
 fashion'

The pasport ended, both they forward went,
 The Ape clad Souldierlike, fit for th' intent,
 In a blew jacket with a crosse of redd
 And manie shits, as if that he had shedd
 Much blood through many wounds therein
 received,

Which had the use of his right arme bereaved
 Upon his head an old Scotch cap he wore,
 With a plume feather all to peeces tore
 His breeches were made after the new cut,
Al Portugese, loose like an emptie gut,
 And his hose broken high above the heeling,
 And his shooes beaten out with traveling
 But neither sword nor dagger he did beare,
 Seemes that no foes revengement he did
 ferre

In stead of them a handsome bat he held,
 On which he leamed, as one farre in elde
 Shame light on him, that through so false
 illusion,

Doth turne the name of Souldiers to abusion,
 And that, which is the noblest mysterie,
 Brings to reproach and common infame'
 Long they thus traveled, yet never met
 Adventure which might them a working set,
 Yet manie waies they sought, and manie tryed,
 Yet for their purposes none fit espyed
 At last they chaunst to meet upon the way
 A simple husbandman in garments gray,
 Yet though his vesture were but meane and
 base,

A good y comyn he was of honest place,
 And more for thrift did care than for gay
 clothing [loathing
 Gay without good is good hearts greatest
 The Foxe him spyng, bad the Ape him dight
 To play his part, for loe! he was in sight

That (if he e'd not,) should them entertune,
 And yeeld them timely profite for their paine
 Eftsoones the Ape himselfe gan up to reare,
 And on his shoulders hugh his bat to beare,
 As if good service he were fit to doo,
 But little thrift for him he did it too
 And stoutly forward he his steps did straine,
 That like a handsome swaine it him became.

When as they nigh approached, that good
 man,
 Seeing them wander loosly, first began
 T' enquire of custome, what and whence they
 To whom the Ape, 'I am a Souldiere, [were?
 That late in warres have spent my dearest
 blood,

And in long service lost both limbs and good,
 And now, constrain'd that trade to overgive,
 I driven am to seeke some meanes to live
 Which might it you in pitie please t' afford,
 I would be readie, both in deed and word,
 To doo you faithfull service all my dayes
 This yron world (that same he weeping sayes)
 Brings downe the stowtest hearts to lowest
 state,

For miserie doth bravest munes abate,
 And make them seeke for that they wont to
 scorne,
 Of fortune and of hope at once forlorne '
 The honest man, that heard him thus com-
 plaine,

Was griev'd as he had felt part of his paine,
 And, well dispos'd him some reliefe to shoue,
 Askt if in husbandrie he ought did knowe,
 To plough, to plant, to reap, to rake, to sowe,
 To hedge, to ditch, to thrash, to thetch, to
 mowe?

Or to what labour els he was prepar'd,
 For husbands life is labourous and hard?
 Whenas the Ape him hard so much to talke
 Of labour, that did from his liking balke,
 He would have slipt the collar handsomly,
 And to him said 'Good Sir, full glad am I,
 To take what paines may me living wight,
 But my late maymed limbs lack wanted
 might

To doo their kindly services as needeth
 Scarce this right hand the mouth with diet
 feedeth,

So that it may no painfull worke endure,
 Ne to strong labour can it selfe enure
 But if that anie other place you have,
 Which asks small paines, but thriftines to
 save,

Or care to overlooke, or trust to gather,
 Ie may me trust as your owne ghostly
 father'

With that the husbandman gan him avize,
 That it for him were fittest exercise

Cattell to keep, or grounds to oversee,
 And asked him, if he could willing bee
 To keep his sheep, or to attend his swyne,
 Or watch his mares, or take his charge of
 kyne?

'Gladly (said he) what ever such like paine
 Ye put on me, I will the same sustaine,
 But gladdest I of your fleecie sheepe
 (Might it you please) would take on me the
 keep

For ere that unto armes I me betooke,
 Unto my fathers sheepe I usde to looke,
 That yet the skill thereof I have not loste
 Thereto right well this Curdog, by my coste,
 (Meaning the Foxe) will serve my sheepe to
 gather,

And drive to follow after their Belwether '
 The Husbandman was meanly well content
 Triall to make of his endeavourment,
 And home him leading, lent to him the charge
 Of all his flocke, with libertie full large,
 Giving account of th' annuall increce [fleece
 Both of their lambes, and of their woolly
 Thus is this Ape become a shepheard swaine,
 And the false koxe his dog (God give them
 punel)

For ere the yere have half his course out-run,
 And doo returne from whence he first begun,
 They shall him make an ill account of thrift
 Now whenas Time, flying with winges swift,
 Expired had the terme, that these two jvels
 Should render up a reckning of their travls
 Unto their master, which it of them sought,
 Exceedingly they troubled were in thought,
 Ne wist what answer unto him to frame,
 Ne how to scape great punishment, or shame,
 For their false treason and vile theverie
 For not a lambe of all their flockes supply
 Had they to shew, but, ever as they bred,
 They slue them, and upon their fleshes fed,
 For that disguised Dog lov'd blood to spill,
 And drew the wicked Shepheard to his will
 So twixt them both they not a lambkin left,
 And when lambes fail'd the old sheepes lives
 they rest,

That how t' acquite themselves unto their Lord
 They were in doubt, and flatly set aboard
 The Foxe then counsel'd th' Ape for to require
 Respite till morrow t' answer his desire,
 For times delay new hope of helpe still breeds
 The Goodman granted, doubting nought their
 deeds,

And bad next day that all should readie be
 But they more subtil meaning had than he,
 For the next morrowes meed they closely ment,
 For feare of afterclips, for to prevent
 And that same evening, when all shrowded were
 In careless sleep, they without care or feare

Cruelly fell upon their flock in fold,
And of them slew at pleasure what they wold
Of which whenas they feaste I had their fill,
For a full complement of all their ill,
They stole aw ay and tooke their l ike flight,
Carried in cloudes of all concealing night.

So was the l ike handmann l ike to his l oye
And they unto their fortunes change to l oye
After which sort they wandered long while,
Abusing mine through their cloied guile
That at the last they giv to be de cryed
Of evrie one, and all their sleights caved
So as their begging now them failed quite,
For none would give, but all men wold them

wite {living
Yet would they take no paines to get their
But seke some other way to game by living,
Much like to begging, but much better named,
For mine beg which are thereof ashamed
And now the l oye had gotten him a gowne,
And th Apronnesocke shid long hanging downe,
For they their occupation munit to change,
And now in other state abroad to range,
For, since their souldiers pr no better speed,
They forgi another, for Chertis boole redd
Who passing forth, as their adventures fill,
Through mine haps, which needs not here to

tell, {meite,
At length chaunst with a formall Priest to
Whom they in civill manner first did grete
And after rest in almes for Gods deare l oye
The man stright way is his choler up did move,
And with reprochfull to armeg in them revile,
For following that trade so base and vile
And askt what heene-e or what P is they had?
'Ah' (said the Ape as sighing wondrous) said
Its an hard case, when men of good deserving
Must either driven be perforce to sterving,
Or asked for their prs by evrie squib,
Thi list at will them to revile or smib
And yet (God wote) small oddes I often see
Twixt them that aske, and them that asked bee
Natheles, because you shall not us misdeeme,
But that we are as honest as we seeme,
Yee shall our passport at your pleasure see
And then so will (I hope) will movee bee
Which when the Priest beheld, he wot d i t n e r e,
As if theren some text he studying were,
But l i t t l e e l s (God wote) could thereof skill,
For read he could not evidence, nor will,
Ne tell a written word, ne write a letter
Ne make one title worde, ne make one better
Of such deep learning l i t t l e had he neede,
Ne yet of Latine, ne of Greeke, thit braide
Doubts amongst Divines, and difference of texts,
From whence arise diversitie of sects,
And hatefull heresies, of God abhor d
But this good Sir did follow the plaine word,

No medle I with their controversies vaine,
All his cure was, his service well to saime,
And to r i t l Homies upon holdives,
When that was done, he might attend his

playes
An e n l i f e and fit l i k e God to please
He having ovlookt their prs at ease,
Giv at the length them to rebul againe,
That no good trade of life did entertaine,
But lost their time in wandring l o e abroad,
Seeing the world in which they bootles bord,
Had wayes enough for all thern to live,
Such p i c e did God unto his creatures give
Sud then the l o x e 'Who hath the world

not trade {wide
From the right way full eath may wander
We are but Novices, new come abroad,
We have not yet the tract of annes troad,
Nor on a t a l e n annes state of l i f e,
But re n d i r e of annes to make praise
Therefore might please you, which the world
have proved,
Us to advi t, which forth but lately moved,
Of some good cour e that we might under-

take,
Ye shall for ever us your bondmen make
The Priest gan wexe halic proud to be so
pride,

And thereby willing to affoord them aide,
It seemes (said he) right well that ye be
(lerks,

Both by your wittie words and by your werks
Is not that name enough to m i d e a living
To him that hath a whitt of Nature's giving?
How mine honest men see ye arise
To be therby, and grow to goodly prize
To Parnes, to Archdeacons, to Commissaries,
To Lords, to Principalls, to Prebendaries?
All jolly Prelates, worthe rule to beare,
Who ever them envie yet s i t e bites neare.
Why should ye doubt then, but that ye like
Might unto some of those in time arise? {wide
In the meane time to live in good estate,
Loving that love and hating those that hate,
Being some honest Curate, or some Vicker
Content with l i t t l e in condition s i c h e r
'Ah' but (said th' Ape) the charge is w o n -
drous great,

To feed mens soules, and hath in heave threat'
'To feed mens soules' (quoth he) is not in man,
For they must feed themselves, doo what we can
We are but charg d to l i v the meate before
I ate they that list, we need to doo no more
But God it is that feeds them with his grace,
The bread of life pow'd downe from heavenly
place

Therefore sud he thit with the budding rod
Did rule the Jewes, All shalbe taught of God,

That same hath Jesus Christ now to him
raught,

By whom the flock is rightly fed, and taught
He is the Shepheard, and the Priest is hee,
We but his shepheard swaines ordain'd to bee
Therefore herewith doo not your selfe dismay,
Ne is the punes so great, but beare ye may,
For not so great, as it was wont of yore,
It's now 7 dayes, ne halfe so streight and sore
They whilome used duly everie day
Their service and their holie things to say,
At morne and even, besides their Anthemes
sweete,

Their penie Masses, and their Comply nes meete,
Their Diriges, their Trentals, and their shrifts,
Their memories, their singings, and their gifts
Now all those needlesse works are laid away,
Now once a weeke, upon the Sabbath day,
It is enough to doo our small devotion,
And then to follow any merrie motion
Ne are we tyde to fast, but when we list,
Ne to weare garments base of wollen twist,
But with the finest silkes us to rray,
That before God we may appeare more gay,
Resembling Aarons glorie in his place
For farre unfit it is, that person bace
Should with vile cloaths approach Gods
majestie,

Whom no uncleannes may approachen nie,
Or that all men, which anie master serve,
Good garments for their service should deserve,
But he that serves the Lord of hostis most
high,

And that in highest place, to approach him
nigh,

And all the peoples prayers to present
Before his throne, as on ambassage sent
Both too and fro, should not deserve to weare
A garment better than of wooll or heare
Beside, we may have living by our sides
Our lovely Lasses, or bright shining Brides
We be not tyde to wilfull chastitie,
But have the Gospell of free libertie

By that he ended had his ghostly sermon,
The Foxe was well induc'd to be a Parson,
And of the Priest eftsoones gan to enquire,
How to a Benefice he might aspire?
'Marie, there (said the Priest) is arte indeed
Much good deep learning one thereout may
reed,

For that the ground-werke is, and end of all,
How to obtaine a Beneficall
First, therefore, when ye have in handsome wise
your selfe attir'd, as you can devise,
Then to some Noble-man your selfe applye,
Or other great one in the world's eye,
That hath a zealous disposition
To God, and so to his religion

There must thou fashion eke a godly zeale,
Such as no carpers may contrayre reveale,
For each thing fained ought more warie bee
There thou must walke in sober gravitee,
And seeme as Suintlike as Saint Radegund
Fast much, pray oft, looke lowly on the ground,
And unto everie one doo curtesie meeke
These lookes (nought saying) doo a benefice
seeke,

And be thou sure one not to lacke or long
But if thee list unto the Court to throng,
And there to hunt after the hoped pray,
Then must thou thee dispose another way
For there thou needs must learne to laugh, to
To face, to forge, to scoffe, to compaigne, [he,
To crouche, to please, to be a beetle-stock
Of thy great Masters will, to scorne, or mock
So must thou chauce mock out a Benefice,
Unless thou canst one conjure by device,
Or cast a figure for a Bishoprick,
And if one could, it were but a schoole trick
These be the wayes by which without reward
Livings in Court be gotten, though full hard,,
For nothing there is done without a fee
The Courtier needs must recompenced bee
With a Beneficence, or have in grage
The Primitias of your Parsonage
Scarse can a Bishoprick forpas them by,
But that it must be gelt in privite
Doo not thou therefore seeke a living there,
But of more private persons seeke els where,
Whereas thou maist compound a better penie,
Ne let thy learning question'd be of anie
For some good Gentleman, that hath the right
Unto his Church for to present a wight,
Will cope with thee in reasonable wise,
That if the living verely doo arise
To fortie pound, that then his youngest sonne
Shall twentie have, and twentie thou hast
wonne

Thou hast it wonne, for it is of franke gift,
And he will care for all the rest to shift,
Both that the Bishop may admit of thee,
And that thereun thou maist maintained bee
This is the way for one that is unlearn'd
Living to get, and not to be discern'd
But they, that are great Clerkes, have nearer
wayes,

For learning like to living them to raise,
Yet manie eke of them (God wote) are driven
To receave a Benefice in peeces given
How saist thou (friend) have I not well dis-
Upon this Common-place, (though plaine, not
wurst?)

Better a short tale than a bad long shriving
Needs anie more to learne to get a living
'Now sure, and by my hallidome, (quoth he)
Ye a great master are in your degree

Great thanks I yeeld you for your discipline,
And doo not doubt but duly to incline
My wits theretoo, as ye shall shortly heare.
The Priest him wisht good speed, and well to
fare

So parted they, as eithers way them led
But th' Ape and Foxe ere long so well them
sped,

Through the Priests holesome counsell lately
tought, [wrought

And throug their owne faire handling wisely
That they a Benefice twixt them obtained,
And craske Reynold was a Priest ordained,
And th' Ape his Parish Clarke procur'd to bee
Then made they revell route and goodly glee,
But ere long time had pssed, they so ill
Did order their affaires, that th' evil will
Of all their Parishners they had constrund,
Who to the Ordinarie of them complund,
How fowlie they their offices abus'd,
And them of crimes and heresies accus'd,
That Purvants he often for them sent,
But they neglected his commandment.
So long persisted obstinate and bolde,
Till at the length he published to holde
A Visitation, and them eyed thether
Then was high time their wits about to
geather

What did they then, but made a composition
With their next neighbor Priest, for light con-
dition,

To whom their living they resigned might
For a few pence, and ran away by night

So passing through the Countrey in disguise,
They fled farre off, where none might them
surprize,

And after that long straid here and there,
Through everie held and forrest farre and nere,
Yet never found occasion for their tourne,
But almost sterv'd did much lament and
mourne

At last they chaunst to meete upon the way
The Mule all deckt in goodly rich array,
With bells and bosses that full lowdly rung,
And costly trappings that to ground downe
hung

Lowly they him saluted in meeke wise,
But he through pride and fatnes gan despise
Their meenesse, scarce vouchsafte them to
requite

Whereat the Foxe, deep groning in his sprite,
Said, 'Ah' our Mule, now blessed be the day,
That I see you so goodly and so gay
In your attyes, and eke your silken hyde
Fild with round flesh, that everie bone doth
hide

Seemes that in fruitfull pastures ye doo live,
Or fortune doth you secret favour give'

'Foolish Foxe (said the Mule) thy wretched
need

Praisseth the thing that doth thy sorrow breed
For well I weene, thou canst not but envie
My wealth, compr'd to thine owne miserie,
That art so leane and meagre wixen late,
I hat scarce thy legs uphold thy feeble gait,
'Ayme' (said then the Foxe) whom evil hap
Unworthy in such wretchednes doth wrap,
And makes the scorne of other beasts to bee
But read (fure Sir, of grace) from whence come
ye,

Or what of tidings you abroad doo heare?
Newes may perhaps some good unweeting
beare'

'From royall Court I lately came (said he)
Where all the braverie that eye may see,
And all the happinesse that heart desire,
Is to be found he nothing can admire,
That hath not seene that heavens portacture.
But tidings there is none, I you assure,
Save that which common is, and knowne to all,
That Courtiers, as the tide, doo rise and fall'
'But tell us (said the Ape) we doo you pray,
Who now in Court doth beare the greatest sway,
That, if such fortune doo to us befall,
We make seeke favour of the best of all?'

'Mere, (said he) the highest now in grace
Be the wilde beasts, that swiftest are in
chase,

For in their speedie course and nimble flight
The Lion now doth take the most delight,
But chiefe joyes on foote them to beholde,
Tinchaste with chaine and circulet of golde
So wilde a beast so tame taught to bee,
And buycome to his brinds, is joy to see,
So well his golden Circlet him besecmeth
But his late chayne his Liege unmeete es-
teemeth,

For so brave beasts she loveth best to see
In the wilde forrest ranning fresh and free.
Therefore if fortune thee in Court to live,
In case thou evr there wilt hope to thrive,
To some of these thou must thy selfe apply,
Els is a thistle-downe in th' ayre doth flie,
So vainly shalt thou too and fro be tost,
And loose thy labour and thy fruitles cost
And yet full few which follow them, I see,
For vertues bare regard advanced bee,
But either for some graunfull benefit,
Or that they may for their owne turnes be fit
Nath'les perhaps ye things may handle soe,
That ye may better thrive than thousands moe.'

'But (said the Ape) how shall we first
come in,

That after we may favour seeke to win?
'How els (said he) but with a good bold face,
And with big words, and with a stately pace,

That men may thinke of you in generally,
That to be in you which is not at all
For not by that which is, the world now
deemeth,

(As it was wont) but by that same that seemeth
Ne do I doubt but that ye well can fashion
Your selves theretoo, according to occasion
So fare ye well, good Courtiers may ye bee!
So, prouddie neighing, from them parted hee
Then gan this craftie couple to derize,
How for the Court themselves they might
agruze,

For thither they themselves meint to addresse,
In hope to finde there happier successe
So well they shifted, that the Ape anon
Himselfe had clothed like a Gentleman
And the slie Foxe, as like to be his groome,
That to the Court in seemly sort they come,
Where the fond Ape, himselfe uprearing hy
Upon his tiptoes, stalketh stately by,
As if he were some great Magnifico,
And boldlie doth amongst the boldest go,
And his man Reynold, with fine counterfe-
saunce,

Supports his credite and his countenance.
Then gan the Courtiers gze on everie side,
And stare on him, with big looks basen wide,
Wondring what mister might he was, and
whence

For he was clad in strange accoutrements,
Fashion'd with quaint devises, never scene
In Court before yet there all fashions beene,
Yet he them in newfanglesse did pas
But his behaviour altogether was

Alla Turchesca, much the more admirr'd,
And his looks loftie as if he aspyr'd
To dignitie, and deign'd the low degree, [see
That all which did such strangenesse in him
By secreete meynes gan of his state enquire,
And privily his serv ant thereto hire
Who, throughly arm'd against such coverture,
Reported unto all, that he was sure
A noble Gentleman of high regard, [far'd,
Which through the world had with long travel
And scene the manners of all beasts on ground,
Now here arriv'd, to see if like he found

Thus did the Ape at first him credit gaine,
Which afterwards he wisely did maintaine
With gallant shewe, and drave more augment
Through his fine fetes and Courtly comple-
ment, [spring,

For he could ply, and daunce and vaute, and
And all that els pertaines to reveling,
Onely through kindly aptnes of his joynts
Besides, he could doo manie other povnts,
The which in Court him served to good stead,
For he mongst Ladies could their fortunes
read

Out of their hands, and merie leasings tell,
And juggle finely, that became him well
But he so light was at legierdemaine,
That what he toucht came not to light againe,
Yet would he laugh it out, and proudly looke,
And tell them that they greatly him mistooke
So would he scoffe them out with mockerie,
For he therein had great felicitie,
And with sharp quips joy'd others to deface,
Thinking that their disgracing did him grace
So whilst that other like vaine wits he pleased,
And mde to laugh, his heart was greatly eased
But the right gentle minde would bite his lip,
To heare the Javell so good men to nip,
For, though the vulgare yeld in open erre,
And common Courtiers love to grye and fcare
At everie thing which they heare spoken ill,
And the best speaches with ill meaning spill,
Yet the brave Courtier, in whose beauteous
thought

Regard of honour harbours more than ought,
Doth loath such base condition, to backbite
Amies good name for envie or despite
He stands on tearmes of honourable minde,
Ne will be caried with the common winde
Of Courts inconstant mutabilitie,
Ne after everie tattling fable flie,
But heares and sees the follies of the rest,
And thereof gathers for himselfe the best
He will not creepe, nor crouche with fained face,
But walkes upright with comely stedfast pace,
And unto all doth yeld due curtesie,
But not with kissed hand belowe the knee,
As that same Apish crue is wont to doo
For he disdaimes himselfe t' embaise theretoo
He hates fowle leasings, and vile flatterie,
Two filthie blots in noble gentrie,
And lothefull idleness he doth detest
The canker worne of everie gentle brest,
The which to banish with faire exercise
Of knightly feates, he drave doth devise
Now menaging the mouthes of stubborne
steedles,

Now prictising the prooffe of warlike deedes,
Now his bright armes assaying, now his speare,
Now the nigh aymed ring away to beare
At other times he casts to sew the chace
Of swift wilde beasts, or runne on foote a race,
T' enlarge his breath, (large breath in armes
most needfull)

Or els by wrestling to wex strong and heedfull,
Or his stiffe armes to stretch with Lughen
bowe,

And manly legs still passing too and fro,
Without a gowned beast him fast beside,
A vaine ensample of the Persian pride,
Who, after he had wonne the Assian foe,
Did ever after scorne on foote to goe

Thus when this Courtly Gentleman with
 toyle
 Himselfe hath wearied, he doth reuolue
 Unto his rest, and there with sweete delight
 Of Musicks skill reuiues his toyled spright,
 Or els with Loves and Ladies gentle sports,
 The joy of youth, himselfe he recomforts,
 Or lastly, when the bodie list to praise,
 His minde unto the Muses he withdrawes
 Sweete Ladie Muses, I adies of delight,
 Delights of life, and ornaments of light
 With whom he close confers with wise dis-
 course [course,
 Of Natures workes, of heuens continuall
 Of fortune lands, of people different,
 Of kingdomes change, of diuers gouernment,
 Of dreadfull battules of renowned Knights,
 With which he kindleth his ambitious sprights
 To like desire and praise of noble fame,
 The onely upshot whereto he doth aime
 For all his minde on honour fixed is,
 To which he leuels all his purposis,
 And in his Princes service spends his dayes,
 Not so much for to gaine, or for to ruse
 Himselfe to high degree, as for his grace,
 And in his liking to winne worthie place,
 Through due deserts and comely carriage,
 In whatso please employ his personage,
 That may be matter meete to gaine him praise
 For he is fit to use in all affaires,
 Whether for Armes and warlike amenunce,
 Or else for wise and civil governunce
 For he is prictiz'd well in policie,
 And thereto doth his Courting most applie
 To learne the enterdeale of Princes strange.
 To marke th' intent of Counsell, and the
 change
 Of states, and eke of private men somewhat,
 Supplanted by fine falshood and faire guile,
 Of all the which he gathereth what is fit
 To enrich the storehouse of his powerfull wit,
 Which through wise speeches and grave con-
 ference
 He daylie ekes, and brings to excellence
 Such is the rightfull Courtier in his kinde,
 But unto such the Ape lent not his minde
 Such were for him no fit companions,
 Such would deserue his lewd conditions,
 But the yong lustie gallants he did choyse
 To follow, meete to whom he might disclose
 His witlesse pleasure, and all pleasing rime,
 A thousand wayes he them could entertaine,
 With all the thrilles games that may be
 found,
 With mumming and with masking all around,
 With dice, with cards, with billiards farre
 unfit
 With shuttlecocke, misseeming manlie wit,
 With courtizans, and costly riotize,
 Whereof still somewhat to his share did rize
 Ne, them to pleasure, would he sometimes
 scorne
 A Pandares cofte (so basely was he borne)
 Thereto he could fine loving verses frame
 And play the Poet oft But th' for shame
 Let not sweete Poets praise, whose onely pride
 Is virtue to aduance, and vice deride,
 Ne with the worke of loveles wit defamed,
 Ne let such verses Poetrie be named
 Yet he the name on him would rashly take,
 Mauge the sacred Muses, and it make
 A servant to the vile affection
 Of such, as he depended most upon,
 And with the sugre sweete thereof allure
 Chast Ladies eares to fantasies impure
 To such delights the noble wits he led
 Which him reliev'd, and their vaine humours
 fed
 With frutles follies and unsound delights
 But if perhaps into their noble sprights
 Desire of honor or brave thought of armes
 Did ever creepe, then with his wicked charmes
 And strong concepts he would it drive awy,
 Ne suffer it to house there halfe a day
 And whenso love of letters did inspire
 Their gentle wits, and kinde wise desire,
 That chiefe doth each noble minde adorne,
 Then he would scoffe at learning, and eke
 The Sectaries thereof, as people base [scorne
 And simple men, which never came in place
 Of worlds affaires, but, in darke corners mend,
 Muttred of matters as their bookes them
 shewd,
 Ne other knowledge ever did attaine,
 But with their gownes their gravitie maintaine
 From them he would his impudent lewde
 speach
 Against Gods holie Ministers oft reach,
 And mocke Divines and their profession
 What else then did he by progression,
 But mocke high God himselfe, whom they
 professe?
 But what car'd he for God or godlinesse?
 All his care was himselfe how to aduance,
 And to uphold his courtly countenance
 By all the cunning meanes he could devise
 Were it by honest wayes, or otherwise,
 He made small choyce, yet sure his honestie
 Got him small grunes but shameles flatterie,
 And tilke brocage, and unseemly shift
 And borowe here, and some good Ladies gifts
 But the best helpe which chiefey him sustain'd,
 Was his man Ryolds purchase which he
 gain'd
 For he was schoold by kinde in all the skill
 Of close conveyance, and each practise ill

Of coosinage and cleynly knaverye,
Which oft maintain d his masters braverie
Besides, he uside another shipprie slight,
In taking on himselfe, in common sight,
False personages fit for everie sted,
With which he thousands cleynly coosined
Now like a Merchant, Merchants to deceave,
With whom his credite he did often leave
In gage for his gay Masters hopelesse dett
Now like a Lawyer, when he land would lett,
Or sell fee-simples in his Masters name,
Which he had never, nor ought like the same
Then would he be a Broker, and draw in
Both wares and money, by exchange to win
Then would he seeme a Farmer, that would
sell

Bargaines of woods, which he did lately sell,
Or corne, or cattile or such other ware,
Thereby to coosin men not well aware
Of all the which there came a secret fee, [bee
To th' Ape that he his countenance might

Besides all this, he us'd oft to beguile
Poore watters, that in Court did haunt some
while,

For he would learne their busines secretly
And then informe his Master hystely,
That he by meanes might cast them to pre-
vent,

And beg the sute the which the other ment.
Or otherwise false Reynold would abuse
The simple Suter, and wish him to chuse
His Master, being one of great regard
In Court, to compas aine sute not hard,
In case his paines were recompensd with
reason

So would he worke the silly man by treason
To buy his Masters frivolous good will,
That had not power to doo him good or ill
So pitifull a thing is Suters state!
Most miserable man, whom wicked fate
Hath brought to Court, to sue for had ywist,
That few have found, and manie one hath
mist!

Full little knowest thou, that hast not tride,
What hell it is in sung long to bide
To loose good dryes, that might be better
spent,

To wast long nights in pensive discontent,
To speed to day, to be put back to morrow,
To feed on hope, to pine with feare and sorrow,
To have thy Princes grace, yet want her
Peeres,

To have thy asking, yet wite manie veeres,
To flet thy soule with crosses and with cares,
To cate thy heart through comfortlesse dis-
pares,

To fawne, to crouche, to waite, to ride, to
To spend, to give, to want, to be undonne

Unhappy wight, boine to desastrous end,
That doth his life in so long tendrance spend!
Who ever leavies sweete home, where meane
estate

In safe assurance, without strife or hate,
Findes all things needfull for contentment
meeke,

And will to Court for shadowes vaine to seeke,
Or hope to gaine, himselfe will a daw trie
That curse God send unto mine enemy!

For none but such as this bold Ape, unblest,
Can ever thrive in that unluckie quest,
Or such as hath a Reynold to his man,

That by his shifts his Master furnish can
But yet this Foxe could not so closely hide
His craftie feates, but that they were descride

At length by such as sate in justice seate,
Who for the same him fowle did entreate,
And having worthily him punished,

Out of the Court for ever banished
And now the Ape wanting his luckster man,
That wont provide his necessaries, gan

To growe into great lacke, ne could upholde
His countenance in those his garments olde,
Ne new ones could he easily provide,

Though all men him uncensd gan deride,
Like as a Puppet placed in a play,
Whose part once past all men bid take away

So that he driven was to great distresse,
And shortly brought to hopelesse wretched-
nesse

Then, closely as he might, he cast to leave
The Court, not asking any passe or leave,
But ran away in his rent rags by night,

Ne ever stayd in place, ne sparke to wight,
Till that the Foxe, his copesmate he had found,
To whome complayning his unhappy stound,

At last againe with him in travell joynd,
And with him fard some better chauce to
fynde

So in the world long time they wandered,
And mickle want and hardnesse suffered,
That them repented much so foolishly

To come so farre to seeke for misery,
And leave the sweetnes of contented home,
Though eating hipps, and drinking watry fume

Thus as they them complayned too and fro,
Whilst through the forest rechlesse they did
goe,

Lo! where they spide, how, in a gloomy glade,
The Lyon sleeping lay in secret shride,
His Crowne and Scepter lying him beside,

And having doft for heate his dreadfull hide
Which when they sawe the Ape was sore
afrayde,

And would have fled with terror all dismayde
But him the Foxe with hardy words did stay,
And bid him put all cowardize away

For now was time (if ever they would hope)
To ayme their counsels to the surest scope,
And them for ever highly to aduance,
In case the good, which then owne happie
chance

Them freely offred, they would wisely take
Searse could the Ape yet speake, so did he
quake,

Yet, as he could, he askt how good night
Where nought but dread and death do seeme
in show?

'Now, (sayd he) whiles the Lyon sleepeth
May we his Crowne and Mace take from the
ground,

And eke his skinne, the terror of the wood,
Wherewith we may our selues (if we thinke
good)

Make Kings of Beasts, and Lords of forests all
Subject unto that powre imperiall' [wretch,
'Ah' but (sayd the Ape) who is so bold a

Th'it dare his hardy hand to those outstretch,
When is he knows his meede, if he be spide,
To be a thousand deaths, and shame beside?

'Fond Ape' (sayd then the Foxe) into whose
brest

Never crept thought of honor nor braye gest,
Who will not venture life a King to be,
And rather rule and raigne in soveraign see,
Than dwell in dust inglorious and brece,
Where none shall name the number of his
place?

One joyous howre in blisfull happines,
I chose before a life of wretchednes
Be therefore counselled herein by me,
And shake off this vile harted cowardree
If he awake, yet is not death the next,
For we may coulor it with some pretext
Of this, or that, that may excuse the crime
Else we may flye, thou to a tree mayst clyme,
And I creepe under ground, both from his
reach

Therefore be rul'd to doo as I doo teach'
The Ape, that earst did nought but chill
and quale,

Now gan some courage unto him to take,
And was content to attempt that enterprise,
Tickled with glorie and rash covetise
But first grn question, whether should assy
Those roy all ornaments to sterle away?
'Marie, that shall our selfe (quoth he thereton)
For ye be fine and numble it to doo,
Of all the beasts, which in the Forrests be,
Is not a fitter for this turne than yee
Therefore, my owne deare brother, take good
hart,

And ever thinke a Kingdome is your part'
Loth was the Ape, though praised, to adventer,
Yet faintly gan into his worke to enter,

Afraid of everie lease that stir'd him by,
And everie stick that underneath did ly,
Upon his tiptoes nely he up went,
For making noyse, and still his eare he lent
To everie sound that under heaven blew,
Now went, now stopt, now crip, now bick-
ward drew,

That it good sport had been him to have eyde
Yet at the last, (so well he him applyde)
Through his fine handling, and huscleanly play,
He all those roy all signes hid stolne away,
And with the Foxes helpe them borne aside
Into a secret corner unespide

Whither wheras they came they fell at words,
Whether of them should be the Lord of Lords
For th' Ape was as try full, and ambitious,
And the Foxe guilefull, and most covetous,
That neither pleased was to have the rayne

Twixt them divided into even twaine,
But either (algates) would be Lords alone,
For Love and Lordship bide no pragonie.
'I am most worlthe, (said the Ape) sith I
For it did put my life in jeopardie

Thereto I am in per-on and in stature
Most like a Man, the Lord of everie creature,
So that it seemeth I was made to raigne,
And borne to be a Kingly soveraigne'
'Nay (said the Foxe) Sir Ape, you are astray
For though to sterle the Diademe away
Were the worke of your numble hand, yet I
Did first devise the plot by pollicie,
So that it wholly springeth from my wit
For which also I charge my selfe more fit
Than you to rule, for government of state
Will without wisdom some be runnte
And where ye charge your selfe for outward
shape

Most like a man, Man is not like an Ape
In his chief parts, that is, in wit and spirite,
But I therein most like to him doo merite,
For my sle wyles and subtil craftinesse,
The title of the Kingdome to possesse
Nath'les (my brother) since we passed are
Unto this point, we will appeare our jarre,
And I with reason meete will rest content,
That ye shall have both crowne and govern-
ment,

Upon condition, that ye ruled bee
In all affaires, and counselled by mee,
And that ye let none other ever drawe
Your munde from me, but keepe this as a lawe
And hereupon an oath unto me plight'

The Ape was glad to end the strife so light,
And thereto swore, for who would not oft
swear,

And oft unsweare, a Drademe to beare?
Then freely up those roy all spories he tooke,
Yet at the Lyons skin he only quooke,

But it dissembled, and upon his head
The Crowne, and on his backe the skin he did,
And the false Foxe him helped to array
Then, when he was all dight, he tooke his way
Into the forest that he might be scene
Of the wilde beasts in his new glory sheene
There the two first whome he encountred were
The Sheepe and th' Asse, who, stricken both
with feare,

At sight of him, gan fast away to flye,
But unto them the Foxe aloud did cry,
And in the Kings name bid them both to stay,
Upon the paine that therof follow may
Hardly, nay thiles were they restrayned so
Till that the Foxe forth toward them did goe
And thū red-swarded them from needlesse feare,
For that the king did faviour to them beare,
And therefore cradles bid them come to Corte,
For no wild beasts should do them any torte
There or abroad, he would his majestic
Use them but well, with gracious clemencie,
As whome he knew to him both fast and true
So he perswaded them, with homage due
Themselves to humble to the Ape prostrate,
Who, gently to them bowing in his gate
Receyvd them with chearfull enteriayne
Thenceforth proceeding with his princely
trayne,

He shortly met the Tygre and the Bore,
Which with the simple Camell ragged sore
In bitter words, seeking to the occasion
Upon his fleshy corpe to make invasion
But soone as they this mock-King did espy,
Their troublous strife they staid by and by,
Thinking indeed that it the Lyon was
He then, to prove whether his powre would pas
Asscendant, sent the Foxe to them straightway,
Commanding them their cause of strife be-
ware,

And if that wrong on either side there were,
That he should warne the wronger to appeare
The morrow next at Court it to defend,
In the meane-time upon the King's attend
The subtile Foxe so well his message said,
That the proud beasts him readily obeyd
Whereby the Ape in wondrous stomach wove,
Strongly encourag'd by the crafty Foxe,
That king indeed himselfe he shortly thought,
And all the Beasts him feared as they ought,
And followed unto his palace hie,
Where taking Conge, each one by and by
Departed to his home in dreadfull awe,
Full of the feared sight which like they
saw

The Ape, thus seized of the Regall throne,
Garrisoned by counsell of the Foxe alone,
Gan to provide for all things in assurance,
That so his rule might longer have endurance

First to his Gate he pointed a strong gard,
That none might enter but with issue hard.
Then, for the safeguard of his person age,
He did appoint a warlike equipage
Of furrine beasts, not in the forest bred
But part by land and part by water fed,
For tyrannie is with strange ayde supported
Then unto him all monstrous beasts resorted
Bred of two kindes, as Griffons, Minotures,
Crocodiles, Dragons, Beavers, and Centaures
With those himselfe he strengthened mightelie,
That feare he neede no force of enemye
Then gan he rule and tyrannize at will,
Like as the Foxe did guide his graces skill,
And all wyld beasts made vassals of his
pleasures, [treasures]

And with their spoyle enlarg'd his private
No care of justice, nor no rule of reason,
No temperance, nor no regard of season,
Did thenceforth ever enter in his minde,
But crueltie, the signe of currish kinde,
And disdainfull pride, and wilfull arrogauce
Such followes those whom fortune doth ad-
vance

But the false Foxe most kindly praisd his
For whatsoever mother-wit or arte [part,
Could worke, he put in prooffe no practise she,
No counterpoint of cunning policie,
No reach, no breach, that might him profit
bring,

But he the same did to his purpose wring
Nought suffered he the Ape to give or grant,
But through his hand must passe the Fiaunt
All offices, all leases by him leapt,
And of them all whatso he likt he kept.
Justice he sold injustice for to buy,
And for to purchase for his progeny
Ill might it prosper that ill gotten was,
But, so he got it, little did he pas

He fed his cubs with fat of all the soyle,
And with the sweete of others sweating toyle,
He crammed them with crumbs of Benefices,
And filld their mouthes with meeds of mil-
lices

He clothed them with all colours, save white,
And loded them with lordships and with might,
So much as they were able well to beare,
That with the weight their backs might broken
were

He charisd Claynes in which Churchmen
were set,

And breach of lawes to privie ferme did let
No statute so established might bee,
Nor ordinance so needfull, but that hee
Would violate, though not with violence,
Yet under colour of the confidence
The which the Ape repos'd in him alone,
And reckned him the kingdomes corner stone.

And beautefie the shine firmament,
 He doft, unfit for that rude rabblement.
 So standing by the gates in strange disguise,
 He gan enquire of some in secret wize,
 Both of the King, and of his government,
 And of the Foxe, and his false blandishment
 And evermore he heard each one complaine
 Of foule abuses both in realme and raine,
 Which yet to prove more true he meant to see,
 And an ey-witnes of each thing to be
 Tho on his head his deadfull hat he dight,
 Which maketh him invisible in sight,
 And mocketh th' eyes of all the lookers on,
 Making them thinke it but a vision

Through power of that he runnes through
 enemies swerds, [herds

Through power of that he passeth through the
 Of ravenous wilde beasts, and doth beguile
 Their greedie mouthes of the expected spoyle,
 Through power of that his cunning theveries
 He wouts to worke, that none the same espies,
 And, through the power of that, he putteth on
 What shape he list in apparition
 That on his head he wore, and in his hand
 He tooke Cruceus, his snake wand,
 With which the damned ghosts he governeth,
 And furies rules, and Tartare tempereth
 With that he causeth sleep to seize the eyes,
 And feare the harts of all his enemyes,
 And, when him list, an univers'll might
 Throughout the world he makes on everie
 As when his Syre with Alcumen lay [wight,

Thus dight, into the Court he tooke his
 way, [scride,
 Both through the gard, which never him de-
 And through the watchmen, who him never
 spide

Thenceforth he past into each secrete part,
 Whereas he saw, that sorely griev'd his hart,
 Each place abounding with fowle injuries,
 And filld with treasure rackt with robberies,
 Each place defilde with blood of guiltes
 beasts, [beheasts

Which had been slaine to serve the Apes
 Gluttonie, malice, pride, and covetize,
 And lawlesnes raigning with riotize,
 Besides the infinite extortions,
 Done through the Foxes great oppressions,
 That the complaints thereof could not be
 tolde

Which when he did with lothfull eyes beholde,
 He wold no more endure, but came his way,
 And cast to seeke the Lion where he my,
 That he might worke the avengement for this
 shame [blame

On those two caitives, which had bred him
 And, seeking all the Forrest busily,
 At last he found, where sleeping he did ly

The wicked weed, which there the Foxe did
 lay,

From underneath his head he took away,
 And then him waking, forced up to rize.
 The Lion looking up gan him avize,
 As one late in a trauunce, what had of long
 Become of him, for fantasie is strong
 'Arise, (said Mercurie) thou sluggish beast,
 That here liest senseles, like the corpse deceast,
 The whilste thy kingdome from thy head is
 ren',

And thy throne roy all with dishonour blent
 Arise, and doo thyself redceme from shame,
 And be aveng'd on those that breed thy
 blame'

Thereat enraged, soone he gan upstart,
 Grunding his teeth, and grating his great
 hart,

And rousing up himselfe, for his rough lude
 He gan to reach, but no where it espide
 Therewith he gan fall terribly to rore,
 And chaffe at that indigntie right sore
 But when his Crowne and scepter both he
 wanted, [printed,
 Lord! how he fum'd, and sweld, and rag'd, and
 And threatned death, and thousand deadly
 dolours, [honours

To them that had purloyn'd his Princely
 With that in hast, disroabed as he was,
 He toward his owne Pallace forth did pas,
 And all the way he rorred as he went,
 That all the Forrest with astonishment
 Thereof did tremble, and the beasts therein
 Fled fast away from that so dreadfull dun
 At last he came unto his mansion,
 Where all the gates he found fast lockt anon,
 And manie warders round about them stood
 With that he roar'd aloud, as he were wood,
 That all the Pallace quaked at the stound,
 As if it quite were riven from the ground,
 And all within were dead and hartles left
 And th' Ape himselfe, as one whose wits were
 rest,

Fled here and there, and everie corner sought,
 To hide himselfe from his owne feared thought.
 But the false Foxe when he the Lion heard,
 Fled closely forth, straightway of death
 afraid,

And to the Lion came, full lowly creeping,
 With fained face, and watne eyne halfe
 weeping,

I' excuse his former treason and abusion
 And turning all unto the Apes confusion
 Nat'les the roy all Beast forbore beleevung,
 But bad him stay at ease till further preevung
 Then, when he saw so cuttraunce to him
 graunted,

Roaring yet lowder that all harts it daunted,

Upon those gates with force he fiercely slewe,
 And, rending them in pieces, felly slewe
 Those warders strange, and all that els he
 met [get
 But th' Ape still flying he no where might
 From rowme to rowme, from beem to beame
 he fled
 All breathles, and for feyre now almost ded,
 Yet him at last the Lyon spide, and caught,
 And forth with shame unto his judgement
 brought
 Then all the beasts he caus'd assembled bee,
 To heare their doome, and sad ensample see

The Foxe, first Author of that treacherie,
 He did uncase, and then awry let flie
 But th' Apes long taile (which then he had)
 he quight
 Cut off, and both eares pured of their hight,
 Since which all Apes but halfe their eares
 have left,
 And of their tales are utterlie bereft
 So Mother Hubbard her discourse did end,
 Which pardon me, if I amisse have pend,
 For weake was my remembrance it to hold,
 And bid her tongue that it so bluntly
 tolde.

THE RUINES OF ROME.

BY BELLAY

I

Ye heavenly spirites, whose ashie cinders lie
 Under deep ruines, with huge walls opprest,
 But not your praise, the which shall never die
 Through your faire verses, ne in ashes rest,
 If so be shrilling voice of wight alive
 May reach from hence to depth of darkest hell,
 Then let those deep Abysses open rive,
 That ye may understand my shrieking well
 Thrice having seene under the heavens veale
 Your toombs devoted compass over-all,
 Thrice unto you with lowd voyce I appeale,
 And for your antique furie here doo call,
 The whiles that I with sacred horror sing
 Your glorie, fairest of all earthly thing'

II

Great Babylon her haughtie walls will praise,
 And sharped steeples high shot up in ayre,
 Greece will the olde Ephesian buildings blaze,
 And Nilus nurslings their Pyramides saire,
 The same yet vaunting Greece will tell the storie
 Of Joves great Image in Olympus placed,
 Minusolus worke will be the Carians glorie,
 And Crete will boast the Labyrinth, now riced
 The antique Rhodian will likewise set forth
 The great Colosse erect to Memorie,
 And what els in the world is of like worth,
 Some greater learned wit will magnifie
 But I will sing above all monuments
 Seven Romane Hills, the worlds Seven Won-
 derments

III

Thou stranger, which for Rome in Rome here
 seekest,
 And nought of Rome in Rome perceiv'st at all,

These same olde walls, olde arches, which thou
 seeest,
 Olde Palaces, is that which Rome men call
 Beholde what wreake, what ruine, and what
 wast, [powre
 And how that she, which with her mightie
 Tarm'd all the world, hath tam'd herselfe at
 last, [devowre!
 The pray of time, which all things doth
 Rome now of Rome is th' onely funerall,
 And onely Rome of Rome hath victorie,
 Ne ought save Tyber hastning to his fall
 Remunes of all O worlds inconstancie!
 That which is firme doth sit and fall away,
 And that is fitting doth abide and stay

IV

She, whose high top above the starres did sore,
 One foote on Thers, th' other on the Morning,
 One hand on Scythia, th' other on the More,
 Both heaven and earth in roundnesse com-
 passing,
 Jove fearing least if she should greater growe,
 The Giants old should once again uprise,
 Her whelm'd with hills, these seven hills, which
 be nowe [skies
 Tombs of her greatnes which did threaten
 Upon her head he heapt Mount Saturnall,
 Upon her bellie th' antique Palatine
 Upon her stomacke lud Mount Quirinal,
 On her left hand the noysome Esquiline,
 And Celian on the right, but both her feete
 Mount Viminal and Aventine doo meete

V

Who lists to see what ever nature, arte, [see,
 And heaven could doo, O Rome! thee let him

In case thy greatnes he can gesse in harte,
By that which but the picture is of thee
Rome is no more but if the shade of Rome
May of the bodie yeld a seeming sight,
It's like a corse drawne forth out of the tombe
By Magicke skill out of eternall night.
The corpes of Rome in ashes is entombed,
And her great spirite, rejoy ned to the spirite
Of this great masse, is in the same enwombed,
But her brave writings, which her famous
merite

In spite of time out of the dust doth reare,
Doo make her Idole through the world
appeare

VI

Such as the Berecynthian Goddess bright,
In her swift charret with high turrets crownde,
Proud that so many Gods she brought to light,
Such was this Cite in her good daies fownd
Thus Cite, more than that great Phrygian
mother

Renownd for fruite of famous progenie,
Whose greatnes by the gretnes of none other,
But by her selfe, her equall match could see
Rome onely might to Rome compred bee,
And onely Rome could make great Rome to
tremble

So did the Gods by heavenly doome decree,
That other earthlie power should not resemble
Her that did match the whole earths
puissance, [vaunce
And did her courage to the heavens ad-

VII

Ye sacred ruines, and ye tragick sights,
Which onely doo the name of Rome refaine,
Olde monuments, which of so famous sprights
The honour yet in ashes doo maintaine,
Triumphant Arches, spyres, neighbours to the
skie,

That you to see doth th' heaven it selfe appall,
Alas! by little ye to nothing flie,
The peoples fable, and the spoyle of all
And though your frames do for a time make
warre

Gamst time, yet time in time shall ruinate
Your workes and names, and your last reliques
marre

My sad desires, rest therefore moderate,
For if th'at time make ende of things so sure,
It als will end the paine which I endure.

VIII

Through armes and vassals Rome the world
subdu'd, [strength
That one would weene that one sole Cities
Both land and sea in roundnes had surue'd,
To be the measure of her bredth and length

This peoples vertue yet so fruitfull was
Of vertuous nepheves, that posteritie,
Striving in power their grandfathers to passe,
The lowest earth join'd to the heaven hie,
To th' end that, having all parts in their
power, [quight,
Nought from the Romane Empire might be
And that though time doth Common wealths
devowre,

Yet no time should so low embase their hight,
That her head, earth'd in her foundations
deep,
Should not her name and endles honour
keep

IX

Ye cruell starres, and eke ye Gods unkind,
Heaven envious, and bitter stepdame Nature!
Be it by fortune, or by course of kinde,
That ye doo weld th' affaires of earthlie crea-
ture,

Why have your hands long sithence traveled
To frame this world that doth endure so long?
Or why were not these Romane palaces
Made of some matter no less firme and strong?
I say not, as the common voyce doth say,
That all things which beneath the Moone have
Are temporall, and subject to decay [being
But I say rather, though not all agreeing
With some that weene the contrarie in
thought,

That all this whole shall one day come to
nought

X

As that brave sonne of Aeson, which by
charmes

Acheived the golden Fleece in Colchid land,
Out of the earth engendred men of armes
Of Dragons teeth, sowne in the sacred sand,
So this brave Towne, that in her youtlie daies
An Hydra was of warours glorious,
Did fill with her renowned nourlings praise
The fire sunnes both one and other hour
But they at last, there being then not living
An Hercules so ranke seed to repress,
Amongst themselves with cruell furie striving,
Mow'd downe themselves with slaughter mer-
clesse,

Renewing in themselves that rage unkinde,
Which whilom did those earthborn brethren
blinde

XI

Mars, shaming to have given so great head
To his off-spring, that mortall puissance,
Pust up with pride of Romane hardiehead
Seem'd above heavens powre it selfe to ad-
vaunce,

Cooling againe his former kindled heate,
With which he had those Romane spirits filld,
Did blowe new fire, and with enflamed breath
Into the Gothicke colde hot rage instilld
Then gan that Nation, th' carthes new Giant
brood,

To dart abroad the thunder bolts of warre,
And, beating downe these walls with furious
mood

Into her mothers bo-ome, all did marre,
To th' end that none, all were it Jove his sere,
Should boast himselfe of the Romane Empire,

XII

Like as y^e hulome the children of the earth
Heipt hils on hils to seale the starrie skie,
And fight against the Gods of heav'nly birth,
Whiles Jove at them his thunderbolts let flie,
All suddenly with lightning overthrowne,
The furious squadrons downe to ground did
fall,

That th' earth under her childrens weight did
And th' heavens in glorie triumpht o'er all
So did that brightne front, which heaped was
On these seven Romane hils, it selfe upreare
Over the world, and lift her lostie face
Against the heaven that giv' her force to ferre

But now these scorned fields bemoane her
fall

And Gods secure scare not her force at all

XIII

Nor the swift fume of the flames aspiring,
Nor the deep wounds of victours raging blinde,
Nor ruthlesse spoye of souldiers blood-desiring,
The which so oit thee, (Rome) their conquest
Ne stroke on stroke of fortune variable, [made,
Ne rust of age hating continuance,
Nor wrath of Gods, nor spight of men unstable,
Nor thou oppos'd against thine owne puissance,
Nor th' horrible uprore of windes high blowing,
Nor swelling strumes of that God snake-
preed,

Which bath so often with his overflowing
Thee drenched, have thy pride so much abaced,
But that thus nothing, which they have
thee left,

Makes the world wonder what they from thee

XIV

Is men in Summer furies pisse the soord
Which is in Winter lord of all the plume,
And with his tumbling streames doth beare
aboord

The ploughmans hope and shepherds labour
And as the coward beasts use to despise
The noble Lion after his lives end, [hardise
Whetting their teeth, and with vaine fool
Dring the foe that cannot him defend

And as at Troy most dastards of the Greekes
Did brave about the corpes of Hector colde,
So those, which whilome wont with pilld
chekes

The Romane triumphs glorie to behold, [vaine,
Now on these ashie tombes shew boldnesse
And conquer'd dare the Conquerour dis-
dume

XV

Ye pallid spirits, and ye ashie ghosts,
Which, joying in the brightnes of your day,
Brought forth those signes of your presump-
tuous boasts

Which now their dusty reliques do beway,
Tell me, ye spirits, (with the darksome river
Of Styx, not passable to soules returning
Inclosing you in thrice three wards for ever,
Doo not restraime your images still mourning)
I tell me then, (for perhaps some one of you
Yet here above him secretly doth hide)

Doo ye not seale your torments to recreeve,
When ye sometimes behold the rum'd pride
Of these old Romane works, built with your
hands,

Now to become nought els but heaped sands?

XVI

Like as ye see the wrathfull Sea from furre
In a great mountaine heipt with ludeous
noise,

Lifsoones of thousand billowes shouldred narre,
Against a Rocke to breake with dreadfull
payse

Like as ye see fell Boreas with sharpe blast
Lossing huge tempests through the troubled
skie,

I fsoones having his wide wings spent in wast,
To stop his weirie course suddenly

And as ye see huge flames spred diverslie,
Gathered in one up to the heavens to spire,
Lifsoones consum'd to fall downe seebly,
So whilom did this Monarchie aspyre,

As waves, as winde, as fire, spred o'er all,
Till it by fatall doome adowne did fall

XVII

So long as Joves greit Bird did make his flight,
Beirg the fire with which heaven doth us frye,
Heaven had not feare of that presumptuous
might,

With which the Grunts did the Gods assay,
But all so soone as scorching Sunne had brent
His wings which wont the earth to overspredd,
The earth out of her massie wombe forth sent
That untique horror, which made heaven
idredd

Then was the Germane Riven in disguise
Th' Romane Lagh scene to cleave asunder,

XXXV

If the blinde furie, which warres breedeth oft,
Wonts not t' enrage the hearts of equall beasts,
Whether they fare on foote, or flie aloft,
Or armed be with claws, or scalie creasts,
Whit full frumms, with hot burning tongs,
Did gripe your hearts with noysome rage,
imbew'd

First, each to other working cruell wrong-,
Your blades in your owne bowels you embrew'd?

Was this (ye Romanes)) your hard destinie,
Or some old sinne, whose unappeased guilt
Powrd vengeance forth on you eternallie?
Or brothers blood, the which at first was spilt
Up on your walls, that God might not endure
Upon the same to set foundation sure?

XXXVI

O that I had the Thracian Poets harpe,
For to awake out of th' infernall shade
Those antique Cesars, sleeping long in darke,
The which this ancient Citie whilome made!
Or that I had Amphions instrument,
To quicken, with his vitall notes accord,
The stonie joynts of these old walls now rent,
By which th' Ausonian light might be restor'd!
Or that at least I could, with pencill fine,
Fashion the pourtrayts of these Palaces,
By patterne of great Virgils spirit divine!
I would assay with that which in me is,
To builde with leuell of my loftie style,
That which no hands can evermore compyle

XXXVII

Who list the Romaine greatnes forth to figure,
Him needeth not to seeke for usage right
Of line, or leard, or rule, or sqaure, to measure
Her length, her breadth, her deepnes, or her
hight,
But him behooves to view in compasse round
All that the Ocean graspes in his long armes,
Be it where the yerely starre doth scorch the
ground
Or where colde Boreas blowes his bitter stormes
Rome was th' whole world, and all the world
was Rome,
And if things nam'd their names doo equalize,
When land and sea ye name, then name ye
Rome,
And, naming Rome, ye land and sea comprize
For th' ancient Plot of Rome, displayed
plaine,
The map of all the wide world doth containe

XXXVIII

Thou that at Rome astonisht dost behold
The antique pride which menaced the skie,

These haughtie herpes, these palaces of olde,
These walls, these arches, these briths, these
temples lie,

Judge, by these ample runnes & ew, the rest
The which injurious time hath quite outorne
Since of all workmen helde in reckning best
Yet these olde fragments are for paterne borne
Then also marke how Rome, from day to day,
Repayring her decayed fashion,
Renewes herselfe with buildings rich and gay,
That one would judge, that the Romaine Demon
Doth yet him selfe with fatall hand enforce,
Against on foote to reare her pouldred
corse

XXXIX

He that hath seene a grent Oke drie and dead,
Yet clad with reliques of some Trophies olde,
Lifting to heaven her aged home head,
Whose foote in ground hath left but feeble
holde,
But halfe disbewel'd lies above the ground,
Shewing her wreathed rootes, and naked
arme,
And on her trunk, all rotten and unsound,
Onely supports herselfe for meate of wormes,
And, though she owe her fall to the first
Yet of the devout people is adord, [wande
And many yong plants spring out of her
rinde
Who such an Oke hath seene let him record
That such this Citie honour was of yore,
And mongst all Cities flourish'd much more

XL

All that which Aegypt whilome did devise,
All that which Greece their temples to em-
brave
After th' Ionicke, Atticke, Doricke guise,
Or Corinth skild in curious workes to grave,
All that Lyssippus pratike arte could forme,
Apelles wit or Phidias his skill,
Was wont this ancient Citie to adorne, [all
And the heaven it selle with her wide wonders
All that which Athens ever brought forth wise,
All that which Afrike ever brought forth
All that which Asie ever had of prise, [strange,
Was here to see O marvelous great change!
Rome, living, was the worlds sole ornament,
And, dead, is now the worlds sole monument

XLI

Like as the seeded field greene grasse first
shoves, [spring,
Then from greene grasse into a stalke doth
And from a stalke into an eare forth-growes,
Which ere the frutesfull graine doth shortly
wing,
And as in season due the husband mowes

The waving lockes of those faire yallow
 heeres, [rowes,
 Which, bound in shewes, and layd in comely
 Upon the naked fields in strokes he reares
 So grew the Romane Empire by degree,
 Till that Barbarian hands it quite did spill,
 And left of it but these olde markes to see,
 Of which all passers by doo somewhat pill
 As they which gleane, the reliques use to
 gather, [scate
 Which th' husbandman behind him chanst to

XXXI

That same is now nought but a champion
 wide,

Where all this worlds pride once was situate
 No blame to thee, whosoever dost abide
 By Nile, or Gange, or Tygre, or Euphrate,
 Ne Afrike thereof guiltie is, nor Spaine,
 Nor the bolde people by the Thamis brincke,
 Nor the brave wicke brood of Alemaigne,
 Nor the borne Souldier which Rhome running
 drinks

Thou onely cause, O Civill furie 'rt, [spight,
 Which, sowing in th' Aemathion fields thy
 Didst arme thy hand against thy proper hart,
 To th' end that when thou wast in greatest
 light,

To greatnes growne, through long prosperitie,
 Thou then adowne might'st fall more hor-
 rible

XXXX

Hope ye, my verses, that posteritie
 (Of age ensuing shall you ever read?

Hope ye, that ever immortalitie
 So merne Harpes worke may challenge for her
 meed?

If under heaven anie endurance were,
 These monuments, which not in paper writ,
 But in Porphyre and Marble doo appeare,
 Might well have hop'd to have obtained it
 Nath'les my Lute, whom Phœbus deign'd to
 give,

Cease not to sound these olde antiquities,
 For if that time doo let thy glorie live,
 Well maist thou boast, how ever base thou
 bee,

That thou art first, wluoh of thy Nation song
 Th' olde honour of the people gowned long

L' Envoy

Bellay, first garland of free Poesie
 That France brought forth, though fruitfull of
 brave wits,

Well worthe thou of immortalitie,
 That long hast traveld, by thy learned wits,
 Olde Rome out of her ashes to revive,
 And give a second life to dead decayes '
 Needes must he all eternitie survive,
 That can to other give eternall dayes
 Thy dayes therefore are endles, and thy
 prayse

Excelling all that ever went before
 And, after thee, gins Britas lue to raise
 His heavenly Muse, th' Almightie to adore
 Live, happie spirits, th' honour of your
 name,

And fill the world with never dying fame!

MUIOPOTMOS,

OR THE

FATE OF THE BUTTERFLIE

BY ED SP

DEDICATED TO THE MOST FAIRE AND VIRTUOUS LADIE,
 THE LADIE CAREY

TO THE RIGHT WORTHY AND VERTUOUS LADIE,
 THE LA CARLY

Most brave and bountifull La for so excel-
 lent favours as I have received at your sweet
 handes, to offer these fewe leaves, as in re-
 compence, should be as to offer flowers to the
 Gods for their divine benefites Therefore I
 have determined to give my selfe wholly to
 you, as quite abandoned from my selfe, and

absolutely vowed to your services which in
 all right is ever held for full recompence of
 debt or damage, to have the person rec'ded
 My person I wot wel how little worth it is
 But the futhfull minde and humble zeale
 which I beare unto your La may perhaps be
 more of price, as may please you to account

and use the poore service thereof, which
taketh glory to advance your excellent partes
and noble vertues, and to spend it selfe in
honouring you not so much for your great
bounty to my self, which yet may not be un-
minded, nor for name or kindreds sake by
you vouchsafed being also regardable as
for that honourable name, which yee have
by your brave deserts purchast to your self,
and spread in the mouths of al men with

which I have also pre-umed to grace my
verses, and under your name to commend to
the world this small Poeme, the which be-
seeching your La to take in worth, and of
all things therein according to your wonten
graciousnes to make a milde construction, I
humbly pray for your happines

Your La ever humbly,
L. S.

MUTOPOTMOS. OR THE FATE OF THE BUTTERFLIE.

I sate of deadly dolorous debate,
Strid up through wrathfull Nemesis despight,
Betwixt two mightie ones of great estate,
Drivne into armes, and proove of mortall fight,
Through proud ambition and hart-swelling
hate,

Whilst neither could the others greater might
And sdeignfull scorne endure, that from small
jarre

Their wriths at length broke into open warre.

The roote whereof and tragicall effect, [I have]
Vouchsafe O thou the mournfull Muse of
That wontst the tragick stage for to direct,
In funerall complaints and wayfull tyne,
Revele to me, and all the meanes detect,
Through which sad Clarion did at last decline
To lowest wretchednes And is there then
Such rancour in the harts of mightie men?

Of all the race of silver-winged Flies
Which doo possesse the Empire of the aire,
Betwixt the centred earth and azure skies,
Was none more favourable, nor more faire,
Whilst heaven did favour his felicities,
Then Clarion the eldest sonne and haire
Of Muscaroll, and in his fathers sight
Of all alive did seeme the surest wight

With fruitfull hope his aged breast he fed
Of future good, which his yong toward yeares
Full of brave courage and bold hardy hed,
Above th' ensample of his equall peeres,
Did largely promise, and to him fore-red,
(Whilst off his heart did melt in tender teares)
That he in time would sure prove such an one,
As should be worthe of his fathers throne.

The fresh yong flie, in whom the kindly fire
Of lustfull yongth began to kundle fast,
Did much disdaine to subject his desire
To loathsome sloth, or houres in ease to wast,
But joy'd to range abroad in fresh attire,
Through the wide compas of the vvarre coast,
And, with unwearied wings each part t' inquire
Of the wide rule of his renowned sire

For he so swift and nimble was of flight,
That from this lower tract he dared to stie
Up to the cloudes and thence with pincenes
To mount aloft unto the Cristall skie. [light
To view the workmanship of heavens light
Whence, down descending, he along would flie
Upon the streaming river, sport to finde
And oft would dare to tempt the troublous
winde

So on a Summers day, when season milde
With gentle crime the world had quieted,
And high in heavn Hyperions fierie childe
Ascending did his beames abroad dis-pred,
Whiles all the heavens on lower creatures
smilde,

Yong Clarion, with yuntfull lustie-head,
After his guize did erst abroad to fate
And theretoo gan his furnitures prepare

His breastplate first, that was of substance pure,
Before his noble heart he firmly bound
That mought his life from vron death assure,
And ward his gentle corpes from cruell wound,
For it by arte was framed to endure
The bit of balefull steele and bitter stownd
Nolesse than that which Vulture made to shield
Achilles life from fate of Troy in field

And then about his shoulders broad he threw
An hurie hide of some wilde beast, whom hee
In saily age forrest by adventure slew,
And rest the spoyle his ornament to bee,
Which, spreading all his backe, with dread-
full view

Made all that him so horrible did see
Thinke him Alcides, with the Icons skin,
When the Nemean Conquest he did win

Upon his head his glistering Burganet,
The which was wrought by wonderous device
And curiously engraven he did set
The metall was of rare and passing price,
Not Bilbo steele, nor brasse from Corinth fet,
Nor costly Oricalche from strange Phoenix,

But such as could both Phæbus arrowes ward,
And th' hailing darts of heaven beating hard

Therein two deadly weapons first he bore,
Strongly outlaunched towards either side,
Like two sharpe speares his enemies to gore
Like as a warlike Brigandine, applyde
To fight, lyes forth her threatfull pikes afore
The engines which in them sad death doo
lyde

So did this flie outstretch his fearefull hornes,
Yet so as him their terroure more adomes

Lastly his shine wings as silver bright,
Painted with thousand colours, passing farre
All Painters skill, he did about him dight
Not halfe so manie sundrie colours arre
In Iris bowe, ne heaven doth shine so bright,
Distinguished with manie a twinkling starre,
Nor Junoes Burd in her ey-spotted traine
So many goodly colours doth containe.

Ne (may it be withouten perill spoken?)
The Archer God, the sonne of Cytheree,
That joyes on wretched lovers to be wroken,
And heaped spoyles of bleeding harts to see,
Beares in his wings so manie a changefull
token.

Ah, my hege Lord! forgive it unto mee
If ought agunst thine honour I have tolde,
Yet sure those wings were fairer manifolde

Full many a Ladie fure, in Court full oft
Beholding them, him secretly envide,
And wisht that two such fannes, so silken soft
And golden faire, her Love would her provide
O! that, when them the gorgeous Flie had doft,
Some one, that would with grace be gratifide.
From him would steale them privily away,
And bring to her so precious a pray

Report is, that dame Venus, on a day
In spring, when flowres doo clothie the fruitful
ground,

Walking abroad with all her Nymphes to play
Bad her faire damzels, flocking her arownd,
To gather flowres her forehead to arrav
Emongst the rest a gentle Nymph was found,
Hight Astery, excelling all the crewe
In curteous usage and unstained hewe,

Who, beeing nimbler joynted than the rest,
And more industrious, gathered more store
Of the fields honour than the others best,
Which they in secret harts envying sore,
Tolde Venus, when her as the worthiest
She prausd', that Cupide (as they heard before)
Did lend her secret aide, in gathering
Into her lap the children of the spring

Whereof the Goddesses gathering jealous
feare,

Not yet unmindfull how not long agoe
Her sonne to Psyche secrete love did beare,
And long it close conceal'd, till mickle woe
Thereof arose, and manie a ruffell teare,
Reason with sudden rage did overgoe,
And, giving hastie credit to th' accuser,
Was led away of them that did abuse her

Lifesoones that Damzell, by her heavenly
might,

She turn'd into a winged Butterflie,
In the wide aire to make her wandring flight,
And all those flowres, with which so plenteous-
lie

Her lap she filled had, that bred her spight,
She placed in her wings, for memorie
Of her pretended crime, though crime none
were
Since which that flie them in her wings doth
beare

Thus the flesh Clarion, being readie dight,
Unto his journey did himselfe addresse,
And with good speed began to take his flight
Over the fields, in his franke lustnesse,
And all the champan ore he soved light,
And all the countrey wide he did possesse,
Feeding upon their pleasures bounteouslie,
That none gansaid, nor none did him envie

The woods, the rivers, and the medowes
green,

With his ure-cutting wings he mensured wide,
Ne did he leave the mountaines bare unscene,
Nor the ranke grassie fennes delights untride
But none of these, how ever sweete they beene,
Voted please his fancie, nor him cause t' abide
His choicfull sense with every change doth
fit

No common things my please a wavering wit

To the gay gardins his unstaide desire
Him wholly caried, to refresh his sprights
There lavish Nature, in her best attire,
Powres forth sweete odors and alluring sights,
And Arte, with her contending doth aspire
T' excell the naturall with made delights,
And all, that faire or pleasant may be found,
In riotous excesse doth there abound

There he arriving round about doth flie,
From bed to bed, from one to other border,
And takes survey, with curious busie eye
Of every floure and herbe there set in order
Now this, now that he tasteth tenderly,
Yet none of them he rudely doth disorder,
Ne with his feete their silken leaves deface,
But pastures on the pleasures of each place.

And evermore, with most variety
And change of sweetnesse, (for all change is
sweete)

He crasts his glutton sense to satisfie,
Non sucking of the sap of herbe most moist,
Or of the dew which yet on them doth lie,
Now in the same bithing his tender feet,
And then he percheth on some branch
thereby,

To weather him, and his moist wings to dry

And then againe he turneth to his play,
To spcke the pleasures of that Paradise,
The wholesome Saalge, and Lavender still
gray

Frank-smelling Rue, and Cummin good for
The Roses ruging in the pride of May,
Sharpe Iope, good for greene wounds & moles,
Fair Marigoldes, and Betwixt alluring Thyme
Sweet Marjoram, and Dayles decking prime

Cooler Violets, and Opine growing still,
I matted Balm, and chearfull Galangal,
Fresh Costmarie, and breathfull Camomill,
Dull Poppe, and drinke quickning Sctual
Veyne-healing Vervain and hie purging Dill,
Sound Savorie, and Bizil hartshale
I at Colwort, and comforting Perselline,
Coble Lettuce, and refreshing Rosmarine

And whatso else of vertue good or ill
Grew in this Garden fitcht from fure away,
Of evrie one he takes, and tastes at will,
And on their pleasures greedily doth pry
Then, when he hath both plaid and fed his
fill,

In the warme Sunne he doth himselfe embay,
And there him rests in riotous sullen
Of all his gladfulness, and kingly joyance

What more felicitie can fall to creature
Then to enjoy delight with libertie,
And to be Lord of all the workes of Nature
To raine in th' aire from th' earth to highest
skie,

To feed on flowres and weeds of glorious fea-
ture, [ture,
To take what ever thing doth please the eye?
Who rests not pleased with such happines,
Well worthy he to taste of wretchednes

But what on earth can long abide in state,
Or who can him assure of happy day,
Sith morning ture may bring fowle evening
late,

And least mishap the most blisse alter may
For thousand perills he in close waite
About us day lie, to worke our decay,
That none, except a God, or God him guide,
May them avoyde, or remedie provide

And what-o heavens in their secret doe ne
Ordained have, how can frail fleshy wight
Forecast, but it must needs to issue come
The sun, the air, the fire, the day, the night,
And th' annals of their errours all and some
Do serve to them, and with importune might
Warre against us, the vasaile of their will.
Who then can save what they dispose to spill?

Not thou O Clarion! though furest thou
Of all thy kinde, unhappie happye thou,
Whose cruell fate is woeen even now
Of Joves owne hand, to worke thy miserie.
Ne may thee help the name hartie vow,
Which thy old Sire with sacred pacte
Hath powred forth for thee, and th' alters
sprant
Nought may thee save from heavens aveng-
ment

It fortun'd (as heavens had beight)
That in this garden where young Clarion
Was wont to sojourn him a wicked wight
The foe of faire things, th' author of confusion,
The brame of Nature the bond-slave of spite,
Had hie built his hatefull mansion,
And lurking closely, in wait now lay,
How he might aine in his trap betray.

But when he spide the joyous Butterlie
In this faire plot disparting too and fro,
Leaves of fowls and in liden jeopardie,
Lord! how he gan for to b'urre him tho,
And to his wicked worke each part applie
His heart did earne against his hated foe,
And bowels so with racking poison swelde
That secret the skin the strong contagion
helde

The cause why he thus lye so maliced
Was (as in stories it is written found)
For that his mother, which him bore and
bred,

The most fine-fingred workswoman on ground,
Arachne, by his means was vanquished
Of Pallas, and in her owne skill confound,
When she with her for excellence contended,
That wrought her shame, and sorrow never
ended

For the Tritonian goddess, having hard
Her blazed fame which all the world had fill'd,
Came downe to prove the truth, and due
reward

For her prais-worthie worl manship to vield,
But the presumptuous Damzell rashly dar'd
The Goddess selfe to chalenge to the field,
And to compare with her in curious skill
Of workes with loome, with needle, and with
quill

Minerva did the challenge not refuse,
But deign'd with her the paragon to make
So to their worke they sit, and each doth
chuse

What storie she will for her tapet take
Arachne figur'd how Iove did abuse
Europa like a Bull, and on his bricke
Her through the sea did beare, so lively
scene, [weene
That it true Sea, and true Bull, ye would

She seem'd still backe unto the land to looke,
And her play-fellowes aide to call, and feare
The dashing of the waves, that up she tooke
Her dantieleele, and garments gathered neare,
But (Lord!) how she in everie member
shooke,

When as the land she saw no more appeare,
But a wilde wilderness of waters deepe
Then gan she greatly to lament and weepe

Before the Bull she pictur'd winged Love,
With his young brother Sport, light fluttering
Upon the waves, as each had been a Dove,
The one his bowe and shafts, the other
Spring

A burning Teade about his head did move,
As in their Syres new love both triumphing
And manie Nymphes about them flocking
round, [sound
And manie Tritons which their hornes did

And round about her worke she did emple
With a faire border wrought of sundrie
flowres,

Enwoven with an Eve-winding trayle
A goodly worke, full fit for kingly bowres,
Such is Dame Pallas, such is Livia pale,
That al good things with venemous tooth
devoures, [bright

Could not accuse Then gan the Goddessesse
Her selfe likewise unto her worke to dight

She made the storie of the olde debate
Which she with Neptune did for Athens trie
Twelve Gods doo sit around in roy all state,
And Iove in midst with awfull Majestie,
To judge the strife betweene them stirred
late

Each of the Gods, by his like visomie
Lathie to be knownen, but Iove above them
all,

By his great lookes and power Imperiall

Before them stands the God of Seas in place,
Clayming that ser-coast Cite as his right
And strikes the rockes with his three-forked
mace,

Whenceforth issues a warlike steed in sight,

The signe by which he chrlengeth the place,
That all the Gods, which saw his wondrous
Did surely deeme the victorie his due [night,
But seldome seene, forejudgment proveth true

Then to her selfe she gives her Aegide shield,
And steell'd speare, and morion on her hedd,
Such as she oft is seene in warlike field
Then sets she foith, how with her weapon
dredd [did yeld

Shemote the ground, the which streight forth
A fruitfull Olive tree, with berries spredd,
That all the Gods admu'd then, all the storie
She compast with a wreathe of Olives hoarie

Amongst these leaves she made a Butterflie,
With excellent device and wondrous slight,
Flattring among the Olives wantonly,
That seem'd to live, so like it was in sight
The velvet nap which on his wings doth lie,
The sicken downe with which his backe is
dight,

His broad outstretched hornes, his haviie thies,
His glorious colours, and his glistering eies

Which when Arachne saw, as overlaid
And mastered with workmanship so rare,
She stood astonied long, ne ought gamesaid,
And with fast fixed eyes on her did stae,
And by her silence, signe of one dismayd,
The victorie did yeld her as her share
Yet did she mly fret and felly burne,
And all her blood to poysonous rancor turne

That shortly from the shape of womanhed,
Such as she was when Pallas she attempted,
She grew to hideous shape of dry rihed,
Pined with griefe of folly late repented
Eftsoones her white straight legs were altered
To crooked crawling shankes, of narrow
empted,

And her faire face to fowle and loathsome hew,
And her fine corpes to a bag of venim greive

This cursed creature, mindfull of that olde
Enfested grudge, the which his mother felt,
So soone as Clarion he did beholde,
His heart with vengefull malice mly swelt,
And waving straight a net with manie a fold
About the cave in which he lurking dwelt,
With fine small cords about it stretched wide,
So finely spounne that scarcece they could be
spide

Not anie damzell, which her vounteth most
In skilfull knitting of soft silken twyne,
Nor anie weaver, which his worke doth borst
In deeper, in damaske, or in lye,
Nor anie skil'd in workmanship embost,
Nor anie skil'd in loupes of sugring fine,

Might in their divers cunning ever dare
With this so curious networke to compare

No doo I thinke, that that same subtil gin,
The which the Lemnian God framde craftily,
Mars sleeping with his wife to compasse in,
That all the Gods with common mockerie
Might laugh at them, and scorne their shame-
full sin,

Was like to this This same he did applie
For to entrap the careless Clarion,
That rang'd each where without suspition

Suspition of friend, nor feare of foe
That hazarded his health, had he it all,
But walkt at will, and wandred too and fro,
In the pride of his freedome principall
Little wist he his fittall future woe,
But was secure, the liker he to fall.
He likest is to fall into mischaunce,
That is regards of his governaunce

Yet still Aragnoll (so his foe was hight)
Lay lurking covertly him to surprise,
And all his gins, that him entangle might,
Drest in good order as he could devise.
At length, the foolish blie, without foresight,
As he that did all danger quite despire,
Toward those parts came flying carelesslie,
Where hidden was his hatefull enemy

Who, seeing him, with secret joy therefore
Did tucke inwardly in everie vaine,
And his false hart, fraught with all treasons
store,

Was fill'd with hope his purpose to obtaine
Himselfe he close upgathered more and more
Into his den, that his deceitfull traine
By his there being might not be bewraid,
Ne anie noyse, ne anie motion made

Like as a wily Foxe, that having spide
Where on a sunnie banke the Lambes doo play,

Full closely creeping by the hinder side,
Lyes in ambushment of his hoped pray,
Ne stirreth limbe, till, seeing ready tide,
He rusheth forth, and snatcheth quite away
One of the litle yonglings unawares
So to his worke Aragnoll him prepares

Who now shall give unto my heave eyes
A well of teares, that all my overflow?
Or where shall I finde lamentable cries,
And mournfull tunes enough my griefe to
show?

Helpe, O thou Tragicke Muse! me to devise
Notes sad enough to expresse this bitter throw
For loe! the dreerie towne is now arrived,
That of all happines hath us deprived.

The luckles Clarion, whether cruell Fate
Or wicked Fortune faultles him misled,
Or some ungracious blast, out of the gate
Of Aeoles ruine, perforce him drove on hed,
Was (O sad hap, and howre unfortunate!)
With violent swift flight forth carried
Into the cursed cobweb, which his foe
Had framed for his finall overthrow

There the fond Flic, entangled, struggled long,
Himselfe to free thereout, but all in vaine
For striving more, the more in laces strong
Himselfe he tide, and wrapt his wings twaine
In lymie snares the subtil loupes among.
That in the ende he breathlesse did remaine,
And, all his yongthly forces idly spent,
Him to the mercy of th' avenger lent.

Which when the greisly tyrant did espie,
Like a grimme Lyon rushing with fierce might
Out of his den, he seized greedelie
On the resistles pray, and, with fell spight,
Under the left wing stroke his weapon she
Into his heart, that his deepe-groining spright
In bloodie streames forth fled into the aere,
His bodie left the spectacle of care

VISIONS OF THE WORLDS VANITIE

L

ONE day, whiles that my day he cares did sleepe,
My spirit shaking off her earthly prison,
Began to enter into meditation deepe
Of things exceeding reach of common reason,
Such as this age, in which all good is gerson,
And all that humble is, and meane debraced,
Hath brought forth in her last declining sea-
son,

Griefe of good mundes, to see goodnesse
disgraced! [placed,
On which when as my thought was throgly
Unto my eyes strange shoves presented were,
Picturing that which I in minde embraced,
That yet those sights empassion me full nere
Such as they were (faire Ladies!) take in worth,
That when time serves may bring things
better forth.

II

In summers day when Phoebus fairly shone,
I saw a Bull as white as driven snowe
With gold & homes embowed like the Moone,
In a fresh flowing meadow lying lowe
Up to his eyes the verdant grasse did growe
And the gay flowers did offer to be eaten,
But he with fatnes so did overflowe, [beaten
That he all wallowed in the weeds downe
Ne car'd with them his daintie lips to sweeten
Till that a Brize, a scorned little creature,
Through his faire hide his angrie sting did
threaten,
And vex so sore, that all his goodly feature
And all his plenteous pasture nought him
pleased
So by the small the great is oft drevned

III

Beside the fruitfull shore of muddie Nile,
Upon a sunnie brinke out-stretched lay,
In monstrous length, a mightie Crocodile,
That, cramm'd with guiltles blood and greedie pray
Of wretched people travailing that way, [pride
Thought all things lesse than his dishonourful
I saw a little Bird call'd Tedula,
The least of thou-ands which on earth abide,
That forst this hideous beast to open wide
The griesly gates of his devouring hell,
And let him feede, as Nature did provide,
Upon his jawes, that with blacke venome swell
Who then should gretest things the least
disdaine,
Sith that so small so mightie can constraine?

IV

The kingly Bird, that beares Joves thunder-
clap
One day did scorne the simple Scarabee,
Proud of his highest service, and good hap,
That made all other Fowles his thralls to bee
The silly Flie, that no redresse did see,
Spide where the Eagle built his towring nest,
And, handling fire within the hollow tree,
Burnt up his young ones, and himselfe distress,
Ne suffred him in anie place to rest,
But drove in Joves owne lap his eggs to lay,
Where gathering also filth him to infest,
Forst with the filth his eggs to fling away
For which when as the Loule was wroth,
said Jove.
'Lo' how the least the gretest may reprove'

V

Toward the sea turning my troubled eye,
I saw the fish (if fish I may it cleepe)
That makes the sea before his face to flye,
And with his flaggie finnes doth seeme to
sweepe

The fount waxes out of the dreadfull deep,
The huge Leviathan, damie Natures wonder,
Making his sport, that manie makes to weep
A sword-fish smalt him from the rest did under,
That, in his throat him pricking softly under,
His wide Abyss-e him forced forth to spewe,
That all the sea did roare like heavens thunder
And all the waves were stain'd with filthie hewe
Hereby I learned have not to despise
Whatever thing seems small in common eyes

VI

An hideous Dragon, dreadfull to behold
Whose bricke was arm'd against the dint of
speare [golde,
With shields of brasse that shone like burnisht
And forked sting that death in it did berre,
Strove with a Spider his unequal peire
And bad defiance to his enemye
The subtil vermin, creeping close by neare,
Did in his drinke shed poi-son privily,
Which, through his entrails spreading di-
versly,
Made him to swell, that nigh his bowells burst,
And him enforst to vield the victorie,
That did so much in his owne gratnesse trust
O' how greivt vnnecessarie is it then to scorne
The werke, that hath the strong so oft
forlorne!

VII

High on a hill a goodly Cedre grewe,
Of wondrous length, and straight proportion,
That farre abroad her daintie odours threwe,
Amongst all the daughters of proud Libanon,
Her match in beautie was not anie one.
Shortly within her inmost pith there bred
A little wicked worme, perceiv'd of none,
That on her sap and vitall moisture fed
Thenceforth her gairland so much honoured
Began to die, (O great ruth for the same!)
And her faire lockes fell from her loftie head,
That shortly balde and bared she became.
I, which this sight beheld, was much dis-
mayed
To see so goodly thing so soone decayed.

VIII

Soone after this I saw an Elephant,
Adorn'd with bells and bosses gorgeously,
That on his bricke did beare (as brittleant)
A golden towre, which shone exceedinglie,
That he himselfe through foolish vantie,
Both for his rich attire and goodly forme,
Was puffed up with passing surquedrie,
And shortly gan all other beasts to scorne
Till that a little Ant, a silly worme,
Into his nostrils creeping, so him pained,

That, casting downe his towres, he did deforme
Both borrowed pride, and native beautie
stained [glorie,

Let therefore nought, that great is, therein
Sith so small thing his happines may varie

IX

I looking far forth into the Ocean wide,
A goodly ship with banners bravely dight,
And flag in her top-gallant, I espide
Through the maine sea making her merry flight
Faire blew the winde into her bosome right,
And th' heavens looked lovely all the while,
That she did seeme to duncce, as in delight,
And it her owne felicitie did smile.

All sodanelly there clove unto her keele
A litle fish, that men called Remora,
Which stopt her course, and held her by the
heel, [away

That winde nor tide could move her thence
Straunge thing me seemeth, that so small
a thing

Should able be so grete an one to wring

X

A mighty Lyon, I ord of all the wood,
Having his hunger throughly satysfide
With pray of beasts and spoyle of living blood,
Safe in his dreadles den him thought to lude
His sternesse was his pryncesse, his strength his
And all his glory in his cruell claws [pride,
I saw a wasp, that hercelly him decide,
And brd him by the taile even to his jawes
Sore he him stong, that it the blood forth
drawes,

And his proude heart is fild with fretting ire
In vaine he threats his teeth, his tye, his
pawes,
And from his bloodie eyes doth sparkle fire

That dead himselfe he wisheth for despight
So weakes may anoy the most of might

XI

What time the Romaine Empire bore the raine
Of all the world and florist most in might,
The nations gan their soveraigntie disdain,
And cast to quitt them from their bondage
quight

So, when all shrouded were in silent night,
The Galles were, by corrupting of a maye,
Possesst migh of the Capitol through slight,
Had not a Goose the treachery bewrayde,
If then a Goo-e grete Rome from ruine stayde,
And Jove himselfe, the patron of the place,
Preserved from being to his foes betrayde,
Why do vaine men meyn things so much deface,
And in their might repose their most assur-
ance,
Sith nought on earth can challenge long
endurance?

XII

When these sad sights were overpast and gone,
My spright was greatly moved in her rest,
With inward ruth and deare affection,
To see so grete things by so small distrest
Thenceforth I gan in my engrievd brest
To scorne all difference of grete and small,
Sith th it the greatest often are oppress,
And unawares doe into daunger fall
And ye, that read these rumes tragically,
Learne by their losse to love the low degree,
And, if that fortune chruice you up to call
lo hitours seat, forget not what you be
For he, that of himselfe is most secure
Shall finde his state most sickle and un-
sure.

THE VISIONS OF BELLAY

I

It was the time, when rest, soft sliding downe
From heavens light into mens heavy eyes,
In the forgetfulness of sleepe doth drowne
The carefull thought, lite of mortall miseries
Then did a Ghost before mine eyes appeare
On that grete river bank, that runnes by
Rome,

Which calling me by name, bid me to retire
My I wises to heaven whence all good gifts do
come, [he]

And crying, Lord, how now beholde [quoth
What under this grete temple place I see
For all is but light but flying vanitie
So, I, that know this world be a vaine thing,

Sith onely God surmounts all times decay,
In God alone my confidence do stey

II

On high hills top I saw a stately frame
An hundred cubits high by just asize [same
With hundred pillars fronting fure the
All wrought with Diamond after Darch wize
Nor brick nor marbl was the wall in view,
But shining Christall which from top to base
Out of her womb a thousand rayons threw
On hundred steps of strike gold-enchace
Gold was the paracet and the seching bright
Did shine all seats with grete plates of gold
The floore of Jasp and I meraude was dight
O worlds vaines-e! Whiles thus I did be old

An earthquake shooke the hill from lowest
seat,
And overthrew this frame with ruine great

III

Then did a sharped spyre of Diamond bright,
Ten fete erch way in squire appeere to mee,
Justly proportion'd up unto his light,
So far as Archer might his leuel see
The top thereof a pot did seeme to beare,
Made of the mettall, which we most do honour,
And in this golden vessel couched weare
The ashes of a mightie Emperour
Upon foure corners of the base were pight,
To beere the frame, foure great Lyons of gold,
A worthy tombe for such a worthy wight
Alas, this world doth nought but grievance
hold!

I saw a tempest from the heaven descend,
Whuch this brave monument with flash did
rend

IV

I saw ray side up on yorie pillowes tall,
Whose bases were of richest mettalls warke,
The chapters Alablaster, the frises christall,
The double front of a triumphall Arke
On each side purtraid was a Victorie,
Clad like a Nymph, that wings of silver weares,
And in triumphall chaire was set on lye,
The auncient glory of the Romaine peares
No worke it seem'd of earthly craftsmans wit,
But rather wrought by his owne industry,
That thunder-dartes for Joye his syre doth fit
Let me no more see faire thing under sky,
Sith that mine eyes have scene so faire a sight
With sodain fall to dust consumed quight

V

Then was the faire Dodonian tree far scene,
Upon seven hilla to spread his gladsome
gleame,
And conquerours bedecked with his greene,
Along the bancks of the Ausonian streame
There many an auncient Trophiee was addrest,
And many a spoyle, and many a goodly show,
Which that brave races greatnes did attest,
That whulome from the Troy an blood did flow
Rayisht I was so rare a thing to see,
When lo! a barbarous troupe of clownish fone
The honour of these noble boughs down threw
Under the wedge I heard the tronck to grone,
And, since, I saw the roote in great disdaune
A twinne of forked trees send forth againe

VI

I saw a Wolfe under a rockie cave
Noursing two whelpes, I saw her litle ones
In wanton dalliance the tente to crave, [nones
While she her neck wreath'd from them for the

I saw her raunge abroad to seeke her food,
And roming through the field with greedie
rage
T'embrow her teeth and claws with lukewarm
Of the small heyrds, her thirst for to assuage
I saw a thousand huntsmen, which descended
Downe from the mountaines bordring Lombardie,
Thrit with an hundred speares her flank wide
I saw her on the plaine outstretched lie,
Throwing out thousand throbs in her owne
soyle,
Soone on a tree uphang'd I saw her spoyle

VII

I saw the Bird that can the sun endure,
With feeble wings assay to mount on light,
By more and more she gan her wings t'assure,
Following th' ensample of her moethers sight
I saw her rise, and with a larger flight
To pierce the cloudes, and with wide punneons
To measure the most haughtie mountaines
hight,
Untill she raught the Gods owne mansions
There was she lost, when suddaine I behelde,
Where, tumbling through the ayre in fire fold,
All flaming downe she on the plaine was felde,
And soone her bodie turn'd to ashes colde
I saw the foule, that doth the light dispise,
Out of her dust like to a worm arise

VIII

I saw a river swift, whose fomy billowes
Did wash the ground-work of an old great wall,
I saw it cover'd all with griesly shadowes,
That with black horror did the ayre appall
Thereout a strange berst with seven heads
arose, [coure,
That townes and castles under her brest did
And seem'd both milder beasts and fiercer foes
Alike with equall rayne to devour
Much was I mazde, to see this monsters kinde
In hundred formes to change his fearefull hew,
When as at length I saw the wrathfull winde,
Which blowes cold storms, burst out of Scythian
meu, [as thought,
That sperst these cloudes, and, in so short
Thisdreadfull shape was vanished to nought

IX

Then all istomied with this mighty ghaost,
An hideous bodie big and strong I sawe,
With side-long beard, and locks down hanging
long loast,
Sterne face, and front full of Saturnlike awe
Who, leaning on the belly of a pot,
Pourd forth a water, whose out gushing flood
Ran brithing all the creekie shore astot,
Whereon the Trojan prince spilt Turnus blood

And it his secte a bitch wolfe suck did yeeld
To two young babes His left the palme tree
stout,
His right hand del the peacefull olive wild,
And heid with Lawrell garnt hit was about
Sudden both Palme and Olive fell away,
And faire greene Lawrell branch did quite
decey

Hard by a rivers side a virgin sure [throbs,
Folding her armes to Heaven with thousand
And outgane her chiekes and golden hair
To falling rivers sound thus toud her saie
'Where is (quoth she) this wholom honoured
face'

Where the great glorie and the auncient praise,
In which all worlds felicity had place,
When Gods and men my honour up did raise
Suff'd it not that civil warres me made
The whole world's spoile, but that this hydra
Of hundred Hercules to be asside [new,
With seven heads buduing monstrous crimes
So my Heroes and Caligula [new,
Out of these crooked shores must davy
rye'

I pon an hill a bright flame I did see
Waying aloft with triple point to skie,
Which, hit a meense of precious Cedar tree,
With blisome odours tild th'ayre faire and me
A Bird all white, well feather'd on each wing
Hercout up to the throne of Gods did flie,
And all the way mo't pleasant notes did sing
Whilst in the smoke she unto heaven did stie
Of this faire fire the scattered ryes forth threw
On every side a thousand shining beames
When sudden dropping of a silver dew
(O graveous chance!) gan quench those precious
flames,

I hat it, which erst so pleasant sent did yeld,
Of nothing now but noyous sulphure smeld

I saw a spring out of a rocke forth ryle,
As clear as Christall, gant the Sunnie beames,
The bottom yallow, like the golden gryle
That bright Pactolus washeth with his streames
It seem'd that Art and Nature had assembled
All pleasure there, for which mans hart could
long,

And there a noyse alluring sleepe soft trembled
Of manie accords more sweete than Mermuds
song

The seates and benches shone as viorie,
And hundred Nymphes side by side about,

When from my hill, with hideous outerie,
A troupe of Satyres in the place did rout
Which with their villaine fete the stream
did rye [Nymphes away
Thre's down the tents, and drove the

XIII

Much richer than that was it seem'd to be,
Which did to that sad I lase time appeare
Casting mine eyes fure off, I churist to see
I pon the Latine coast her selfe to seare
But suddenly arose a tempest great,
Bearing close ent to these riches rare,
Which gan asside this ship with dreadfull
thrust,

This ship to which none other might compare
And finally the storme impetuous
Sunke up these riches second unto none,
Within the gulfes of greache Nerus
I saw both ship and manners rich ere,
And all that treasure drowned in the maine
But I the ship saw after rais'd againe.

XIV

Long having deeply gron'd these Visions sad,
I saw a City like unto that same,
Which saw the messenger of tidings glad,
But that on sand was built the goodly frame
It seem'd her top the firmament did rye,
And, no lesse rich than faire right worlde sure
(If ought here worthie) of immortall dyes,
Or if aught under heaven might firme endure
Much wonder'd I to see so fure a wall
When from the Northerne coast a storme arose,
Which breathing fume from his inward grill
On all which did against his course oppose,
Into a clowde of dust spert in the aire
The weak foundations of this citie faire

XV

At length, even at the time when Morpheus
Most true doth unto our eyes appeare,
We came to see the heavens still was crying thus,
I saw Typhons sister comming neare,
Whose head, full brackly with a morion hidd,
Did come to match the Gods in Myeetic.
She, by a rivers bancke that swift downe slidd,
Over all the world did ruse a Trophee hie,
An hundred inquisit kings under her lay,
With armes bound at their backs in shamesfull
waie

Whilst I thus mazed was with great affray,
I saw the heavens in warre against her rize
Then downe she stricken full with clap of
thunder, [wonder
That with grent noyse I wakke in sudden

THE VISIONS OF PETRARCH,

FORMERLY TRANSLATED

I

BEING one day at my window all alone,
 So manie strange things happened me to see,
 As much it grieveth me to thinke thereon
 At my right hand a Hynde appear'd to mee,
 So faire as mote the greatest god delite,
 Two eager dogs did her pursue in chace,
 Of which the one was blacke, the other white
 With deadly force so in their cruell race
 They pincht the hanches of that gentle beast,
 That at the last, and in short time, I spide,
 Under a Rocke, where she, alas, oppress,
 Fell to the ground, and there untimely dide.
 Cruell death vanquishing so noble beautie,
 Oft makes me wayle so hard a destenie

II

After, at sea a tall ship did appeare,
 Made all of Ileben and white Yvorie,
 The sailes of golde, of silke the tackle were
 Milde was the winde, calmes seem'd the sea to bee,
 The skie each where did show full bright and
 faire

With rich treasures this gry ship frughted was
 But sudden storme did so turmoyle the aire,
 And tumbled up the sea, that she (alas)
 Strake on a rock, that under water lay,
 And perished past all recoverie
 O, how great ruth, and sorrowfull assy,
 Doth vex my spirite with perplexitie,
 Thus in a moment to see lost and drown'd,
 So great riches as like cannot be found!

III

The heavenly branches did I see arise
 Out of the fresh and lustie Lawrell tree,
 Amidst the yong greene wood, of Paradise
 Some noble plant I thought my selfe to see
 Such store of birds therein shrowded were,
 Chaunting in shade their sundrie melodie,
 That with their sweetnes I was ravish't nere
 While on this Laurell fixed was mine eie,
 The skie grew everie where to overcast,
 And darkned was the welken all about,
 When sudden flash of heavens fire out brast,
 And rent this royall tree quite by the roote,
 Which makes me much and ever to com-
 plaine,
 For no such shadow shalbe had againe

IV

Within this wood, out of a rocke did rise
 A spring of water, mildly rumbling downe,
 Wherto approached not in anie wise
 The homely shepheard, nor the ruder clowne,
 But manie Muses, and the Nymphes withall,
 That sweetly in accord did tune their voyce
 To the soft sounding of the waters fall
 That my glad hart thereat did much rejoyce
 But, while herein I tooke my chiefe delight,
 I saw (alas) the gipping earth devoure
 The spring, the piece, and all cleane out of
 sight,
 Which yet aggreeves my hart even to this
 And wounds my soule with rufull memorie,
 To see such pleasures gon so suddenly

V

I saw a Phœnix in the wood alone,
 With purple wings, and crest of golden hewe,
 Strange bird he was, wherebv I thought none,
 That of some heavenly wight I had the vew,
 Untill he came unto the broken tree,
 And to the spring, that late devoured was
 What say I more? each thing at last we see
 Doth passe away the Phœnix there alas,
 Spying the tree destruid, the water dride,
 Himselfe smote with his beake, as in disdaine,
 And so forthwith in great despight he dide,
 That yet my heart burnes in exceeding paine,
 For ruth and pite of so haples plight
 O let mine eyes no more see such a sight!

VI

At last so faire a Ladie did I spie,
 That thinking yet on her I burne and quake,
 On hearbs and flowres she walked pensively,
 Milde, but yet Love she proudly did forsake
 White seem'd her robes, yet woven so they
 were,
 As snowe and golde together had been wrought
 Above the wast a darke clowde shrouded her,
 A stinging serpent by the heele her caught,
 Wherewith she languisht as the gathered
 floure,
 And, well assur'd, she mounted up to joy
 Alas, on earth so nothing doth endure,
 But bitter grieve and sorrowfull annoy
 Which make this life wretched and miserable,
 Tossed with stormes of fortune variable!

VII

When I behold this tickle trustles state
Of vaine worlds glorie, sitting too and fro,
And mortall men tossed by tronblous fate
In restles seas of wretchednes and woe,
I wish I might this weerie life forgoe,
And shortly turne unto my happie rest,
Where my free spirite might not anie moe
Be vext with sights, that doo her perce molest

And ye, faire Ladie, in whose bounteous breast
All heavenly grace and vertue shrined is,
When ye, these rythmes doo read, and view
the rest, [this
Loath this base world, and thinke of heavens
And though ye be the fairest of Gods
creatures,
Yet thinke, that death shall spovle your
goodly feutures

DAPHNAIDA:

AN ELEGIE

UPON THE DEATH OF THE NOBLE AND VERTUOUS

DOUGLAS HOWARD,

DAUGHTER AND HEIRE OF HENRY LORD HOWARD, VISCOUNT BLYNDEN,
AND WIFE OF ARTHUR GORGES, ESQUIRE.

DEDICATED TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE THE LADY

HELENA, MARQUESSE OF NORTHAMPTON
BY D D SP

TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE AND VIRTUOUS LADY

HELENA, MARQUESSE OF NORTH-AMPTON

I HAVE the rather presumed humbly to offer
unto your Honour the dedication of this little
Poëme, for that the noble and vertuous Gentle-
woman of whom it is written, was by match
neer. alied and in affection greatly devoted,
unto your Ladship The occasion why I wrote
the same, was as well the great good fine
which I heard of her deceased as the par-
ticular goodwill which I bear unto her husband
Master Arthur Gorges, a lover of learning
and vertue, whose house, as your Ladship by
marriage hath honoured, so doe I find the
name of them, by many notable records, to
be of great antiquitie in this Realme and such
as have ever borne themselves with honour-
able reputation to the world, and unspotted
loyltie to their Prince and Countrey besides,

so lineally are they descended from the
Howards, as that the Lady Anne Howard,
eldest daughter to John Duke of Norfolk,
was wife to Sir Edmund, mother to Sir
Edward, and grandmother to Sir William
and Sir Thomas Gorges knights and there-
fore I doe assure my selfe that no due honour
done to the White Lyon, but will be most
gratefull to your Ladship, whose husband
and children do so neerely participate with
the blood of that noble family. So in all
dutie I recomende this Pamphlet, and the
good acceptance thereof, to your honourable
favour and protection London, this first of
Januarye, 1591

Your Honours humbly ever
LD SP

DAPHNAIDA

WHAT-FARER man be he whose heaue minde,
With griefe of mournfull great mishap op-
pre-t,
But matter for his cares increase would finde,

Let reade the rusfull plant herein exprest,
Of one, (I weene), the wofulst man alive,
Euen sad Alexon whose emperced breast
Sharpe sorrowe did in thousand peeces rive

But whoso else in pleasure findeth sense,
Or in this wretched life dooth take delight
Let him be banisht farre away from hence,
Ne let the sacred Sisters here be hight,
Though they of sorrowe heuie can sing,
For euen their heuie song would breede de-
light,
But here no tunes, save sobs and grones, shall
ring

In stead of them, and their sweet harmonie,
Let those three fatall Sisters, whose sad hands
Doo weave the direfull threds of destinie
And in their writh breake off the vitall bands,
Approach hereto, and let the dreadfull Queene
Of Darkenes deepe come from the Stygian
strands,
And grisly Ghosts, to heare the dolefull teene

In gloomie evening, when the wearie Sun,
After his dayes long labour drew to rest,
And sweate steeds, now having overrun
The compast skie, gan water in the west,
I walke abroad to breath the freshing ayre
In open helds, whose flowring pride, opprest
With early frosts, had lost their beutie faire

There came unto my minde a troublous thought,
Which dayly dooth my werker wit possesse,
Ne lets it rest untill it forth haue brought
Her long borne Infant, fruit of heauensse,
Which she conceiued hath through meditation
Of this worlds vannesse and lifes wretched-
nesse,
That yet my soule it deeply doth empassion

So as I mized on the miserie
In which men liue, and I of many most
Most miserable man, I did espie
Where towards me a sory wight did cost,
Clad all in black, that mourning did beuay,
And Jaakob stiffe in hand deuoutlie crost,
Like to some Pilgrim come from faire away

His carelesse locks uncombed and unshorne,
Hong long adowne, and beard all ouergrowne,
That well he seemd to be sum wight forlorne,
Downe to the earth his heuie eyes were
throwne,

As lothing light, and euer as he went
He sighed soft, and inly deepe did grone,
As if his heart in peeces would haue rent

Approaching nigh, his face I viewed nere,
And by the semblant of his countenance
Me seemd I had his person scene elsewhere,
Most like Alecyon seeming at a glance,
Alecyon he, the jollie Shepheard swaine
That wont full merrilie to pipe and dounce.
And fill with plesance euer wood and plaine

Yet halfe in doubt, because of his disguise,
I softlie sayd, Alecyon! There-with-all
He lookt aside as in disdaine full wise,
Yet stay ed not, till I againe did call [sound,
Then, turning back, he saide, with hollow
'Who is it that dooth name me, wofull thrall,
The wretchedst man that treads this dry on
ground?'

'One, whome like wofulnesse, impressed deepe,
Hath made fit mate thy wretched case to heare,
And giuen like cause with thee to wile and
weepe, [beere
Griefe findes some ease by him that like does
Then stay, Alecyon, gentle shepheard! stay,
(Quoth I) till thou haue to my trustie care
Committed what thee dooth so ill apay'

'Cease, foolish man!' (saide he, halfe wroth-
fully)

'To seeke to heare that which cannot be tolde,
For the huge anguish, which dooth multiplye
My dyng pynes, no tongue can well unfold,
Ne doo I care that any should bemone
My hard mishap, or any weepe that would,
But seeke alone to weepe, and dye alone'

'Then be it so,' (quoth I) 'that thou art bent
To die alone, unpitied, unplained,
Yet, ere thou die, it were conuenient
To tell the cause which thee theretoo con-
strained,

Least that the world thee dead accuse of guilt,
And say, when thou of none shalt be min-
tained,

That thou for secret crime thy blood hast spilt'

'Who life dooes loath, and longs to bee unbound
From the strong shackles of fraille fle-
sh, quoth he, [ground,

'Nought cares it all what they, that liue on
Deem the occasion of his death to bee,
Rather desires to be forgotten quight,
Than question made of his calamitie,
For harts deep sorrow hates both life and light

'Yet since so much thou seemst to rue my
griefe, [nought,
And earnest for one that for himselfe cares
(Signe of thy love though nought for my reliefe,
For my reliefe exceedeth living thought,)
I will to thee this heauie case relate
Then hurken well till it to ende bee brought,
For never didst thou heare more haplesse fate

'Whilome I usde (as thou right well doest
know)

My little focke on westernne downes to keepe,
Not far from whence Sabrinæs streame doth
flow,

And flowrie branches with silver liquor steepe,
Nought carde I then for worldly change or
chaunce,

For all my joy was on my gentle sheepe,
And to my pype to caroll and to daunce

'It there befell, as I the fields did range
Ferrelesse and free, a faire young Lionesse,
White as the native Rose before the chynge
Which Venus blood did in her laves impress,
I spied playing on the grassie playne
Her youthfull sports and kindlie wantonnesse,
That did all other Beasts in beawtie staine

'Much was I moved at so goodly sight,
Whose like before mine eye had seldome
seene,

And gan to cast how I her comprasse might,
And bring to hand that yet had never beene,
So well I wrought with mildnes and with
prune,

That I her caught disporting on the greene,
And brought away fast bound with silver
chaine

'And afterwards I handled her so fayre,
That though by kind shee stout and salvage
were,

For being borne an aunccient Lions haire,
And of the race that all wild beastes do feare,
Yet I her fram'd, and wan so to my bent,
That shee became so meeke and milde of
cheare,

As the least lamb in all my flock that went

'For shee in field, where ever I did wend,
Would wend with me, and wite by me all day
And all the night that I in watch did spend,
If cause requir'd, or els in sleepe, if nay,
Shee would all night by mee or watch or sleepe
And evermore when I did sleepe or play,
She of my flock would take full warie keepe

'Safe then, and safest were my silie sheepe,
Ne fear'd the Wolfe, ne fear'd the wildest beast,
All were I drown'd in carelesse quiet deepe,
My love the Lionesse without beheast
So carefull was for them, and for my good,
That when I waked, neither most nor leest
I found miscaried or in plume or wood

'Oft did the Shepheards, which my hap did
heare,

And oft their lasses, which my luck envide,
Drewe resort to me from farre and neare,
To see my Lionesse, whose praises wide
Were spread abroad, and when her worthinesse
Much greater than the rude report they trolde,
They her did praise, and my good fortune
blesse

'Long thus I joyed in my happinesse,
And well did hope my joy would have no end,
But oh, foud man! that in worlds sicklenesse
Reposedst hope, or weenedst her thy frend
That glories most in mortall miseries,
And drye doth her changefull counsels bend
To make new matter fit for Tragedies,

'For whilst I was thus without dredd or dout,
A cruell Satyre with his murderous dard,
Greddie of mischief, ranging all about,
Gave her the fatall wound of deadlie smart,
And rest fro me my sweete companion,
And left fro me my love, my life, my hart
My Lionesse (ah, woe is mee!) is gon!

'Out of the world thus was shee left awaie,
Out of the world, unworthie such a spoyle,
And borne to heaven, for heaven a fitter pray,
Much sifter than the Lyon, which with toyle
Alcides slew, and list in firmament,
Her now I seek throughout this earthlie soyle,
And seeking misse, and missing doe lament.'

Therewith he gan afresh to waile and weepe,
That I for pittie of his heavie plight
Could not abstaine mine eyes with teares to
steepe,

But, when I saw the anguish of his spright
Some deale alard, I him bespake againe,
'Certes, Alexon, painfull is thy plight,
That it in me breeds almost equall paine

'Yet doth not my dull wit well understand
The riddle of thy loved Lionesse,
For rare it seemes in reason to be skand,
That man, who doth the whole worlds rule
possesse,

Should to a beast his noble hart embase,
And be the vassall of his vassallesse, [case,
Therefore more plaine arende this doubtfull

Then sighing sore, 'Daphne thou knewest,
quothe he,

'She now is dead,' ne more endured to sav,
But fell to ground for great extremitie,
That I, beholding it, with deepe dismay
Was much appild, and lightlie him uprearing,
Revoked life, that would have fled away,
All were my self, through griefe, in deadly
dreaung

Then gan I him to comfort all my best,
And with milde counsaile strove to mitigate
The stormie passion of his troubled brest,
But he thereby was more empessionate,
As stubborne steed, that is with curb re-
strained,
Becomes more fierce and fervent in his gate,
And, breaking forth at last, thus dearmely
plained

I

'What man henceforth that breatheth vitall
ayre

Will honour heaven, or heav'nie powers adore,
Which so unjustlie doe their judgments share
Mongst earthlie wightes, as to afflict so sore
The innocent, as those which do transgresse,
And do not spare the best or fayrest, more
Than worst or fowlest, but doe both oppresse?

'If this be right, why did they then create
The world so fayre, sith fairenesse is neglected?
Or whie be they themselves immaculate?
If purest things be not by them respected?
She faire, shee pure, most faire, most pure shee

was,

Yet was by them as thing impure rejected,
Yet shee in purenesse heaven it selfe did pas

'In purenesse and in all celestiall grace,
That men admire in goodlie womankinde.
Shee did excell, and seem'd of Angels race,
Lying on earth like Angell new divine,
Adorn'd with wisdom and with chastitie,
And all the dowries of a noble mind,
Which did her beautie much more beautifie.

'No age hath bred (since fayre Astræa left
The sinfull world) more vertue in a wight,
And, when she parted hence, with her she
rest

[quight

Great hope and robd her race of bountie,
Well may the shepherd lasses now lament
For dubble losse by her hath on their light,
To loose both her and bounties ornament

'Ne let Eliza, royall Shepheardesse,
The praises of my parted love envy,
For she hath praises in all plenteousnesse
Powrd upon her, like showers of Castaly,
By her own Shepherd, Cohn, her owne Shep-
herd,

That her with heavenly hymnes doth deifie,
Of rustick muse full harrily to be betterd

'She is the Rose, the glorie of the day,
And mine the Primrose in the lowly shade
Mine, ah! not mine, amisse I mine did say
Not mine, but His, which mine awhile her
made.

Mine to be His, with him to live for ay
O that so faire a flower so soone should fade,
And through untimely tempest fall away!

'She fell away in her first ages spring,
Whil'st yet her leafe was greene, and fresh her
rinde [did bring,
And whil'st her braunch faire blossomes forth
She fell away against all course of kinde.

For age to dye is right, but youth is wrong;
She fell away like fruit blowne downe with
winde,

Weepe, Shepherd! weepe, to make my under-
song

II

'What hart so stony hard but that would
weepe,

And poure forth fountaines of incessant teares?
What Timon but would let compassion creepe
Into his brest, and pierce his frozen eares?
In steed of teares, whose brackish bitter well,
I wasted have, my heart-blood dropping
weares,

To thinke to ground how that faire blossome

'Yet fell she not as one enforst to dye,
Ne dyde with dread and grudging discontent,
But as one toyld with travails downe doth lye,
So lay she downe as if to sleepe she went,
And closde her eyes with carelessse quietnesse,
The whiles soft death away her spirit hent,
And soule assoyld from sinfull fleshlinesse

'Yet ere that life her lodging did forsake,
She, all resolv'd, and ready to remove,
Calling to me (as me!) thus wise bespake,
"Aleyon! ah, my first and latest love!"
Ah! why does my Aleyon weepe and mourne,
And grieve my ghost, that ill mote him be-
hove,

As if to me had chanst some evill tourne!

"I, since the messenger is come for mee,
That summons soules unto the bridle feist
Of his great Lord, must needs depart from thee,
And straight obey his soveraine behest.
Why should Aleyon then so sore lament
That I from miserie shall be releast,
And freed from wretched long imprisonment?"

"Our daies are full of dolor and disere,
Our life afflicted with incessant paine,
That nought on earth may lessen or appease,
Why then should I desire here to remaine?
Or why should he, that loves me, soorie bee
For my deliverance, or at all complaine
My good to heare, and toward joyes to see!"

"I goe and long desired have to goe.
I goe with gladnesse to my wished rest.
Whereas no worlds end care nor wisting woe
May come their happie quiet to molest,
But Saints and Angels in celestiall thrones
Eternally Hum praise that hath them blest,
There shall I be amongst those blessed ones

"Yet, ere I goe, a pledge I leave with thee
Of the late love the which betwixt us past,
My yong Ambrosia in lieu of mee
Love her, so shall our love for ever last

Thus, deare ' adieu, whom I expect ere long "—
So having said, away she softly past
Weep, Shepherd! weep, to make mine
undersong

III

So oft as I record those piteous words,
Which yet are deepe engraven in my brest,
And those first deadly accents, which like swords
Did wound my heart, and rend my bleeding
chest,

With those sweet sugred speeches doo compare,
The which my soule first conquerd and possest,
The first beginners of my endless care

' And when those pallid cheekes and ashy hew
In which sad Death his pourtraicture had writ
And when those hollow eyes and deadly view,
On which the clowde of ghastly might did sit,
I match with that sweet smile and chearfull
brow,

Which all the world subdued unto it,
How happie was I then, and wretched now!

' How happie was I when I saw her leade
The Shepherds daughters dauncing in a rownd!
How trimly would she trice and softly tread
The tender grasse, with rosie garland crown'd!
And when she list advance her heavenly voice,
Both Nymphes and Muses nigh she made as-
tond,

And flocks and shepherds caused to rejoyce

' But now, ye Shepherd lasses! who shall
lead

Your wandring troupes, or sing your virelaves?
Or who shall dight your bowres, sith she is
dead

That was the Lady of your holy-daves?
Let now your blisse be turned into bale,
And into plants convert your joyous playes,
And with the same till every hill and dale

' Let Bagpipe never more be heard to shrill,
That may allure the senses to delight,
Ne ever Shepherd sound his Oaten quill
Unto the many that provoke them might
To idle pleasure, but let ghastlinesse
And dreary horror dim the chearfull light,
To make the image of true heavinessse

' Let birds be silent on the naked spray,
And shady woods resound with dreadfull yells
Let streaming floods their hastie courses stay,
And parching droughth drie up the christall
wells,
Let th' earth be barren, and bring soorth no
flowres,
And th' ayre be filled with noyse of dolefull
[knells]
And wandring spirits walke untimely howres

' And Nature, nurse of every living thing,
Let rest her selfe from her long wearinesse,
And cease henceforth things kindly forth to
bring,

But hideous monsters full of uglinessse,
For she it is that hath me done this wrong,
No nurse, but Steplame, cruell, mercilesse
Weepe, Shephcard! weepe, to make my under-
song.

IV

' My little flocke, whom earst I lov'd so well,
And wont to feede with finest grasse that grew,
I leede ye henceforth on bitter Astrofill,
And stinking Smillage, and unsavory Rew,
And, when your mawes are with those weeds
corrupted,

Be ye the pray of Wolves, ne will I reu
That with your carcases wild beasts be glut-
ted

' Ne worse to you my sillic sheepe! I pray,
Ne venger vengeance wish on you to fall
Than to my selfe, for whose confuside decay
To careless heavens I doo daylie call,
But heavens refuse to heare a wretches cry
And cruell Death doth scorne to come at call,
Or graunt his boone that most desires to dye.

The good and righteous he avay doth take,
To plague th' unrighteous which alive remaine,
But the ungodly ones he doth forsake
By living long to multiplie their paine,
I is surely death should be no punishment,
As the Great Judge at first did it ordaine,
But rather riddance from long languishment

' Therefore my Daphne they have tane away,
For worthie of a better place was she
But me unworthie willed here to stay,
That with her lacke I might tormented be.
Sith then they so have ordred I will pay
Penance to her, according their decree,
And to her ghost doo service day by day

For I will walke this wandring pilgrimage
Throughout the world from one to other end,
And in affliction wast my better age
My bread shall be the anguish of my mind,
My drink the teares which fro mine eyes do
raine,

My bed the ground that hardest I may finde,
So will I wultully increase my paine.

' And she, my love that was my Saint that is
When she beholds from her celestiaall throne
(In which shee joyeth in eternall blis)
My bitter penance, will my case bemoane,
And pitie me that living thus doo die,
For heavenly spirits have compassion
On mortall men, and rue their miserie

'So when I have with sorowe satisfide
Th' importune fates, which vengeance on me
seeke,
And th' heavens with long languor pacifide,
She, for pure pitie of my sufferance meeke,
Will send for me, for which I daylie long,
And will till then my painful penance eke
Weep, Shepheard' weep, to make my under-
song

V

'Henceforth I hate what ever Nature made,
And in her workmanship no pleasure finde,
For they be all but vaine, and quickly fade,
So soone as on them blowes the Northern winde,
They tarrie not, but sit and fall away,
Leaving behind them nought but grieve of
minde,
And mocking such as thinke they long will
stay

'I hate the heaven, because it doth withhold
Me from my love, and eke my love from me,
I hate the earth, because it is the mold
Of fleshly slime and fraile mortalitie
I hate the fire, because to nought it flies,
I hate the Ayre, because sighes of it be,
I hate the Sea, because it teares supplies

'I hate the day, because it lendeth light
To see all things, and not my love to see,
I hate the darknesse and the dreary night,
Because they breed sad brifefulnesse in mee,
I hate all times, because, all times doo flye
So fast away, and may not stayd bee,
But as a speedie post that passeth by

'I hate to speake, my voyce is spent with
crying, [cares]
I hate to heare, lowd plaints have dild mine
I hate to tast, for food withholds my dining,
I hate to see, mine eyes are dimd with teares,
I hate to smell, no sweet on earth is left,
I hate to feele, my flesh is numb'd with feares
So all my senses from me are bereft

'I hate all men, and shun all womankind,
The one, because as I they wretched are,
The other, for because I doo not finde
My love with them, that wout to be their
Starre

And life I hate, because it will not last,
And death I hate, because it life doth marre
And all I hate that is to come or past

'So all the world, and all in it I hate,
Because it chaungeth ever too and fro,
And never standeth in one certaine state,
But still unstedfast, round about doth goe
Like a Mill-wheele in midst of miserie,
Driven with streames of wretchednesse and woe,
That dying lives, and living still does dye

'So doo I live, so doo I daylie die
And pine away in selfe-consuming paine
Sith she that did my vitall powres supplie,
And feeble spirits in their force maintaine,
Is fetcht from me, why seeke I to prolong
My wearie dries in dolor and disdain
Weep, Shepheard' weep, to make my under-
song,

VI

'Why doo I longer live in lifes despight
And doo not dye then in despight of death,
Why doo I longer see this loathsome light
And doo in darknesse not abidge my breath,
Sith all my sorrow should have end thereby
And cares finde quiet' Is it so unearth
To leave this life, or dolorous to dye'

'To live I finde it deadly dolorous,
For life drawes care, and care continuall woe,
Therefore to dye must needes be joyous,
And wishfull thing thus sad life to forgoe
But I must stav, I may it not amend,
My Daphne hence departing bad me so,
She bad me stav, till she for me did send

'Yet, whilst I in this wretched vale doo stav
My wearie feete shall ever wandring be,
That still I may be readie on my way
When as her messenger doth come for me,
Ne will I rest my feete for feeblenesse,
Ne will I rest my limmes for frailtie
Ne will I rest mine eyes for heavnesse

But, as the mother of the Gods, that sought
For faire Eurydice, her daughter deere,
Throughout the world, with wofull heavie
thought,

So will I travell whilst I tarrie heere,
Ne will I lodge, ne will I ever lye,
Ne, when as drouping Titan draweth neere
To loose his teeme, will I take up my Inne

'Ne sleepe (the harbenger of wearie nights)
Shall ever lodge upon mine eyelids more,
Ne shall with rest refresh my fainting sprights,
Nor fuling force to former strength restore
But I will wake and sorrow all the night
With Philumene my fortune to deplore
With Philumene, the partner of my plight

'And ever as I see the starres to fall,
And under ground to goe to give them light
Which dwell in darknes, I to minde will call
How my fur Starre (that shinde on me so
Fell sodainly and faded under ground [bright])
Since whose departure, day is turn'd to night,
And night without a Venus starre is found

'But soone as day doth shew his deawie face
And calls forth men unto their toylosome trade,

I will withdraw me to some darksome place,
Or some deepe cave, or solitarie shade,
There will I sigh, and sorrow all day long,
And the huge burden of my cares unlade
Weep, Shepheard! weep, to make my under-song

V II

'Henceforth mine eyes shall never more be-
hold

I aine thing on earth, ne feed on false delight
Of ought that framed is of mortall mould,
Sith that my fairest flower is faded quight,
For all I see is vaine and transitorie,
Ne will be helde in aynie stedfast plight,
But in a moment loose their grace and glorie.

'And ye foud men! on fortunes wheele that
ride,

Or in ought under heaven repose assurance,
Be it riches, beautie, or honors pride,
Be sure that they shall have no long endurance,
But ere ye be aware will flit away, [unsure
I or nought of them is yours, but th' onely
Of a small time, which none ascertain may

'And ye, true Lovers! whom disastrous
chaunce

Hath farre exiled from your Ladies grace,
To mourne in sorrow and sad sufferance
When ye doo heare me in that desert place
Lamenting lowde my Daphnes I legie,
Help me to wayle my miserable case
And when life parts vouchsafe to close mine eyes

'And ye, more happie Lovers! which enjoy
The presence of your dearest loves delight,
When ye doo heare my sorrowfull annoy,
Yet putte me in your compassiond plight,
And thinke that such mishap, as chaunst to
me,

May happen unto the most happiest wight,
For all mens states alike unstedfast be

'And ye, my fellow Shepheards! which do
feed

Your carelesse flocks on hils and open plaines,
With better fortune than did me succeed,
Remember yet my undeserved paines,
And, when ye heare that I am dead or slaine,
Lament my lot, and tell your fellow-swaines
That sad Alex on dyde in lifes disdaine

'And ye, faire Damascels! Shepheards dere
delights, [resse,
That with your loves do their rude hearts pose,
When as my heart shall happen to your
sights,

Vouchsafe to deck the same with Cypresse,
And ever sprinkle brackish teares among,
In pittie of my undeserv'd distresse,
The which, I, wretch, endured have thus long

'And ye, poore Pilgrimes! that with restless
toyle

Weenie your selves in wandring desert waves,
Till that you come where ye your loves
enjoye,

When passing by ye read these wofull laves,
On my grave written, rue my Daphnes wrong,
And mourne for me that languish out my
dayes [song!

Cease, Shepheard! cease, and end thy under-

Thus when he ended had his heaveie plaint,
The heaviest plaint that ever I heard sound,
His cheekes waxt pale, and sprights began to
faint,

As if a, aine he would have fallen to ground,
Which when I saw, I (stepping to him light)
Amovved him out of his stonie swound,
And gan him to recomfort as I might

But he no waie recomforted would be,
Nor suffer solace to approach him me,
But casting up a sdeimfull eye at me,
That in his truncke I would not let him lie,
Did rend his haire, and beat his blubbred face,
As one disposed wilfullie to die,
That I sore griev'd to see his wretched case.

Tho when the pang was somewhat overpast,
And the outrageous passion nigh appeared,
I him desirde sith daie was overcast,
And darke night fast approached, to be pleased
To turne aside unto my Cabinet,
And staire with me, till he were better eased
Of that strong stownd which him so sore beset

But by no meanes I could him win thereto,
Ne longer him intreate with me to staire,
But without taking leave he forth did goe
With staggering pace and dismall lookes dismay,
As if that death he in the face had seene,
Or hellish hags had met upon the way,
But what of him became I cannot weene

COLIN CLOUTS COME HOME AGAINE.

BY ED SPENCER

TO THE RIGHT WORTHY AND NOBLE KNIGHT

SIR WALTER RALEIGH,

CAPTAINE OF HIR MAJESTIES GUARD, LORD WARDEN OF THE STANNERIES,
AND LIEUTENANT OF THE COUNTIE OF CORNWALL

Sir,

THAT you may see that I am not alwaies
v idle as yee thinke, though not greatly well
occupied, nor altogether undutifull, though
not precisely officious, I make you present of
this simple pastoral, unworthie of your
higher conceipt for the meanesse of the stile,
but agreeing with the truth in circumstance
and matter. The which I humbly beseech
you to accept in part of payment of the infi-
nite debt in which I acknowledge my selfe

bounden unto you, for your singular favours
and sundrie good turnes, shewed to me at my
late being in England, and with your good
countenance protect against the malice of
evill mouthes, which are alwaies wide open
to carpe at and misconstrue my simple mean-
ing. I pray continually for your happinesse
From my house of Kilcolman, the 27 of
December, 1591

Yours very humbly
ED SP

COLIN CLOUTS COME HOME AGAINE.

THE shepheards boy (best known by that
name)
That after Titivus first sung his lay,
Lanes of sweet love, without rebuke or blame,
Sate (as his custome was) upon a dawe,
Charming his oaten pipe unto his peres,
The shepheards swaine that did about him ply
Who all the while, with greedie listfull cares,
Did stand astonisht at his curious skill,
Like hartiesse deare, dismayd with thunders
At last, when as he piped had his fill, [sound
He rested him and, sitting then around,
One of those groomes (a jolly groom was he,
As ever piped on an oaten reed,
And lov'd this shepheard dearest in degree,
Hight Hobbinol.) gan thus to him ared
'Colin, my hefe, my life, how great a losse
Had all the shepheards nation by thy lacke
And I, poore swaine, of many, greatest crosse'
That, sith thy Muse first since thy turning
backe
Was heard to sound as she was wont on hye,
Hast made us all so blessed and so bly the

Whilste thou wast hence, all dead in dole did
lie
The woods were heard to waile full many a
And all their birds with silence to complaine
The fields with faded flowers did seem to
mourne,
And all their flocks from feeding to refraine
The running waters wept for thy returne,
And all their fish with languor did lament
But now both woods and fields and floods
revive,
Sith thou art come. their cause of merment,
That us, late dead, has made againe alive
But were it not too painfull to repeat
The passed fortunes, which to thee befell
In thy late voyage, we thee would entreat,
Now at thy leisure them to us to tell.
To whom the shepheard gently answered
thus,
'Hobbins, thou temptest me to that I covet
For of good passed newly to discuss,
By double usurie doth twice renew it
And since I saw that Angels blessed are,

Her worlds bright sun, her heavens fairest light,
My mind, full of my thoughts satietie
Doth feed on sweet contentment of that sight
Since that same day in nought I take delight,
No feeling live in any earthly pleasure,
But in remembrance of that glorious bright,
My lifes sole blisse, my hearts eternall threasure.

Wake then my pipe, my sleepe Muse,
Till I have told her praises lasting long
Hobbin desires, thou must it not forsake,—
Harke then, ye jolly shepherds to my song

With that they all gun throng about him
neare,

With hungrie eares to heare his harmonie
The whiles their flock, devoyd of dangers feare,
Did round about them feed at libertie

'One day (quoth he) I sat (as was my trade)
Under the foote of Mole that mountaine hore
Keeping my sheepe amongst the cooly shade
Of the greene alders by the Mullacs shore
There a straunge shepherd chaunst to find
me out,

Whether allured with my pipes delight,
Whose pleasing sound vskrilled far about,
Or thither led by chance, I know not right
Whom when I es'd from what place he came
And how he hight, himselfe he did yckepe
The Shepherd of the Ocean by name,
And said he came far from the main sea deepe,
He, sitting me beside in that same shade,
Provoked me to play some pleasant lit,
And, when he heard the musike which I made
He found himselfe full greatly pleased at it
Yet, emuling my pipe, he tooke in hand
My pipe, before that emuled of many,
And plaid thereon, (for well that skill he had)
Himselfe as skilfull in that art as any
He pip'd, I sung, and, when he sung, I piped
By chaunge of turnes, each making other mery,
Neither envying other, nor envied,
So piped we, until we both were weary

There interrupting him, a bonie swaine,
That Cuddy hight, him thus atweene be-praise
'And, should it not thy idle course re-straine,
I would request thee, Colin for my sake,
To tell what thou didst sing, when he did
plue,

For well I weene it wold recounting was,
Whether it were some by mine, or morall laie,
Or carol made to praise thy loved lasse

'Nor of my love, nor of my lasse (quoth he),
I then did sing, as then occasion fell
For love had me forlorne, forlorne of me,
That made me in that desrt chose to dwell
But of my river Bregogs love I soong,
Which to the shyny Mulla he did beare,
And yet doth beare, and ever will, so long

As water doth within his bancks appeare'
'Of fellow-shipp (said then that bonie boy)
Record to us that lovely lay againe (annoy,
The stave whereof shall nought these eares
Who all that Colin makes do covet fame'

'Here then (quoth he) the tenor of my tale,
In sort as I to that shepherd told
No lesing new, nor Grandams fable stale,
But auncient truth confirm'd with credence old
Old father Mole, (Mole hight that mountaine
gray

That wille the Northside of Armulla dale)
He had a daughter fresh as floure of May,
Which gave that name unto that pleasant vale
Mulla, the daughter of old Mole, so light
The Nymph, which of that water course has
charge,

That, springing out of Mole, doth run downe
To Buttesant, where, spreading forth at large,
It giveth name unto that auncient Cattie
Which Kilmullach elped is of old, (puttie
Whose rigged runnes breed greit ruth and
To travailer, which it from far behold
Full fume she lov'd, and was belov'd full fume
Of her owne brother river, Bregog hight,
So hight because of this deceitfull traine
Which he with Mulla wrought to win delight.
But her old sire more carefull of her good,
And meaning her much better to preferre
Did thinke to match her with the neighbour
flood

Which Allo hight, Broad-water called firre,
And wrought so well with his continuall paine,
That he that river for his daughter wonne
The dowre agreed the day assigned plaine,
The place appointed where it should be doone
Nath-lesse the Nymph her former liking held,
For love will not be drawne, but must be
ledde

And Bregog did so well her fancy weld,
That her good will he got her first to wedde.
But for her father, sitting still on hie,
Did warily still watch which way she went,
And eke from far observ'd, with jealous eie,
Which way his course the wanton Bregog
beut

Him to deceave for all his watchfull ward,
The wily lover did devise this slight
First into many parts his streame he shar'd
That, whilst the one was watcht, the other
might

Passes unespide to meete her by the way,
And then besides, those little streames so
broken

He under ground so closely did convey,
That of their passage doth appeare no token,
Till they into the Mullacs water slide
So secretly did he his love enjoy

Yet not so secret, but it was descride,
And told her father by a shepherds boy,
Who, wondrous wroth, for that so foule de-
spight,
In great avege did roll downe from his hill
Huge mightie stones, the which eucomber
might

His passage, and his water-courses spill
So of a River, which he was of old,
He none was made, but scattred all to nought,
And, lost among those rocks into him rold,
But lose his name so deare his love he bought,
Which having said, him thest his bespake,
'Now by my life this was a mery lay,
Worthie of Colin selfe, that did it make
But read now eke, of friendship I thee pray,
What dittie did that other shepherd sing
For I do covet most the same to heare,
As men use most to covet forreine thing'

'That shal I eke (quoth he) to you declare
His song was all a lamentable lay
Of great unkindnesse, and of usage hard,
Of Cynthia the Ladie of the Sea,
Which from her presence faultlesse him dehard
And ever and anon, with singults rise,
He cryed out, to make his undeisong,
Ah! my loves queene, and goddesse of my life
Who shal me pittie, when thou doest me
wrong'

Then gan a gentle bonylasse to speake,
That Marin hight, 'Right well be sure did
plaine, [breaque,
That could great Cynthiaes sore displeasure
And move to take him to her grace againe
But tell on further, Colin, as befell
Twixt him and thee, that thee did hence dis-
suade.' [well,

'When thus our pipes we both had wearied
(Quoth he) and each in end of singing made
He gan to cast great lyking to my lore,
And great disliking to my lucklesse lot,
That banisht had my selfe, like wight forelore.
Into that waste, where I was quite forgot
The which to leave, thenceforth he counseled
mee, [full

Unmeet for man, in whom was ought regard-
And wend with him, his Cynthia to see,
Whose grace was great, and bounty most re-
wardfull.

Besides her peerlesse skill in making well,
And all the ornaments of wondrous wit,
Such as all womankind did fir excell,
Such as the world admeyrd, and praised it
So what with hope of good, and hate of ill,
He me perswaded forth with him to fyre
Nought tooke I with me, but mine oaten quill
Small needmeets else need shepherd to pre-
pare.

So to the sea we came, the sea, that is
A world of waters heaped up on he,
Rolling like mountaines in wide wildernesses,
Horrible, hideous, roaring with hoarse crye'
'And is the sea (quoth Coridon) so fearfull?'
'Fearful much more (quoth he) then hart
can fear [gaping dreffull

Thousand wyld beasts with deep mouthes
Therin stid wut poore passengers to teare
Who life doth looth, and longs death to behold,
Before he die, alreadie dead with feare, [cold,
And yet would live with heart halfe stonie
Let him to sea, and he shall see it there
And yet as ghastly dreffull as it seemes,
Bold men, presuming life for gaine to sell,
Dare tempt that gulf, and in those wandring
stremes [hell

Seek waies unknowne, waies leading down to
For, as we stood there waiting on the strond,
Behold' an huge great vessel to us came,
Dauncing upon the waters back to lond,
As if it scorned the drunger of the same,
Yet was it but a wooden frame and fraile,
Glewed together with some subtile matter
Yet had it armes and wings, and head and
taile,

And life to move it selfe upon the water
Strange thing' how bold and swift the mon-
ster was, [ruine,
That neither car'd for wynd, nor Iale, nor
Nor swelling waves, but thorough them did
prusse

So proudly, that she made them roare againe
The same aboard us gently did receive,
And without harme us farre away did beare,
So farre that land, our mother, us did leave,
And nought but sea and heaven to us appeare.
Then hartlesse quite, and full of inward feare,
That shepherd I beought to me to tell,
Under what skie, or in what world we were,
In which I saw no living people dwell
Who, me recomforting all that he might,
Told me that that same was the Regiment
Of a great shepheardesse, that Cynthia hight,
His liege, his Ladie, and his lifes Regent.—

'If then (quoth I) a shepheardesse she bee,
Where be the flockes and heards, which she
doth keep?

And where may I the hills and pastures see,
On which she useth for to feed her sheepe?

'These be the hills (quoth he) the surges
be,

On which sure Cynthia her heards doth feed
Her heards be thousand fishes with their frye.
Which in the bosome of the bulloves breed
Of them the shepherd which hath charge in
chief,

Is Triton, blowing loud his wreathed home

At sound whereof, they all for their relief
Wend too and fro at evening and at morne
And Proteus eke with him does drive his
heard

Of stinking Serles and Porepices together,
With hoary head and dewy dropping beard,
Compelling them which way he list, and
whether

And, I among the rest, of many least,
Have in the O can charge to me assignd,
Whe e I will live or die at her behest
And serve and honour her with faithfull mind
Besides an hundred Nymphs all heavenly borne,
And of immortall race, doo still attend
To wash faire Cynthiaes sheep, when they be
ehorne,

And fold them up when they have made an
[and] those be the shepherds which my Cynthia
At sea, beside a thousand moe at land [serve
I or land and sea my Cynthia doth deserve
To have in her commandement all kind']

Thereat I wondred much, till, wondring
more

And more, at length we land far off deserve
Which sight much glided me, for much afore
I feard least land we never should have eide
Thereto our ship her course directly bent,
As if the way she perfectly had knowne

We Landv pisse, by that same name is ment
An island which the first to wet was shone
From thence another world of land we kend,
Kloting amid the sea in jeopardie

[heard] And round about with mightie white rocks
Against the seas encroching crueltie [tolds]

Those same, the shepherd told me, were the
In which dame Cynthia her landheards fed,
Faure goodly fields, then which Armulla yields
None fairer, nor more fruitfull to be red

The first, to which we nigh approached, was
An high headland thrust far into the sea,
Like to an horne, whereof the name it has,
Yet seemed to be a goodly pleasant lea

There did a lofty mount at first us greet,
Which did a stately heape of stones upreare,
That seemd amid the surges for to fleet,
Much greater then that frame which us did
beare,

There did our ship her fruitfull wombe unlade
And put us all ashore on Cynthiaes land

'What land is that thou meant, (then Cuddy
said)

And is there other then whereon we stand?'

'Ah! Cuddy (then quoth Colin) thous a
fon,

[worke] That hast not seene least part of natures
Much more there is unkend then thou doest
kon,

[turke] And much more that does from mens knowledge

For that same land much larger is then this,
And other men and beasts and birds doth feed
There fruitfull corne, faire trees, fresh herbage

15,
And all things el-e that living creatures need
Besides most goodly rivers there appeare,
No what inferiour to the Ianehins praise,
Or unto Allo, or to Mulla Jaire
Nought hast thou, foolish boy, seene in thy
drics'

[here,

'But if that land be there (quoth he) as
And is their heaven likewise there all one'

And, if like heaven, be heavenly graces there,
I like as in this same world where we do wone'

'Both heaven and heavenly graces do much
more

(Quoth he) abound in that same land then this
I or there all happie peace and plenteous store

Conspire in one to make contented blisse
No wailing there nor wretchednesse is heard,
No bloodie issues nor no leproxies,

No grisly famine, nor no raging sword,
No nightly bordrags, nor no hue and cries,

The shepherds there abroad may safely lie,
On hills and downes, withouten dread or daun-

ger [roy

No ravenous wolves the good mans hope des-

Nor outlawes sell as in the forest raunger
There his hard arts do flourish in great honor,

And Poets wits are had in peerlesse price
Religion hath his power to rest upon her,

Advancing vertue and suppressing vice
I or end all good all grace there freely grows,

Had people grace it gratefully to use
I or God his gifts there plenteously bestowes,

But graces-c men then greatly do abuse.'

'But say on further (then said Corias)
The rest of thine adventures, that betyded'

'I oorth on our voyage we by land did
passe,

(Quoth he) as that same shepherd still us
guided

Untill that we to Cynthiaes presence came
Whose glorie greater then my simple thought,

I found much greater then the former fame,
Such greatness I cannot compare to ought

But I her like ought on earth might rad,
I would her liken to a crowne of lilies,

Liou a virgin brides adorned head,
With Roses dight and Gouds and Daffadillies,

Or like the circlet of a Turtle true,
In which all colours of the rainbow bee,

Or like fure Phibes girlond shining new,
In which all pure perfection one may see

But vaine it is to thinke, by paragone
Of earthly things, to judge of things divine

Her power, her meiry, her wisdom, none
Can deeme, but who the Godhead can decline

Why then do I, base shepheard, bold and blind,

Presume the things so sacred to prophane ?
More fit it is t'adore, with humble mind,

The image of the heavens in shape humane '

With that Alexis broke his tale asunder,
Saying, 'By wondring at thy Cynthiaes
praise,

Colin, thy selfe thou mak'st us more to wonder,
And her upraising doest thy selfe upraise
But let us heare what grice she shewed thee,
And how that shepheard strange thy cause
advanced'

'The Shepheard of the Ocean (quoth he)
Unto that Goddess grace me first enhanced,
And to mine oaten pipe enclind her care,
That she thenceforth therein gan take de-
light,

And it desir'd at timely houres to heare,
All were my notes but rude and roughly
dight,

For not by measure of her owne great mynd,
And wondrous worth, she mott my simple
song, [f]nd

But joyd that country shepheard ought could
Worth harkening to, amongst the learned
throng' [shee]

'Why? (said Alexis then) what needeth
That is so great a shepheardesse her selfe,
And hath so many shepherds in her fee,
To heare thee sing, a simple silly life ?
Or be the shepherds which do serve her
laesie,

That they list not their mery pipes applie'
Or be their pipes untunable and craesie,
That they cannot her honour worthilye ?

'Ah' nay (said Colin) neither so, nor so -

For better shepherds be not under skie,
Nor better babie, when they list to blow
Their pipes aloud, her name to glorie
There is good Harpalus, now wene aged
In faithful service of true Cynthia
And there is Corydon though meanly waged,
Yet liabest wit of most I know this day
And there is sad Alcyon bent to mourne,
Though fit to fame an everlasting dittie,
Whose gentle spright for Daphnes death
doth tourne

Sweet laves of love to endlesse plaints of
pittie.

Ah! pensive boy, pursue that brave concept
In thy sweete Iglantine of Meriflure,
Lift up thy notes unto their wonted height,
That may thy Muse and mates to mirth allure
There eke is Palm worthe of great praise,
Albe he envie at my rustick quill
And there is pleasing Alcon, could he raise
His tunes from laies to matter of more skill

And there is old Palemon free from spight
Whose carefull pipe may make the hearer
rew

Yet he himselfe may rewed be more right,
That sung so long untill quite hoarse he grew
And there is Alibaster throughly taught
In all this skill, though knowne yet to few,
Yet, were he knowne to Cynthia as he ought,
His luseis would be redde anew
Who lives that can match that heroick song,
Which he hath of that mightie Princesse
made?

O dreaded Dread, do not thy selfe that wrong,
To let thy fame lie so in hidden shade
But call it forth, O call him forth to thee,
To end thy glorie which he hath begun
That, when he finisht hath as it should be,
No braver Poeme can be under Sun
Nor Po nor Tyburs swans so much renowned,
Nor all the brood of Greece so highly praised,
Can match that Muse when it with bayes is
crowned,

And to the pitch of her perfection raised
And there is a new shepheard late up sprong,
The which doth all afore him far surpass,
Appearing well in that well tuned song,
Which lte he sung unto a scornfull lasse
Yet doth his trembling Muse but lowly flie,
As daring not too rashly mount on light,
And doth her tender plumes as yet but trie
In loves soft laies and loo-er thoughts delight.
Then rouze thy feathers quickly, Daniell,
And to what course thou please thy selfe ad-
vance

But most, me seemes, thy accent will excell
In Tragicke plaints and passionate mischance
And there that Shepheard of the Ocean is,
That spends his wit in loves consuming
smart

Full sweetly tempted is that Muse of his,
That e in empiece a Princes mightie hart.
There also is (ah no, he is not now')
But since I said he is, he quite is gone,
Amyntas quite is gone, and hes full low,
Having his Amaryllis left to mone
Helpe, O ye shepherds, helpe ye all in this,
Helpe Amaryllis this her losse to mourne
Her losse is yours, your losse Amyntas is,
Amyntas, floure of shepherds pride forlorne
He whilst he lived was the noblest swaine,
That ever piped in an oaten quill

Both did he other, which could pipe, main-
taine, [skill]

And eke could pipe himselfe with passing
And there, though last not least, is Acton,
A gentler shepheard may no where be found
Whose Muse, full of high thoughts invention,
Doth like himselfe Heroically sound

All these, and many others mo remaine,
 Now, after Astofell is dead and gone
 But, while as Astofell did live and raine,
 Amongst all these was none his paragone
 All these do flourish in their sundry kynd,
 And do their Cynthia immortall make
 Yet found I lying in her rovell mynd
 Not for my skill but for that shepherds sake

Then spake a lovely lasse hight Lucida.
 'Shepherd enough of shepherds thou hast
 Which favour thee, and honour Cynthia [told
 But of so many Nymphs, which she doth hold
 In her retinue, thou hast nothing said
 That seems, with none of them thou favor
 foundest

Or art ingratefull to each gentle myd
 That none of all their due deserts resoundest

'As far be it (quoth Colin Clout) from me
 That I of gentle Maids should ill deserve'
 For that my selfe I do profess to be
 Vassall to one, whom all my dayes I serve,
 The beame of beautie sparkled from above,
 The floure of vertue and pure chritie
 The blosome of sweet joy and perfect love
 The pearle of peerlesse grace and modestie
 To her my thoughts I daily dedicate,
 To her my heart I nightly martyrize
 To her my love I lowly do prostrate,
 To her my life I wholly sacrifice
 My thought, my heart my love, my life is shee,
 And I hers ever onely ever one
 One ever I all vowed hers to bee
 One ever I, and others never none.'

Then thus Melissa said 'Thrice happy
 Whom thou doest so enforce to dote [maide
 That woods, and hills and valleys thou hast
 Her name to echo unto heaven lue
 But say who else vouchsafed thee of grace'

'They all (quoth he) me graced goodly well,
 That all I praise, but in the highest place,
 Cynthia, sister unto Astofell,
 In whose brave mynd as in a golden cofer
 All heavenly gifts and riches locked are,
 More rich then perles of Ynde, or gold of Opher,
 And in her sex more wonderfull and rare
 Ne lesse praise-worthie I than can read [dight
 Whose goodly beames though they be over-
 With mourning stole of carefull wyndowherd,
 Yet through that darksome vale do glister
 bright

She is the well of bountie and brave mynd
 Excelling most in glorie and great light
 She is the ornament of womankind
 And courts chief garland with all vertues dight,
 Therefore great Cynthia her in chiefest grace
 Doth hold, and next unto her selfe advance,
 Well worthie of so honourable place,
 For her great worth and noble governance,

Ne lesse praise-worthie is her sister deare,
 Faire Marian, the Muses onely darling
 Whose beautie shyneth as the morning cleare,
 With silver dew upon the roses pearling
 Ne lesse praise-worthie is Minerva [traine
 Best knowne by beering up great Centaures
 That same is she to whom Daphnuda
 Upon her neeces death I did complaine
 She is the patrone of true womanherd
 And onely mirror of feminite

Worthie next after Cynthia to tread,
 As she is next her in nobilitie.
 Ne lesse praise-worthie Galathea seemes,
 Then best of all that honourable crew,
 Faire Galathea with bright shining beames,
 Inflaming feeble eyes that her do view
 She there then waited upon Cynthia
 Yet there is not her won, but here with us
 About the borders of our rich Cosima
 Now made of Maes the Nymph delicious
 Ne lesse praise-worthie faire Neera is,
 Neera ours not there though there she be,
 For of the famous Shure the Nymph she is,
 For high desert advaunt to that degree
 She is the blosome of grace and curtesie,
 Adorned with all honourable part-
 She is the brunch of true nobilitie,
 Belov'd of high and low with faithfull harts.
 Ne lesse praise-worthie Stella do I read,
 Though nought my praises of her needed are
 Whom verse of noblest shepherd lately dead
 Hath prais'd and rais'd above each other starre.

Ne lesse praise-worthie are the sisters three,
 The honor of the noble familie
 Of which I meaneest boast my selfe to be,
 And most that unto them I am so nie,
 Phillis Charillis, and sweet Amarvill
 Phillis the faire, is eldest of the three
 The next to her is bountifull Charillis
 But the yongest is the highest in degree.
 Phillis, the floure of rare perfection,
 Faire spreading forth her leaves with fresh
 delight,

That, with their beauties amorous reflexion
 Bereave of sence each rash beholders sight
 But sweet Charillis is the Paragone
 Of peerlesse price, and ornament of praise,
 Admir'd of all, yet envied of none.
 Through the myld temperance of her goodly
 rues

Thrice happy do I hold thee, noble swaine.
 The which art of so rich a spoile possest
 And, it embracing deare without disdaine
 Hast sole possession in so chaste a brest! [bee.
 Of all the shepherds daughters which there
 And yet there be the fairest under skie,
 Or that elsewhere I ever yet did see,
 A fairer Nymph yet never saw mine eye.

She is the pride and primrose of the rest,
Made by the Maker selfe to be admired,
And like a goodly beacon high adrest,
That is with sparks of hevenlie beautie fired.
But Amarvilis, whether fortunate
Or else unfortunate may I read,
That freed is from Cupids yoke by fate,
Since which she doth new brinde adventure
dread, —

Shepherd, what ever thou hast heard to be
In this or that prayd diversly apart,
In her thou must them all assembled see,
And send up in the treasure of her hart
Ne thee lesse worthie, gentle Flavin,
For thy chaste life and vertue I esteeme
Ne thee lesse worthie, courteous Candida,
For thy true love and loyaltie I deeme
Besides yet many mo that Cynthia serve,
Right noble Nymphs, and high to be com-
mended

But, if I all should praise as they deserve,
This sun would faile me ere I halfe had ended
Therefore, in closure of a thankfull mynd,
I deeme it best to hold eternally [shroud,
Their bounteous deeds and noble favours
Then by discourse them to indigne

So having said, Aglaura him bespake
'Colin, well worthie were those goodly favours
Bestowd on thee, that so of them doest make,
And them requitest with thy thankfull labours
But of great Cynthiaes goodness, and high
grace,

Finish the storie which thou hast begunne.'

'More eath (quoth he) it is in such a case
How to begin, then know how to have donne
For everie gift, and everie goodly meed,
Which she on me bestowd, demunds a day,
And everie day, in which she did a deed,
Demunds a yere it duly to display [ing,
Her words were like a stream of honny sweet-
The which doth softly trickle from the hie,
Hable to melt the hearers heart unweeting,
And eke to make the dead againe alive
Her deeds were like great clusters of ripe
grapes,

Which load the bunches of the fruitfull vine,
Offering to fill into each mouth that grapes,
And fill the same with store of timely wine
Her looks were like beames of the morning
Sun,

Forth looking through the windowes of the
When first the fleecie cattell have begun
Upon the perled grasse to make their feast
Her thoughts are like the fume of Frankincence,
Which from a golden Censer forth doth rise,
And throwing forth sweet odours mounts fro
thence

In rolling globes up to the vnted skies.

There she beholds, with high aspiring thought,
The cradle of her owne creation,
Emongst the seats of Angels heavenly wrought
Much like an Angell in all forme and fashion.

'Colin, (said Cuddy then) thou hast forgot
Thy selfe, me seemes, too much, to mount so
hie

Such lofty flight base shepherd seemeth not
From flocks and fields, to angels and to skie'

'True (answered he) but her grent excellence
Lifts me above the measure of my might
That, being filld with furious insolence,
I feele my selfe like one y rapt in spright,
For when I thinke of her, as oft I ought,
Then want I words to speake it fitly forth
And, when I speake of her what I have
thought,

I cannot thinke according to her worth
Yet will I thinke of her, yet will I speake,
So long as life my limbs doth hold together,
And, when as death these vitall bands shall
breake,

Her name recorded I will leave for ever
Her name in every tree I will endosse, [grow
That, as the trees do grow, her name may
And in the ground each where will it engrosse,
And till with stones, that all men may it know
The speaking woods, and murmuring waters
fall,

Her name Ile teach in knowen terms to frame
And eke my lambs, when for their dimes they
Ile teach to call for Cynthia by name [call,
And, long while after I am dead and rotten,
Amongst the shepherds daughters dancing
round

My layes made of her shall not be forgotten,
But sung by them with flowry garlands crown'd
And ye, who so ye be, that still survive,
When as ye heare her memory renewed,
Be witness of her bountie here alive, [shew'd'
Which she to Colin her poore shepherd

Much was the whole assembly of those heards
Moov'd at his speech, so feelingly he spake
And stood while astonisht at his words,
Till Thestylis at last their silence brake,

Saying 'Why Colin, since thou found'st such
With Cynthia and all her noble crew, [grace
Why didst thou ever leave that happie place,
In which such wealth might unto thee accrue,
And brack returnedst to this barren soyle,
Where cold and care and penury do dwell,
Here to keep sheepe, with hunger and with
toyle'

Most wretched he, that is and cannot tell'
'Happie indeed (said Colin) I him hold,
That may that blessed presence still enjoy,
Of fortune and of envie uncomptroll'd,
Which still are wont most happie states to annoy

But I, by that which little while I prooved,
Some part of those enormities did see,
The which in Court continually hooved,
And followed those which happie seemd to bee
Therefore I, silly man, whose former dayes
Had in rude fields bene altogether spent,
Durst not adventure such unknown wayes,
Nor trust the guile of fortunes blandishment,
But rather chose back to my sheep to tourne,
Whose utmost hardnesse I before had tryde,
Then, having leard repentance late, to mourne
Amongst those wretches which I there de-
servide.

Shepherd, (said Thestylis) it seemes of
Thou speakest thus grist myr scheltie,
Which thou enviest, rather then of right
That ought in them blameworthy thou doest
spie

'Cause have I none (quoth he) of cankered
To quite them ill, that me demand so well
But selfe-regard of private good or ill
Moves me of each, so as I found, to tell [wit,
And eke to warne yong shepherds wandring
Which, through report of that lives painted
Abandon quiet home to seeke for it, [blisse,
And leave their lammes to losse, misled misse.
For, sooth to say, it is no sort of life,
For shepherd fit to lead in that same place,
Where each one seeks with malice, and with
strife,

To thrust downe other into foule disgrace,
Himselfe to raise and he doth soone rise
That best can handle his deceitfull wit
In subtil shifts, and finest sleights devise,
Either by slandering his well-deemed name,
Through leasings lewd, and fained forgerie,
Or else by breeding him some blot of blame,
By creeping close into his secrecie,
To which him needs a guilefull hollow hart,
Masked with faire dissembling curtesie,
A fild toung, furnisht with termes of art,
No art of schoole, but Courtiers schoolery
For arts of schoole have there small counten-
ance,

Counted but toys to busie ydle braines,
And there professors find small maintenance,
But to be instruments of others games
Ne is there place for any gentle wit
Unless to please it selfe it can apphe,
But shouldred is, or out of doore quite shrit,
As base, or blunt, unmeet for melodie
For each mans worth is measured by his weed,
As harts by hornes, or asses by their eares
Yet asses been not all whose eares exceed,
Nor yet all harts that hornes the highest beares,
For highest lookes have not the highest mynd,
Nor haughtie words most full of highest
thoughts

But are like bladders blowen up with wynd,
That being prickt do vanish into noughts
Even such is all their vaunted vantage, away,
Nought else but smoke, and fumeth soone
Such is their glorie that in simple vie [gay
Seeme greatest, when their garments are most
So they themselves for praise of fooles do sell,
And all their wealth for painting on a wall,
With price wherof they buy a golden bell,
And purchase highest rownes in bowre and
Whiles single Truth and simple Honestie [hall
Do wander up and downe despy'sd of all,
Their plume attire such glorious gallantry
Di-daines so much, that none them in doth
call

'Ah' Colin, (then said Hobbinol) the blame
Which thou imputest, is too generall,
As if not any gentle wit of name
Nor honest mynd might there be found at all
For well I wot, sith I my selfe was there,
To wait on Lobbin, (Lobbin well thou knewest,)
Full many worthie ones then waiting were,
As ever else in Princes Court thou wast
Of which among you many yet remaine,
Whose names I cannot readily now ghesse
Those that poore Sutors papers do retaine,
And those that skill of medicine professe,
And those that do to Cynthia expound
The ledde of strange languages in charge
For Cynthia doth in sciences abound,
And gives to their professors stipends large
Therefore unjustly thou doest wyte them all,
I or that which thou mishakedst in a few

'Blame is (quoth he) more blamelesse
generall,
Then that which private errors doth pursue,
For well I wot, that there amongst them bee
Full many persons of right worthie parts,
Both for report of spotlesse honestie,
And for profession of all learned arts,
Whose praise hereby no whit impaired is,
Though blame do light on those that faultie
bee,

For all the rest do most what fare amys
And yet their owne misfaring will not see
For either they be puffed up with pride,
Or fraught with envie that their galls do swell,
Or they their dayes to ydlenesse divide,
Or drowned lie in pleasures wastefull well,
In which like Moldwarps nousing still they
lurke,

Unmindfull of chiefe parts of manlinesse
And do themselves, for want of other worke,
Vaine votaries of laesie Love professe,
Whose service high so basely they ensow,
That Cupid selfe of them ashamed is,
And, mustring all his men in Venus view,
Denies them quite for servitors of his

'And is Love then (said Corylas) once
knowne
In Court, and his sweet lore professed there?
I weened sure he was our God alone,
And only wound in fields and forests here
'Not so, (quoth he) Love most aboundeth
there
For all the walls and windows there are writ,
All full of love, and love, and love my deare,
And all their talke and studie is of it
Ne my there doth brave or valiant seeme,
Unless that some gay Mistresse badge he
beares
Ne any one himselfe doth ought esteeme,
Unless he swim in love up to the eares
But they of love, and of his sacred lore,
(As it should be) all otherwise devise,
Then we poore shepherds are accustomed
here,
And him do sue and serve all otherwise
For with lewd speeches, and lecherous deeds,
His mightie mysteries they do prophane,
And use his ydle name to other needs
But as a complement for courting vaine
So him they do not serve as they professe,
But make him serve to them for sordid uses
Ah! my dread Lord, that doest liege hearts
possesse,
Avenge thy selfe on them for their abuses
But we poore shepherds whether rightly so,
Or through our rudenesse into error led,
Do make religion how we rashly go
To serve that God, that is so greatly dred,
For him the greatest of the Gods we deeme,
Borne without Syre or couples of one kind,
For Venus selfe doth soly couples seeme,
Both male and female through commixture
joynd
So pure and spotlesse Cupid forth she brought,
And in the gardens of Adonis nurst
Where growing he his owne perfection
wrought,
And shortly was of all the Gods the first.
Then got he bow and shafts of gold and lead,
In which so fell and puissant he grew,
That Joye himselfe his powre began to dread,
And, taking up to heaven, him godded new
From thence he shootes his arrowes every
where
Into the world, at randon as he will,
On us fraile men, his wretched vassals here,
Like as himselfe us pleaseth save or spill.
So we him worship, so we him adore
With humble hearts to heaven uplifted him,
That to true loves he may us evermore
Preferre, and of their grace us dignifie
Ne is there shepherd, ne yet shepherds
swaine,

What ever feeds in forest or in field,
That dare with evil deed or leasing vaine
Blaspheme his powre, or termes unworthie
yield'
'Shepheard, it seemes that some celestiall
Of Love (quoth Cuddy) is breath'd into thy
brest,
That powreth forth these oracles so sage
Of that high powre, wherewith thou art
possest
But never wist I till this present day,
Albe of love I always humbly deemed,
That he was such in one as thou doest say,
And so religiously to be esteemed
Well may it seeme, by this thy deep insight,
That of that God the Priest thou shouldst
bee,
So well thou wotst the mysterie of his might,
As if his godhead thou didst present see
'Of loves perfection perfectly to speake,
Or of his nature rightly to define,
Indeed (said Colin) passeth reasons reach,
And needs his priest to expresse his powre
divine
For long before the world he was y bore,
And bled above in Venus bosome deare
For by his powre the world was made of ore,
And all that therein wondrous doth appeare.
For how should else things so far from attone,
And so great enemies as of them bee,
Be ever drawne together into one
And taught in such accordance to agree
Through him the cold began to covet heat,
And water fire, the light to mount on hie,
And th' heave downe to peize, the hungry
And yovnesse to seeke full satietie [t'eat,
So, being former foes, they wexed friends,
And gay by litle learne to love each other
So, being knit, they brought forth other kynds
Out of the fruitfull wombe of their great mother
Then first gan heaven out of darknesse dread
For to appeare, and brought forth chearfull
day
Next gan the earth to shew her naked head,
Out of deep waters which her drown'd away
And, shortly after, everie living wight
Crept forth like wormes out of her slimie
nature
Soone as on them the Suns life-giving-light
Had powred kindly heat and formall feature,
Thenceforth they gan each one his like to love,
And like himselfe desire for to beget
The Lyon chose his mate, the Turtle Dove
Her deare, the Dolphin his owne Dolphinet,
But man, that had the sparke of reasons might
More then the rest to rule his passion
Chose for his love the fairest in his sight.
Like as himselfe was fairest by creation

For beautie is the byrt which with delight
Doth man allure for to enlarge his kynd,
Beautie, the burning lamp of heavens light,
Darting her beames into each feeble mynd
Against whose power, nor God nor man can
fynd

Defence ne ward the danger of the wound,
But, being hurt, seeke to be mede and
Of her that first did stir that mortall stound
Then do they cry and call to love apace
With prayr and loud importuning the skie,
Whence he them heares, and, when he list
shew griefe,

Does graunt them gracie that otherwise would
So love is Lord of all the world by right,
And rules the creatures by his powerfull sight
All bring in the vassall of his might,
Through secret sence which thereto doth them
draw

Thus ought all lovers of their lord to doe me,
And with chaste heart to honor him alway
But who so else doth otherwise esteeme,
Are outlawes, and his lore do disobey
For their desire is base, and doth not merit
The name of love but of disloyall lust
Ne monest true lovers they shall place inherit,
But as I rule out of his court be thrust

So having said, Melissa spake at will
Colin thou now full deeply hast dynd
Of Love and beautie and, with wondrous skill
Hast Cupid selfe depainted in his kynd
To thee are all true lovers greatly bound
That doest their cause so mightily defend
But most all women are thy debtors found,
That doest their bountie still so much commend

That ill (said Hobbinol) they him requite,
For having loved ever one most deare
He is repaid with scorne and soule dispute,
That vkes each gentle heart which it doth heare

Indeed (said Lucie) I have often heard
Faure Rosalind of divers fowls blamed
For being to that sw one too cruell hard,
In t her bright glorie else hath much defamed
But who can tell what cause had that faire
To use him so that used her so well, Mayd
Or who with blame can justly her upbraid

For loving not & for who can love compell?
And, sooth to say, it is foolhardie thing,
Rashly to woe creatures so divine
For duggels this he and first did spring
From heaven, though graft in frailtiese sem-
m

And well I wote that oft I heard it spoken,
How can, that faire Helene did vyle,
Through judgement of the gods to been
wroth on

Lost both his eyes and so remaynd long t hile,
Till he repented had his wicked rime
And made amends to her with treble praise
How was therefore, ye groomes I read betimes
How rashly blame of it wold ye raise
'Ah' shepherds, (thou said Colin) ye ne
west

How givt a guilt upon your heads ye draw,
To make us hold a drome, with words unwet,
Of things which shall which ye never saw
For she is not like as the oil or crew [bee,
Of shepherds daughters which amongst you
But of divine regard and heavens heve,
I see him, all that ever ye did see.
Not then to her that seemed thing so base,
But to my selfe the blame that lookt so hee
So hee her thoughts as shee her selfe have
place,

And loath each lowly thing with lothe eye
Yet so much grice let her vouchsafe to grant
To simple swaine, with her I may not loe
Yet that I may her honour parvaunt,
And praise her worth, though far my wit above
Such gracie shall be so ne question for the grice,
And long affliction which I have endured
Such gracie so in times shall give me some re-
lite,

And ease of paine which cannot be requerd
And yet, my fellow shepherds, which do see
And heare the languors of my too long dying,
Unto the world for ever witness be
That here I die, notwithstanding to the world denying,
This simple trophie of her great conquest

So, having ended hee from ground did rise,
And after him uprose the all the rest
All loth to part, but that the glooming skies
Warned them to draw their blating flocks to
rest

ASTROPHEL.

A PASTORALL ELEGIE,

UPON THE DEATH OF THE MOST NOBLE AND VALOROUS KNIGHT,

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY

DEDICATED TO THE MOST BEAUTIFULL AND VERTUOUS LADIE,

THE COUNTESS OF ESSEX

SHEPHERDS, that wont, on pipes of oaten reed, Oft times to plume your loves concealed And with your piteous layes have learned to breed Compassion in a countrey lasses hart Hearken, ye gentle shepherds, to my song, And place my dolefull plaint your plaints emong To you alone I sing this mournfull verse, The mournfullst verse that ever man heard tell	To you whose softened hearts it may emperse With dolours dart for death of Astrophel To you I sing and to none other wight, For well I wot my rymes bene rudely dight Yet as they been, if any nyce wit Shall hap to heare, or covet them to read Thinke he, that such are for such ones most fit, Made not to please the living but the dead And if in him found pity ever place, Let him be moov'd to pity such a case
---	--

ASTROPHEL.

A GENTLE shepheard borne in Arcady, Of gentlist race that ever shepheard bore, About the grassie bancks of Hamony Did keepe his sheep, his litle stock and store Full carefully he kept them day and night, In fairest fields, and Astrophel he light Young Astrophel, the pride of shepherds praise, Young Astrophel, the rusticke lasses love Far passing all the pastors of his dries, In all that seemly shepheard might behove In one thing onely failing of the best, That he was not so happie as the rest For from the time that first the Nymphe his mothei [feed, Him forth did bring, and taught her lambs to A slender swaine, excelling far each other, In comely shape, like her that did him breed, He grew up fast in goodnesse and in grice, And doubly sure wox both in mynd and face	Which daily more and more he did augment, With gentle usage and demennure myld That all mens hearts with secret ravishment He stole away, and weetingly beguyld Ne spight it selfe, that all good things doth spill, Found ought in him, that she could sav was ill His sports were faire, his joyunce innocent Sweet without sowre, and honny without gall And he himselfe seemed made for meriment, Merly masking both in bowre and hall There was no plesure nor delightfull play, When Astrophel so ever was away For he could pipe, and dounce, and croll sweet, Emongst the shepherds in their shearing fest, As Somers lark that with her song doth greet The dawning day forth coming from the East
--	---

And laves of love he also could compose
Thrise happie she, whom he to praise did
chose.

Full many Maydens often did him woo,
Them to vouchsafe amongst his rimes to name,
Or make for them as he was wont to doo
For her that did his heart with love inflame
For which they promised to dight for him
Gry chapelets of flowers and gyrlonds trim

And many a Nymph both of the wood and
brooke,

Soone as his oaten pipe began to shrill,
Both christall wells and shade groves forsooke,
To heare the charmes of his enchanting skill,
And brought him presents, flowers if it were
prime

Or mellow fruit if it were harvest time

But he for none of them did care a whit,
Yet woodgods for them often sighed sore
Ne for their gifts unworthie of his wit,
Yet not unworthie of the countries store
For one alone he cared, for one he sigh't,
His lifes desire, and his deare loves delight

Stella the faire, the fairest star in skie,
As faire as Venus or the fairest faire,
(A fairer star saw never living eie,)
Shot her sharp pointed beames through purest
aire

Her he did love, her he alone did honor
His thoughts, his rimes, his songs were all
upon her

To her he vovd the service of his daies,
On her he spent the riches of his wit
For her he made hymnes of immortall praise,
Of onely her he sung, he thought, he writ
Her and but her, of love he worthie deemed,
For all the rest but litle he esteemed

Ne her with ydle words alone he vowed,
And verses vaine, (yet verses are not vaine,)
But with brave deeds to her sole service vovd,
And bold atchievements her did entertaime
For both in deeds and words he nourtred was,
Both wise and hardie, (too hardie, alas')

In wrestling numble, and in renning swift,
In shooting steddie, and in swimming strong
Well made to strike to throw to leape, to lift,
And all the sports that shepheards are among
In every one he vanquisht every one,
He vanquisht all, and vanquisht was of none.

Besides, in hunting such felicitie,
Or rather infelicitie, he found,
That every field and forest far away
He sought, where salvage beasts do most
abound

No beast so salvage but he could it kill,
No chace so hard, but he therein had skill.

Such skill, matcht with such courage as he had,
Did prick him forth with proud desire of
praise

To seek abroad, of daunger nought to drad,
His mistresse name, and his owne fame to
raise

What needeth perill to be sought abroad
Since round about us it doth make abroad

It fortun'd as he that perillous game
In forreine soyle pursued far awaie,
Into a forest wide and waste he came
Where store he heard to be of salvage pray
So wide a forest and so waste as this,
Nor famous Arden, nor fowle Arlo, is

There his welwoven toyles, and subtil traines,
He laid the brutish nation to enwrap
So well he wrought with practise and with
paines,

That he of them great troupes did soone entrap
Full happie man (misweening much) was hee,
So rich a spoile withun his power to see.

Utsometimes, all heedlesse of his dearest hale,
Full greedily into the heard he thrust,
To slaughter them and worke their finall bale,
Least that his toyle should of their troupes be
brust

Wide wounds amongst them many one he made,
Now with his sharp bore-spear, now with his
blade

His care was all how he them all might kill,
That none might scape. (so partiaill unto none)
Ill mynd so much to mynd anothers ill,
As to become unmyndfull of his owne
But pardon that unto the cruell skies,
That from himselfe to them withdrew his eyes

So as he rag'd amongst that beastly rout,
A cruell beast of most recursed brood (scout,)
Upon him turnd, (desperre makes cowards
And, with fell tooth accustomed to blood
Launched his thigh with so mischievous might,
That it both bone and muscles ryed quight

So deadly was the dint and deep the wound,
And so huge streames of blood thereout did
That he endured not the dreffull stound, [flow,
But on the cold deare earth himselfe did throw,
The whiles the captive heard his nets did rend,
And, having none to let, to wood did wend.

Ah! where were ye this while his shepheard
peeres,

To whom alive was nought so deare as hee
And vaine Mayds, the matches of his yeares,
Which in his grace did boast yon most to bee!

Ah! where were ye when he of you had need,
To stop his wound that wondrously did bleed!

Ah! wretched boy, the shape of drevrhead,
And sad ensample of mans sudden end
Full little saileth but thou shalt be dead,
Unpiued, unplaynd, of foe or friend
Whilst none is nigh, thine eyelids up to close.
And kisse thy lips like faded leaves of rose.

A sort of shepheards, sewing of the chace.
As they the forest raunged on a day
By fate or fortune came unto the place,
Where as the lucklesst boy et bleeding lay,
Yet bleeding lay, and yet would still have bled
Had not good hap those shepheards thether led

They stopt his wound (too late to stop it was!)
And in their armes then softly did him reare
Tho (as he wild) unto his loved lasse,
His dearest love, him dolefully did beare.
The dolefulst beare that ever man did see,
Was Astrophel, but dearest unto mee!

She, when she saw her love in such a plight,
With crudled blood and filthie gore deformed
That wrot to be with flowers and gylonds
dight.

And her deare favours dearly well adorned
Her face, the fairest face that eye mote see,
She likewise did deforme, like him to bee.

Her yellow locks that shone so bright and long,
As Sunny beames in fairest somers day,
She fierly tore, and with outrageous wrong
From her red cheeks the roses rent away,
And her faire breast, the treasury of joy,
She spoyld thereof, and filled with annoy

His palled face, unpictured with death
She bathed oft with teares, and dried oft
And with sweet kisses suckt the wasting breath
Out of his lips like lilies pale and soft
And oft she cald to him, who answerd nought.
But onely by his looks did tell his thought

The rest of her impatient regret,
And piteous mone the which she for him made,
No tongue can tell nor any forth can set
But he whose heart like sorrow did mangle
At last when paine his vitall powres had spent,
His wasted life her wearie lodge forwent

Which when she saw, she staid not a whit,
But after him did make untimely haste
Forth-with her ghost out of her corps did flit,
And followed her make like turtle chaste
To prove that death their hearts cannot divide.
Which living were in love so firmly tide.

The gods which all things see. thus same be-
held,

And, pittying this pure of lovers trew,
Transformed them there living on the field,
Into one flowre that is both red and blew
It first growes red, and then to blew doth fade,
Like Astrophel, which thereunto was made

And in the midst thereof a star appeares,
As fairly formd as any star in skyes,
Resembling Stella in her freshest yeares
Forth darting beames of beautie from her eyes
And all the day it standeth full of dew,
Which is the teares that from her eyes did flow

That hearbe of some Starlight is cald by name,
Of others Penthea. though not so well
But thou where ever thou doest finde the same.
From this day forth do call it Astrophel
And, when so ever thou it up doest take
Do pluck it softly for that shepheards sake.

Hereof when tydings far abroad did passe,
The shepheards all which loved him full deare
And sure full deare of all he loved was,
Did thether flock to see what they did heare.
And when that piteous spectacle they viewed,
The same with bitter teares they all bedewed

And every one did make exceeding mone
With inward anguish and great grieve oppress
And every one did weep and waile, and mone
And meanes devizd to shew his sorrow best.
That from that houre since first on grassie
greene [seen

Shepheards kept sheep, was not like mourning

But first his sister that Clorinda light,
The gentlest shephcardesse that lives this day,
And most resembling both in shape and spright
Her brother deare began this dolefull lay.
Which, lest I marre the sweetnesse of the
yeare

In sort as she it sung I will rehearse.

THE DOLEFULL LAY OF CLORINDA.

(These verses are supposed to have been written by Mary Countess of Pembroke,
sister to Sir Philip Sidney)

As me, to whom shall I my case complaine,
That may compassion my impatient grieve
Or where shall I unfold my inward paine,
That my enriuen heart may find reliefe
Shall I unto the heavenly powres it show?
Or unto earthly men that dwell below?

To heavens? ah! they alas! the authors were,
And workers of my unremédied wo
For they foresee what to us happens here,
And they foresaw, yet suffred this be so
From them comes good, from them comes
also ill, [to spill?
That which they made, who can them warne

To men? ah! they alas! like wretched bee,
And subject to the heavens ordinance
Bound to abide whatever they decree,
Their best redresse is their best sufferance.

How then can they, like wretched, comfort
mee,
The which no lesse need comforted to bee?

Then to my selfe will I my sorrow mourne,
Sith none alive like sorrowfull remaines
And to my selfe my plaints shall back retourne,
To pay their usury with doubled paines
The woods, the hills, the rivers, shall resound
The mournfull accent of my sorrowes ground.

Woods, hills, and rivers, now are desolate,
Sith he is gone the which them all did grace
And all the fields do wile their widow state,
Sith death their fairest flowre did late deface
The fairest flowre in field that ever grew,
Was Astrophel, that was, we all may reu

What cruell hand of cursed foe unknowne,
Hath cropt the stalke which bore so faire a
flowre?

Untimely cropt, before it well were growne,
And cleane defaced in untimely howre
Great losse to all that ever him did see,
Great losse to all, but greatest losse to mee!

Breake now your gyrlonds, O ye shepherds
lasses, [gon
Sith the fayre flowre, which them adorn'd, is

The flowre, which them adorn'd, is gone to
ashes,

Never againe let lasse put gyrlond on
In stead of gyrlond, weare sad Cy pres now,
And bitter Eldre, broken from the bowe

Ne ever sing the love-layes which he made,
Who ever made such layes of love as hee?
Ne ever read the riddles, which he sayd
Unto your selves, to make you mery glee
Your mery glee is now laid all abed,
Your mery maker now allasso! is dead.

Death, the devourer of all worlds delight,
Hath robbed you, and rest fro me my joy
Both you and me, and all the world he quight
Hath robd of joy nce, and left sad annoy
Joy of the world, and shepherds pride was
hee!

Shepherds, hope never like againe to see!

Oh Death! thou hast us of such riches rest,
Tell us at least, what hast thou with it done?
What is become of him whose flowre here left
Is but the shadow of his likeness gone?
Scarse like the shadow of that which he was,
Nought like, but that he like a shade did
pas

But that immortall spirit, which was deckt
With all the dowries of celestially grace,
By soverane choyce from th' heavenly quires
select,

And lineally deriv'd from Angels race,
O! what is now of it become read
As me! can so divine a thing be dead?

Ah! no it is not dead, ne can it die,
But lives for me, in blisfull Paradise
Where like a new-borne babe it soft doth lie,
In bed of lillies wrapt in tender wise
And compass all about with roses sweet,
And daintie violets from head to feet

There thousand birds, all of celestially blood,
To him do sweetly cruell day and night,
And with strange notes, of him well under-
stood,

Lull him asleep in Angelick delight,

Whilst in sweet dreame to him presented
 bee
 Immortall beauties, which no eye may see
 But he them sees, and takes exceeding pleasure
 Of their diuine aspects, appearing plaine,
 And kindling love in him above all measure,
 Sweet love, still joyous, neuer feeling paine
 For what so goodly forme he there doth see,
 He may enjoy from jealous rancor free

There lieth he in everlasting bliss,
 Sweet spirit ne'r fearing more to die
 Ne dreading harme from any foes of his,
 Ne fearing salvage beasts more crueltie
 Whilst we here, wretches, waile his private
 lack,
 And with same vowes do often call him back

But live thou there, still happie, happie spirit,
 And give us leave thee here thus to lament

Not thee that doest thy heauens joy inherit
 But our owne selves that here in dole are drent
 Thus do we weep and waile, and wear our
 eies,
 Mourning, in others, our own miseries

Which when she ended had, another swaine
 Of gentle wit and dautie sweet device,
 Whom Astrophel full deare did entertaine,
 Whilst here he li'd, and held in passing price,
 Hight Thestylis, began his mournfull tourne
 And made the Muses in his song to mourne

And after him full many other moe,
 As euerie one in order lov'd him best,
 Gan dight themselves t' expresse their inward
 woe,

With dolefull layes unto the time address
 The which I here in order will rehearse,
 As fittest flowres to deck his mournfull hearse,

THE MOURNING MUSE OF THESTYLIS.

(This and the succeeding Poem are supposed to have been written by Lodouick Bryskitt)

Come forth, ye Nymphes, come forth, forsake
 your watry bowres, [ment
 Forsake your mossy caves, and help me to li-
 Help me to tune my dolefull notes to gurgling
 sound [teares of ours
 Of Lissies tumbling streames Come, let salt
 Mix with his waters fresh, O come, let one
 consent [deadly wound
 Joyne us to mourne with waifull plaints the
 Which fatall clasp hath made, decreed by higher
 powres, [ient
 The dreery day in which they have from us
 The noblest plant that might from East to
 West be found
 Mourne, mourn, great Philips fall, mourn we
 his wofull end, [from the tree,
 Whom spitefull Death hath pluckt untimely
 Whiles yet his yeares in slowre did promise
 wrthine frute [knight defend?
 Ah dreadful Mars, why didst thou not thy
 What writhfull mood, what fault of ours, hath
 mooued thee
 Of such a shining light to leave us destitute?
 Thou with benigne aspect sometime didst us
 behold, [old,
 Thou hast in Britons valour tane delight of
 And with thy prescence oft vouchsaf't to attri-
 bute

Fame and renew me to us for glorious martiall
 deed.
 But now thy ireful bemes haue chill'd our
 harts with cold, [our land
 Thou hast estrang'd thy self, and deigue't not
 farre off to others now thy fauour honour
 breeds, [chime, (I feare,)
 And high disdaine doth cause thee shun our
 For hadst thou not bene wroth, or that time
 neare at hand, [England made,
 Thou woudst haue heard the cry that woful
 Like Zeland's piteous plaints, and Hollands
 toren heare, [mind
 Would haply haue appeisd thy diuine angry
 Thou shouldst haue seen the trees refuse to
 yeld their shade,
 And wailing to let fall the honor of their head,
 And birds in mournfull tunes lamenting in
 their kinde
 Up from his tombe the mightie Corineus rose
 Who, cursing oft the fates that this mishap had
 bred, [unkinde
 His hoary locks he tare, calling the heauens
 Like Thames was heard to roare, the Seyne
 and eke the Mose, [chance did iue,
 The Scheld, the Danow selfe, this great mis-
 With torment and with grief their fountaines
 pure and cleere

Were troubled, and with swelling floods de-
 clar'd their woes
 The Muses comfortles, the Nymphs with
 paled hue, [and neere,
 The Silv'n Gods likewise, came running farre
 And all with teares bedew'd, and eyes cast
 up on hie, [to crie
 O help, O help to Gods, they ghastly gan
 O change the cruell fate of this so rare a
 wight, [out his age
 And graunt that natures course may measure
 The beasts their foode forooke, and, trembling
 fearfully, [so fright
 Each sought his cave or den, this cry did them
 Out from amid the waves, by storme then
 stirr'd to rage, [Ocean boare,
 This crye did cause to rise th' old fither
 Who grave with eld, and full of myjestie in
 sight [terres and plants,
 Spake in this wise 'Refrain (quoth he) your
 Cesse these, your idle words, make vaine
 requests no more [fix'd stint
 No humble speech, nor mone, may move the
 Of destinie or death Such is His will that
 paints [with store
 The earth with colours fresh, the darkest shies
 Of starry lights And though your teares a
 hart of flint [will prevale
 Might tender make, yet nought herein they
 While thus he said, the noble knight, who
 gan to feele [dint
 His vital force to faint, and death with cruell
 Of direfull dart his mortall bodie to assaile,
 With eyes list up to heav'n, and courage
 franke as steele, [expressed,
 With cheerfull face, where valour lively was
 But humble mynd, he said 'O Lord, if ought
 this fruite [t' advance,
 And earthly carcase have thy service sought
 If my desire have bene still to relieve th'
 oppress, [spent
 If justice to maintaine that valour I have
 Which thou me gav'st, or if henceforth I
 might advance [if thou think best,
 Thy name thy truth, then spare me (Lord)
 Forbear these unripe yeares But if thy will
 be bent, [set,
 If that prefixed time be come which thou hast
 Through pure and fervent faith, I hope now
 to be plapt [blood
 Inth' everlasting bliss, which with thy precious
 Thou purchase didst for us' With that a
 sigh he set,
 And straight a cloudie mist his senses overcast,
 His lips waxt pale and wan, like damaske
 roses bud
 Cast from the stalke, or like in field to purple
 flowre,
 Which languisheth being chred by culter as it
 past [venies, which were
 A trembling chully cold run through their
 With eyes brimfull of teares to see his fatall
 howre, [declare,
 Whose blustering sighes at first their sorrow did
 Next, murmuring ensude, at last they not
 forbear [enviously
 Plaine outcries, all against the heavens that
 Depriv'd us of a spright so perfect and so
 rare [hide his face
 The sun his lightsome hermes did shrowd, and
 For griefe, wherebv the earth seard night
 eternally [turn'd their streames,
 The mountaines eachwhere shooke, the rivers
 And the aire gan winterlike to rage and fret
 apice [terre gleames,
 And grisly ghosts by night were seene, and
 Amid the clouds with claps of thunder, that
 did seeme [blast aser'd
 To rent the skies, and made both man and
 The birds of ill presage this lucklesse chance
 foretold, [made man deeme
 By demnfull noise, and dogs with howling
 Some mischief was at hand for such they do
 esteeme
 As tokens of mishap and so have done of old
 Ah! that thou hadst but heard his lovely
 Stella plaine [ing cheere,
 Her greivous losse, or seene her he woe mourn-
 While she, with woe oppress her sorrowes did
 unfold [shoulders to mine,
 Her haire hung loose, neglect, about her
 And from those two bright starres to him some-
 time so deere, [foy son downe
 Her heart sent drops of pearle, which fell in
 Twixt hills, and the rose Shewroong her hands
 with prine, [pheere,
 And piteously gan say 'My true and faithfull
 Alas, and woe is me! why should my fortune
 frowne
 On me thus from ardly to rob me of my joy?
 What cruell envious hand hath taken thee
 away, [stay?
 And with thee my content, my comfort, and my
 Thou onlie wast the ease of trouble and annoy,
 When they did me assaile, in thee my hopes
 did rest [dry
 Alas what now is left but grief, that night and
 Afflicts this wofull life, and with continuall
 rage [breast
 Forments ten thousand waies my miserable
 O greedie envious heav'n, what needed thee to
 have
 Enrich with such a Jewell this unhappie age,
 To take it back againe so soone! Alas, when
 shall [since thy grave,
 Mine eyes see ought that may content them,

My onely treasure hides, the joyes of my poore hart
 As here with thee on earth I liv'd, even so
 Me thinks it is as with thee in heav'n I did
 And as our troubles all we here on earth did
 So reason would that there of thy most happy
 I had my share Alas if thou my trustie guide
 Were wont to be, how canst thou leave me thus alone
 In darkness and stray weake, weare, desolating
 Plung'd in a world of woe, refusing for to take
 Me with thee to the place of rest where thou art gone
 This said she held her peace, for sorrow tide
 And instead of more word, seemd that her eyes take
 Of teares had bene they flow'd so plenteously
 And, with her sobs and sighs, th' were round about her round
 If Venus, when she wold her deare Adonis
 Ought moov'd in thy fiers hart compassion of her voice
 His noble sisters plaints her sighes and teares
 Would sure have made thee milde, and only mix her paine
 Aurora halfe so sure her selfe did never show,
 When, from old Tithons bed, shee weeping did arise
 The blinded Archer-boy, like Irike in showre
 Sat bathing of his wings, and glad the time did spend
 Under those cristall drops, which fell from her
 And at their brightest beames him proynd in lovely wise
 Yet sorie for her grief which he could not
 The gentle boy gan wipe her eyes, and clear those lights
 Those lights through which his glory and his conquests shine
 The Graces tuckt her hair, which hung like threds of gold,
 Along her vorie brest, the treasure of delights
 All things with her to weep, it seem'd did enclose,
 The trees the hills the dales, the craves, the
 The aire did help them mourne, with dark clouds, raine and mist
 Forbearing many a day to cleare itselfe againe,
 Which made them eftssoones feare the daies of Pirrha shold
 Of creatures spoile the earth, their fatal threds
 For Phobus gladsome raies were wished for in vaine
 And with her quivering light Latonas daughter faire
 And Charles-waine she refus'd to be the ship-

On Neptune warre was made by Aeolus and his trune
 Who letting loose the winds tost and torment-
 So that on ev'ry coast men shipwrack did abide,
 Or else were swallowed up in open sea with
 And such as came to shoare were beaten with de-paire
 The Medwayes silver streames, that wont so hollow caves
 Along his banks with fog then shrowded from
 Ay Phillip did resound as Phillip they did
 His nimphs were seen no more (though custom
 With haire spread to the wynd themselves to bath or sport,
 Or with the hooke or net barefooted wantonly,
 The pleasant dantie fish to entangle or deceive
 The shepherds left their wonted places of resort,
 Their bagpipes now were still their loving
 Were quite forgot and now their flocks men might perceive
 To wander and to strae, all carelesly neglect,
 And in the stead of mirth and pleasure nights and dayes
 Nought els was to be heard, but woes, com-
 But thou (O bles ed soule!) doest haply not respect
 These teares we shed, though full of loving
 Having fixt thine eyes on that most glorious throne,
 Where full of majestie the High Creator
 In whose bright shining face thy joyes are all complete
 Whose love kindles thy spright, where happy
 Thou liv'st in his that earthly passion never staines,
 Where from the purest spring the sacred Nec-
 Is thy continuall drinke, where thou doest
 Ot well employed life th' inestimable grunes,
 There Venus on thee smiles, Apollo gives thee place,
 And Mars in reverent wise doth to thy vertue
 And decks his fiery sphere, to do thee honour most
 In highest part whereof, thy valour for to grace,
 A chaire of gold he sets to thee, and there doth
 Thy noble acts arew, whereby even they that
 Themselv'es of auient sime, as Pirrhus, Hanniball,
 Scipio and Caesar with the rest that did excell
 In martiall prowess, high thy glorie do ad-
 All hile, therefore, O worlthe Phillip immor-

The flowre of Sydneys race, the honour of thy
name!
Whose worthie praise to sing, thy Muses not
But sorrowfull and sad these teares to thee let
fall,

Let with their verses might so farre and wide
thy fame
Extend, that enuies rage, nor time, might end
the same

A PASTORALL AEGIOLOGUE

UPON THE

DEATH OF SIR PHILLIP SIDNEY, KNIGHT, ETC

LYCON

COLIN

LYCON

CORIN, well fits thy sad cheare this sad stownd,
This wofull stownd, wherein all things com-
plaine

This great mishap, this greivous losse of owres
Hear'st thou the Orowne? How with hollow
sownd

He slides away, and murmuring doth plaine,
And seemes to say unto the fading flowres,
Along his bankes, unto the bared trees,
Phillisides is dead Up jolly swaine,
Thou that with skill canst tune a dolefull lay,
Help him to mourn My hart with grief doth
freese,

Hoarse is my voice with crying, else a part
Sure would I beere, though rude but, as I may,
With sobs and sighes I second will thy song,
And so expresse the sorrowes of my hart

Colin Ah Lycon, Lycon! what need skill,
to teach [long
A greivd mynd powre forth his plaints? how
Hath the pore turtle gon to school (weenest
thou) [each

To learne to mourne her lost make! No, no,
Creature by nature can tell how to waile.
Seest not these flocks, how sad they wander
now?

Seemeth their leaders bell their bleating tunes
In dolefull sound Like him, not one doth faile
With hanging head to shew a heavie cheare
What bird (I pray thee) hast thou seen, that
prunes

Himselfe of late? did any cheerfull note
Come to thine eares, or glad some sight appeare
Unto thine eyes, since that same fatal hour?
Hath not the aire put on his mourning coat,
And testified his grief with flowing teares?
Sith then, it seemeth each thing to his powre

Doth us invite to make a sad consort, [theirs
Come, let us joyne our mournefull song with
Griefe will endite, and sorrow will enforce,
Thy voice, and Echo will our words report
Lycon Though my rude rymes ill with thy
verses frame,

That others farre excell, yet will I force
My selfe to answer thee the best I can [name.
And honor my base words with his high
But if my plaints annoy thee where thou sit
In secret shade or cave, vouchsafe (O Pan)
To pardon me, and hear this hard constraint
With patience while I sing, and pittie it
And eke ye rurall Muses, that do dwell
In these wilde woods if ever piteous plaint
We did endite, or taught a wofull minde
With words of pure affect his griefe to tell
Instruct me now Now, Colin, then goe on,
And I will follow thee, though farre behinde,

Colin Phillisides is dead O harmfull death,
O deadly harme! Unhappie Albion,
When shalt thou see, among thy shepheards all,
Any so sage, so perfect? Whom unneath
Envie could touch for vertuous life and skill;
Courteous, valiant and liberall
Behold the sacred Pales, where with harro
Untrust she sits, in shade of yonder hill
And her faire face, bent sadly downe, doth send
A floud of teares to bathe the earth, and there
Doth call the heav'ns despightfull, envious,
Cruell his fate, that made so short an end
Of that same life, well worthie to have bene
Prolonged with many yeares, happie and
famous

The Nymphs and Oreades her round about
Do sit lamenting on the grassie grene
And with shrill cries, beating their whitest
breasts,

Accuse the direfull dart that death sent out
To give the fatall stroke The sturres they
blame,

That deafe or carelesse seeme at their request.
The pleasant shade of stately groves they shun,
They leave their cristall springs, where they
wont frame

Sweet bowres of Myrtel twigs and Lawrel faire,
Tosport themselves free from the scorching Sun
And now the hollow caves where horior darke
Doth dwell, whence banisht is the gladsome
aire, [their time

They seeke, and there in mourning spend
With wailfull tunes, whiles wolves do howle
and bnrle,

And seem to beare a bourdon to their plaint
Lycon Phillisides is dead O dolefull ryme!
Why should my toong expresse thee? who is
left

Now to uphold thy hopes, when they do faint,
Lycon, unfortunate! What spitefull fate,
What lucklesse destinie, hath thee bereft
Of thy chief comfort, of thy onely stay!
Where is become thy wonted happie state,
(Alas!) whereim through many a hill and dale,
Through pleasant woods, and many an un-
knowne way,

Along the bankes of many silver streames,
Thou with him yodest, and with him didst scale
The craggie rocks of th' Alpes and Appennine!
Still with the Muses sporting, while those
Of vertue kindled in his noble brest, [beames
Which after did so gloriously forth shine!
But (woe is me!) they now quenched are
All suddenly, and death hath them opprest
Loe, father Neptune, with sad countenance,
How he sits mourning on the strond now bare,
Yonder, where th' Ocean with his rolling waves
The white feete washeth (wailing this mis-
chance)

Of Dover chisles His sacred skirt about
The sea-gods all are set, from their moist caves
All for his comfort gathered there they be
The Thamis rich, the Humber rough and stout,
The fruitfull Severne, with the rest are come
To helpe their lord to mourne, and eke to see
The dolefull sight, and sad pomp funerall,
Of the dead corps passing through his king-
dome [crown'd,

And all their heads, with Cypres gyrlonds
With wofull shrikes salute him grent and
small

Eke wailfull Echo, forgetting her deere
Narcissus, their last accents doth resownd
Colin Phillisides is dead O lucklesse age!
O widow world! O brookes and fountains
cleere!

O hills, O dales, O woods! that oft have rong

With his sweet caroling, which could asswage
The fiercest wrath of Tygre or of Beare
Ye Silvans, Fawnes, and Satyres, that emong
These thickets oft have daunst after his pipe,
Ye Nymphs and Naysades with golden heere,
That oft have left your purest cristall springs
To hearken to his layes, that coulden wipe
Away all grieve and sorrow from your harts!
Alas! who now is left that like him sings!
When shall you heere againe like harmonic?
So sweet a sound who to you now imparts
Ioe where engraved by his hand yet lives
The name of Stella in yonder bay tree
Happie name! happie tree! faire may you
grow,

And spred your sacred branch, which honor
To famous Emperors and Poets crowne,
Unhappie flock that wander scattred now,
What marvell if through griefe & woe you leane,
Forsake your food, and hang your heads
adowne!

For such a shepheard never shall you guide,
Whose parting hath of weale bereft you cleane
Lycon Phillisides is dead O happie sprite,
That now in heav'n with blessed soules doest
bide [above,

Looke down a while from where thou sitst
And see how busie shepherds be to endite
Sad songs of griefe, their sorrowes to declare,
And gratefull memory of their kynd love
Behold my selfe with Colin, gentle swaine,
(Whose learned muse thou cherisht most why-
leare,)

Where we, thy name recording, seeke to ease
The inward torment and tormenting paine,
That thy departure to us both hath bred,
Ne can each others sorrow yet appease
Behold the fountains now left desolate,
And withred grasse with cypres boughes be
spred, [strew,

Behold these floures which on thy grave we
Which faded, shew the givers faded state, [pure)
(Though eke they shew their fruent zeale and
Whose onely comfort on thy welfare grew
Whose priers importune shall the heav'ns for
That, to thy ashes, rest they may assure [ay,
I hat learnedst shepherds honor may thy name
With vearly praises, and the Nymphs alway
Thy tomb may deck with fresh and sweetest
flowres,

And that for ever may endure thy fame
Colin The sun (lo!) hastned hath his face
to steep [showres

In western waves, and th' aire with stormy
Warnes us to drive homewards our silly sheep
Lycon, lett's rise, and take of them good keep
Virtute summa cetera fortuna

L B.

AN ELEGIE,

OR

FRIENDS PASSION, FOR HIS ASTROPHEL

WRITTEN UPON THE DEATH OF THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

SIR PHILLIP SIDNEY, KNIGHT,

LORD GOVERNOUR OF FLUSHING

(This Poem was written by Matthew Roydon)

As then, no winde at all there blew,
 No swelling cloude accoid the aire,
 The skie, like glasse of watchet hew,
 Reflected Phoebus golden haire,
 The garnisht tree no pendant stird,
 No voice was heard of anye bird

There might you see the burly Beare,
 The Lion king, the Elephant,
 The maiden Unicorne was there,
 So was Acteons horned plant,
 And what of wilde or tame are found,
 Were coucht in order on the ground

Alcides speckled poplar tree,
 The palme that Monarchs do obtaine,
 With love-juice staid the mulberie,
 The fruit that dewes the poets braine,
 And Phillis phulbert there away,
 Comparde with mirtle and the bay

The tree that coffins doth adorne,
 With stately height threatning the skie,
 And, for the bed of love sorlorne,
 The blacke and dolefull ebome
 All in a circle compast were,
 Like to in amptheater

Upon the branches of those trees,
 The airie winged people sat,
 Distinguished in od degrees,
 One sort is this, another that,
 Here Philomell, that knowes full well
 What force and wit in love doth dwell

The shie-bred Fgle, rorill bird,
 Percht there upon an oke above,
 The Turtle by him never stird,
 Example of immortall love
 The Swan that sings about to dy,
 Leaving Meander stood thereby

And, that which was of woonder most,
 The Phoenix left sweet Arabie,
 And, on a Cedar in this coast,
 Built up her tombe of spicerie,
 As I conjecture, by the same
 Preparate to take her dying flame.

In midst and center of this plot,
 I saw one groveling on the grasse,
 A man or stone, I knew not that
 No stone, of man the figure was,
 And yet I could not count him one,
 More than the image made of stone

At length I might perceive him reare
 His bodie on his elbow end
 Earthly and pale with gastly cheare,
 Upon his knees he upward tend,
 Seeming like one in uncouth stound,
 To be ascending out the ground

A grievous sigh forthwith he throwes,
 As might have torne the vitall strings,
 Then down his cheeks the teares so flows,
 As doth the streume of many springs
 So thunder rends the cloud in twaine,
 And makes a passage for the raine.

Incontinent, with trembling sound,
 He wofully gan to complaine,
 Such were the accents as might wound,
 And teare a diamond rocke in twaine
 After his throbs did somewhat stay,
 Thus heavily he gan to say

O sunne! (said he) seeing the sunne,
 On wretched me why dost thou shine?
 My star is false, my comfort done,
 Out is the apple of my eye
 Shine upon those possesse delight,
 And let me live in endlesse night

O griefe that hest upon my soule,
As hevie as a mount of lead,
The remnant of my life controll,
Consort me quickly with the dead,
Hafte of this hart, this spite, and will,
Dide in the brest of Astrophill

And you, compassionate of my wo,
Gentle birds, beasts, and shadie trees,
I am assurde ye long to know
What be the sorrowes me agreev's,
Listen ye then to that insu'th
And heare a tale of teares and ruthe

You knew, who knew not Astrophill?
(That I should live to say I knew,
And have not in possession still)
Things knowne permit me to renew,
Of him you know his merit such,
I cannot say, you heare, too much

Within these woods of Arcadie
He chiefe delight and pleasure tooke,
And on the mountaine Parthenie,
Upon the chry stall liquid brooke,
The Muses met him ev'ry dav
That taught him sing, to write, and say

When he descended downe to the mount,
His personage seemed most divine
A thousand graces one might count
Upon his lovely cheerfull eie,
To heare him speake and sweetly smile,
You were in Paradise the while

A sweet attractive kinde of grace,
A full assurance given by lookes,
Continuall comfort in a face,
The lineaments of Gospell bookes,
I trowe that countenance cannot lie
Whose thoughts are legible in the eie

Was never eie did see that face,
Was never eare did heare that tong,
Was never minde did minde his grace,
That ever thought the travell long,
But eies, and eares, and ev'ry thought,
Were with his sweete perfections caught

O God, that such a worthy man,
In whom so rare deserts did raigne,
Desired thus, must leave us than
And we to wish for him in vaine!
O could the stars that bred that wit,
In force no longer fixed be!

Then being fild with learned dew,
The Muses willed him to love,
That instrument can aptly shew,
How finely our conceits will move
As Bacchus opes dissembled harts,
So Love sets out our better parts

Stella, a Nymph within this wood,
Most rare and rich of heavenly blis,
The highest in his fancie stood,
And she could well demerite this
Tis likely they acquainted soone,
He was a Sun, and she a Moone

Our Astrophill did Stella love,
O Stella, aunt of Astrophill,
Albeit thy graces gods may move,
Where wilt thou finde an Astrophill!
The rose and lillie have their prime,
And so hath beautie but a time

Although thy beautie do exceed,
In common sight of ev'ry eie
Yet in his Poesies when we reade,
It is apparant more thereby,
He that hath love and judgement too
Sees more than any other doo

T'en Astrophill hath honored thee,
For when thy bodie is extinct,
Thy graces shall eternall be
And live by vertue of his inke,
For by his verses he doth give
To short-lived beautie aye to live

Above all others this is hee,
Which eist approved in his song,
That love and honor might agree,
And that pure love will do no wrong
Sweet sints! it is no sinne nor blame,
To love a man of vertuous name

Did never love so sweetly breath
In any mortall brest before,
Did never Muse inspire beneath
A Poets breme with finer store
He wrote of love with high conceit,
And beautie reerd above her height

Then Pallas afterward att'rde
Our Astrophill with her device,
Whom in his armor heaven admiringde,
As of the nation of the skies,
He sparkled in his armes asfarr,
As he were dight with fierie stars

The blaze whereof when Mars beheld,
(An envious eie doth see asfar)
Such mayestie (quoth he) is seeld,
Such mayestie my mart may mar,
Perhaps this may a suter be,
To set Mars by his deitie

In this surmize he made with speede
An iron cane, wherein he put
The thunder that in cloudes do breede,
The flame and bolt together shut
With privie force burst out againe,
And so our Astrophill was slaine

This word (was slain) straightway did move,
And natures inward life strings twitch
The skie immediately above
Was dimd with hideous clouds of pitch,
The wrastling winds from out the ground
Idd all the aere with rattling sound

The bending trees exprest a groene,
And sigh'd the sorrow of his fall,
The forrest beasts mad ruthfull moene,
The birds did tune their mourning call,
And Philomell for Astrophill
Unto her notes annext a phill

The furtile dove with tunes of ruth
Shewd feeling passion of his death
Me thought she said I tell thee truth,
Was never he that drew in breath
I to his love more trustie found,
Than he for whom our griefs abound

The swan, that was in presence here,
Began his funerall dirge to sing
Good things (quoth he) may scarce appeere,
But passe away with speedie wing
This mortall life as death is trade
And death gives life and so he daide

The generall sorrow that was made
Among the creatures of each kinde,
Ired the Phoenix where she laide
Her ashes flying with the winde,

So as I might with reason see,
That such a Phoenix nere should bee

Haply the cinders, driven about,
May breede an offspring nere that kinde
But hardly a poore to that, I doubt,
It cannot sink into my minde,
That under branches we can bee
Of worth an l value as the tree

The light markt with pearcing sight
The mercenfull habite of the place,
And perdd thence with mounting flight
To signify to love the case
What sorrow nature doth sustaine
For Astrophill by envie slaine

And while I followed with mine eie
The flight the lde upward tooke,
All things did vanish by and by,
And disappeared from my looke
The trees, beasts, birds, and grove were
gone,
So was the friend that made this moe

This spectacle had firmly wrought
A deepe compassion in my spright
My melting hart beside, me thought
In streames forth at mine eyes right
And here my pen is fust to shunke,
My teares discolour o mine inke

AN EPI TAPH

VION THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

SIR PHILLIP SIDNEY, KNIGHT,

LORD GOVERNOR OF FLUSHING

(The Authors of the two following poems are unknown)

To praise thy life or wale thy worthe death,
And want thy wit, thy wit high pure, divine,
Is far beyond the powre of mortall line
Nor any one hath worth that draweth breath
Yet rich in zeale, though poore in learninge
lore,

And friendly care obscure in secret brest,
And love that envie in thy life suppress,
Thy deere life done, and death, hath doubled
more.

And I, that in thy time, and living state
Did onely praise thy vertues in my thought,
As one that seeld the rising sun hath sought,
With words and teares now wale thy time-
lesse fate

Drawne was thy race aught from princel
line [gave]
Nor lesse than such, (thy gifts that natur
The common mother that all creatures have,
Doth vertue show, and princely lunge shine.

A king gave thee thy name a lingly minde,
That God thee gave, who found it now to
deere

For this base world, and hath resumed it nere
To sit in skies, and sort with powres divine

Kent thy birth daies, and Oxford held thy
youth [nor time]
The heavens made hast, and staid nor yeers

The fruits of age grew ripe in thy first prime,
Thy will, thy words, thy words the seales of
truth

Great gifts and wisdom rare imployd thee
thence, [kings,

To treat from kings with those more great than
Such hope men had to lay the highest things
On thy wise youth, to be transported hence

Whence to sharpe wars sweet honor did thee
call,

Thy countries love, religion, and thy friends
Of worthie men the marks, the lives, and
ends,

And her defence, for whom we labor all

There didst thou vanquish shame and tedious
age. [might

Griefe, sorrow, sickness, and bare fortunes
Thy rising day saw never wofull night,
But past with praise from of this world's
stage

Back to the campe, by thee that day was
brought, [same,

First thine owne death, and after thy long
Teares to the soldiers, the proud Castilians
shame,

Virtue exprest, and honor truly taught.

What hath he lost, that such great grace hath
won' [sure

Yong yeeres for endles yeeres, and hope un-
Of fortunes gifts for wealth that still shall
dure,

Oh! happie race with so great praises run

England doth hold thy lums that bled the
same,

Flanders thy valure where it last was tried,
The Campe thy sorrow where thy bodie died,
Thy friends, thy want, the world, thy vertues
fame

Nations thy wit, our mindes lay up thy love,
Letters thy learning, thy losse, yeeres long to
come,

In worthy hearts sorrow hath made thy tombe,
Thy soule and spright enrich the heavens
above

Thy liberall hart imbrald in gratefull teares,
Yong sighes, sweet sighes, age sighes, be-
waile thy fall

Envie her sting, and spite hath left her gall,
Mahee her selfe a mourning garment weares

That day thine Hanniball died, our Scipio fell,
Scipio, Cicero, and Petrarch of our time! [rime,
Whose vertues, wounded by my worthlesse
Let Angels speake, and heaven thy pruses tell

ANOTHER OF THE SAME

Sorrow augmenteth grief, writing encreaseth
rage, [the wonder of our age,

Stald are my thoughts, which lov'd, and lost,
Yet quickned now with fire, though dead with
frost ere now [quick, I know not how

Enrag'de I write, I know not what dead,

Hard harted mindes relent, and rigors teares
abound, [no fault she found,

And envie strangely rue's his end, in whom
Knowledge her light hath lost, valor hath
slaine her knight, [worlds delight

Sidney is dead, dead is my friend, dead is the

Place pensive wailes his fall, whose presence
was her pride, [my spring tide

Time crieth out, My ebbe is come, his life was
Fame mournes in that she lost the ground of
her reports, [sundry sorts

Ech living wight laments his lacke, and all in

He was (so worth that word!) to ech well
thinking minde [virtue ever shinde,

A spotlesse friend, a matchles man, whose
Declaring in his thoughts, his life, and that
he wnt, [deepest works of wit

Highest conceits, longest foresights, and

He, onely like himselfe, was second unto none,
Whose deth (though life) we rue, and wrong,
and all in vain do mone

Their losse, not him, waile they, that fill the
world with cries, [ladder to the skies
Death shue not him, but he made death his

Now sinke of sorrow I, who live, the more the
wrong, [thred is all to long,

Who wishing death, whom deth denies, whose
Who tied to wretched life, who looks for no
reliefe, [ending griefe

Must spend my ever dying daies in never

Harts ease and onely I, like parallels run on,
Whose equall length keep equall bredth, and
never meet in one, [sorrowes cell,

Yet for not wronging him, my thoughts, my
Shall not run out, though leake they will, to
liking him so well

Farewell to you, my hopes, my wonted waking
dreames, [thy beemes]

Farewell, sometimes enjoyed joy, eclipsed are
Farewell selfe pleasing thoughts which quiet-
nes brings forth, [minds of worth
And farewell friendships sacred league, uniting

And farewell mery hart, the gift of guiltlesse	Now rime, the sonne of rage, which art no lym
munde, [assignes]	to skill, [knowes not how to kill,
And all sports, which, for lives restore varietie	And endlesse grieve, which deads my life, yet
Let all, that sweete is, voyd, in me no mirth	Go, seeke that haples tombe which if ye hap
my dwell [content, farewell]	to finde, [so good a minde.
Phillip, the cause of all this woe, my live	Salute the stones, that keep the lims that held

AMORETTI AND EPITHALAMION.

WRITTEN NOT LONG SINCE BY

EDMUNDE SPENSER

TO THE RIGHT WORSHIPFULL

SIR ROBERT NEEDHAM, KNIGHT

SIR, to gratulate your safe return from Ireland, I had nothing so readie, nor thought any thing so meete, as these sweete conceited Sonets, the deede of that wel deserving gentleman, maister Edmond Spenser whose name sufficiently warranting the worthinesse of the work I do more confidently presume to publish it in his absence, under your name, to whom (in my poore opinion) the patronage thereof doth in some respectes properly appertaine For, besides your judgement and enlighte in learned poesie, this gentle Muse, for her former perfection long wished for in Englande, nowe at the length crossing the Seas in your happy companye, (though to your selfe unknowne) seemeth to make choyse of you as meetest to give her deserved countenance, after her retourne entertaine her then (Right worshipfull) in sorte best becomming your gentle minde, and her mente, and take in worth my good will herein, who seeke no more but to shew my selfe yours in all dutifull affection.

W P

TO THE AUTHOR

DARKE is the day, when *Phabus* face is shrouded,
And weaker sights may vnder soone astray
But when they see his glorious rays unclouded,
With steddy steps they keepe the perfect way
So while this Muse in forraine landes doth stay,
Intention weepes, and pens are cast aside,
The time, like night, deprived of chearefull day,
And few do write, but (ah!) too soone may hide
Then, hie thee home that art our perfect guide
And with thy wit illustrate Englands fame,
Dawnting thereby our neighbours auuncient pride
That do, for poesie challengee cheefest name
So we that live, and ages that succede,
With great applause thy learned works shall reade

G W SENIOR

Th' Colin, whether on the lowly plaine,
Piping to shepherds thy sweete roundelaines
Or whether singing, in some lofty raine,
Heir ch deedis of past or present daies,
Or whether in thy lovely mistris praise,
Thou hast to exercise thy leamed quill,
Thy muse hath got such grace and power to please,
With rare invention, beautified by skill,
As who therein can ever joy their fill
O' therefore let that happy muse proceede
To clime the height of Vertues sacred hill,
Where endles honour shall be made thy meede
Because no malice of succeeding daies
Can raze those records of thy lasting praise

G W I

I

HAPPY, ye leaves! when as those lilly hands,
Which hold my life in their dead-doung might,
Shall handle you, and hold in loves soft bands,
Lyke captives trembling at the victors sight
And happy lines! on which, with starry light
Those lamping eyes will deigne sometimes to
look,
And reade the sorrowes of my dying spright,
Written with teares in harts close-bleeding
book.

And happy rymes! bath'd in the sacred brooke
Of Helicon, whence she derived is,
When ye behold that Angels blessed looke,
My soules long-lacked foode, my heavens blis,
Leaves, lines, and rymes, seeke her to please
alone,

Whom if ye please, I care for other none!

II

Unquiet thought! whom at the first I bred
Of th' inward bale of my love-pined hart,
And sithens have with sighes and sorrowes fed,
Till greater then my wombe thou wov'n art
Breake forth at length out of the inner part,
In which thou lurkest lyke to vipers brood,
And seeke some succour both to ease my smart,
And also to sustayne thy selfe with food
But, if in presence of that fayrest proud
Thou chance to come, fall lowly at his feet,
And, with meeke humblesse and afflicted mood,
Pardon for thee, and grace for me intreat

Which if she graunt, then live, and my love
cherish

If not, die soone, and I with thee will
perish

III

The soverayne beauty which I doo admire,
Witness the world how worthy to be praysed!
The light whereof hath kindled heavenly fyre
In my fraile spirit, by her from basenesse
rayssed,

That, being now with her huge brightnesse
Base thing I can no more endure to view
But, looking still on her, I stand amazed
At wondrous sight of so celestially hew
So when my tounge would speak her praises
It stopped is with thoughts astonishment,
And, when my pen would write her titles true,
It rayssht is with fancies wonderment

Yet in my hart I then both speake and write
The wonder that my wit cannot endite

IV

New yeare, forth looking out of Janus gate,
Doth seeme to promise hope of new delight
And, bidding th' old Adieu, his passed date
Bids all old thoughts to die in dumpish spright
And, calling forth out of sad Winters night

Fresh Love, that long hath slept in cheerlesse
bower,

Wils him awake, and soone about him dight
His wanton wings and darts of deadly power
For lusty Spring now in his timely howre
Is ready to come forth, him to receive,
And warms the Earth with divers-colored flowre
To decke his selfe, and her faire mantle weave
Then you, faire flowre! in whom fresh youth
doth raine,

Prepaine your selfe new love to entertaine.

V

Rudely thou wrongest my deare harts desire,
In finding fault with her too portly pride
The thing which I doo most in her admire,
Is of the world unworthy most envide
For in those lofty lookes is close implide,
Scorn of base things, and sdeigne of soule dis-
honor

Thretning rash eyes which gaze on her so wide,
That loosely they ne daie to looke upon her
Such pride is praise, such portlinesse is
honor,

That boldned innocence beares in hir eyes,
And her faire countenance, like a goodly ban-
Spred, in defiance of all enemies

Was never in this world ought worthy trade,
Without some spark of such self-pleasing
pride

VI

Be nought dismayd that her unmoved mind
Doth still persist in her rebellious pride
Such love, not lyke to lusts of baser kynd,
The harder wonne, the firmer will abide
The durefull Oake, whose sap is not yet dride,
Is long ere it conceive the kindling fyre,
But, when it once doth burne, it doth divide
Great heat, and makes his flames to heaven
So hard it is to kindle new desire
In gentle brest, that shall endure for ever
Deepe is the wound that dints the parts entire
With chast affects that nought but death can
sever,

Then thinke not long in taking litle prync
To knit the knot, that ever shall remayne

VII

Faire eyes! the myrrour of my mazed hart,
What wondrous vertue is containd in you,
The which both lyfe and death forth from you
Into the object of your mighty view? I dart,
For, when ye mildly looke with lovely hew,
Then is my soule with life and love inspired
But when ye lowre, or looke on me askew,
Then doe I die, as one with lightning fyred
But, since that lyfe is more then death decayed,

Looke ever lovelly, as becomes you best,
That your bright beams, of my weak eyes
admyred,

May kindle living fire within my brest.
Such life should be the honor of your light,
Such death the sad ensample of your might

VIII

More then most faire, full of the living fire,
Kindled above unto the Maker neere,
No eyes but joyes, in which all powers conspire,
That to the world nought else be counted
deare, [guest

Through your bright beams doth not the blinded
Shoot out his darts to base affections wound,
But Angels come to lead frailer munde to rest
In chaste desires, on heavenly beauty bound
You frame my thoughts, and fashion me
within, [speake,

You stop my tounge, and teach my hart to
You calme the storme that passion did begin,
Strong through your cause, but by your vertue
weak. [never,

Dark is the world, where your light shined
Well is he borne, that may behold you ever

IX

Long-while I sought to what I might com-
pare [spright,

Those powerfull eyes, which lighten my dark
Yet find I nought on earth, to which I dare
Resemble th' image of their goodly light
Not to the Sun, for they doo shine by night,
Nor to the Moone, for they are changed never,
Nor to the Starres, for they have purer sight,
Nor to the Fire, for they consume not ever,
Nor to the Lightning, for they still persever,
Nor to the Diamond, for they are more tender,
Nor unto Cristall, for nought may them sever,
Nor unto Glasse, such busenesse mought
offend her

Then to the Maker selfe they liket be,
Whose light doth lighten all that here we see

X

Unrighteous Lord of Love, what law is this,
That me thou makest thus tormented be,
The whiles she lordeth in licentious blisse
Of her freewill, scorning both thee and me
See how the Tyrannesse doth joy to see
The huge massacres which her eyes do make,
And humbled harts brings captive unto thee,
That thou of them mayst mightie vengeance
take,

But her proud hart doe thou a little shake
And that high look, with which she doth
comptroll

All this worlds pride, bow to a braver make,
And all her faults in thy black booke enroll

That I may laugh at her in equall sort,
As she doth laugh at me, and makes my
pain her sport

XI

Daily when I do seeke and sew for peace,
And hostages doe offer for my truth,
She cruell warour, doth herselfe addresse
To battell, and the weary war reneweth,
Ne wilbe mov'd with reason, or with rewth,
To graunt small respite to my restlesse toyle,
But greedily her fell intent pourseweth,
Of my poore life to make unpittied spoile.
Yet my poore life, all sorrowes to assoyle,
I would her yield, her wrath to pacify
But then she seeks, with torment and turmoyle,
To force me live, and will not let me dy
All paine hath end, and every war hath
peace,

But mine, no price nor prayer may surcease.

XII

One day I sought with her hart-thrilling eyes
To make a truce, and termes to entaine
All fearelesse then of so false enemies,
Which sought me to entrap in treasons frame
So, as I then disarmed did remaine,
A wicked ambush which lay hidden long
In the close covert of her guilefull eyen,
Thence breaking forth, did thicke about me
throng

Too feeble I abide the brunt so strong,
Was forst to yeld my selfe into their hands,
Who, me captiving streight with rigorous
wrong,

Have ever since me kept in cruell bands.
So, Ladie, now to you I doo complaine,
Against your eyes, that justice I may game

XIII

In that proud port, which herso goodly graceth,
Whiles her faire face she reares up to the skie,
And to the ground her eye-hids low embaseth,
Most goodly temperature ye may desyre,
Mild humblesse, mixt with awfull majesty
For, looking on the earth whence she was
Her minde remembreth her mortallitie, [borne,
Whatso is say rest shall to earth returne
But that same lofty countenance seemes to
scorne [chime,

Base thing, and thinke how she to heaven may
Treading downe earth as lothsome and for-
lone, [slime

That hinders heavenly thoughts with drossy
Yet lowly still vouchsafe to looke on me,
Such lownesse shall make you lofty be

XIV

Retourne agayne, my forces late dismayd,
Unto the siege by you abandon'd quite

Great shame it is to leaue, like one afraide,
So fayre a peece, for one repulse so light
Gaynst such strong castles needeth greater
might

Then those small forts which ye were wont
Such haughty mynds, enur'd to hardy fight,
Disdayne to yeld unto the first assay
Bring therefore all the forces that ye may,
And lay incessant battery to her heart,
Playnts, prayers, vowe, ruth, sorrow, and
dismay,

Those engins can the proudest love conuert
And, if those sayle, fall downe and dy before
her,

So dying liue, and liuing do adore her

XV

Ye tradefull Merchants, that, with weary
toyle,

Do seeke most pretious things to make your
And both the Indias of their treasure spoile,
What needeth you to seeke so farre in vaine?

For loe, my love doth in her selfe containe
All this worlds riches that may farre be found
If Saphyres, loe, her eyes be Saphyres plaine,
If Rubies, loe, her lips be Rubies sound,
If Pearles, her teeth be Pearles, both pure and
If Yorre, her forehead Yorre weene, round,
If Gold, her locks are finest Gold on ground,
If Silver, her faire hands are Silver sheene

But that which fairest is, but few behold,
Her mind adorn'd with vertues manifold

XVI

One day as I unwarily did gaze [light,
On those fayre eyes, my loves immortal
The whiles my stonish't hart stood in amaze,
Through sweet illusion of her lookes delight,
I mote perceiue how, in her glauncing sight,
Legions of loves with little wings did fly,
Darting their deadly arrowes, fry bright,
At every rash beholder passing by
One of those archers closely I did spy,
Aiming his arrow at my very hart
When suddenly, with twynce of her eye,
The Damzell broke his misintended dart.

Had she not so doon sure I had bene slayne,
Yet as it was, I hardly scap't with paine

XVII

The glorious pourtraict of that Angels face,
Made to amaze weake mens confus'd skil,
And this worlds worthlesse glory to embase,
What pen what pencill, can expresse her till?
For though he colours could deize at will,
And eke his learned hand at pleasure guide,
Least, trembling, it his workmanship should
spill,

Yet many wondrous things there are beside:
The sweet eye-glaunces, that like arrowes
glide,

The charming smiles, that rob sence from the
The lovely pleassance, and the lofty pride,
Cannot expressed be by any art
A greater craftsmans hand thereto doth
That can expresse the life of things indeed

XVIII

The rolling wheele that runneth often round,
The hardest steele, in tract of time doth teare
And drizzling drops, that often doe redound,
The firmest flint doth in continuance weare
Yet cannot I, with many a dropping teare
And long intreaty, soften her hard hart,
That she will once vouchsafe my plaint to
heare,

Or looke with pittie on my payneful smart,
But, when I pleade, she bids me play my part,
And, when I weep, she sayes, Teares are but
water,

And, when I sigh she sayes, I know the art,
And, when I waille, she turnes her selfe to
laughter

So do I weepe, and waille, and pleade in
Whiles she as steele and flint doth still re-
mayne.

XIX

The merry Cuckow, messenger of Spring,
His trompet shrill bath thrise already sounded,
That warres all lovers wai't upon their king,
Who now is comming forth with gurland
crowned

With noyse whereof the quyre of Byrds re-
sounded,

Their anthemes sweet, deuized of loves prayse,
That all the woods their ecchoes back re-
bounded,

As if they knew the meaning of their laies
But amongst them all, which did Loves honor
rayse,

No word was heard of her that most it ought,
But she his precept proudly disobayes,
And doth his ydle message set at nought
Therefore, O Love unless she turne to thee
Lre Cuckow end, let her a rebell be!

XX

In vaine I seeke and sew to her for grace,
And doe myne humbled hart before her ponne
The whiles her foot she in my necke doth place,
And tread my life downe in the lowly floure
And yet the Lyon that is Lord of power,
And reigneth over every beast in field,
In his most pride disdaineth to deuoure
The silly lambe that to his might doth yeld
But she, more cruell, and more saluage wyld,

Then either Lyon or the Lyonsesse,
Shames not to be with guiltlesse bloud de-
fyde,

But taketh glory in her cruelnesse
Favrer then favrest ! let none ever say,
That ye were blooded in a yeelded pray

XXX

Was it the worke of Nature or of Art,
Which tempred so the feature of her face,
That pride and meeknesse, mixt by equall part,
Doe both appeare t' adorne her beauties grace ?
For with mild pleasance, which doth pride dis-
place,

She to her love doth lookers eyes allure,
And, with storne countenance, back again doth
chace

Their looser looks that stir up lustes impure,
With such strange termes her eyes she doth
insure,

That, with one looke, she doth my life dismay,
And with another doth it streight recure,
Her smile me drawes, her frowne me drives
away

[looks,

Thus doth she traîne and tereh me with her
Such art of eyes I never read in bookes !

XXXI

This holy season, fit to fast and pray,
Men to devotion ought to be inclind
Therefore, I likewise, on so holy day,
For my sweet Svynt some service fit will find
Her temple fayre is built within my mind,
In which her glorious ymage placed is,
On which my thoughts doo day and night
attend,

Like sacred priests that never thinke amisse !
There I to her, as th' author of my blisse,
Will builde an altar to appease her ire,
And on the same my hart will sacrifice,
Burning in flames of pure and chrest desyre
The which vouchsafe, O goddesse, to accept,
Amongst thy dearest relicks to be kept

XXXII

Penelope, for her Ulysses sake,
Deviz'd a Web her woovers to deceive,
In which the worke that she all day did make,
The same at night she did againe unweave
Such subtil craft my Dimezell doth conceave,
Th' importune suit of my desire to shonne
For all that I in many dayes doo weave,
In one short houre I find by her undonene
So, when I thinke to end that I begonne,
I must begin and never bring to end
For with one looke she spils that long I sponne,
And with one word my whole years work
doth rend

Such labour like the Spyders web I synd,
Whose fruitlesse worke is broken with least
wynd

XXXIV

When I behold that beauties wonderment,
And rare perfection of each goodly part,
Of natures skill the onely complement,
I honor and admire the Makers art
But when I feele the bitter balefull smart
Which her fayre eyes unwares doe worke in
mee,

That death out of theyr shyny beames doe dart,
I thinke that I a new Pandor see,
Whom all the Gods in counsell did agree
Into this sinfull world from heaven to send,
That she to wicked men a scourge should
bee,

For all their faults with which they did offend
But, since ye are my scourge, I will in-
treat,

That for my faults ye will me gently beat

XXXV

How long shall this lyke dying lyfe endure,
And know no end of her owne misery,
But wast and weare away in termes unsure,
Twixt feare and hope depending doubtfully !
Yet better were attence to let me die,
And shew the last ensample of your pride,
I then to torment me thus with cruelty,
To prove your powre, which I too well have
tride.

But yet if in your hardned brest ye hide
A close intent at last to shew me grace,
Then all the woes and wrecks which I abide,
As meanes of blisse I gladly wil embrace
And wish that more and greater they might
be,

That greater meede at last may turne to mee.

XXXVI

Sweet is the Rose, but growes upon a breere,
Sweet is the Junipere, but sharpe his bough,
Sweet is the Eglantine, but pricketh nere,
Sweet is the Firblomme, but his brانشو
is rough,
Sweet is the Cypressse, but his rynd is tough,
Sweet is the Nut, but bitter is his pill,
Sweet is the Broome-flowre, but yet sowre
enough

And sweet is Moly, but his root is ill
So every sweet with soure is tempred still,
That maketh it be coveted the more
For easie things, that may be got at will,
Most sorte of men doe set but little store
Why then should I account of little prayne
That endlessse pleasur shall unto me gamee !

XXVII

Faire Proud' now tell me, why should faire
 be proud,
 Sith all worlds glorie is but drosse uncleane,
 And in the shride of death it selfe shall shroud,
 However now thereof ye little weene'
 That goodly Idoll, now so gay becene,
 Shall all off her fleshes borrowd saye attyre,
 And be forgot as it had never beene,
 That many now much worship and admire'
 Ne any then shall after it inquire,
 Ne any mention shall thereof remaine,
 But what this verse, that never shall expyre,
 Shall to your purchas with her thankles paine'
 Faire' beno lenger proud of that shall perish,
 But that, which shall you make immortal,
 cherish

XXVIII

The laurel-leave, which you this day doe
 weare,
 Gives me great hope of your relenting mynd
 For since it is the badge which I doe beare,
 Ye, bearing it, doe seeme to me inclind
 The powre thereof, which ofte in me I find,
 Let it lykewise your gentle brest inspire
 With sweet infusion, and put you in mind
 Of that proud mayd, whom now those leaves
 attyre
 Proud Daphne scorning Phœbus lovely fyre,
 On the Thesalian shore from him did flie
 For which the gods, in theyr revengfull yre,
 Did her transforme into a laurel-tree
 Then sh' no more, saye Love, from Phebus
 chace,
 But in your brest his leave and love embrace

XXIX

See' how the stubborn damzell doth de-
 prave
 My simple meaning with disdainfull scorne,
 And by the by, which I unto her gave,
 Accountys my self her captiv quite forlorne
 The bay (quoth she) is of the victours borne,
 Yielded them by the vanquisht as theyr meeds,
 And they therewith doe Poetes heads adorne,
 To sing the glory of their famous deedes
 But sith she will the conquest challeng needs,
 Let her accept me as her faithfull thrall,
 That her great triumph, which my skill ex-
 ceeds,

I may in trump of fame blaze over-all
 Then would I decke her head with glorious
 byes, [praise
 And fill the world with her victorious

XXX

My love is lyke to yse, and I to fyre,
 How comes it then that thus her cold so great

Is not dissolv'd through my so hot desyre,
 But harder growes the more I her intreat!
 Or how comes it that my exceeding heat
 Is not delayd by her hart-frozen cold,
 But that I burne much more in boyling sweat,
 And feele my flames augmented manifold'
 What more miraculous thing may be told,
 That fire, which all things melts, should harden
 yse,
 And yse, which is congeald with sencelesse cold,
 Should kindle fyre by wonderfull devyse'
 Such is the powre of love in gentle mind,
 That it can alter all the course of kynd

XXXI

Ah' why hath nature to so hard a hart
 Given so goodly giftes of beauties grace'
 Whose pryde depraves each other better part,
 And all those pretious ornaments deface.
 Sith to all other beastes of bloody race
 A dreadfull countenance she given hath,
 That with theyr terrour al the rest may
 chace,
 And warne to shun the daunger of theyr wrath.
 But my proud one doth worke the greater
 scath,
 Through sweet allurement of her lovely hew,
 That she the better may in bloody bath
 Of such poor thralls her cruell hands embrew
 But, did she know how ill these two accord
 Such cruelty she would have soone abhord

XXXII

The paynefull smith, with force of fervent
 heat,
 The hardest yron soone doth mollify,
 That with his heavy sludge he can it beat,
 And fashion to what he it list apply
 Yet cannot all these flames, in which I fry,
 Her hart more harde then yron soft a whit,
 Ne all the playnts and prayers, with which I
 Doe beat on th' anvyle of her stubberne wit
 But still, the more she servent sees my fit,
 The more she frieseth in her wilfull pryde,
 And harder growes, the harder she is smit
 With all the playnts which to her be applyde
 What then remains but I to ashes burne,
 And she to stones at length all frozen turne'

XXXIII

Great wrong I doe, I can it not deny,
 To that most sacred Emprise, my dear dred,
 Not finishing her Queene of Faëry,
 That mote enlarge her living prayes, dead.
 But Lodwick, this of grace to me aread,
 Doe ve not thinck th' accomplishment of it
 Sufficient worke for one mans simple head,
 All were it, as the rest, but rudely writ?

How then should I, without another wit,
 Thinck ever to endure so tedious toyle!
 Sins that thus one is tost with troublous fit
 Of a proud love, that doth my spirite spoyle
 Ceasse then, till she vouchsafe to graunt
 me rest,
 Or lend you me another living brest.

XXXX

Lyke as a ship, that through the Ocean wyde,
 By conduct of some star, doth make her way,
 Whennas a storme hath dimd her trusty guyde,
 Out of her course doth wander far astray
 So I, whose star, that wont with her bright
 ray

Me to direct, with cloudes is over-cast,
 Doe wander now, in darknesse and dismay,
 Through hidden perils round about me plast,
 Yet hope I well that, when this storme is
 My Helice the lodestar of my lyfe, [past,
 Will shine again, and looke on me at last,
 With lovely light to cleare my cloudy grief,
 Till then I wander carefull, comfortlesse,
 In secret sorow, and sad pensiveness

XXXXV

My hungry eyes, through greedy covetize
 Still to behold the object of their paine,
 With no contentment can themselves suffice,
 But, having, pine, and, having not, com-
 plaine

For, lacking it, they cannot lyfe sustaine,
 And, having it, they gaze on it the more,
 In their amazement lyke Narcissus vaine,
 Whose eyes him starv'd so plenty makes me
 poore

Yet are mine eyes so filled with the store
 Of that faire sight, that nothing else they
 brooke,

But lothe the things which they did like before,
 And can no more endure on them to looke
 All this worlds glory seemeth vayne to me,
 And all their shoves but shadowes, saving
 she.

XXXXVI

Tell me, when shall these wearie woes have
 end,
 Or shall their ruthlesse torment never cease,
 But al my daves in pining langour spend,
 Without hope of asvagement or release?
 Is there no meanes for me to purchase peace,
 Or make agreement with her thrilling eyes,
 But that their cruelty doth still increase,
 And dayly more augment my miseryes?
 But, when ye have shend all extremities,
 Then thinke how litle glory ye have gavned
 By slaying him, whose life, though ye despyse,
 Note have your life in honour long maintayned

But by his death, which some perhaps will
 mone,
 Ye shall condemned be of many a one

XXXXVII

What guile is this, that those her golden
 She doth attyre under a net of gold, [tresses
 And with sly skill so cunningly them dresses,
 That which is gold, or heare, may scarce be
 told?

Is it thit mens frail eyas, which gaze too bold,
 She may entangle in that golden snare,
 And, being caught, may craftily enfold
 Theyr weaker harts, which are not wel aware?
 Take heed, therefore, myne eyes, how ye doe
 stare

Henceforth too rashly on that guilefull net,
 In which, if ever ye entrapped are,
 Out of her bands ye by no meanes shall get
 I'ndnesse it were for any, being free,
 To covet fetters, though they golden bee!

XXXXVIII

Arion, when, through tempests cruel wracke,
 He forth was thrown into the greedy seas,
 Through the sweet musick, which his harp
 did make,

Allur'd a Dolphyn him from death to ease
 But my rude musick, which was wont to please
 Some dainty eares, cannot, with my skill,
 The dreadfull tempest of her wrath appease,
 Nor move the Dolphyn from her stubborn will,
 But in her pride she dooth persever still
 All carelesse how my life for her decays
 Yet with one word she can it save or spill
 To spill were pittie, but to save were prayse!
 Chose rather to be prayd for dooing good,
 Then to be blam'd for spilling guiltlesse
 blood

XXXXIX

Sweet Smile! the daughter of the Queene of
 Love,
 Expressing all thy mothers powrefull art
 With which she wants to temper angry Joye,
 When all the gods he threats with thundering
 dart

Sweet is thy vertue, as thy selfe sweet art.
 For, when on me thou shinedst late in sadnesse,
 A melting plesance ran through every part,
 And me revived with hart-robbing gladnesse
 Why lest rapt with joy resembling heavenly
 madnes,

My soule was ravisht quite as in a trance,
 And feeling thence, no more her sorowes
 sadnesse,

Fed on the fulnesse of that chearefull gl'rance,
 More sweet than Nectar, or Ambrosiall meat,
 Seemd every but which thenceforth I did eat.

XL

Mark when she smiles with amiable cheare,
And tell me whereto can ye liken it,
When on each eyelid sweetly doe appeare
An hundred Graces in shade to sit.
Lakest it seemeth, in my simple wit,
Unto the faire sunshine in somers day,
That, when a dreadfull storme away is flit,
Through the broad world doth spread his goodly
ray,

At sight whereof, each bird that sits on spray,
And every beast that to his den was fled,
Comes forth afresh out of their late dismay,
And to the light lift up their drouping head
So my storme-beaten hart likewise is cheared.
With that sunshine, when cloudy looks are
cleared

XLI

Is it her nature, or is it her will,
To be so cruell to a humbled foe?
If nature, then she may it mend with skill
It will then she at will may will forgoe.
But if her nature and her will be so, [most
That she will plague the man that loves her,
And take delight to encrease a wretches woe,
Then all her natures goodly gifts are lost
And that same glorious beauties ydle boist
Is but a bryt such wretches to beguile,
As, being long in her loves tempest tost,
She meynes at last to make her pitious spovle
O fyrest fyre! let never it be named
That so faire beauty was so fowly shamed

XLII

The love which me so cruelly tormenteth,
So pleasing is in my extreamest paine,
That, all the more my sorrow it augmenteth,
The more I love and doe embrace my baine
Ne doe I wish (for wishing were but vaine)
To be requit fro my continual smart,
But joy, her thrall for ever to remaine,
And yield for pledge my poore emptyed hart,
The which, that it from her may never start,
Let her, if please her, bynd with adamant
chaine

And from all wandering loves, which mote per-
His safe assurance, strongly it restrayne.
Onely let her abstaine from cruelty
And doe me not before my time to dy

XLIII

Shall I then silent be or shall I speake?
And, if I speake, her wrath renew I shall,
And, if I silent be, my hart will breake,
Or choked be with overflowing gall
What tyranny is this both my hart to thrall,
And eke my tongue with proud restraint to tie,
That neither I may speake nor thinke at all,
But like a stupid stock in silence die!

Yet I my hart with silence secretly
Will teach to speak, and my just cause to plead,
And eke mine eyes, with meek humility,
Love-learned letters to her eyes to read,
Which her deep wit, that true harts thought
can spel,
Will soon conceive, and learne to construe
well

XLIV

When those renowned noble Peres of Greece,
Through stubborn pride, amongst themselves did
Forgetfull of the famous golden fleece, [jar,
Then Orphus with his harp theyr strife did bar
But this continuall, cruell, civil warre,
The which my selfe against my selfe doe make,
Whilest my weak powres of passions warreid
No skill can stint, nor reason can aslake [arre,
But, when in hand my tunclesse harp I take
Then doe I more augment my foes despight,
And grieve renew, and passions doe awake
To battaile, fresh against my selfe to fight
Mongst whome the more I seeke to settle
peace,
The more I fynd their malice to increase

XLV

Leave, lady! in your glasse of cristall clene,
Your goodly selfe for evermore to vew
And in my selfe, my inward selfe, I meane,
Most lively lyke behold your semblant trew
Within my hart, though hardly it can shew
Thing so divine to vew of earthly eye,
The fayre Idea of your celestrall hew
And every part remaines immortally
And were it not that, through your cruelty,
With sorrow dimmed and deform'd it were,
The goodly ymage of your visnomy,
Clearer then cristall, would therein appere
But, if your selfe in me veylance will see,
Remove the cause by which your fayre
beames darkned be

XLVI

When my abodes prefixed time is spent,
My cruell fyre streight bids me vwend my way
But then from heaven most hideous stormes
are sent,

As willing me against her will to stay
Whom then shall I, or heaven or her, obey?
The heavens know best what is the best for me
But as she will, whose will my life doth sway,
My lower heaven, so it perforce must bee
But veylance heren, that all this sorowe see,
Sith all your tempests cannot hold me backe,
Asvage your stormes, or else both you, and she,
Will both together me too sorely wracke
Enough it is for one man to sustaine
The stormes, which she alone on me doth
raie.

XLI II

Trust not the treason of those smiling lookes,
Untill ye have theyr guylefull traynes well
tryde

For they are lyke but unto golden hookes,
That from the foolish fish they rayts doe hyde
So she with flatterng smyles weake harts doth
guyde

Unto her love, and tempte to theyr decay,
Whome, being caught, she kills with cruell
pryde,

And feeds at pleasure on the wretched pray
Yet, even whylst her bloody hands them slay,
Her eyes looke lovely, and upon them smyle,
That they take pleasure in her cruell play,
And, dying, doe themselves of payne beguyle
O mighty charm! which makes men love
theyr bane,

And thinck they dy with pleasure, live with

XLI III

Innocent paper, whom too cruell hand
Did make the matter to avenge her vye
And ere she could thy cause wel understand,
Did scernize unto the greedy fyre.

Well worthy thou to have found better hyre,
Then so bad end for hereticks ordain'd,
Yet heresy nor treason didst conspire,
But plead thy masters cause, unjustly prynced
Whom she, all carelesse of his grieve con-
strayned

To utter forth the anguish of his hart
And would not heere, when he to her complain'd
The piteous passion of his dying smart.

Yet live for ever, though against her will,
And speake her good, though she requite it ill

XLI IV

Faire cruell! why are ye so fierce and cruell?
Is it because your eyes have powre to kill?

Then know that mercy is the Mighties Jewell
And greater glory thinke, to save then spill
But if it be your pleasure, and proud will,
To shew the powre of your imperious eyes,
Then not on him that never thought you ill,
But bend your force against your enemies
Let them feeble the utmost of your cruelties,
And kill with looks as Cockatrices doo
But him, that at your footstoole humbled lies,
With mercifull regard give mercy too

Such mercy shall you make admv'd to be,
So shall you live, by giving life to me

L

Long languishing in double malady
Of my harts wound, and of my bodies grieve,
There came to me a leach, that would apply
Fit medicines for my bodies best reliefe.

Vayne man, quod I, that hast but little priefe
In deep discovery of the mynds disease,
Is not the hart of all the body chiefe,
And rules the members as it selfe doth please?
Then, with some cordialls, seeke first to appease
The inward languor of my wounded hart,
And then my body shall have shortly ease
But such sweet cordialls passe Phisitions art.
Then, my lyfes Letch' doe your skill reveale,
And, with one salve, both hart and body
heale

LI

Doe I not see that fairest vmages
Of hardest marble are of purpose made,
For that they should endure through many ages,
Ne let their famous monuments to fade?
Why then doe I, untraide in lovers trade,
Her hardnes blame, which I should more com-
passe never sought was excellent as a de[m]end?
Which was not hard t' atchieve and bring to
end

Ne ought so hard, but he, that would attend,
Mote soften it and to his will allure
So doe I hope her stubborne hart to bend,
And that it then more stedfast will endure
Onely my prunes will be the more to get her,
But, having her, my joy wil be the greater

LI II

So oft as homeward I from her depart,
I goe lyke one that, having lost the field,
Is prisoner led away with heavy hart,
Despoild of warlike armes and knownen shield
So doe I now my selfe a prisoner vield
To sorrow and to solitary prune,
From presence of my dearest deare exclude,
Long-while alone in languor to remune
There let no thought of joy, or pleasure vaine,
Dare to approach, that may my solace breed,
But sudden dumps, and dreary sad dayne
Of all worlds gladnesse, more my torment feed.
So I her absens wil my penance make,
That of her presens I my meed may take

LI III

The Panther, knowing that his spotted hyde
Doth please all beasts, but that his looks them
fray,

Within a bush his dreddfull head doth hude,
To let them gaze, why lest he on them may pray
Right so my cruell fayre with me doth play,
For, with the goodly semblant of her hew,
She doth allure me to mine owne decay,
And then no mercy wil unto me shew
Great shame it is, thing so divine in view,
Made for to be the worlds most ornament,
To make the bayte her gazers to embrew
Good shames to be to ill an instrument!

But mercy doth with beautie best agree,
As in theyr Maker y e them best may see

LIV

Of this worlds Theatre in which we stay,
My love, lyke the Spectator, ydly sits,
Beholding me, that all the pageants play,
Disguysing diversly my troubled wits
Sometimes I joy when glad occasion fits,
And mask in myrth lyke to a Comedy
Soone after, when my joy to sorrow flits,
I wyle, and make my woes a Tragedy
Yet she, beholding me with constant eye,
Delights not in my merth, nor rues my smart
But, when I lough, she mocks, and, when I cry,
She laughes, and hardens evermore her hart
What then can move her? if nor merth nor
mone,

She is no woman, but a sencelesse stone

LV

So oft as I her beauty doe behold,
And therewith doe her cruelty compare,
I marvel of what substance was the mould,
The which her made attonce so cruell faire
Not earth, for her hugh thoughts more heavenly
are

Not water, for her love doth burne like fyre
Not ayre, for she is not so light or rare
Not fyre for she doth frye with fuint desire
Then needs another Element inquire
Whereof she mote be made, that is, the skye
For to the heaven her haughty looks aspie
And eke her mind is pure immortall hye

Then, sith so heav'n y e lykened are the best,
Be lyke in mercy as in all the rest.

LVI

Favre ye be sure, but cruell and unkind,
As is a Tygre, that with greedinesse [find
Hunts after bloud, when he by chance doth
A feeble beast, doth felly him oppresse
Fayre be ye sue, but proud and pittilesse,
As is a storme, that all things doth prostrate,
Finding a tree alone all comfortlesse,
Beats on it strongly, it to rurnate
Fayre be ye sure, but hard and obstinate,
As is a rocke amidst the raging floods
Gaynst which, a ship, of succour desolate,
Doth suffer wreck both of her selfe and goods
That ship, that tree, and that same beast,
am I,

Whom y e doe wreck, doe ruine, and destroy

LVII

Sweet warrior! when shall I have peace
with you?
High time it is thus warre now ended were

Which I no longer can endure to sue,
Ne your incessant battry more to beare
So weake my powres, so sore my wounds,
appeare,

That wonder is how I should live a jot,
Seeing my hart through-launced every where
With thousand arrowes, which your es have
shot

Yet shoot ye sharpely still, and spare me not,
But glory thinke to make these cruel stoures
Ye cruell one! what glory can be got,
In slaving him that would live gladly yours!

Make peace therefore, and graunt me timely
grace,

That al my wounds wil heale in litle space

LVIII

By her that is most assured to her selfe

Weake is th' assurance that weake flesh re-
poseth

In her owne powre, and scorneth others ayde,
That soonest fals, when as she most supposeth
Her selfe assur'd, and is of nought affrayd
All flesh is frayle, and all her strength unstayd,
Like a vaine bubble blowne up with ayre
Devouring tyme and changeful chance have
prayd,

Her glories pride that none may it repayre
Ne none so rich or wise, so strong or fayre,
But fayleth, trusting on his owne assurance,
And he, that standeth on the hyghest stayre,
Fals lowest, for on earth nought hath endur-
ance [so farre,

Why then doe ye, proud fayre, misdeeme
That to your selfe ye most assured are!

LIX

Thrise happie she! that is so well assured
Unto her selfe, and settled so in hart,
That nether will for better be allured,
Ne feard with worse to any chaunce to start,
But, like a steddly ship, doth strongly part
The raging waves, and keepes her course
aright,

Ne ought for tempest doth from it depart,
Ne ought for fayrer weathers false delight
Such selfe-assurance need not feare the spight
Of grudging foes, ne favour seek of friends
But, in the stay of her owne stedfast might,
Nether to one her selfe nor other bends

Most happy she, that most assur'd doth rest,
But he most happy, who such one loves best.

LX

Thy, that in course of heavenly spheares are
skild,
To every planet point his sundry care:

In which her circles voyage is fulfilld,
As Mars in three-score yeares doth run his
spheare

So, since the winged god his planet cleare
Began in me to move, one yeare is spent
The which doth longer unto me appeere,
Then all those fourty which my life out-went
Then by that count, which lovers books invent,
The spheare of Cupid forty yeares containes
Which I have wasted in long languishment,
That seemd the longer for my greater paines

But let my loves fayre Planet short her
wayes,

Thus yeare ensuing, or else short my dryes

LXI

The glorious image of the Makers beavtie,
My sovrayne synt, the Idoll of my thought,
Dare not henceforth, above the bounds of
devntie,

T' accuse of pride, or rashly blame for ought
For being, as she is, divinely wrought,
And of the brood of Angels heavenly borne,
And with the crew of blessed Synts upbrought,
Each of which did her with their gifts adorne,
The bud of joy, the blossome of the morne,
The beame of light, whom mortal eyes admire,
What reason is it then but she should scorne
Base things, that to her love too bold aspire!

Such heavenly formes ought rather worship
be,

Then dare be lov'd by men of meane degree

LXII

The weary yeare his race now having run,
The new begins his compact course new
With shew of morning myde he hath begun,
Betokening peace and plenty to ensue
So let us, which this change of weather view,
Change our mynds, and former lives
amend,

The old yeares sinnes forpast let us eschew,
And fly the faults with which we did offend
Then shall the new yeares joy forth freshly
send

Into the glooming world, his glad some ray
And all these stormes, which now his beauty
blend,

Shall turne to caulmes, and timely cleare away
So, likewise, Love's cheare you your heavy
spright,
And change old yeares annoy to new de-
light.

LXIII

After long stormes and tempests sad assay,
Which hardly I endured heretofore,
In dread of death, and dangerous dismay,
With which my silly barke was tossed sore

I doe at length descry the happy shore,
In which I hope ere long for to arrive
Favre soyle it seemes from far, and fraught
with store

Of all that desire and dainty is alive.
Most happy he! that can at last reach
The joyous safety of so sweet a rest,
Whose least delight sufficeth to deprive
Remembrance of all paines which him oppress.

All paines are nothing in respect of this,
All sorrowes short that gaine eternall blisse.

LXIV

Comming to kisse her lyps, (such grace I found,)
Me seemd, I smelt a garden of sweet flowres,
That dainty odours from them threw around,
For dazels fit to decke their lovers bowres
Her lips did smell like unto Gilly flowers,
Her ruddy cheekes, like unto Roses red,
Her snowy browes, like budded Bellamoures,
Her lovely eyes, like Pincks but newly spread,
Her goodly bosome, like a Strawberry bed,
Her neck, like to a bounch of Cullambynes,
Her breast, like Lillyes, ere their leaves be
shed,

Her nipples, like long blossomed Jessemynes
Such fragrant flowers doe give most odorous
smell,

But her sweet odour did them all excell

LXV

The doubt which ye misdeeme, favre love, is
That fondly feare to loose your liberty, [vaine,
When, loosing one, two liberties ye gayne,
And make him bond that bondage erst dyd fly
Sweet be the bands, the which true love doth
Without constraynt, or dread of any ill [tye
The gentle birde feels no captivity
Within her cage, but sings, and feeds her fill
There pride dare not approach, nor discord spill
The league twixt them, that loyal love hath
bound

But simple truth, and mutuall good-will,
Seekes with sweet peace, to save each others
wound [tore,
There Faith doth fearlesse dwell in brassen
And spotlesse Pleasure builds her sacred
bowre

LXVI

To all those happy blessings, which ye have
With plenteous hand by heaven upon you
thrown,

Thus one disparagement they to you gave,
That ye your love lent to so meane a one.
Yee, whose high worths surpassing paragon
Could not on earth have found one fit for mate,
Ne but in heav'n matchable to none,
Why did ye stoup unto so lowly state?

But ye thereby much greater glory gate,
 Then had ye sorted with a princes pere
 For, now, your light doth more itselfe dilate,
 And, in my darknesse, greater doth appeare,
 Yet, since your light hath once enlumind me,
 With my reflex yours shall encreased be

LXVII

Lyke as a huntsman after weary chace,
 Seeing the game from him escapt away,
 Sits downe to rest him in some shady place,
 With panting hounds beguiled of their pray
 So, after long pursuit and vaine assay,
 When I all weary had the chace forsooke,
 The gentle deere returnd the selfe-same way,
 Thinking to quench her thirst at the next
 brooke

There she, beholding me with mylder looke,
 Sought not to fly, but fearelesse still did bide
 Till I in hand her yet halfe trembling tooke,
 And with her owne goodwill hur fymely tyde
 Strange thing, me seemd, to see a beast so
 wyld,

So goodly wonne, with her owne will be-
 guyld

LXVIII

Most glorious Lord of lyfe! that, on this day,
 Didst make thy triumph over death and sin,
 And, having harrowd hell, didst bring away
 Captivity thence captive, us to win
 This joyous day, deare Lord, with joy begin,
 And grant that we, for whom thou diddest dye
 Being with thy deare blood cleane washt from
 May live for ever in felicity! [sin,
 And that thy love we weighbing worthily,
 May likewise love thee for the same againe,
 And for thy sake, that all lyke deare didst
 buy,

With love may one another entertayne!
 So let us love, deare love, like as we ought
 Love is the lesson which the Lord us taught

LXIX

The famous warriors of anticke world
 Used Trophees to erect in statelv wize,
 In which they would the records have enrolld
 Of theyr great deeds and valorous emprise
 What trophee then shall I most fit devise,
 In which I may record the memory
 Of my loves conquest, peerlesse beauties prise,
 Adorn'd with honour, love, and chastity!
 Even this verse, vowd to eternity,
 Shall be thereof immortall monument,
 And tell her prayse to all posterity,
 That may admire such worlds rare wonderment,
 The happy purchase of my glorious spoile,
 Gotton at last with labour and long toyle

LXX

Fresh Spring, the herald of loves mighty king,
 In whose cote-armour richly are displayd
 All sorts of flowers, the which on earth do
 In goodly colours gloriously arrayd, [spring,
 Goe to my love, where she is careless layd,
 Yet in her winters bowre not well awake,
 Tell her the joyous time wil not be staid,
 Unless she doe him by the forelock take,
 Bid her therefore her selfe soone ready make,
 To wryt on Love amongst his lovely crew,
 Where every one, that misseth then her make,
 Shall be by him amearst with penance dew

Make hast, therefore, sweet love, whilst it
 is prime,

For none can call againe the passed time

LXXI

I oye to see how, in your diawen work,
 Your selfe unto the Bee ye doe compare,
 And me unto the Spyder, that doth lurke
 In close awayt, to catch her unaware
 Right so your selfe were caught in cunning
 snare

Of a deare foe, and thralled to his love,
 In whose streight bands ye now captivd are
 So firmly, that ye never may remove
 But as your worke is woven all above
 With woodbynd flowers and fragrant Eglan-
 tine,

So sweet your prison you in time shall prove,
 With many deare delights bedecked fyne
 And all thensforth eternall peace shall see
 Betweene the Spyder and the gentle Bee.

LXXII

Ofte, when my spirit doth spred her bolder
 wings,

In mind to mount up to the purest sky,
 It down is weighd with thought of earthly
 And clogd with burden of mortality, [things,
 Where, when that sovereyne beauty it doth
 Resembling heavens glory in her light, [spy,
 Drawne with sweet pleasures bayt, it back
 doth fly,

And unto heaven forgets her former flight
 There my fraile fancy, led with full delight,
 Doth bath in blisse, and mantleth most at
 ease,

Ne thinks of other heaven, but how it might
 Her harts desire with most contentment please
 Hart need not wish none other happinesse,
 But here on earth to have such hevrens
 blisse

LXXIII

Being my self captvyd here in care,
 My hart, (whom none with servile bands can
 ty,

But the fayre tresses of your golden hayre,
Breaking his prison, forth to you doth fly
Lyke as a byrd, that in ones hand doth spy
Desired food, to it doth make his flight
Even so my hurt, that wont on your fayre

^{eye}
To feed his fill, flies backe unto your sight
Doe you him take, and in your bosome bright
Gently encage, that he may be your thrall
Perhaps he there may learne, with rare del-
light,

To sing your name and prayes over-all
That it hereafter may you not repent,
Him lodging in your bosome to have lent.

LXXV

Most happy letters¹ fram'd by skilfull trade,
With which that happy name was first desynd,
The which three times thrise happy hath me
made,

With gifts of body, fortune, and of mind
The first my being to me gave by kind,
From mothers womb deriv'd by dew descent
The second is my soveraigne Queene most
kind,

That honour and large riches to me lent
The third, my love, my lifes last ornament,
By whom my spirit out of dust was rayseed
To speake her prayse and glory excellent,
Of all alive most worthy to be praysed
Ye three Elizabeths¹ for ever live,
That three such graces did unto me give

LXXV

One day I wrote her name upon the strand,
But came the waves, and washed it away
Agayne, I wrote it with a second hand,
But came the tyde, and made my paynes his
pray

[assay]
Wayne man, sayd she, that doest in vaine
A mortall thing so to immortalize,
For I my selfe shall lyke to this decay,
And eek my name bee wyiped out lykewize,
Not so, quod I, let baser things debase
To dy in dust, but you shall live by fame
My verse your vertues rare shall eternize,
And in the heavens wryte your glorious name

Where, whenas death shall all the world
subdew,

Our love shall live, and later life renew

LXXVI

Fayre bosome¹ fraught with vertues richest
tresure,

The nerst of love, the lodging of delight,
The bowre of blisse, the paradise of pleasure,
The sacred harbour of that heavenly spright,

How was I ravisht with your lovely sight,
And my frayle thoughts too rashly led astray¹
Whiles diving deepe through amorous in-
sight,

On the sweet spoyle of beautie they did pray,
And twist her pappe, (like early fruit in May,
Whose harvest seemd to hasten now apace)
They loosely did theyr wanton winges display,
And there to rest themselves did boldly place
Sweet thoughts! I envy your so happy rest,
Which oft I wisht, yet never was so blest

LXXVII

Was it a dreame, or did I see it playne,
A goodly table of pure ivory,
All spread with juncats, fit to entertayne
The greatest Prince with pompous royalty
Amongst which, there in a silver dish did ly
Two golden apples of unalewd price,
Far passing those which Hercules came by,
Or those which Atalanta did entice,
Exceeding sweet, yet void of sinfull vice,
That many sought, yet none could ever taste,
Sweet fruit of pleasure, brought from Para-
dise

By Love himselfe, and in his garden plaste
Her brest that table was, so richly spredd,
My thoughts the guests, which would
thereon have fedd

LXXVIII

Lacking my love, I go from place to place,
Lyke a young fawne, that late hath lost the
hynd, [face,

And seeke each where, where last I sawe her
Whose ymage yet I carry fresh in mynd
I seeke the fields with her late footing synd,
I seeke her bowre with her late presence
deckt,

Yet nor in field nor bowre I her can fynd,
Yet field and bowre are full of her aspect
But, when myne eyes I thereunto direct,
They vdv backe returne to me agayne
And, when I hope to see theyr trew object,
I fynd my selfe but fed with fancies vayne
Ceasse then, myne eyes, to seeke her selfe to
see,

And let my thoughts behold her selfe in mee.

LXXIX

Men call you fayre, and you doe credit it,
For that your selfe ye daily such doe see
But the trew fayre, that is the gentle wit,
And vertuous mind, is much more prayd of
For all the rest, how ever faire it be, [me
Shall turne to nought and loose that glorious
But onely that is permanent and free [heav,
From fayle corruption, that doth flesh ensew

That is true beautie that doth argue you
To be diuine, and borne of heavenly seed,
Deri'd from that sayre Spirit, from whom all
true
And perfect beauty did at first proceed
He onely sayre, and what he sayre hath
made,
All other sayre, like flowres, untymely fade

LXXX

After so long a race as I have run
Through lacy land, which those six books
compile,
Give leaue to rest me being halfe fordonne,
And gather to my selfe new breath awhile
Then, as a steed refreshed after toyle,
Out of my prison I will breake anew,
And stoutly will that second worke assoyle,
With strong endeavour and attention dew
Till then give leaue to me, in pleasant mew
To sport my muse, and sing my loves sweet
praise,
The contemplation of whose heavenly hew,
My spirit to an higher pitch will raise,
But let her prayres yet be low and meane,
Fit for the handmayd of the Faery Queene

LXXXI

Fayre is my love, when her sayre golden
heares [marke,
With the loose wynd ye waving chance to
Fayre, when the rose in her red cheekes
appeares,
Or in her eyes the fyre of love does sparke
Fayre, when her brest, lyke a rich laden barke
With pretious merchandize she forth doth lay,
Fayre, when that cloud of pryde, which oft doth
dark
Her goodly light, with smiles she drives away
But fayrest she, when so she doth display
The gate with pearles and rubyes richly dight
Through which her words so wise do make
their way
To beare the message of her gentle spright
The rest be works of natures wonderment
But this the worke of harts astonishment.

LXXXII

Joy of my life! full oft for loving you
I blesse my lot, that was so luckily placed
But then the more your owne mishap I rewe,
That are so much by so meane love embased.
For, had the equall heuens so much you
graced
In this as in the rest, ye mote invent
Som heavenly wit, whose verse could have
enchased
Your glorious name in golden monument

But since ye deigned so goodly to relent
To me your thrall, in whom is little worth,
That little, that I am, shall all be spent
In setting your immortal prayres forth
Whose lofty argument, uplifting me,
Shall lift you up unto an high degree

LXXXIII

Let not one sparke of filthy lustfull fyre
Breake out, that may her sacred peace mo-
lest,
Ne one light glance of sensuall desyre
Attempt to work her gentle mindes unrest
But pure affections bred in spotlesse brest,
And modest thoughts breathd from wel-
tempredd sprites,
Goe visit her in her chaste bowre of rest
Accompanyde with angelick delightes
There fill your selfe with those most joyous
sights,
The which my selfe could never yet attayne
But speake no word to her of these sad
plights,
Which her too constant stiffenesse doth con-
strayne
Onely behold her rare perfection,
And blesse your fortunes fayre election

LXXXIV

The world that cannot deeme of worthy
things,
When I doe praise her, say I doe but flatter
So does the Cuckow, when the May sings,
Begin his witlesse note apace to clatter
But they that shall not of so heavenly matter,
All that they know not envy or admyre,
Rather then envy, let them wonder at her,
But not to deeme of her desert aspyre
Deepe, in the closet of my parts entyre,
Her worth is written with a golden quill,
That me with heavenly fury doth inspire,
And my glad mouth with her sweet prayres
fill [shal thunder,
Which when as Fame in her shrill trump
Let the world chose to envy or to wonder

LXXXV

Venemous tounge, typt with vile adders sting,
Of that selfe kynd with which the Furies fell
Theyr snaky heads doe combe, from which a
spring
Of poysoned words and spitefull speeches well,
Let all the plagues, and horrid prunes, of hell
Upon thee fall for thine recursed hvre
That with false forged lyes, which thou didst
tel,
In my true love did stirre up coles of yre,

The sparkes whereof let kundle thine own fyre,
And, catching hold on thine owne wicked hed,
Consume thee quite, that didst with guile conspire

In my sweet perce such breaches to have bred!
Shame be thy meed, and mischance thy reward,

Dew to thy selfe, that it for me prepar'd!

XXXXI

Since I did leave the presence of my love,
Many long weary dayes I have outworne,
And many nights, that slowly seemd to move
I heersad protract from evening untill morne,
For, when as day the heaven doth adorne,
I wish that night the noyous day would end
And, when as night hath us of light forlorne,
I wish that day would shortly reascend
Thus I the time with expectation spend,
And faine my grieve with chaunges to beguile,

That further seemes his terme still to extend,
And maketh every minute seeme a myle.

So sorrow still doth seeme too long to last,
But joyous houres doe fly away too fast

XXXXII

Since I have lackt the comfort of that light,
The which was wont to lead my thoughts astray,

I wander as in darknesse of the night,
Affrayd of every dangers least dismay

Ne ought I see, though in the clearest day,
When others gaze upon theyr shadowes vayne,
But th' onely image of that heavenly ray,
Whereof some glance doth in mine eye remaine

Of which beholding the Idea playne,
Through contemplation of my purest part,
With light thereof I doe my selfe sustayne,
And thereon feed my love-affamish't hart

But, with such brightnesse whylest I fill
my mind,

I starve my body, and mine eyes doe blynd

XXXXIII

Like as the Culver, on the bared bough,
Sits mourning for the absence of her mate,
And, in hersongs, sends many a wishfull vow
For his returne that seemes to linger late
So I alone, now left disconsolate,
Mourne to my selfe the absence of my love;

And, wandring here and there all desolate,
Seek with my playnts to match that mournfull dove
Ne joy of ought that under heaven doth hove
Can comfort me, but her owne joyous sight

Whose sweet aspect both God and man can move,
In her unspotted pleasaunts to delight
Dark is my day, whyles her fayre light I mis,

And dead my life that wants such lively bliss.

EPIGRAMS.

I

In youth, before I waxed old,
The blinde boy, Venus baby,
For want of cunning made me bold,
In bitter hve to grope for honny
But, when he saw me stung and cry,
He tooke his wings and away did fly

II

As Diane hunted on a day,
She chaunst to come where Cupid lay,
His quiver by his head
One of his shafts she stole away
And one of hers did close convey
Into the others stead
With that Love wounded my Loves hart,
But Diane beasts with Cupids dart

III

I saw, in secret to my Dame
How little Cupid humbly came,

And sayd to her, 'All hayle, my mother'
But, when he saw me laugh, for shame
His face with bashfull blood did flame,
Not knowing Venus from the other
'Then, never blush, Cupid, quoth I,
For many have err'd in this beauty'

IV

Upon a day, as Love lay sweetly slumbring
All in his mothers lap,
A gentle Bee, with his loud trumpet murmur,
About him flew by hap
Whereof when he was wakened with the [ring,
And saw the beast so small, [noyse,
'Whats this (quoth he) that gives so great a
That wakens men withall?' [noyse
In angry wize he flies about,
And threatens all with corage stout
To whom his mother closely smiling sayd,
'Twixt earnest and twixt game

'See' thou thy selfe likewise art lyttle made,
If thou regard the same
And yet thou suffrest neyther gods in sky,
Nor men in earth, to rest
But, when thou art disposed cruelly,
They sleepe thou doost molest
Then eyther change thy cruelty
Or give like leave unto the fly'

Nathelasse, the cruell boy, not so content,
Would needs the fly pursue,
And in his hand, with heedlesse hardiment,
Him caught for to subdue
But, when on it he hasty hand did lay,
The Bee him stung therefore
'Now out alas, he cryde, and wel-away'
I wounded am full sore
The Fly, that I so much did scorne,
Hath hurt me with his little horne'

Unto his mother straight he weeping came,
And of his grefe complayned
Who could not chose but laugh at his fond
Though sad to see him pained [game,
'Think now (quod she) my sonne, how great
Of those whom thou dost wound [the smart

Full many thou hast pricked to the hart,
That pitty never found
Therefore, henceforth some pitty take,
When thou doest spoyle of lovers make'

She tooke him streight full pitiously lamenting,
And wrapt him in her smock
She wrapt him softly, all the while repenting
That he the fly did mock
She drest his wound, and it embaulmed wel
With salve of soveraigne might
And then she bath'd him in a dainty well,
The well of deare delight
Who would not oft be stung as this,
To be so bath'd in Venus blis?

The wanton boy was shortly wel recured
Of that his malady
But he, soone after, fresh againe enured
His former cruelty
And since that time he wounded hath my [selfe
With his sharpe dart of love
And now forgets the cruell carelesse elfe
His mothers heast to prove
So now I languish, till he please
My pining anguish to appease.

EPITHALAMION.

Ye learned sisters, which have oftentimes
Beene to me aying, others to adorne, [rymes,
Whom ye thought worthy of your gracefull
That even the greatest did not greatly scorne
To heare theyr names sung in your simple
But joyed in theyr praise, [layes,
And when ye list your owne mishaps to mourne,
Which death, or love, or fortunes wreck did
rave,

Your string could soone to sadder tenor turne,
And teach the woods and waters to lament
Your dolefull dreiment
Now lay those sorrowfull complaints aside,
And, having all your heads with garlands
crown'd,

Helpe me mine owne loves prayses to resound,
Ne let the same of any be envie
So Orpheus did for his owne bride'
So I unto my selfe alone will sing, [ring
The woods shall to me answer, and my Eccho

Early, before the worlds light-giving lampe
His golden beame upon the hills doth spred,
Having disperst the nights unbearefull dampe,
Doe ye awake, and, with fresh lusty-hed,
Go to the bowre of my beloved love,

My truest turtle dove,
Bid her awake, for Hymen is awake,
And long since ready forth his maske to move,
With his bright Tead that flames with many
a flake,

And many a bachelor to waite on him,
In theyr fresh garments trim
Bid her awake therefore, and soone her dight,
For lo! the wished day is come at last,
That shall, for all the paynes and sorrowes past,
Pay to her usury of long delight
And, whylest she doth her dight,
Doe ye to her of joy and solace sing,
That all the woods may answer, and your
eccho ring

Bring with you all the Nymphes that you can
heare

Both of the rivers and the Forrests greene,
And of the sea that neighbours to her neare
Al with gay garlands goodly wel bescene
And let them also with them bring in hand
Another gay garland,
For my fayre love, of lilies and of roses,
Bound true love wize, with a blew silke riband
And let them make great store of bridale poses,

And let them ecke bring store of other flowers,
To deck the bridale bowers [tread,
And let the ground whereas her foot shall
For feare the stones her tender foot should
wrong,

Be strewed with fragrant flowers all along,
And diaped lyke the discolored mead
Which done, doe at her chamber dore awayt,
For she will waken strait,
The whyles doe ye this song unto her sing,
The woods shall to you answer, and your Echo
ring

Ye Nymphes of Mulla, which with carefull
heed

The silver scaly trouts doe tend full well,
And greedy pikes which use thereon to feed,
(Those trouts and pikes all others doo ex-
cell.)

And ye likewise, which keepe the rusby lake,
Where none doo fishes take, [light,
Bynd up the locks the which hang scatterd
And in his waters, which your mirror make,
Behold your faces as the christall bright,
That when you come wherers my love doth lie,
No blemish she may spie
And eke, ye lightfoot mayds, which keepe the
dore,

That on the hoary mountaine used to towre,
And the wilde wolves, which seeke them to
devoure, [neer,

With your Steele darts doo chace from comming
Be also present heere,
To helpe to decke her, and to help to sing,
That all the woods may answer, and your
echo ring

Wake now, my love, awake! for it is time,
The Rosy Morne long since left Tithones bed,
All ready to her silver coche to clyme,
And Phoebus guns to shew his glorious hed
Hark! how the cheerefull birds do chaunt
their laies

And carroll of Loves praise
The merr Lark hur mattins sings aloft,
The Thrush replies, the Mavis descant playes
The Ouzell shrills, the Ruddock warbles soft,
So goodly all agree, with sweet consent,
To this daves merriment.
Ah! my deere love, why doe ye sleepe thus
long,

When meeter were that ye should now awake,
To awaite the comming of your joyous make,
And hearken to the birds love-learned song,
The dewy leaves among!
Nor they of joy and pleasance to you sing,
That all the woods them answer, and theyr
echo ring

My love is now awake out of her dreames,
And her fayre eyes, like stars that dimmed
were [beams

With darksome cloud, now shew theyr goodly
More bright then Hesperus his head doth rere
Come now, ye duncels, daughters of delight,
Helpe quickly her to dight [begot.
But first come ye fayre houres, which were
In Joves sweet paradise of Day and Night,
Which doe the seasons of the yeare allot,
And al, that ever in this world is fayre,
Doe make and still repavre [Queene,
And ye three handmayds of the Cyprian
The which doe still adorne her beauties pride,
Helpe to adorne my beautifullest bride
And as ye her array, still throw betweene
Some graces to be seene,
And, as ye use to Venus, to her sing,
The whyles the woods shal answer, and your
echo ring

Now is my love all ready forth to come
Let all the virgins therefore well awaite
And ye fresh boyes, that tend upon her groomer,
Prepare your selves, for he is comming strait.
Set all your things in seemely good array,
Fit for so joyfull day
The joyfullst day that ever sunne did see
Faure Sun! shew forth thy favourable ray,
And let thy lull heart not fervent be,
For feare of burning her sunshyny face,
Her beauty to disgrace
O fayrest Phoebus! father of the Muse!
If ever I did honour thee aright,
Or sing the thing that mote thy mind delight,
Doe not thy servants simple boone refuse.
But let this day, let this one day, be myne,
Let all the rest be thine.
Then I thy soverayne prayes loud wil sing
That all the woods shal answer, and theyr
echo ring

Hark! how the Minstrils gin to shrill aloud
Their merry Musick that resounds from far,
The pipe, the tabor and the trembling Croud,
That well agree withouten breach or jar
But, most of all, the Damzels doe delight
When theyr theyr tymbrels smyte,
And thereunto doe daunce and carrol sweet,
That all the senses they doe ravish quite,
The whyles the boyes run up and downe the
street,

Crying aloud with strong confused noyce,
As if it were one voice,
Hymen, so Hymen, Hymen, they do shout,
That even to the heavens theyr shouting shrill
Doth reach, and all the firmament doth fill,
To which the people standing all about,

As in approvaunce doe thereto applaud,
And loud aduunce her laud,
And exmore thet Hymen sing,
That al the woods them answer, and theyr
echo ring

Loe! where she comes along with portly pace,
Like Phoebe, from her chamber of the East,
Aryuing forth to run her mighte race,
Clad all in white, that seemes a virgin best
So well it her becomies, that ye would weene
Some angell she had bene
Her long loose yellow locke lyke golden wire
Sprinkled with perle, and perling flowres
twene,

Doe lyke a golden mantle her attyre,
And, being crowned with a garland greene,
Seeme lyke some mayden Queene
Her mode-t eyes, abashed to behold
So many gazers as on her do stare,
Upon the lowly ground afixed are,
Ne dare hit up her countenance too bold,
But blush to heare her praises sung so loud,
So farr from being proud
Nathlesse doe ye still loud her praises sing,
That all the woods may answer, and your echo
ring

Tell me, ye merchants daughters, did ye see
So fayre a creature in your towne before,
So sweet, so lovely, and so mild as she,
Adorn'd with beuty's grace and vertues store?
Her goodly eyes lyke Saphyres shining bright,
Her forehead vvorv white, [rudded
Her cheekes lyke apples which the sun hath
Her lips lyke cherries charming men to bite,
Her brest lyke to a bowle of cre me uncrudded,
Her paps lyke lillies budded,
Her snowie necke lyke to a marble towre,
And all her body lyke a pallee fayre
Ascending up, with many a stately staire,
To honors seat and chastities sweet bowre
Why stand ye still ye virgins in amaze,
Upon her so to gaze,
Whiles ye forget your former lay to sing,
To which the woods did answer, and your
echo ring?

But if ye saw that which no eyes can see,
The inward beauty of her lively spright,
Garnisht with heavenly guists of high degree,
Much more then would ye wonder at that
sight,
And stand astonisht lyke to those which red
Meduues mafeul hed
There dwels sweet love, and constant chastity,
Unspotted fawth, and comely womanhood,
Regard of honour, and mild modesty,

There vertue raynes as Queene in royl throne,
And giveth lawes alone,
The which the base affections doe obey,
And yeld theyr services unto her will,
Ne thought of thing uncomely ever may
Thereto approach to tempt her mind to ill
Had ye once seene these her celestial threa-
And unrevealed pleasures, [sures,
Ther would ye wonder, and her pray ses sing,
That al the woods should answer, and your
echo ring

Open the temple gates unto my love,
Open them wide that she may enter in,
And all the postes adorne as doth behove,
And all the pillours deck with garlands trim,
For to receyve this Savnt with honour den,
That commeth in to you
With trembling steps, and humble reverence,
She commeth in, before th' Almightyes view,
Of her ye virgins learne obedience,
When so ye come into those holy places,
To humble your proud faces
Bring her up to th' high altar, that she may
The sacred ceremonies there partake,
The which do endlesse matrimony make,
And let the roring Organs loudly play
The praises of the Lord in lively notes,
The whiles, with hollow throites,
The Choristers the joyous Anthems sing,
That al the woods may answer, and their
echo ring.

Behold, whiles she before the altar stands,
Hearing the holy priest that to her speaks,
And ble-eth her with his two happy hands,
How the red roses flush up in her cheekes,
And the pure snow, with goodly vermill stayne
Like crimson dyde in grayne
That even th' Angels, which continually
About the sacred Altare doe remaine,
Forget their service and about her fly,
Ofrepeping in her face, that seems more sayre,
The more they on it stare
But her sad eyes, still fastened on the ground,
Are governed wth gently modesty,
That suffers not one looke to glaunce awry,
Which may let in a little thought unsound
Why blush ye love, to give to me your hand,
The pledge of all our band!
Sing, ye sweet Angels, Alleluy a sing,
That all the woods may answer, and your
echo ring

Now al is done bring home the bride agayne,
Bring home the triumph of our victory
Bring home with you the glory of her game
With joyance bring her and with jollity

Never had man more joyfull day then this,
Whom heaven would heape with blis,
Make feast therefore now all this live-long
day,

This day for ever to me holy is
Poure out the wine without restraint or stay,
Poure not by cups, but by the belly full,
Poure out to all that wull,
And sprinkle all the postes and wals with wine,
That they may sweat, and drunken be withall
Crowne ye God Bacchus with a coronall,
And His men also crowne with wreathes of vine,
And let the Graces daunce unto the rest,
For they can doo it best
The whiles the maydens doe theyr carroll sing,
To which the woods shall answer, and theyr
eccho ring

Ring ye the bells, ye yong men of the towne,
And leave your wonted labors for this day
This day is holy, doe ye write it downe,
That ye for ever it remember may
This day the sunne is in his chiefest light,
With Barnaby the bright,
From whence declining daily by degrees,
He som hat loseth of his heat and light,
When once the Crab behind his back he sees
But for this time it ill ordained was,
To chose the longest day in all the yere,
And shortest night, when longest fitter weare
Yet never day so long, but lite would please
Ring ye the bells, to make it weare away,
And bonifiers make all day,
And daunce about them, and about them sing,
That all the woods may answer, and your
eccho ring

Ah! when will this long weery day have end,
And lende me leave to come unto my love?
How slowly do the houres theyr numbers
spend?

How slowly does sad Time his feathers move?
Hast thee, O fayrest Planet, to thy home,
Within the Westerne some
Thy tyred steedes long since have need of rest
Long though it be, at last I see it gloome,
And the bright evening-star with golden creast
Appeare out of the East. [love]

Favre childe of beauty! glorious lumpe of
That all the host of heaven in rinkes doost
lead, [dread]

And guydest lovers through the nights sad
How chearefully thou lookest from above,
And seemst to laugh atweene thy twinkling
light,

As joying in the sight
Of these glad many, which for joy doe sing,
That all the woods them answer, and their
eccho ring!

Now cease, ye damsels, your delights fore-past
Enough it is that all the day was yours
Now day is doene, and night is nighing fast,
Now bring the Bryde into the brydall boure!
The night is come, now soon her disaray,
And in her bea her lay,
Lay her in lillies and in violets,
And silken courteins over her display,
And odour sheetes, and Arras coverlets.
Behold how goodly my faire love does ly,
In proud humility!

Like unto Maia, when as Jove her took
In Tempe, lying on the flowry gras,
Twixt sleepe and wake, after she weery was,
With bathing in the Acidrian brooke
Now it is night, ye damsels may be gon,
And leave my love alone,
And leave likewise your former lay to sing
The woods no more shall answer, nor your
eccho ring

Now welcome, night! thou night so long ex-
pected,

That long daies labour doest at last defray,
And all my cares, which cruell Love collected,
Hrst sumd in one and cancelled for aye
Spread thy broad wing over my love and me,
That no man may us see,
And in thy sable mantle us enwrap,
From feare of perrill and foule horror free
Let no false treason seeke us to entrap,
Nor any dreid disquiet once annoy
The sifety of our joy,

But let the night be calme, and quetsome,
Without tempestuous storms or sad afraie
Lyke as when Jove with faire Almena lay,
When he begot the great Tirynthian groome.
Or lyke as when he with thy selfe did lie
And begot Majesty
And let the mayds and yongmen cease to sing,
Ne let the woods them answer nor theyr
eccho ring

Let no lamenting cryes, nor dolefull teares,
Be heard all night within, nor yet without
Ne let false whispers, breeding hidden feares,
Breake gentle sleepe with misconceived doubt
Let no deluding dreames, nor dreadfull sights,
Make sudden sad affrights, [harmes]
Ne let house-fyes, nor lightnings hellesse
Ne let the Pouke, nor other evill sprights,
Ne let mischivous witches with theyr charmes,
Ne let hob Goblins, names whose sence we see
not,

Fray us with things that be not [heard],
Let not the shriek Onle no. the Storke be
Nor the night Raven, that still deadly yels,
Nor damned ghosts, cald up with might, spels,
Nor gresly vultures, make us once affeard

Ne let th' unpleasant Quayre of Frogs still
Make us to wish they'r choking [croaking
Let none of these they'r drery accents sing,
Ne let the woods them answer, nor they'r echo
ring

But let stil Silence trew night-watches keepe,
That sacred Peace may in assurance rayne,
And tymely Sleep, when it is tyme to sleepe,
May poure his limbs forth on your pleasant
playne,

The whites an hundred little winged loves,
Like divers-fethered doves,
Shall fly and flutter round about your bed,
And in the secret darke, that none reproves,
Their pretty stealthes shal walke, and snares
shal spread

To flye away sweet snatches of delight,
Conceald through covert night.
Ye sonnes of Venus, play your sports at will!
For greedy pleasure, carelesse of your toys,
Thinks more upon her paradise of joyes,
Then what ye do, wile it good or ill
All night therefore attend your merry play,
For it will soone be day
Now none doth hinder you, that say or sing,
Ne will the woods now answer, nor your Echo
ring

Who is the same, which at my window peepes?
Or whose is that faire face that shines so
bright?

Is it not Cynthia, she that never sleepes,
But walkes about high heaven al the night?
O' sayrest goddesses, do thou not envy
My love with me to spy [thought,
For thou likewise didst love, though now un-
And for a fleece of wooll, which privily
The Latman shepherd once unto thee brought,
His pleasures with thee wrought.
Therefore to us be favorable now,
And sith of womens labours thou hast charge,
And generation goodly dost enlarge,
Encline thy will t'effect our wishfull vow,
And the chaste wombe informe with timely
seed,

That may our comfort breed
Till which we cease our hopefull hap to sing,
Ne let the woods us answer, nor our Echo
ring

And thou, great Juno! which with awful
might

The lawes of wedlock still dost patronize,
And the religion of the faith first plight
With sacred rites hast taught to solemnize,
And eke for comfort often called art
Of women in their smart,
Eternally bind thou this lovely band,
And all thy blessings unto us impart
And thou, glad Genius! in whose gentle hand
The bridale bowre and geniall bed remaine,
Without blemish or staine,
And the sweet pleasures of theyr loves delight
With secret ayde dost succour and supply,
Till they bring forth the fruitfull progeny,
Send us the timely fruit of this same night.
And thou, fayre Hebe! and thou, Hymen free!
Grant that it may so be

Till which we cease your further prayse to
sing,
Ne any woods shall answer, nor your Echo
ring

And ye high heavens, the temple of the gods,
In which a thousand torches flaming bright
Doe burne, that to us wretched earthly clods
In dreadful darknesse lend desired light,
And all ye powers which in the same remaine,
More then we men can sayne!

Poure out your blessing on us plentifully,
And happy influence upon us name,
That we may raise a large posterity,
Which from the earth, which they may long
With lasting happinesse, [possesse
Up to your haughty pallaces may mount,
And, for the guerdon of theyr glorious merit,
May heavenly tabernacles there inherit,
Of blessed Saints for to increase the count
So let us rest, sweet love, in hope of this,
And cease till then our timely joyes to sing
The woods no more us answer, nor our echo
ring!

*Song! made in lieu of many ornaments,
With which my love should duly have been deckt,
Which cutting off through hasty accidents,
Ye would not stay your dew time to expect,
But promise both to recompens,
Be unto her a goodly ornament,
And for short time an endless monument*

FOWRE HYMNES,

MADE BY

EDM SPENSER

TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE AND MOST VERTUOUS LADIES,

THE LADIE MARGARET,

COUNTESS OF CUMBERLAND, AND

THE LADIE MARIE,

COUNTESS OF WARWICK.

HAVING in the greener times of my youth, composed these former two Hymnes in the praise of Love and Beautie, and finding that the same too much pleased those of like age, and disposition which being too vehemently carried with that kind of affection, do rather sucke out poison to their strong passion, then honest to their honest delight, I was moved by the one of you two most excellent Ladies to call in the same. But, being unable so to doe by reason that many copies thereof were formerly scattered abroad I resolved at least to amend, and by way of retraction, to reforme them, making, in stead of those two Hymnes of earthly or naturall love and beautie, two others of heavenly and celestiall. The which I doe dedicate jointly unto you two honorable sisters as to the most excellent and rare ornaments of all true love and beautie both in the one and the other kinde, humbly beseeching you to vouchsafe the patronage of them, and to accept this my humble service, in lieu of the great graces and honourable favours which ye daily shew unto me, untill such time as I may, by better meanes, recelde you some more notable testimonie of my thankfull mind and dutifull devotion. And even so I pray for your happiness. Given with this first of September, 1596 Your Honors most bounden ever,

in all humble service,
ED SP

AN HYMNE IN HONOUR OF LOVE

<p>Love, that long since hast to thy mighty powre Perforce subdued my poore captiv'd hart And, raging now therein with restlesse stowre, Doe'st tyrannize in everie weal or part Faine would I seeke to ease my bitter smart By any service I might do to thee, Or ought that else might to thee pleasing bee And now t' asswage the force of this new flame, And make thee more propitious in my need, I meane to sing the praises of thy name, And thy victorious conquests to record, By which thou madest many harts to bleed</p>	<p>Of mightie Victor, with wide wounds embreued, And by thy cruell darts to thee subdued Onely I feare my wits enfeebled late Through the sharpe sorrowes which thou hast me bred, [relate Should faint, and words should faile me to The wondrous triumphs of my great god-head But, if thou wouldst vouchsafe to overspread Me with the shadow of thy gentle wing, I should enabled be thy actes to sing Come, then, O come, thou mightie God of Love, Out of thy silver bowres and secret blisse,</p>
---	--

Where thou doest sit in Venus lap above,
 Bathing thy wings in her ambrosiall kisse,
 That sweeter farre then any Nectar is,
 Come softly, and my feeble breast inspire
 With gentle furie, kindled of thy fire.

And ye, sweet Muses! which have often
 proved

The piercing points of his avengefull darts,
 And ye, faire Nymphs! which oftentimes have
 loved

The cruell worker of your kindly smarts,
 Prepare you selves, and open wide your harts
 For to receive the triumph of your glorie,
 That made you merie oft when ye were
 sorie

And ye, faire blossomes of youths wanton
 breed,

Which in the conquests of your beautie bost,
 Wherewith your lovers feeble eyes you feed,
 But sterve their harts that needeth nourture
 most,

Prepare you selves to march amongst his
 And all the way this sacred hymne do sing,
 Made in the honor of your Sovereigne king

GREAT GOD OF MIGHT, that reignest in the
 mynd,

And all the bodie to thy hest doest frame,
 Victor of gods, subduer of mankynd,
 That doest the Lions and fell Tigers tame,
 Making their cruell rage thy scornfull game,
 And in their roring taking great delight,
 Who can expresse the glorie of thy might?

Or who alive can perfectly declare
 The wondrous cradle of thine infancie,
 When thy great mother Venus first thee bare,
 Begot of Plentie and of Penurie,
 Though elder then thine owne nativtie,
 And yet a chyld, renewing still thy yeares,
 And yet the eldest of the heavenly Peares?

For ere thus worlds still moving mightie masse
 Out of greit Chaos ugly prison crept,
 In which his goodly face long hidden was
 From heavens view, and in deepe darknesse
 kept,

Love, that had now long time securely slept
 In Venus lap, unarmed then and naked,
 Gan reare his head, by Clotho being waked

And, taking to him wings of his owne heate,
 Kindled at first from heavens life-giving fyre,
 He gan to move out of his idle serte,
 Weakely at first, but after with desyre
 Luffed aloft, he gan to mount up hyre,
 And, like fresh Eagle, make his hardie flight
 Through all that great wide wast, yet wanting
 light.

Yet wanting light to guide his wandring way,
 His owne faire mother, for all creatures sake,
 Did lend him light from her owne goodly ray,
 Then through the world his way he gan to
 take,

The world, that was not till he did it make,
 Whose sundrie parts he from themselves did
 sever

The which before had lyen confused ever

The earth, the ayre, the water, and the fyre,
 Then gan to raunge them selves in huge array,
 And with contrary forces to conspyre
 Each against other by all meanes they may,
 Threatning their owne confusion and decay
 Ayre hated earth, and water hated fyre,
 Till Love relented their rebellous yre.

He then them tooke, and, tempering goodly
 well

Their contrary dislikes with loved meanes,
 Did place them all in order, and compell
 To keepe them selves within their sundrie
 raines,

Together linkt with Adamantine chaines,
 Yet so, as that in every living wight
 They mixe themselves, and shew their kindly
 might

So ever since they firmly have remained,
 And duly well observed his behest,
 Through which now all these things that are
 contained

Within this goodly cope, both most and least,
 Their being have, and dayly are increast
 Through secret sparks of his infused fyre,
 Which in the barraine cold he doth inspyre

Thereby they all do live, and moved are
 To multiply the likenesse of their kynd,
 Whylest they seeke onely, without further
 care,

To quench the flame which they in burning
 Butman that breathes a more immortall mynd,
 Not for lusts sake, but for eternitie,
 Seekes to enlarge his lasting progenie,

For, having yet in his deducted spright
 Some sparks remaining of that heavenly fyre,
 He is enlumind with that goodly light,
 Unto like goodly semblant to aspyre,
 Therefore in choice of love he doth desyre
 That seemes on earth most heavenly to em-
 brace,

That same is Beautie, borne of heavenly race
 For sure of all that in this mortall frame
 Contained is, nought more divine doth seeme,
 Or that resembleth more th' immortall flame
 Of heavenly light, then Beauties glorious
 beame

What wonder then, if with such rage extreme
Fraile men, whose eyes seek heav'nly things to
see,

At sight thereof so much enravisht bee?

Which well perceiving, that imperious boy
Doth therewith tip his sharp empoisoned darts,
Which glancing through the eyes with coun-
tenance coy

Rest not till they have pierst the trembling
And kindled flame in all their inner parts,
Which suckes the blood, and drinketh up the
lyfe,

Of carefull wretches with consuming griefe

Thenceforth they playne, and make ful piteous
mone

Unto the author of their balefull bane

The daies they waste, the nights they grieve
and grone,

Their lives they loath, and heavens light dis-
Nolight but that, whose lampe doth yet remaine
Fresh burning in the image of their eye,
They deigne to see, and seeing it still dye

That whilst thou tyrant Love doest laugh and
scorne

At then complaints, making their paine thy
Why lest they lye languishing like thralls for-
lorne,

The whyles thou doest triumph in their decay
And otherwhyles, their dying to delay,
Thou doest emmarble the proud hart of her
Whose love before their life they doe prefer

So hast thou often done (ay me, the more!)
To me thy vassall, whose yet bleeding hart
With thousand wounds thou mangled hast so
sore,

That whole remaines scarce any little part,
Yet, to augment the anguish of my smart,
Thou hast enfrosen her disdainefull brest,
That no one drop of pitie there doth rest

Why then do I thus honor unto thee,
Thus to ennoble thy victorious name,
Since thou doest shew no favour unto mee,
Ne once move ruth in that rebellious Dame,
Somewhat to slacke the rigour of my flame?
Certes small glory doest thou winne hereby,
To let her live thus free, and me to dy

But if thou be indeede. as men thee call,
The worlds great Parent, the most kind pre-
server

Of living wights, the soveraine Lord of all,
How falls it then that with thy furious fer-
our

Thou doest afflict as well the not-deserver,
As him that doeth thy lovely heasts despize,
And on thy subjects most doest tyrannize?

Yet heere eke thy glory seemeth more,
By so hard handling those which best thee
serve,

That, ere thou doest them unto grace restore,
Thou mayest well trie if they will ever swerve,
And mayest them make it better to deserve,
And, having got it, may it more esteeme,
For things hard gotten men more dearly deeme.

So hard those heavenly beauties he enfyred
As things divine, leyst passions doe impresse,
The more of stedfast myndes to be admy red,
The more they stayd be on stedfastnesse,
But baseborne myndes such lamps regard the
lesse,

Which at first blowing take not hastie fyre,
Such fancies feele no love, but loose desyre

For love is Lord of truth and loialtie,
Lifting himselfe out of the lowly dust
On golden plumes up to the purest skie,
Above the reach of loathly sinfull lust,
Whose base affect through cowardly distrust
Of his weake wings dare not to heaven fly,
But like a moldwarpe in the earth doth ly

His dunghill thoughts, which do themselves
enuie

To dirtie drosse, no higher dare aspyre,
Ne can his feeble earthly eyes endure
The flaming light of that celestiaall fyre
Which kindleth love in generous desyre,
And makes him mount above the native might
Of heavie earth, up to the heavens light

Such is the powre of that sweet passion,
That it all sordid basenesse doth expell,
And the refined mynd doth newly fashon
Unto a furer forme, which now doth dwell
In his high thought, that would it selfe excell,
Which he beholding still with constant sight,
Admires the mirrour of so heavenly light

Whose image printing in his deepest wit,
He thereon feeds his hungrie fantasie,
Still full, yet never satisfyde with it,
Like Tantale, that in store doth sterv'd ly,
So doth he pine in most satiety,
For nought may quench his infinite desyre,
Once kindled through that first conceived fyre.

Thereon his mynd affixed wholly is,
Ne thinks on ought but how it to attaine,
His cart, his joy, his hope, is all on this,
That seemes in it all blisses to containe,
In sight whereof all other blisse seemes vaine
Thrise happie man! might he the same pos-
sesse,

He fannes himselfe, and doth his fortune blesse
And though he do not win his wish to end,
Yet thus farre happie he himselfe doth weene,

That heavens such happie grace did to him
lend,

As thing on earth so heavenly to have seene
His hart enshrined saint, his heavens queene,
Fairer then fairest, in his sayning eye,
Whose sole aspect he counts felicitye

Then forth he casts in his unquiet thought,
What he may do, her favour to obtaine,
What brave exploit, what perill hardly
wrought [paine,

What pussant conquest, what adventurous
May please her best, and grace unto him
gaine,

He dreads no danger, nor misfortune feares,
His faith, his fortune, in his breast he beares

Thou art his god, thou art his mightie guyde,
Thou, brave blind, leest him not see his feares,
But cariest him to that which he bath eyde,
Through seas, through flames, through thou-
sand swords and speares, [stand,

Ne ought so strong that may his force with-
With which thou arimest his resistlesse hand

Witness Leander in the Lazine waves,
And stout Aeneas in the Trojane fyre,
Achilles preassing through the Phrygian
glaves,

And Orpheus, daring to provoke the yre
Of damned fiends, to get his love retire, [way
For both through heaven and hell thou makest
To win them worship which to thee obry

And if, by all these perils and these paynes,
He may but purchase living in her eye,
What heavens of joy then to himselfe he
faynes!

Etsoones he wyper quite out of memory
Whatever ill before he did aby
Had it bene death, yet would he die agayne,
To live thus happie as her grace to gaine

Yet, when he hath found favour to his will,
He nathemore can so contented rest,
But forceth further on, and striveth still
T' approach more neare, till in her inmost
brest

He may embosomed bee and loved best,
And yet not best, but to be lov'd alone,
For love can not endure a Paragone

The feare whereof, O how doth it torment
His troubled mynd with more then hellish
paine!

And to his sayning fansie represent [paine,
Sights never seene, and thousand shadowes
To breake his sleepe, and waste his ydle braine
Thou that hast never lov'd canst not beleve
Least part of th' evils which poore lovers
grieve

The gnawing envie, the hart-fretting feare,
The same surmizes, the distrustfull shoves,
The false reports that flying tales doe beare,
The doubts, the daungers, the delayes, the
woes,

The sayned friends, the unassured foes, [tell,
With thousands more then any tongue can
Doe make a lovers life a wretches hell

Yet is there one more cursed then they all,
That cancker-worme, that monster, Gelosie,
Which eates the hart and feedes upon the gall,
Turning all loves delight to miserie,
Through feare of loosing his felicitie
Ah, Gods! that ever ye that monster placed
In gentle love, that all his joyes defaced!

By these, O Love! thou doest thy entrance
make

Unto thy heaven and doest the more endeeare
Thy pleasures unto those which them partake,
As after stormes, when clouds begin to cleare,
The Sunne more bright and glorious doth ap-
peare,

So thou thy folke, through paines of Purgatorie
Dost beare unto thy blisse, and heavens glorie

There thou them placest in a Paradize
Of all delight and joyous happie rest,
Where they doe feede on Nectar heavenly-wize,
With Hercules and Hebe, and the rest
Of Venus dearlings, through her bountie blest,
And he like Gods in yorie beds arayd,
With rose and lillies over them displayd

There with thy daughter Pleasure they doe
play [blame,

Their hurtlesse sports, without rebuke or
And in her snowy bosome boldly lay
Their quiet heads, devoyd of guilty shame,
After full joy nce of their gentle game,
Then her they crowne their Goddesses and their
Queene,

And decke with floures thy altars well besene

Ay me! deare Lord! that ever I might hope,
For all the paines and woes that I endure,
To come at length unto the wished scope
Of my desire, or might my selfe assure
That happie port for ever to recure! [all,
Then would I thinke these paines no paines at
And all my woes to be but penance small.

Then would I sing of thine immortall praise
An heavenly Hymne, such as the Angels sing,
And thy triumphant name then would I raise
Above all the gods, thee onely honoring
My guide, my God, my victor, and my king
Till then, dead Lord! vouchsafe to take of me
This simple song, thus fram'd in praise of
thee

AN HYMNE IN HONOUR OF BEAUTIE.

An' whither, Love' wilt thou now carrie mee?
 What wantlesse fury dost thou now inspire
 Into my feeble breast, too full of thee?
 Why lest seeking to aslake thy raging fyre,
 Thou in me kindlest much more great desyre,
 And up aloft above my strength doest rayse
 The wondrous matter of my fyre to prayse.

That as I erst, in praise of thine owne name,
 So now in honour of thy Mother deare,
 An honourable Hymne I eke should frame,
 And with the brightnesse of her beautie cleare,
 The rish hart of gazefull men might reare
 To admiration of that heavenly light,
 From whence proceeds such soule-enchanting
 might.

Therto do thou, great Goddesses' Queene of
 Beauty,
 Mother of love, and of all worlds delight,
 Without whose soverayne grace and kindly
 dewty
 Nothing on earth seemes fayre to fleshly sight,
 Doe thou vouchsafe with thy love-kindling
 light

To illuminate my dim and dulled evne,
 And beautifie this sacred hymne of thine

That both to thee, to whom I merne it most,
 And eke to her, whose faire immortal beame
 Hath darted fyre into my feeble ghost,
 That now it wasted is with woes extreame,
 It may so please, that she at length will streame
 Some draw of grace into my withered hart,
 After long sorrow and consuming smart

WHAT TIME THIS WORLDS GREAT WORK-
 MASTER DID CAST

To make all things such as we now behold,
 It seemes that he before his eyes had plast
 A goodly Paterne, to whose perfect mould
 He fashioned them as comely as he could,
 That now so faire and seemely they appeare,
 As nought may be amended any where

That wondrous Paterne, wheresoeer it bee,
 Whether in earth liv'd up in secret store,
 Or else in heaven, that no man may it see
 With sinfull eyes, for ferre it to deflore,
 Is perfect Beautie, which all men adore,
 Whose face and feature doth so much excell
 All mortall sence, that none the same may tell

Thereof is every earthly thing partakes
 Or more or lesse, by influence divine,

So it more faire accordingly it makes,
 And the grosse matter of this earthly myne
 Which clootheth it thereafter doth refyne,
 Doing away the drosse which dims the light
 Of that faire beame which therein is empight

For, through infusion of celestiaall powre,
 The duller earth it quickneth with delight,
 And life-full spirits privily doth powre
 Through all the parts, that to the lookers sight
 They seeme to please, That is thy soveraine
 might, [beame

O Cyprian Queene! which flowing from the
 Of thy bright starre, thou into them doest
 streame

That is the thing which giveth pleasant grace
 To all things faire, that kindleth lively fyre,
 Light of thy lampe, which, shynning in the
 face,

Thence to the soule darts amorous desyre,
 And robs the harts of those which it admyre,
 Therewith thou pointest thy Sons poynted
 arrow, [marrow

That wounds the life, and wastes the inmost

How vainely then doe ydle wits invent,
 That beaurie is nought else but mixture made
 Of colours faire, and goodly temperament
 Of pure complexion, that shall quickly fade
 And passe away, like to a sommers shade,
 Or that it is but comely composition
 Of parts well measurd, with meet disposition!

Hath white and red in it such wondrous powre,
 That it can pierce through th' eyes unto the
 hart, [stowre,

And therein sturre such rage and restlesse
 As nought but death can stint his colours
 smart?

Or cru proportion of the outward part
 Move such affection in the inward mynd,
 That it can rob both sense, and reason blind?

Why doe not then the blossomes of the field,
 Which are arrayd with much more orient hew,
 And to the sense most dantie odours yeld,
 Worke like impression in the lookers view?
 Or why doe not faire pictures like powre shew,
 In which oft-times we nature see of art
 Excelld, in perfect humming every part?

But ah! beleere me there is more then so,
 That workes such wonders in the minds of
 men,

I that have often prov'd, too well it know,
And who so list the like assayes to ken,
Shall find by tryall and confesse it then,
That Beautie is not, as fond men misdeeme,
An outward shew of things that onely seeme

For that same goodly hew of white and red,
With which the cheekes are sprinkled, shal
decay,

And those sweete rosy leaves, so fairely spred
Upon the lips, shall fade and fall away
To that they were, even to corrupted clay
That golden wyre, those sparckling stars so
bright,

Shall turne to dust, and loose their goodly light.

But that faire lampe, from whose celestiall ray
That light proceedes, which kindleth lovers
Shall never be extinguisht nor decay, [fire,
But, when the vitall spirits doe expyre,
Unto her native planet shall retyre,
For it is heavenly borne and can not die,
Being a parcell of the purest skie.

For when the soule, the which derived was,
At first, out of that great immortall Spright,
By whom all live to love, whilome did pas
Downe from the top of purest heavens light
To be embodied here, it then tooke light
And lively spirits from that sayrest starre
Which lights the world forth from his fire
carre.

Which powre retayning still or more or lesse,
When she in fleshly seede is eft enraced,
Through every part she doth the same im-
presse

According as the heavens have her graced,
And frames her house, in which she will be
placed,

Fit for her selfe, adorning it with spovle
Of th' heavenly riches which she robd ere-
while

Therof it comes that these faire soules, which
have

The most resemblance of thit heavenly light,
Frame to themselves most beautifull and
brave

Their fleshly bowre, most fit for their delight,
And the grosse matter by a soveraine might
Tempers so trim, that it may well be scene
A pallace fit for such a virgin Queene

So every spirit, as it is most pure,
And hath in it the more of heavenly light,
So it the fairer bodie doth procure
To habit in, and it more fairely dight
With chearefull grace and amiable sight,
For of the soule the bodie forme doth take
For soule is forme, and doth the bodie make

Therefore where-ever that thou doest behold
A comely corpse, with beutic fure endewed,
Know this for certaine, that the same doth
hold

A beauteous soule, with fure conditions thewed,
Fit to receive the seede of vertue strewed,
For all that fure is, is by nature good,
That is a signe to know the gentle blood.

Yet oft it fallet that many a gentle mynd
Dwels in dcformed tabernacle drownd,
Fither by chaunce, agunst the course of kynd,
Or through unaptnesse in the substance
fownd,

Which it assumed of somes tubborne grownd,
That will not yeld unto her formes direction,
But is deform'd with some foule imperfection

And oft it fallet, (ye me, the more to rewe)
That goodly beautie, albe heavenly borne,
Is foule abused, and that celestiall hew,
Which doth the world with her delight adorne,
Made but the butt of sinne, and sinners scorne,
Whilst every one doth seeke and sew to have
it,

But every one doth seeke but to deprave it.

Yet nathemore is that faire beauties blame,
But theirs that do abuse it unto ill
Nothing so good, but that through guilty
shame

May be corrupt, and wrested unto will
Nathelasse the soule is faire and beauteous
still,

How ever fleshes fault it filthly make,
For things immortall no corruption take

But ye, faire Dames! the worlds deere orna-
ments

And lively images of heavens light,
Let not your beames with such disparage-
ments

Bedim'd, and your bright glorie darkned quight
But, mindfull still of your first countrie sight,
Doe still preserve your first informed grace,
Whose shadow yet shyne in your beauteous-
face

Louth that foule blot thit hellish fierbrand,
Disloyall lust faire beauties foulest blame,
That base affections, which your eares would
bland

Commend to you by loves abused name,
But is indeede the bond-slave of defame,
Which will the garland of your glorie marre
And quench the light of your bright shyning
starre

But gentle Love, that loe ill is and trow,
Will more illumine your resplendent ray,

And adde more brightnesse to your goodly hew,
From light of his pure fire, which, by like
way

Kindled of yours, your likenesse doth display,
Like as two mirrours, by opposd reflexion,
Doe both expresse the faces first impression

Therefore, to make your beautie more appeare,
It you behoves to love, and forth to lay
That heavenly riches which in you re berre,
That men the more admyre their fountaine
may,
For else what booteth that celestially ray,
If it in darknesse be enshrin'd ever,
That it of loving eyes be eyed never?

But, in your choice of Loves, this well advise,
That liketh to your selves ye them select,
The which your forms first source may sym-
pathize,
And with like beauties parts be only deckt,
For, if you loosely love without respect,
It is no love, but a discordant warre,
Whose unlike parts amongst themselves do
jarre

For Love is a celestially harmonie
Of likely harts composd of starres concent,
Which joyne together in sweete sympathie,
To worke ech others joy and true content,
Which they have harbourd since their first
descent [see
Out of their heavenly bowres, where they did
And know ech other here belov'd to bee

Then wrong it were that any other twaine
Should in loves gentle band combyned bee
But those whom heaven did at first ordaine,
And made out of one mould the more t' agree,
For all, that like the beautie which they see,
Streight do not love, for Love is not so light
As streight to burne at first beholders sight.

But they, which love indeede, looke otherwise,
With pure regard and spotlesse true intent,
Drawing out of the object of their eyes
A more refyned forme, which they present
Unto their mind, void of all blemishment,
Which it reducing to her first perfection,
Beholdeth free from feshes frailty infection

And then conforming it unto the light,
Which in it selfe it hath remaining still,
Of that first Sunne, yet sparkling in his sight,
Thereof he fashions in his higher skill
An heavenly beautie to his fancies will,
And, it embracing in his mind entwre,
The mirror of his owne thought doth admyre
Which seeing now so only faire to be,
As outward it appeareth to the eye,

And with his spirits proportion to agree,
He thereon fixeth all his fantasie,
And fully setteth his felicitie,
Counting it fairer then it is indeede,
And yet indeede her fairenesse doth exceede

For lovers eyes more sharply sighted bee
Then other mens, and n deire loves delight
See more then any other eyes can see,
Through mutuall receipt of beames bright,
Which carrie privie message to the spright,
And to their eyes that inmost faire display,
As plaine as light discovers dawning day

Therein they see, through amorous eye-
glances,
Armies of Loves still flying too and fro,
Which dart at them their litle fierie hunces,
Whom having wounded, backe againe they go,
Carrying compassion to their lovely foe,
Who, seeing her faire eyes so sharpe effect,
Cures all their sorrowes with one sweete
aspect

In which how many wonders doe they reede
To their conceipt, that others never see!
Now of her smiles, with which their soules
they feede

Like Gods with Nectar in their bankets free,
Now of her lookes which like to Cordials bee,
But when her words embassade forth she sends,
Lord, how sweete musicke that unto them
lends!

Sometimes upon her forehead they behold
A thousand Graces masking in delight,
Sometimes within her ere-hids they unfold
Ten thousand sweet belgards, which to their
sight [night,
Doe seeme like twinkling starres in frostie
But on her lips, like rose buds in May,
So many millions of chaste pleasures play

All those, O Catherin' and thousands more
Thy handmaides be, which do on thee attend,
To decke thy beautie with their dainties store,
That may it more to mortall eyes commend,
And make it more admir'd of foe and friend,
That in mens harts thou mayst thy throne
enstall,

And spred thy lovely kingdome over-all

Then Io, triumph! O great Beauties Queene,
Advance the banner of thy conquest here,
That all this world, the which thy vassals
beene,

May draw to thee, and with dew fealtie
Adore the powre of thy great Majestie,
Singing this Hymne in honour of thy name,
Compyld by me, which thy poore hegeman am!

In lieu whereof graunt, O great Sovereine !
That she, whose conquering beautie doth
captive
My trembling hart in her eternall chaine,
One drop of grace at length will to me give,
That I her bounden thrall by her may live,
And this same life, which first fro me she
received,
May owe to her, of whom I it received

And you, faire Venus dealing, my deare dread !
Fresh flowre of grace, great Goddess of my
life,
When y our faire eyes these fearefull lines shal
[read,
Deigne to let fall one drop of dew reliefe,
That may recure my harts long pyning griefe,
And shew what wondrous powre your beauty
bath,
That can restore a damned wight from death,

AN HYMNE OF HEAVENLY LOVE.

Love, lift me up upon thy golden wings,
From this base world unto thy heavens hight,
Where I may see those admirable things
Which there thou workest by thy soveraine
might,
Farre above feeble reach of earthly sight,
That I thereof an heavenly Hymne may sing
Unto the God of Love, high heavens King
Many lewd layes (th' woe is me the more !)
In praise of that mad fit which fooles call
love,
I have in th' heat of youth made heretofore,
That in light wits did loose affection move,
But all those follies now I do reprove,
And turned have the tenor of my string,
The heavenly praises of true love to sing
And ye that went with greedy vaine desire
To reade my fault, and, wondring at my flame,
To warme your selves at my wide sparckling
fire,
Sith now that heat is quenched, quench my
And in her ashes shrowd my dying shame,
For who my passed follies now pursewes,
Beginnes his owne, and my old fault renews

BEFORE THIS WORLDS GREAT FRAME, in
which all things
Are now containd, found any being-place,
Ere fitting Time could wag his eyes wings
About that mightie bound which doth em-
brace [by space,
The rolling Spheres, and parts their houres
That High Eternall Powre, which now doth
move
In all these things, mov'd in it selfe by love
It lov'd it selfe, because it selfe was faire,
(For faire is lov'd,) and of it selfe begot,
Like to it selfe his eldest sonne and here,
Eternall, pure, and voide of sinful blot,
The firstling of his joy, in whom no jot
Of loves dislike or pride was to be found,
Whom he therefore with equall honour
crown'd

With him he raignd, before all time prescribed,
In endlesse glorie and immortall might,
Together with that thurd from them derived,
Most wise, most holy, most almightie Spright !
Whose kingdomes throne no thought of
earthly wight [verse
Can comprehend, much lesse my trembling
With equall words can hope it to rehearse
Yet, O most blessed Spirit ! pure lampe of
light,
Eternall spring of grace and wisdomes trew,
Vouchsafe to shed into my barren spright
Some little drop of thy celestially dew,
That may my rymes with sweet infuse em-
brew,
And give me words equall unto my thought,
To tell the marvelles by thy meerie wrought
Yet being pregnant still with powrefull grace,
And full of fruitfull love, that loves to get
Things like himselfe, and to enlarge his race,
His second brood, though not in powre so
great,
Yet full of beautie, next he did beget
An infinite increase of Angels bright,
All glistering glorious in their Makers light.
To them the heavens illimitable hight
(Not this round heaven, which we from hence
behold,
Adorn'd with thousand lamps of burning light,
And with ten thousand gemmes of shynning
gold,)
He gave as their inheritance to hold,
That they might serve him in eternall bliss,
And be partakers of those joyes of his
There they in their trinnall triplicities
About him wait, and on his will depend,
Either with nimble wings to cut the skes,
When he them on his messages doth send,
Or on his owne dread presence to attend,
Where they behold the glorie of his light,
And caroll Hymnes of love both day and
might

Both day, and night, is unto them all one
For he his hermes doth still to them extend,
That darknesse there appeareth never none,
Ne hath their day, ne hath their blisse, an end,
But there their termelesse time in pleasure
spend,

Ne ever should their happinesse decay,
Had not they dar'd their Lord to disobay

But pride, impatient of long resting peace,
Did puffed them up with greedy bold ambition
That they gan cast their state how to increase
Above the fortune of their first condition,
And sit in Gods owne seat without commission
The brightest Angell, even the Child of Light,
Drew millions more against their God to fight

Th' Almighty seeing their so bold assay,
Kindled the flame of His consuming wre,
And with His onely breath them blew away
From heavens light, to which they did aspyre,
To deepest hell, and lake of damned fyre,
Where they in darknesse and dread horror
dwelt,

Hating the happie light from which they fell

So that next off-spring of the Makers love,
Next to Himselfe in glorious degree,
Degendering to hate, fell from above
Through pride, (for pride and love may ill
agree)

And now of sinne to all ensample bee
How then can sinfull flesh itselfe assure,
Sith purest Angels fell to be impure?

But that Eternall Fount of love and grace,
Still flowing forth His goodness unto all,
Now seeing left a waste and emptie place
In His widd Pallace, through those Angels fall,
Cast to supply the same, and to enstall
A new unknown Colony therein,
Whose root from earths base groundworke
should begin.

Therefore of clay, base, vile, and next to
nought,

Yet form'd by wondrous skill, and by His
According to an heavenly patterne wrought,
Which He had fashion'd in his wise foresight
He man did make, and breath'd a living spright
Into his face most beautifull and fyre,
Endew'd with wisdomes riches, heavenly, rare

Such He him made that he resemble might
Himselfe as mortall thing immortall could,
Him to be Lord of every living wight
He made by love out of His owne like mould,
In whom He might His mightie selfe behold,
For Love doth love the thing belov'd to see,
That like itselfe in lovely shape may bee

But man, forgetfull of his Makers grace
No lesse then Angels whom he did ensue,
Fell from the hope of promist heavenly place,
Into the mouth of death, to sinners dew,
And all his off-spring into thralldome threw,
Where they for ever should in bonds remaine
Of never-dead yet ever-dying paine.

Till that great Lord of Love, which him at
first

Made of meere love, and after liked well,
Seeing him lie like creature long accurst
In that deepe horror of de-pevred hell,
Him, wretch, in doole would let no lenger
dwell,

But cast out of that bondage to redeeme,
And pay the price, all were his debt extreme
Out of the bosome of eternall blisse,
In which he reigned with his glorious syre,
He downe descended, like a most demisse
And abject thrall, in fleshes fraile attyre,
That He for him might pay sinnes deadly hyre,
And him restore unto that happie state
In which he stood before his haplesse fate

In flesh at first the guilt committed was,
Therefore in flesh it must be satisfide,
Nor spirit, nor Angell, though they man sur-
pas,

Could make amends to God for mans mis-
but only man himselfe, who selfe did slvde
So, taking flesh of sacred virgins wombe,
For mans deare sake he did a man become.

And that most blessed bodie, which was borne
Without all blemish or reprochfull blame,
He freely gave to be both rent and torne
Of cruell hands, who with despightfull shame
Reryling him, that them most vile became,
At length him wrild on a gallow-tree,
And slew the Just by most unjust decree

O huge and most unspeakable impression
Of loves deepe wound, that pierst the piteous
hart

Of that deare Lord with so entyre affection,
And, sharply launching every inner part,
Dolours of death into his soule did dart,
Doing him die that never it deserved,
To free his foes, that from his heast had
swerved!

What hart can feelee least touch of so sore
launch,

Or thought can think the depth of so deare
Whose bleeding sourse their streames yet never
staunch

But stil do flow, and freshly still redound,
To heale the sores of sinfull soules unsound,
And cense the guilt of that infected cryme
Which was enrooted in all fleshly slyme

O blessed Well of Love! O Floure of Grace!
 O glorious Morning-Starre! O Lampe of Light!
 Most lively Image of thy Fathers face,
 Eternal King of Glorie, Lord of Might,
 Meeke Lambe of God, before all worlds be-
 high,
 How can we thee requite for all this good?
 Or what can prize that thy most precious
 blood?

Yet nought thou ask'st in lieu of all this love,
 But love of us, for guerdon of thy paine
 Ay me! what can us lesse then that behove?
 Had he required life of us againe, [gaine?
 Had it beene wrong to aske his owne with
 He gave us life, he it restored lost,
 Then life were least, that us so litle cost

But he our life hath left unto us free, [band,
 Free that was thrall, and blessed that was
 Ne ought demands but that we loving bee,
 As he himselfe hath lov'd us afore-hand,
 And bound therto with an eternall band,
 Him first to love that us so dearely bought,
 And next our brethren, to his image wrought

Him first to love great right and reason is,
 Who first to us our life and being gave,
 And after, when we fared had amisse,
 Us wretches from the second death did save,
 And last, the food of life, which now we have,
 Even he himselfe, in his deare sacrament,
 To feede our hungry soules, unto us lent

Then next, to love our brethren, that were
 made
 Of that selfe mould and that selfe Makers hand,
 That we, and to the same againe shall fade,
 Where they shall have like heritage of land,
 How ever here on higher steps we stand,
 Which also were with selfe-same price re-
 deemed
 That we, how ever of us light esteemed.

And were they not, yet since that loving Lord
 Commanded us to love them for his sake,
 Even for his sake, and for his sacred word,
 Which in his last bequest he to us spake,
 We should them love, and with their needs
 partake,
 Knowing that, whatsoere to them we give,
 We give to him by whom we all doe live

Such mercie he by his most holy reede
 Unto us taught, and to approve it trew,
 Ensampled it by his most righteous deede,
 Shewing us mercie (miserable crew!)
 That we the like should to the wretches shew

And love our brethren, thereby to approve
 How much, himselfe that loved us, we love
 Then rouse thy selfe, O Earth! out of thy
 soyle,
 In which thou wallowest like to filthy swyne,
 And doest thy mynd in durty pleasures moyle,
 Unmindfull of that dearest Lord of thine,
 Lift up to him thy heave clouded eyne,
 That thou his soveraine bountie mayst behold,
 And read, through love, his mercies manifold

Beganne from first, where he encradled was
 In simple cratch, wrapt in a wad of hay,
 Betweene the toylefull Oxe and humble Asse,
 And in what rags, and in how brise aray,
 The glory of our heavenly riches lay,
 When him the silly Shepheards came to see,
 Whom greatest Princes sought on lowest
 knee.

From thence reade on the storie of his life,
 His humble carriage, his unsaultry wayes,
 His cancred foes, his fights, his toyle, his
 strife,
 His paines, his povertie, his sharpe assayes,
 Through which he past his miserable dayes,
 Offending none, and doing good to all,
 Yet being malist both of great and small.

And looke at last, how of most wretched wights
 He taken was, betrayd, and false accused,
 How with most scornfull taunts, and fell des-
 pights,
 He was revild, disgrast, and foule abused,
 How scourgd, how crownd, how buffeted, how
 brused,
 And lastly, how twixt robbers crucifyde,
 With bitter wounds through hands, through
 feet, and side!

Then let thy stony hart, that feels no paine,
 Empierced be with pittifull remorse,
 And let thy bowels bleede in every vaine,
 At sight of his most sacred heavenly corse,
 So torne and mangled with malicious forse,
 And let thy soule, whose sins his sorrows
 wrought,
 Melt into teares, and grone in grieved thought
 With sence whereof, whilst so thy softened
 spirit

Is inly toucht, and humbled with meeke zeale
 Through meditation of his endless merit,
 Lift up thy mind to th' Author of thy saile,
 And to his soveraine mercie doe appeale,
 Learne him to love that loved thee so deare,
 And in thy brest his blessed image beare

With all thy hart, with all thy soule and
 mind [brice,
 Thou must him love, and his behests em-

All other loves, with which the world doth
blind

Weake fancies, and stirre up affections base,
Thou must renounce and utterly displace,
And give thy selfe unto him full and free,
That full and freely gave himselfe to thee

Then shalt thou feele thy spirit so possest,
And ravisht with devouring great desire
Of his deare selfe, that shall thy feeble brest
Inflame with love, and set thee all on fire
With burning zeale, through every part entire,
That in no earthly thing thou shalt delight,
But in his sweet and amiable sight.

Thenceforth all worlds desire will in thee dye,
And all earthes glorie, on which men do gaze,

Seeme durt and drosse in thy pure-sighted eye
Compar'd to that celestiall beauties blaze,
Whose glorious beames all fleshly sense doth
daze

With admiration of their passing light,
Blinding the eyes, and lunning the spright.

Then shall thy ravisht soule inspired bee
With heavenly thoughts farre above humane
skil,

And thy bright radiant eyes shall plainly see
Th' Idee of his pure glorie present still
Before thy face, that all thy spirits shall fill
With sweete enragement of celestiall love,
Kindled through sight of those pure things
above

AN HYMNE OF HEAVENLY BEAUTIE.

RAPT with the rage of mine own ravisht
thought,

Through contemplation of those goodly sights,
And glorious images in heaven wrought,
Whose wondrous beauty, breathing sweet de-
lights

Do kindle love in high conceived sprights,
I faine to tell the things that I behold,
But feele my wits to faile, and tongue to fold

Vouchsafe then, O thou most Almightie
Spright!

From whom all gufts of wit and know ledge
To shed into my breast some sparkling light
Of thine eternall Truth, that I may show
Some litle beames to mortall eyes below
Of that immortall beutie, there with thee
Which in my weake distraughted mynd I see

That with the glorie of so goodly sight
The hearts of men, which fondly here admire
Faure seeming shewes, and feed on vaine
Transported with celestrill desyre [delight,
Of those faure formes, may lift themselves up
hyer,

And learne to love, with zealous humble dew ty,
Th' eternall fountaine of that heavenly beauty

Beginning then below, with th' evile we
Of this base world subject to fleshly eye,
From thence to mount aloft, by order dew,
To contemplation of th' immortall sky
Of the soare faulcon so I learne to fly,
That flaps awhile her fluttering wings beneath,
Till she her selfe for stronger flight can breath

Then looke, who list thy gazefull eyes to feed
With sight of that is faure, looke on the frame

Of this wide universe, and therein reed
The endlesse kinds of creatures which by name
Thou canst not count, much lesse their natures
name,

All which are made with wondrous wise respect.
And all with admirable beautie deckt

First, th' Earth, on adamantyne pillars founded
Amid the Sea, engirt with brassen bands,
Then th' Aire still sitting, but yet firmly
bounded

On everie side, with pyles of flaming brands,
Never consum'd, nor quencht with mortall
hands,

And, last, that mightie shining christall wall,
Wherewith he hath encompassed this All

By view whereof it plainly may appeare,
That still as every thing doth upward tend,
And further is from earth, so still more cleare
And faure it growes, till to his perfect end
Of purest beautie it at last ascend, [hyre,
Avre more then water, fire much more then
And heaven then fire, appeares more pure and
fayre.

Looke thou no further, but affixe thine eye
On that bright shynie round still moving
Masse, [Skye,
The house of blessed God, which men call
All sould with glistring stars more thicke then
grasse,

Whereof each other doth in brightnesse passe,
But those two most, which, ruling night and
day,

As King and Queene, the heavens Empire sway,

And tell me then, what hast thou ever scene
That to their beautie may compared bee,
Or can the sight that is most sharpe or keene
Endure their Captains flaming head to see?
How much lesse those much higher in degree,
And so much fairer, and much more then these,
As these are fairer then the land and seas?

For farre above these heavens, which here we
Be others farre exceeding these in light, [see,
Not bounded, not corrupt, as these same bee,
But infinite in largenesse and in light,
Unmoving, uncorrupt, and spotlesse bright,
That need no Sunne to illuminate their spheres,
But their owne native light furre passing theirs

And as these heavens still by degrees arise,
Untill they come to their first Movers bound,
That in his mightie compasse doth comprize,
And carrie all the rest with him around,
So those likewise doe by degrees redound.
And rise more faire, till they at last arrive
To the most faire, whereto they all do strive

Faire is the heaven where happy soules have
In full enjoyment of felicitie, [place,
Whence they doe still behold the glorious face
Of the Divine Eternall Majestie,
More faire is that, where those Ideas on his
Enranged be, which Plato so admired,
And pure Intelligences from God inspired

Yet fairer is that heaven, in which doe raine
The soveraine Powres and mightie Potentates,
Which in their high protections doe containe
All mortall Princes and imperrall States,
And farrer yet, whereto the royall Seates
And heavenly Dominations are set,
From whom all earthly governance is fet

Yet farre more faire be those bright Cherubins,
Which all with golden wings are overlight,
And those eternall burning Seraphins,
Which from their faces dart out fierie light,
Yet fairer then they both, and much more
bright,

Be th' Angels and Archangels, which attend
On Gods owne person, without rest or end

These thus in faire each other farre excellling,
As to the Highest they approach more neare,
Yet is that Highest farre beyond all telling,
Fairer then all the rest which there appeare,
Though all their beauties joynd together
were,

How then can mortall tongue hope to expresse
The image of such endless perfectnesse?

Cease then, my tongue! and lend unto my
mynd

I cave to bethinke how great that beautie is,
Whose utmost parts so beautifull I fynd,

How much more those essentrall parts of his
His truth, his love, his wisdom, and his blis,
His grace, his doome, his mercy, and his
might,

By which he lends us of himselfe a sight!

Those unto all he daily doth display,
And shew himselfe in th' image of his grace,
As in a looking-glasse, through which he may
Be scene of all his creatures vile and base,
That are unable else to see his face, [bright,
His glorious face! which glistereth else so
That th' Angels selves can not endure his
sight

But we, fraile wights! whose sight cannot
sustaine [shyne,

The Suns bright beames when he on us doth
But that their points rebutted backe againe
Are dull, how can we see with feeble eyne
The glory of that Majestie Divine, [darke,
In sight of whom both Sun and Moone are
Compared to his least resplendent sparke?

The meannes, therefore, which unto us is lent
Him to behold, is on his workes to looke,
Which he hath made in beauty excellent,
And in the same, as in a brassen booke,
To reade enregistred in every nooke
His goodnesse, which his beautie doth declare,
For all that good is beautiful and faire,

Thence gathering plumes of perfect speculation,
To impe the wings of thy high flying mynd,
Mount up aloft through heavenly contem-
plation, [soule do blynd,
From this darke world, whose damps the
And, like the native brood of Eagles kynd,
On that bright Sunne of Glorie fixe thine eyes,
Clear'd from grosse mists of fraile infirmities

Humbled with feare and awfull reverence,
Before the footstoole of his Majestie
Throw thy selfe downe, with trembling inno-
ce dare looke up with corruptible eye [cence,
On the dread face of that great Deity,
For feare, lest if he chauce to looke on thee,
Thou turne to nought, and quite confounded
be

But lowly fall before his mercie seate,
Close covered with the Lambes integrity
From the just wrath of his avenged threate
That sits upon the righteous throne on hy,
His throne is built upon Eternity,
More firme and durable then Steele or blasse,
Or the hard diamond, which them both doth
passe

His scepter is the rod of Righteousnesse,
With which he bruseth all his foes to dust,
And the great Dragon strongly doth repress,

Under the rigour of his iudgement just,
His seate is Truth, to which the faithfull trust,
From whence proceed her beames so pure and
bright
That all about him sheddeth glorious light

Light, farre exceeding that bright blazing
sparkle

Which darted is from Titans flaming herd
That with his beames enlumine the darke
And dampish ure, whereby al things are red,
Whose nature yet so much is marvelled
Of mortall wits, that it doth much amaze
The greatest wiewds which thereon do gaze

But that immortall light, which there doth
shine,

Is many thousand times more bright, more
More excellent, more glorious, more diuine,
Through which to God all mortall actions here,
And even the thoughts of men, do plaine ap-
peare,

For from th' Eternall Truth it doth proceed,
Through heavenly vertue which her beames
doe breed

With the great glorie of that wondrous light
His throne is all encompassed around,
And lud in his owne brightness from the
sight

Of all that looke thereon with eyes unsound,
And underneath his feet are to be found
Thunder, and lightning, and tempestuous fyre,
The instruments of his auenging yre

There in his bosome Sapience doth sit,
The soveraine derring of the Deity,
Clad like a Queene in royall robes, most fit
For so great powre and peerlesse majesty,
And all with gemmes and jewels gorgeously
Adorn'd, that brighter then the starres appeare,
And make her native brightnes seem more
cleare

And on her head a crowne of purest gold
Is set, in signe of highest sovereignty,
And in her hand a scepter she doth hold,
With which she rules the house of God on hy,
And menageth the ever-moving sky,
And in the same these lower creatures all
Subjected to her powre imperall

Both heaven and earth obey unto her will,
And all the creatures which they both containe,
For of her fulnesse which the world doth fill
They all partake, and do in state remaine
As their great Maker did at first ordaine,
Through obseruation of her high behest,
By which they first were made, and still in-
crease

The fairenesse of her face no tongue can tell,
For she the daughters of all womens race,
And Angels eke, in beautie doth excell,
Sparkled on her from Gods owne glorious face,
And more increast by her owne goodly grace,
That it doth farre exceed all humane thought,
Ne can on earth compired be to ought

Ne could that Painter (had he liued yet)
Which pictured Venus with so curious quill,
That all posteritie admired it,
Hau'e purtrayd thus, for all his maistring skill,
Ne she her selfe, had she remained still,
And were as faine as fabling wits do faine,
Could once come neare this beauty soverayne

But had those wit the wonders of their dayes,
Or that sweete Tern Poet, which did spend
His plenteous vaine in setting forth her
praise.

Scene but a glimpse of this which I pretend,
How wondrously would he her face commend,
Above that Idole of his faying thought,
That all the world shold with his times be
frUGHT

How then dare I, the novice of his Art,
Presume to picture so diuine a wright,
(Or hope t' expresse her least perfections part,
Whose beautie fills the heavens with her light,
And darkes the earth with shadow of her
sight?

Ah, gentle Muse! thou art too weake and faint
The pourtraict of so heavenly heu to paint.

Let Angels, which her goodly face behold
And see at will her soveraigne praises sing,
And those most sacred mysteries unfold
Of that faire love of mightie heavens King,
Enough is me t' admv're so heavenly thing,
And, being thus with her huge love possess'd,
In th' only wonder of her selfe to rest,

But who so may, thrise happie man him hold,
Of all on earth whom God so much doth grace,
And lets his owne Belov'd to behold,
For in the view of her celestiall face
All joy, all blisse, all happinesse, have place,
Ne ought on earth can want unto the wight
Who of her selfe can win the wishfull sight.

For she, out of her secret thersury
Plentie of riches forth on him will powre,
Even heavenly riches, which there ludden ly
Within the closet of her chastest bowre,
Th' eternall portion of her precious dowre,
Which mighty God hath given to her free,
And to all those which thereof worthy bee
None thereof worthy be, but those whom shee
Vouchsafeth to her presence to receiue,

And letteth them her lovely face to see,
Whereof such wondrous pleasures they conceave,

And sweete contentment, that it doth bereave
Their soule of sense, through infinite delight,
And them transport from flesh into the spright

In which they see such admirable things,
As carries them into an extasy,
And heare such heavenly notes and carolings,
Of Gods high praise, that fills the brazen sky,
And feels such joy and pleasure inwardly,
That maketh them all worldly cares forget,
And onely think on that before them set

Ne from thenceforth doth any fleshly sense,
Or idle thought of earthly things, remune,
But all that earst seemed sweet seems now
offence

And all that pleased earst now seemes to paine,
Their joy, their comfort, their desire, their gaine,
Is turned all on that which now they see,
All other sights but fained shadowes bee

And that faire Lampe, which useth to inflame
The hearts of men with self-consuming fyre
Thenceforth seemes fowle, and full of sinfull
blame,

And all that pompe to which proud mind-
By name of honor, and so much desire,

Seemes to them basenesse, and all riches drosse,
And all mirth sadnesse, and all lucre losse

So full their eyes are of that glorious sight,
And senses fraught with such satietie,
That in nought else on earth they can delight,
But in th' aspect of that felicitie,
Which they have written in their inward ey,
On which they feed, and in their fastened mynd
All happie joy and full contentment fynd

Ah, then, my hungry soule! which long hast
On idle fancies of thy foolish thought, [fed
And, with false beauties flattering bait misled,
First after vaine deceitfull shadowes sought,
Which all are fled, and now have left thee
nought

But late repentance through thy follies grief,
Ah! cease to gaze on matter of thy grief

And looke at last up to that Sovereaine Light,
From whose pure beams al perfect beauty
springs,

That kindleth love in every godly spright
Even the love of God, which loathing brings
Of this vile world and these gay-seeming
things,

With whose sweete pleasures being so possest,
Thy staying thoughts henceforth for ever rest.

PROTHALAMION.

OR,

A SPOUSALL VERSE,

MADE BY

EDM SPLNSLR,

IN HONOUR OF THE DOUBLE MARRIAGE OF THE TWO HONORABLE AND VERTUOUS LADIES,
THE LADIE ELIZABETH AND THE LADIE KATHERINE SOVERSEY, DAUGHTERS TO THE
RIGHT HONORABLE THE LARDE OF WORCESTER, AND ESPOUSED TO THE TWO WORTHIE
GENTLEMEN HENRY GILFORD, AND WILLIAM FLTER, ESQUYERS

CALISTO was the day, and through the trem-
bling ayre

Sweete breathing Zephyrus did softly play
A gentle spirit, that lightly did delay

Hot Titans beames, which then did ghyster
When I, (whom sullem care, [sweare,
Through discontent of my long fruitlesse stay

In Princes Court, and expectation vayne
Of idle hopes, which still doe fly away,

Like empty shadowes, did afflict my brayne,
Walkt forth to ease my payne

Along the shore of silverstreaming Themmes,
Whose ratty Bancke, he which his River
hemmes

Was paynted all with variable flowers,
And all the meades adorn'd with dantie
gemmes

Fit to decke may dens bowres,
And crowne their Paramours

Against the Brydale day, which is not long
Sweete Themmes! runne softly, till I end
my Song

There, in a Meadow, by the Rivers side,
 A Flocke of Nymphes I chanced to spy,
 All lovely Daughters of the flood that live
 With goodly greenish locks, all loose untide,
 As each had bene a Bride,
 And each one had a little wicker basket,
 Made of fine twigs, entrayled curiously,
 In which they gathered flowers to fill their
 flasket,
 And with fine fingers cropt full sentencously
 The tender stalkes on live
 Of every sort, which in that Meadow grow,
 They gathered some the Violet, pallid blew,
 The little Dazie, that at evening closes,
 The virgin Lillie, and the Primrose tren,
 With store of vermeil Roses,
 To decke their Bridegromes posies
 Against their Brydale day, which was not long
 Sweete Themmes' runne softly, till I end
 my Song

With that I saw two Swannes of goodly hew
 Come softly swimming downe along the Lee,
 Two furer Birds I yet did never see,
 The snow, which doth the top of Pindus strew,
 Did never whiter shew,
 Nor Jove himself, when he a Swan would be,
 For love of Leda, whiter did appeare,
 Yet I ed was (they say) as white as he,
 Yet not so white as these, nor nothing neare
 So purely white they were, [bare,
 That even the gentle strame the which them
 Seem'd foule to them, and bad his billowes
 spare
 To wet their silken feathers, lest they might
 Soyle their faire plumes with water not so
 And marre their beauties bright. [faire,
 That shone as heavens light. [long
 Against their Brydale day, which was not
 Sweete Themmes' runne softly, till I end
 my Song

Lftsoones the Nymphes, which now had
 Flowers their fill,
 Ran all in haste to see that silver brood
 As they came floating on the Christal flood,
 Whom when they sawe, they stood amazed
 Their wondring eyes to fill, [fill,
 Thim seen'd they never saw a sight so faire,
 Of Fowle, so lovely, that they sure did deeme
 Them hevy only borne, or to be that same pyrr
 Which through the Skie draw Venus silver
 For sure they did not seeme [Teeme,
 To be begot of any earthly Seede
 But rather Angels, or of Angels breede,
 Yet were they bred of Somers-heat they say,
 In sweetest Season, when each Flower and
 The earth did fresh aray, [weede
 So fresh they seem'd as day,

Even as their Brydale day, which was not
 long
 Sweete Themmes' runne softly, till I end
 my Song

Then forth they all out of their baskets drem
 Great store of flowers, the honour of the field,
 That to the sense did fragrant odours veld,
 All which upon those goodly Birds they threw
 And all the Waves did strew,
 That like old Peneus Waters they did seeme,
 When downe along by pleasant Tempe's shore,
 Scattred with I lowres, through Thessaly they
 etrunc,
 That they appeare, through Lillies plenteous
 Like a Brydes Chamber floor [store,
 Two of those Nymphes, merne while, two
 Garlands bound [found
 Of freshest I lowres which in that Mead they
 The which presenting all in trim array,
 Their snowie foreheads therewithall they
 Whil'st one did sing this Lay, [crown'd,
 Prepar'd against that Day. [long
 Against their Brydale day, which was not
 Sweete Themmes' runne softly, till I end
 my Song

Ye gentle Birdes! the worlds faire orna-
 ment,
 And heavens glorie, whom this happie hower
 Doth leade unto your lovers blisfull bower
 Joy may you have, and gentle hearts content
 Of your loves complement,
 And let faire Venus, that is Queene of love,
 With her heart-quelling Sonne upon you
 smile,
 Who-o smile, they say, hath vertue to remove
 All Loves dislike, and friendships faultie guile
 For ever to as-oile
 Let endlesse Peace your steadfast hearts accord,
 And blessed Plentie wait upon your bord
 And let your bed with pleasures chast abound,
 That fruitfull issue may to you afford,
 Which may your foes confound,
 And make your joyes redound
 Upon your Brydale day, which is not long
 Sweete Themmes' runne softly, till I end
 my Song

So ended she, and all the rest around
 To her redoubled that her under-song [long
 Which said their brydale day should not be
 And gentle Lecho from the neighbour ground
 Their accents did resound
 So forth those joyous Birdes did passe along,
 Adowne the Lee, that to them murmurde low,
 As he would speake but that he lackt a tong,
 Yet did by signes his glad affection show,
 Making his streamer run slow

And all the foule which in his flood did dwell
 Gan flock about these twaine, that did excell
 The rest, so far as Cynthia doth shend
 The lesser starres So they, enranged well,
 Did on those two attend,
 And their best service lend [long
 Against their wedding day, which was not
 Sweete Themmes' run softly, till I end
 my Song

At length they all to mery London came,
 To mery London, my most kyndly Nurse,
 That to me gave this Lifes first native sourse,
 Though from another place I take my name,
 An house of auncient fame [towers
 There when they came, whereas those bricky
 The which on Themmes brode aged backe doe
 ryde, [bowers,
 Where now the studious Lawyers have their
 There whylome wout the Templer Knights to
 Till they decayd through pride [by de,
 Next whereunto there standes a stately place,
 Where oft I gayned giftes and goodly grace
 Of that great Lord, which therein wout to
 dwell, [case,

Whose want too well now feelles my freendles
 But ah! here fts not well
 Olde woes, but joyes, to tell
 Against the bridale daye, which is not long
 Sweete Themmes' runne softly, till I end
 my Song

Yet therein now doth lodge a noble Peer,
 Great Englands glory, and the Worlds wide
 wonder, [did thunder,
 Whose dreadfull name late through all Spaine
 And Hercules two pillars standing neere
 Did make to quake and feare
 Faure branch of Honor, flower of Chevalrie'

That fillest England with thy triumphes fame,
 Joy have thou of thy noble victorie,
 And endlesse happnesse of thine owne name
 That promisetht the same, [armes,
 That through thy prowesse, and victorious
 Thy country may be freed from forraigne
 harmes,
 And great Elisaes glorious name may ring
 Through al the world, fl'd with thy wide
 Alrmes,
 Which some brave muse may sing
 To ages following
 Upon the Brydale day, which is not long
 Sweete Themmes' runne softly till I end
 my Song

From those high Towers this noble Lord is-
 sunng,
 Like Radiant Hesper, when his golden hayre
 In th' Ocean billowes he hath bathed fayre,
 Descended to the Rivers open vewing,
 With a great traine ensuing
 Above the rest were goodly, to bee seene
 Two gentle Knights of lovely face and feature,
 Becseming well the bower of amie Queene,
 With gifts of wit, and ornaments of nature,
 Fit for so goodly stature,
 That like the twins of Jove they seem'd in
 sight, [bright,
 Which decke the Bauldricke of the Heavens
 They two, forth pacing to the Rivers side,
 Received those two saure Brides, their Loves
 delight,
 Which, at th' appointed tyde,
 Each one did make his Bryde
 Against their Brydale day, which is not long
 Sweete Themmes' runne softly, till I end
 my Song

SONNETS

WRITTEN BY SPENSER,

COLLECTED FROM THE ORIGINAL PUBLICATIONS IN WHICH THEY APPEARED

I

*To the right worshipfull my singular good frend,
 M Gabriell Harvey, Doctor of the Lawes*

HARVEY, the happy above happiest men
 I read, that, sitting like a Looker-on
 Of this worldes Stage, doest note with critique
 pen

The sharpe dislikes of each condition
 And, as one carelesse of snspition,
 Ne saw nest for the favour of the great,
 Ne fearest foolish reprehension

Of faulty men, which daunger to thee threat
 But freely doest, of what thee list, entreat,
 Like a great Lord of peerlesse liberty,
 Lifting the Good up to high Honours seat,
 And the Evill damming evermore to dy
 For Life, and Death, is in thy doomefull
 writing'

So thy renowne lives ever by endighting

Dublin, this xxvj of July, 1586

Your devoted frend during life,
 EDMUND SPENSER

II

(Prefixed to 'Nennio, or A Treatise of Nobility,'
§c)

Who so wil seeke, by right deserts, t'attaine,
Unto the tye of true Nobility,
And not by painted shewes, and titles vaine,
Derived farre from famous Ancestrie
Behold them both in their right vintome
Here truly pourtray'd, as they ought to be,
And striving both for termes of dignitie,
To be advanced highest in degree
And, when thou doost with equall insight see
The od' twixt both, of both them deem right
And chuse the better of them both to thee
But thanks to him, that it deserves, be light,
To Nenna first, that first this worke created,
And next to Jones, that truly it translated

LD SPENSER

III

Upon the Historie of George Castriot, alias
Scanderbeg, king of the Leprots, translated
into English

Wherefore doth vaine antiquitie so vaunt
Her ancient monuments of mightie petres,
And old Herles, which their world did draunt
With their great deedes, and fill their chil-
drens eares?

Who, rapt with wonder of their famous praise,
Admire their statues, their Colossoes great
Their rich triumphall Arks which they did
raise,
Their huge Pyramids, which do heauen threat.

Lo' one, whom later age hath brought to
light,
Matchable to the greatest of those great,
Great both by name, and great in power and
might,
And meriting a meere triumphant seate.

The scourge of Turkes, and plague of infi-
dels,
Thy acts, O Scanderbeg, this volume tels
LD SPENSER

IV

(Prefixed to 'The Commonwealth and Govern-
ment of Venice')

The antique Babel, Impresse of the East,
Upcread her buddinges to the threatned skie
And second Babel tyrant of the West
Her many Towers upraised much more high
But, with the weight of their own surquedry,
They both are fallen, that all the earth did
feare,

And buried now in their own ashes ly,
Yet shewing, by their heapes, how great they
were

But in their place doth now a third appeare,
Layre Venice, flower of the last worlds de-
light

And next to them in beauty draweth neare,
But farre exceeds in policie of right

Yet not so sayre her buildinges to behold
As Lewkenors stile that hath her beautie
told.

EDM. SPENCER.

A VIEW OF THE PRESENT STATE OF IRELAND

DISCOURSED BY WAY OF A DIALOGUE BETWEEN

IUDOXUS AND IRENÆUS

Eudox

But if that countrey of Ireland, whence you lately came, be soe goodly and commodious a soyle, as ye report, I wonder that noe cour-^{se} is taken for the turning thereof to good uses, and reducing of that savage nation to better government and civilitye

Iren Marry, soe there have beene divers good plottes devised, and wise counsell cast allready about reformation of that realme, but they say, it is the fatal destiny of that land, that noe purposes, whatsoever are meant for her good, will prosper or take good effect, which, whether it proceede from the very Gifts of the soyle, or influence of the starres, or that Allmightie God hath not yet appointed the time of her reformation, or that he resereth her in this unquett state still for some secrett scourdge, which shall by her come unto England, it is hard to be known, but yet much to be feared

Eudox Surely I suppose this but a vayne conceit of simple men, which judge things by theyre effectes, and not by theyre causes, for I will rather thinke the cause of this evil, which hangeth upon that countrey, to proceede rather of the unsoundness of the counsell, and plottes, which you say have beene oftentimes layd for the reformation, or of faintness in following and effecting the same, then of any such fatal course or appointment of God, as you misdeeme but it is the manner of men, that when they are fallen into any absurditye, or theyr actions succede not as they would, they are ready allwayes to impute the blame thereof unto the heavens, soe to excuse their owne follies and imperfections Soe have I also heard it often wished (even of some whose greates wisdomes, in my opinion, should seeme to judge more soundly of soe weighty a consideration) that all that land were a sea-poole which kind of speech, is the manner rather of desperat men farr driven, to wishe the

utter ruine of that they cannot redress, then of grave counsellors, which ought to thinke nothing soe hard but that, through wysedome, it may be masted and subdued, since the Poet sayeth, that 'the wyse man shall rule even over the starres,' much more over the earth, for were it not the part of a desperat phisition to wish his diseased patient dead, rather then to apply the best endeavours of his skill for his recovery But since we are so farr entred, let us, I pray you, a little devyse, of those evils, by which that countrey is held in this wretched case, that it cannot (as you say) be cured And if it be not painfull to you, tell us what thinges, during your late continuance there, you observed to be most offensive, and an empeachment unto the good rule and government thereof

Iren Surely, Iudox, the evils which you desire to be recounted are very many, and almost countable with those that were hidden in the baskett of Pandora But since ye soe please, I will out of that infinit number, reekon but some that are most capitall, and commonly current both in the life and conditions of privat men, as also in the managynge of publick affayres and pollicye, the which you shall understind to be of diverse natures, as I observed them for some of them are of very great antiquitye and longe continuance, others more late and of lesse endurance, others daily growing and encreasing continually as the evil occasions are every day offered

Eudox Tell them then, I pray you, in the same order that you have now rehearsed them, for there can be noe better methode then this which the very matter it self offereth And when ye have reckoned all the evils, lett us heare your opinion for redressing of them after which there will perhaps of it self appeare some reasonable way to settle a sound and perfect rule of government, by shunning the former evils, and

following the offered good The which methode we may learne of the wise Physicians, which first require that the malady be knowne thoroughly, and discovered, afterwarde doe teach how to cure and redress it, and lastly doe prescribe a diet with strait rule and orders to be daily observed, for feare of a relapse into the former disease, or falling into some other more dangerous then it

Iren I will then, according to your advisement, beginne to declare the evils, which seeme to me most hurtfull to the common-weale of that land, and first, those which I sayd were most auncient and long growen And they also are of three kindes, the first in the Lawes, the second in Customes, and the third in Religion

Eudox Why, Irenæus, can there be any evil in the Lawes? can thinges, which are ordayned for the good and safetye of all, turne to the evill and hurt of them? This well I wote, both in that state and in all others, that were they not containyd in duty with feare of law, which restrayneth offences, and inflicte sharme punishment to misdoers, no man should enjoy any thing, every mans hand would be agaynst another Therefore, in finding fault with the lawes, I doubt me, you shall much over-shoote your self, and make me the more dislike your other dislikes of that government.

Iren The lawes, Eudox, I doe not blame for themselves, knowing right well that all lawes are ordayned for the good of the common-weale, and for repressing of licentiousness and vice, but it falleth out in lawes, no otherwise then it doth in physick, which was at first devised, and is yet daily ment, and ministered for the health of the patient. But nevertheless we often see, that either through ignorance of the disease, or through unseasonableness of the time, or other accidents coming between, in steede of good, it worketh hurt, and, out of one evill, throweth the patient into many miseries. Soe the lawes were at first intended for the reformation of abuses, and peaceable continuance of the subjectes, but are sithence either disannulled, or quite prevaricated through change and alterations of times, yet are they good still in them-selves, but to that common-wealth, which is ruled by them, they worke not that good which they should, and sometimes also, perhaps, that evill which they would not.

Eudox Whether do you meane this by the common-law of the realme or by the Statute Lawes, and Actes of Parliaments?

Iren Surely by them both, for even the common-law, being that which William of Normandy brought in with his conquest and layed upon the neck of England, though it perhaps fitted well with the state of England then being, and was readely obeyed through the power of the commander, which had before subdued the people unto him, and made easy way to the setting of his will, yet with the state of Ireland peradventure it doth not so well agree, being a people altogether stubborne, and untamed, or yf it were ever tamed, yet now lately having quite shaken of theyr yoke and broken the bandes of theyre obedience For England (before the entraunce of the Conquerour) was a peaceable kingdome, and but lately entred to the mild and goodly government of K. Edward, surnamed the Confessour, besides now lately grown unto a lothning and detestation of the unjust and tyrannous rule of Harold, an usurper, which made them the more willing to accept of any reasonable conditions and order of the new victor, thinking surely that it could be noe worse then the later, and hoping well it would be as good as the former yet what the proof of the first bringing in and establishing of those lawes hath bene, was after to many full bitterly made knowne But with Ireland it is far otherwise, for it is a nation ever acquainted with warres, though but amongst themselves, and in theyre owne kind of military discipline, trayned up ever from theyr youthe, which they have never yet bene taught to lay aside, nor made to learne obedience unto lawe scarcely to know the name of lawe, but insteede thereof have always preserved and kept theyr owne lawe, which is the Brehonne lawe

Eudox What is that which ye call the Brehonne Lawe? it is a word to us altogether unknown

Iren It is a certayne rule of right unwritten but delivered by tradition from one to another, in which oftentimes there appeareth greate shewe of equitye, in determining the right betwene party and party, but in many thinges repugning quite both to God and mans lawe as for example, in the case of murder, the Brehoon, that is theyr judge, will compound betwene the murderer and the frendes of the party murdered, which prosecute the action, that the malefactor shall give unto them, or to the child or wife of him that is slayne, a recompence, which they call a Breghe, by which by lawe of thevrs, many murder- are amongst them made up and smothered And this judge being (as he

is called) the Lordes Brehoon, adjudgeth for the most part a better share unto his lord, that is the lord of the soyle, or the herd of that sept, and also unto himself, for his judgement, a greater portion then unto the playntiff or party es greived

Eudox This is a most wicked lawe indeed, but I trust it is not now used in Ireland since the kinges of England have had the absolute dominion therof, and established theyr owne lawes there

Iren Yes, truly, for there be many wide countreys in Ireland in which the lawes of England were never established, nor any acknowledgment of subjection made, and also even in those that are subdued, and seeme to acknowledge subjection, yet the same Brehoon lawe is practised amongst themselves, by reason, that dwelling as they doe, whole nations and septs of the Irish together, without any Englishman amongst them, they may doe what they list, and compound or altogether conceal amongst themselves theyr owne crimes, of which noe notice can be had by them which would and might amend the same, by the rule of the lawes of England

Eudox What is this which you say? And is there any part of that realme or any nation therein, which have not yet bene subdued to the crowne of England? Did not the whole realme universally accept and acknowledge our late prince of famous memory, Henry the Eighth, for theyr only king and liege lord?

Iren Yes, verely in a Parliament holden in the time of Sir Antony Sent-Leger, then Lord Deputy, all the Irish lordes and principall men came in, and being by sure meanes wrought therunto, acknowledged King Henry for theyr sovereyne lord, reserving yet (as some say) unto themselves all theyr owne former priviledges and seignories inviolate

Eudox Then by that acceptaunce of his sovereynty they also accepted of his lawes Why then should any other lawes be now used amongst them?

Iren True it is that thereby they bound themselves to his lawes and obedience, and in case it had bene followed upon them, as it should have bene, and a government thereupon presently settled amongst them agreeable thereunto, they should have bene reduced to perpetuall civilitye, and contayned in continuall dutye But what bootes it to breake a colt, and to lett him straight runn loose at randome Soe were this people at first well handled, and wisely brought to acknowledge

alleageaunce to the Kinges of England, but being straight left unto themselves and theyr owne inordinate life and manners, they estoones forgott what before they were taught, and soe soone as they were out of sight by themselves, shooke of theyr bridles, and began to colt anew, more licentious then before

Eudox It is a great pitty, that soe good an opportunitye was omitted, and soe happy an occasion fore-stald, that might have bred the eternall good of that land But doe they not still acknowledge that submission?

Iren Now they doe not, for now the heyres and posteritye of them which yelded the same aie (as they say) either ignorant therof, or doe willfully denye or stedfastly disavowe it

Eudox How can they doe soe justly? Doth not the act of the parent, in any lawfull graunt or conveyance, bind the heyres for ever thereunto? Since then the auncestours of those that now live yelded themselves then subjectes and liegemen, shall it not tye theyr children to the same subjection?

Iren They say no, for theyr auncestours had noe estate in any theire landes, signories, or hereditamentes, longer then during theyr owne lives, as they alledge, for all the Irish doe hold theyr landes by Tanistrye, which is (as say they) noe more then a personall estate for his life tyme, that is, Tanisth, by reason that he is admitted therunto by election of the countrey

Eudox What is this that you call Tanisth and Tanistrye? They be names and termes never hard of nor known to us

Iren It is a custome among all the Irish, that presently after the death of any theyr cheif Lordes or Captaynes, they doe presently assemble themselves to a place, generally appoynted and known unto them, to choose another in his steede, where they doe nominate and elect, for the most part, not the eldest sonn, nor any of the children of theyr Lord deceased, but the next to him of blood, that is the eldest and worthiest, as commonly the next brother to him yf he have any, or the next cossin germaine, or soe forth, as any is elder in that kindred or sept, and thcn next to him they choose the next of blood to be Tanisth, whoe shall next succcede him in the sayd Captaynrye, yf he live thereunto

Eudox Doe they not use any ceremonies in this election? for all barbarous nations are commonly great observers of ceremonies and superstitious rites

Iren They use to place him that shalbe theyr Captayne, upon a stone illwaies reserved for that purpose, and placed commonly upon a hill in many of the which I have seene the foote of a man formed and engraven, which theyr svr was the measure of theyr first Captayns foote, wheron he standing receiveth an oth to preserve all the former ancient customes of the countrey inviolable, and to deliver up the succession peaceably to his Tanistih, and then hath a wand delivered unto him by some whose proper office that is, after which, descending from the stone, he turneth himself round aboute, thrise forward and thrise backward

Eudor But how is the Tanistih chosen?

Iren They say he setteth but one foote upon the stone, and receaveth the like othe that the Captayne did

Eudor Have you ever hard what was the occasion and first beginning of this custome? for it is good to knowe the same, and may perhaps discover some secrett meaning and entent therein, very materiall to the state of that government.

Iren I have heard that the beginning and cause of this ordinance amongst the Irish, was specially for the defence and mayntenance of theyr landes in theyr posteritie, and for excluding of all innovation or alienation therof unto straungers, and specially to the English. For when theyr Captayn dyed, yf the signiory should descend to his child, and he perhaps in Infancie, another might peradventure stepp in betwene, or thrust him out by strong hand, being then unable to defend his right, or to withstand the force of a forreiner, and therefore they doe appoynt the eldest of the kinne to have the signiorye, for that he commonly is a man of stronger yeares, and better experience to mayntayne the inheritance, and to defend the countrey, either agaynst the next bordering Lordes, which use commonly to encroch one upon another as ech one is stronger, or agaynst the English, which theyr think he still in waye to wipe them out of theyr landes and territories. And to this end the Tanistih is allway readie knowne, yf it should happen the Captayne suddainly to dye, or to be slayne in battell, or to be out of the countrey, to defend and keepe it from all such doubtles and dangers. For which cause the Tanistih hath also a share of the countrey allotted unto him, and certayne cuttings and spendings upon all the Inhabitantes under the Lord

Eudor When I heare this woord Tanistih,

it bringeth to my mynd and remembrance what I have reade of Tania, that it should signifie a province or signiorye, as Aquitania, Lusitania, and Britania, the which some thinke to be deriv'd of Dania, that is, from the Danes, but, I thinke, amiss. For sure it seemeth, that it came aunciently from those barbarous nations that over-ranne the world, which possessed those dominions, wherof they are now soe called. And so it may well be that from the first originall of this woord Tanistih and Tanistih came, and the custome therof hath sithence, as many others els, bene continu'd. But to that generall subjection of the land, wherof we formerly spake, me seemes that this custome or tenure can be no barr nor empeachment, seeing that in open Parliament by theyr sayd acknowledgment they wayed the benefit therof, and submitted themselves notwithstanding to the ordinance of theyr new Sovereigne

Iren Yea, but they say, as I earst tolde you, that they reserved theyr titles, tenures, and signiories whole and sound to themselves, and for proofe alleadg, that they have ever sithence remayned to them untouched, soe as nowe to alter them, should (say they) be a greate wronge

Eudor What remedie is there, then, or meanes to avoide this inconvenience? for, without first cutting of this dangerous custome, it seemeth hard to plante any sounde ordinance, or reduce them to a civill government, since all theyr ill customes are permitted unto them

Iren Surely nothing hard, for by this Act of Parliament wherof we speake, nothing was given to King Henry which he had not before from his uncestours, but onely the bare name of a King, for all other absolute power of principalltie he had in himself before deriv'd from many former Kinges, his famous progenitors and woorthy conquerours of that land. The which, sithence they first conquered and subdued unto them by force, what needeth afterward to enter into any such idle termes with them to be called theyr King, whereas it was in the power of the conquerour to take upon himself what title he will over the dominions conquered. For all is the conquerours, as Iully to Brutus sayth. Therefore (me seemes) instead of so great and meritorious a service as they best they performed to the King, in bringing all the Irish to acknowledge him for theyr Leige, they did great hurt unto his title, and have left a perpetuall gall in the myndes of that

people whoe, before being absolutely bound to his obedience, are now tyed but with termes, whereas els both theyr lives, theyr landes, and theyr libertyes were in his free power to appoynt what tenures, what lawes, what conditions he would over them which were all his against which there could be no rightfull resistance, or if there were, he might, when he would, establish them with a stronge hand

Eudox Yea, but perhaps it seemed better unto that noble King to bring them by theyr owne accord unto his obedience. and to plant a peaceable government amongst them, then by such violent meynes to keepe them under Neither yet hath he thereby lost any thing that he formerly had, for having all before absolutely in his owne power, it remaineth so still unto him, he having neither forgiven nor forgone anything thereby unto them, but having received something from them, that is, a more voluntary and loyall subjection See that her Majesty may yet, when it shall please her, alter any thing of those former ordinaunces, or appoynt other lawes, that may be more both for her owne behoof, and for the good of that people

Iren Not soe, for it is not soe easie, now that thinges are grown into an habite and have theyr certayne course, to chaunge the channell, and turne the streame another way, for they may have nowe a colourable pretence to withstand such Innovations, having accepted of other lawes and rules alreadye

Eudox But you say they doe not accept of them, but delight rather to leane to theyr old customes and Brehoon lawes, though they be much more unjust and also more inconvenient for the common people, as by your late relation of them I have gathered As for the lawes of England, they are surely most just and most agreeable both with the government and with the nature of the people How falls it then, that you seeme to dislike of them as not soe meete for that realme of Ireland, and not only the Common Lawe, but also the Statutes and Acts of Parliamente, which were specially provided and intended for the onely benefit thereof?

Iren I was about to have told you my reason therein, but that yourself drew me away with other questions, for I was shewing you by what meanes, and by what sort, the Positive Lawes were first brought in and established by the Norman Conquerour which were not by him devised or applied to the state of the realme then being, nor as yet might

best be, (as should by lawgivers principally be regarded) but were indeede the very lawes of his owne countrey of Normandy The condition wherof how farr it differeth from this of England is apparant to every least judgement But to transferr the same lawes for the government of the realme of Ireland was much more inconvenient and unmeet, for he found a better advantage of the time, then was in the planting of them in Ireland, and followed the execution of them with more severitye, and was also present in person to overlooke the Magistrates, and to overawe the subjectes with the terror of his sword and countenance of his Majesty. But not soe in Ireland, for they were otherwise affected, and yet doe soe remayne, soe as the same lawes (me seemes) can ill sitt with theyr disposition, or worke that reformation that is wished For lawes ought to be fashioned unto the manners and conditions of the people, to whom they are ment, and not to be imposed unto them according to the simple rule of right, for els (as I sayd) in steede of good they may worke ill, and pervert Justice to extreme Injustice For he that would transferr the lawes of the Lacedæmonians to the people of Athens should find a greate absurditye and inconvenience For those Lawes of Lacedæmon were devised by Lycurgus, as most proper and best agreing with that people, whom he knewe to be enclined alltogether to warres, and therefore wholly trayned them up even from theyr craddels in armes and military exercises, cleane contrarye to the institution of Solon, who, in his lawes to the Atheniens, laboured by all meanes to temper theyr warlike courage with sweete delight of learning and sciences, soe that as much as the one excelled in armes, the other excelled in knowledge The like regard and moderation ought to be had in tempering, and managing of this stubborne nation of the Irish, to bring them from that delight of licentious barbarisme unto the love of goodness and civilitye

Eudox I can not see how that may better be then by the discipline of the lawes of England for the English were, at the first, as stout and warrelke a people as ever were the Irish, and yet ye see are now brought unto that civilitie, that no nation in the world excelleth them in all goodly conversation, and all the studies of knowledge and humanitye.

Iren What they now be both you and I see very well, but by how many thorny and hard wayes they are come therunto, by how

many civil broyles, by how many tumultuous rebellions, that even hazarded oftentimes the whole safetie of the kingdome, may easely be considered all which they nevertheless say rely overcame, by reason of the continuall presence of the King, whose onely parson is oftentimes in steede of an army, to containe the unruly people from a thousand evil occasions, which this wretched kingdome is, for want therof, dayly carryed into. The which, whensoe they make head, noe lawes, noe penalties, can restrayne them, but that they doe, in the violence of their furies, treade downe and trample under foote all both divine and humane thinges, and the lawes themselves they doe specially rage upon, and rend in peeces, as most repugnant to their libertye and naturall freedome, which in their madness they affect.

Eudox It is then a very unseasonable time to pleade lawe, when a sword is drawn in the hand of the vulgar, or to thinke to retayne them with the feare of punishmentes, when they looke after libertye, and shake of all government.

Iren Then see it is with Ireland continually, Eudoxus, for the sword was never yet out of their hand, but when they are weary of warres, and brought downe to extreme wretchedness, then they creepe a litle perhaps, and sue for grace, till they have gotten new breath and recovered their strength agayne. See as it is in vayne to speake of planting of lawes, and plotting of pollicies, till they are altogether subdued.

Eudox Were they not soe at the first conquering of them by Strangbowe, in the time of King Henry the second? was there not a through way then made by the sword for the imposing of lawes upon them? and were they not then executed with such a mighty hand as you say was used by the Norman Conquerour? What odde is there then in this case? why should not the same lawes take as good effecte in that people as they did heere being in like sort prepared by the sword and brought under by extremitye? and why should they not continue in as good force and vigour for the containing of the people?

Iren The case is yet not like, but there appeareth a greate odde betwene them, for by the conquest of Henry the Second, true it is the Irish were utterly vanquished and subdued, soe as noe enemye was able to hold up his head agaynst his power, in which theyre weakness he brought in his lawes, and settled them as now they there remayne, like as

William the Conquerour did, soe as in thus much they agree, but in the rest, that is the cheifest, they varye, for to whom did King Henry the second impose those lawes? not to the Irish for the most part of them fledd from his power into the desertes and mountaynes, leaving the wide country to the conquerour, who in their steede sftsoones placed English men, who possessed all their landes and did quite shutt out the Irish, or the most part of them. And to those new Inhabitauntes and Colonies he gave his lawes, to weeke, the same lawes under which they were borne and bredd, the which it was noe difficulte to place amongst them, being formerly well enured therunto, unto whom afterwarde there repyred divers of the poore distressed people of the Irish for succour and relief, of whom, such as they thought fitt for labour and industriously disposed, as the most part of the baser sort are, they received unto them as their vassals, but scarcely vouchsafed to impart unto them the benefit of those lawes, under which themselves lived, but every one made his will and commaundement a law unto his owne vassall thus was not the lawe of England ever properly applyed unto the Irish nation, as by a purposed plott of government, but as they could insinuat and steale themselves under the same by their humble curriadge and submission.

Eudox How comes it then to pass, that having once beene soe lowe brought, and thoroughly subjected, they afterwarde lifted themselves soe strongly agayne, and sithence doe stand soe stuffy agaynst all rule and government?

Iren They say that they continued in that lowlynes, until the time that the division betwene the two howses of Lancaster and Yorke arose for the crowne of England at which time all the great English Lordes and Gentlemen, which had great possessions in Ireland, repaired over lither into England, some to succour their freendes heere, and to strengthen their party to obtayne the crowne, others to defend their landes and possessions heere agaynst such as hovered after the same upon hope of alteration of the kingdome, and succession of that side which they favoured and affected. Then the Irish, whom they before had banished into the mountaynes, where they lived onely upon white meates, as it is recorded, seeing now their landes soe dispeopled, and weakened, came downe unto all the playnes adjoining, and thence expelling those fewe English that remayned, repossessed them agayne, since

which they have remayned in them, and, growing greater, have brought under them many of the English, which were before theyr Lordes. This was one of the occasions by which all those countreys which, lying neere unto any mountaynes or Irish desertes, had bene planted with English, were shortly displanted and lost. As namely in Mounster all the landes adjoyning to Slewloghir, Arlo, and the bogg of Allone. In Connaught all the Countreys bordering uppon the Culuers, Monterolis and Oriorkecountiey. In Leinster all the landes neighbouring unto the mountaynes of Glanmaleerih, unto Shillelah, unto the Briskelah, and Polmonte. In Ulster, all the countreys neere unto Tyrconnel, Tyrone, and the Scotts.

Eudox Surely this was a greates violence, but yet by your speach it seemeth that only the countreyes and valleys neere adjoyning unto those mountaynes and desertes, were thus recovered by the Irish, but how comes it now that we see almost all that realme repossessed of them? Was there any more such evill occasions growen by the troubles of England? Or did the Irish, out of those places soe by them gotten, breake further and stretch themselves through out the whole land? for now, for ought that I can understand, there is noe part but the bare English pale in which the Irish have not greatest footing.

Iren But out of these small beginnings by them gotten neere the mountaynes, did they spredd themselves into the Inland, and also, to theyr further advantage, there did other like unhappy accidentes happen out of England, which gave hart and good opportunitye to them to regayne theyr old possessions. For, in the raigne of King Edward the fourth, thinges remayned yet in the same state that they were after the late breaking out of the Irish, which I spoke of, and that noble prince began to cast an eye unto Ireland, and to mynd the reformation of thinges there runn amiss for he sent over his brother the worthy Duke of Clarence, whose having married the heyre of the Earle of Ulster, and by her having all the Earledome of Ulster, and much in Meath and Mounster very carefully went about the redressing of those late evils, and though he could not beate out the Irish agayne, by reason of his short continuance, yet he did shutt them up within these narrow corners and glinnes under the mountaynes foote, in which they lurked, and soe kept them from breaking any further, by building of strong holdes upon every border,

and fortifying all passages. Amongest which he builded the castle of Clare in Tomond, of which countrey he had the inheritance, and of Mortimers landes adjoyning, which is now (by the Irish) called Killalowe. But the times of that good King growing also troublesome did lett the thorough reformation of all thinges. And therunto soone after was added another fatall mischief, which wrought a greater calamitye then all the former. For the said Duke of Clarence, then Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, was by practise of evill persons about the King, his brother, called thence away, and soone after by sinister meanes was cleane made away. Presently after whose death all the north revolting did sett up O'neale for theyr Captayne, being before that of small power and regard and there arose in that part of Tomond, one of the O'Briens, called Murroh en-Ruah, that is, Morrice of the Fearn, or wast wilde places, whose gathering unto him all the rebells of the discontented Irish, eftsones surprised the said castle of Clare, burnt all, and spoyled all the English dwelling there, and in short space possessed all that countrey of beyond the River of Shannon and neere adjoyning whence shortly breaking forth, like a suddayne tempest, he over-rann all Mounster and Connaght, breaking downe all the holdes and fortresses of the English, defacing and utterly subverting all corporat townes that were not strongly walled for those he had noe meanes nor Engines to overthrowe, neither indeede would he stay at all about them, but speedely rann forward, accounting his suddynness his most advantage, that he might overtake the English before they could fortifye or gather themselves together. Soe in short space he cleane wiped out many great townes, as first Inshequinn, then Killaloh, before called Clarifort, afterwards, Thurles, Mourne Butterant, and many others, whose names I cannot remember, and of some of which there is now noe memory nor signe remayning. Upon report wherof then flocked unto him all the scumm of the Irish out of all places, that ere long he had a mighty army, and thence marched forth into Leinster, where he wrought great outraides, wasting all the countreys where he went, for it was his pollicye to leave noe holdes behind him, but to make all playne and wast. In the which he soone after created himself King, and was called King of all Ireland, which before him I doe not remember that any did soe generally, but onely Edward le Bruce.

Eudox What! was there ever any generall

King of all Ireland? I never heard it before, but that it was allwayes (whilst it was under the Irish) divided into sower, and sometimes into five kingdomes or dominions. But this Edward le Bruce, what was he, that he could make himself King of all Ireland?

Iren I would tell you in case you would not challenge me anone for forgetting the matter which I had in hand, that is, the inconvenience and unfitnes which I suppose he to be in the lawes of the land

Lydox No surely, I have no occasion, for neither is this impertinent therunto, for sithence you did sett your course (as I remember) in your first part to treat of the evils which hundereth the peace and good ordering of that land, amongst which thit first which you had in hand, this discourse of the over-running and wasting of the realme is very materiall therunto, for that it was the beginning of all the other evils, which sithence have afflicted that land, and opened a way unto the Irish to recover therr possession, and to beate out the English, which had formerly wonne the same. And your second and thirde part, which is the redressing of those evils, and planting of some good forme and pollicie therrin, by renewing the remembrance of those occasions and accidentes by which those ruines happened, and laying before us the ensamples of those times, to be compared with ours, and to be warned by those which shall have to do in the like. Therefore, I pray you, tell you left, I will not forget afterwards to call you back againe thereunto

Iren Thus Edward le Bruce was brother to Robert le Bruce, who was King of Scotland at such time as King Edward the Second reigned here in England, and bare a most malicious and spitefull mynd agaynst King Edward, doing him all the hurt he could, and annoying his territories of England, whilst he was troubled with civill warres him the more mischief. He also, to worke brother Edward with a power of Scottes and Redd-shankes into Ireland, where, by the meannes of the Lacies and of the Irish with whom he combined, they gott footing, and gathered to him all the scatterlinges and out-lives out of all the woodes and mountaynes, in which they long had lurked, marched forth into the English Pale, which then was chiefly in the north, from the

poynnt of Donluce, and beyond unto Dublin having in the middest of her Knockfargus, Belfast, Armagh, and Carlingfoord, which are now the most out-boumdes and abandoned places in the English Pale, and indeede not counted of the English Pale at all, for it stretches now no further then Dundalke towards the north. There the said Edward le Bruce spoyled and burnt all the olde English inhabitants, and sacked and razed all citties and corporat townes noe lesse then Murroghe en Itanagh, of whom I erst told you for he wasted Belfast, Green-Castle, Kelles, Bellitribot, Castletowne, Newton, and many others good townes and strong holdes he rooted out the noble families of the Audleys, the Tailbots, the Touchets, the Chamberlains, the Mandevils, and the Savages out of Ardes, though of the Lord Savage there remayne yet in heyre, that is now a very poore gentellman of very meane condition, yet dwelling in the Ardes. And coming lastly to Dundalke, he there made himself King, and ruigned by the space of one whole yeare, by the name of Edward King of Ireland, untill that King Edward of England, having sett some quett in his assayes at home, sent over the Lord John Bremmeham to be generall of the warres agaynst him, whoe, encountering him neere to Dundalke, over-threw his arme, and slewe himself, and presently followed the victorie soe hotly upon the Scottes, that he suffered them not to breathe, or to gather themselves together agayne, till they came to the sea-cost. Notwithstanding, all the way that they fledd, for very rancour and dispite in theyr returne they utterly consumed and wasted whatsoever they had before left unspoiled, soe that of all townes, castels, any stick standing, nor any people remaining, for those fewe which yet survived, fledd from their furie further into the English Pale. Thus was all that goodly countrey utterly wasted, and left desolat as yet it remaineth to this day, which before hath bene the chief ornament and beauty of Ireland, for that of the north sometimes was as populous and plentifull as any part of England, and yelded unto the K of England as it appears by good recordes, thirty thousand markes of old mony by the yeare, besides many thousands of able men to serve them in theyr warres. And sure it is yet a most beautifull and sweet countrey as any is under heaven, seamed thoroughout with many

goodly rivers, replenished with all sortes of fish, most abundantly sprinkled with many sweet llandes and goodly lakes, like little Inland Seas, that will carry even ships upon theyr waters, adorned with goodly woodes fitt for building of houses and shippes, soe comodiously, as that yf some princes in the world had them, they would soone hope to be lordes of all the seas, and ere long of all the world, also full of good portes and brivens opening upon England and Scotland, as inviting us to come to them, to see what excellent comodities that countrey can afford, besides the soyle it self most fertile, fitt to yeeld all kind of fruite that shal be committed therunto And lastly, the heavens most milde and temperat, though somewhat more moyst then the part toward the West

Eudox Truly Irenæus, what with your praises of the countrey, and what with your discourse of the lamentable desolation therof made by those ragtaylor Irish Scottes, you have filled me with great compassion of theyr calamities, that I doe much pittie that sweete land, to be subject to soe many evils as every day I see more and more thrown upon her, and doe half beginn to thinke, that it is (as you sayd in the beginning) her fatall misfortune, above all countreys that I knowe, to be thus miserably tossed and turmoiled with these variable stormes of afflictions But since we are thus farr entred into the considerations of her mishaps, tell me, have there bene any more such tempests, as we terme them, wherein she hath thus wretchedly bene wracked?

Iren Many more, God wote, have there bene, in which her principall partes have bene rent and torne asunder, but none that I can remember soe universall as these And yet the rebellion of Thomas Fitz Gerald did well-nigh stretch itself into all partes of Ireland But that, which was in the time of the government of the Lord Gray, was surely noe less generall then all those, for there was no part free from the contagion, but all conspired in one to cast of theyr subjection to the crowne of England Nevertheless, through the most wise and valiaunt handling of that right noble Lord, it gott not that head which the former evils found, for in them the realme was left, like a shipp in a storme amidst all the raging surges, unruled, and undirected of any for they to whom she was committed either saynted in theyr labour, or forsooke theyr charge But he (like a most wise pilot) kept her course carefully, and held her moste strongly even

agaynst those raging billowes, that he brought her safely out of all, soe as long after, even by the space of twelve or thirtene yeares, she rode in peace, through his only paynes and excellent endurance, how ever envye list to bluster agaynst him But of this we shall have more occasion to speake in another place now (if you please) lett us returne agayne unto our first course

Eudox Truly I am very gladd to heare your judgement of the government of that honorable man soe soundly, for I have indeede oftentimes hard it maligned, and his doings depraved of some, whose (I perceave) did rather of malicious mynd, or private greivance, seeke to detract from the honour of his deedes and counsell then of any just cause but he was nevertheless, in the judgement of all good and wise men, defended and maintayned And now that he is dead, his immortall fame surviveth, and flourisheth in the mouthes of all people, that even those that did backbite him, are choaked with theyr owne venome, and breake theyre galles to heare his soe honorable report But lett him rest in peace, and turne we to our more troublesome matters of discourse, of which I am right sorye that ye make soe short an end, and covett to pass over to your former purposes, for there be many other partes of Ireland, which I have heard have bene noe less vexed with the like stormes, then these which you have treated of, as the countrey of the Birnes and Tooles neere Dublin, with the insolent outrages and spoyles of Feugh mac Hugh, the countreys of Katerlagh, Wexford, and Waterford, of the Kevanaghs The countreys of Leis, Kilkenny, and Kildare of the Moores The countreys of Ofslie and Longford of the Connors The countreys of Westmeath, Cavan, and Louth of the O Reileys, the Kells, and many others, soe as the discouraging of them, besides the pleasure which would redounde out of theyr history, be also very profitable for matter of pollicie

Iren All this which ye have named, and many moe besides, often times have I right well known, (and yet often times doe) kindle great fires of tumultuous broyles in the countreys bordering upon them All which to rehearse should rather be to chronicle times, then to search into reformation of abuses in that realme and yet very needfull it wil be to consider them, and the evils which they have often stirred up, that some redress therof, and prevention of the evils to come, may thereby the rather be devised But I

suppose we shall have a fitter opportunity for the same, when we shall speake of the particular abuses and enormities of that government, which wil be next after those generall defectes and inconveniences which I sayd were in the lawes, customes, and religion.

Eudox Goe to then, a Godes name! and followe the course which you have promised to your self, for it fitteth best, I must confess, with the purpose of your discourse. Declare your opinion, as you begann, about the lawes of that realme, what incomodity you have conceived to be in them, cheifly in the Common Lawe, which I would have thought to be most free from all such dislike

Iren The Common Law is (as before I sayd) of itself most rightfull and very convenient (I suppose) for the kingdome for the which it was first devised, for this (I thinke) as it seemes reasonable, that out of the manners of the people, and abuses of the countrey, for which they were invented, they take theyr first beginning, or els they should be most unjust, for noe lawes of man (according to the straight rule of right) are just, but as in regard of the evils which they prevent, and the safety of the common-weale which they provide for. As for example, in the true ballancing of justice, it is a flatt wrong to punish the thought or purpose of any before it be enacted, for true Justice punnisheth nothing but the evill act or wicked word, yet by the lawes of all kingdomes it is a capitall crime to devise or purpose the death of the King the reason is, for that when such a purpose is effected, it should then be to late to devise therof, and should turne that common-weale to more hurt by such loss of theyr Prince, then such punnishment of the malefictours. And therefore the lawe in that case punnisheth the thought, for better is a mischeif, then an inconvenience. Soe that, *jus politicum*, though it be not of it self just, yet by application, or rather necessity, it is made just, and this only respect maketh all lves just. Now then, if these lawes of Ireland be not likewise applied and fitted for that realme, they are sure very inconvenient.

Eudox You reason strongly but what unfitnesse doe you finde in them for that realme? shewe us some particulars

Iren The Common Lawe appointeth that all tryalls, as well of crimes as titles and rights, shal be made by veridict of a Jurye, choosen out of the honestest and most sub-

stantiall free-holders. Now, most all the free-holders of that realme are Irish, which when the cause shall fall betwixt an Englishman and an Irish, or betweene the Queene and any free-holder of that countrey, they make noe more scruple to pass agaynst an Englishman, and the Queene, though it be to strayne theyr othes, then to drunke milke unstrayned. Soe that, before the Jurye goe together, it is well known what the verdict will be. The tryall herof have I soe often seene, that I dare confidently vouch the abuse therof. Yet is the lawe of itself, I say, good, and the first institution therof, being given to all naturall Englishmen, very rightfull, but now that the Irish have stept into the roomes of the English, (whoe are now become soe heedfull and provident to keepe them out from henceforth that they make noe scruple of conscience to passe against them) yt is good reason that either that course of the lawe for tryall be altered or other provision for juryes made.

Eudox In sooth, I meneus, you have discovered a point woorthy the consideration, for hereby not only the English subject findeth noe indifferency in deciding of his cause, be it never soe just, but alsoe the Queene, as well in all pleas of the crowne, as also in inquires for Escheates, landes attaynted, wardships, concealmentes, and all such like, is abused and exceedingly dammaged.

Iren You say very true, for I dare undertake, that at this day there are more attaynted landes, concealed from her Majesty, then she hath now possessions in all Ireland and it is noe small inconvenience, for, beside that she looseth soe much land as should turne her to great profit, she besides looseth soe many good subjectes, which might be assured unto her, as those landes would yeld inhabitants and living unto.

Eudox But doe that people (say you) make noe more conscience to perjure themselves in theyr verdictes, and damne theyr soules?

Iren Not only soe in theyr verdictes, but also in all other theyr dealings, especially toward the English, they are most wilfully bent for though they will not seeme manifestly to doe it, yet will some one or other subtle-headed fellowe amongst them pike some quike, or devise some evasion, wherof the rest will lightly take hold, and suffer themselves easely to be ledd by him to that themselves desired. For in the most appa-
raunt matter that may be the least question or doubt that can be moved will make a stopp unto them, and putt them quite out of the way. Besides that, of themselves they

are (for the most part) soe cautelous and wylde-headed, specially being men of soe small experience and practize in lawe matters, that you would wonder whence they borrowe such subtilties and slye shifts.

Eudox But, methinks, this inconvenience might be much helped by the Judges and Chief Magistrates which have the choosing and nominating of those juries, if they would have care to appoynt either most Englishmen, or such Irishmen as were of the soundest judgement and disposition, for noe doubt but some there be incorruptible.

Iren Some there be indeede as you say, but then would the Irish party crye out of partiality and complaine he hath noe justice, that he is not used as a subject, that he is not suffred to have the free benefit of the lawe, and these outcries the Magistrates there doe much shunn as they have cause, since they are soe readily hearkened unto heere neither can it be indeede, although the Irish party would be soe contented to be soe compassed, that such English freeholders, which are but fewe, and such faithfull Irishmen, which are indeede as fewe, shall allwayes be chosen for tryalls, for being soe fewe, they should be made weary of theire free-holdes. And therefore a good care is to be had by all good occasions to encrease theyr numbers, and to plant more by them. But were it soe, that the juries could be piked out of such choyse men as you desire, there would nevertheless be as badd corruption in the tryall, for the evidence being brought in by the base Irish people, wil be as deceitfull as the verdictes, for they care much lesse then the others what they sweare, and sure their Lordes may compell them to saie any thunge, for I myself have heard, when one of that base sort (which they call charles) being challenged, and reproved for his false oth, hath answered confidently, That his Lord commanded him, and it was the least thing he could doe for his Lord to sweare for him, soe unconscionable are these common people, and so little feeling have they of God, or theyr owne sowles good.

Eudox It is a most miserable case, but what helpe can there be in this? for though the manners of the tryalls should be altered, yet the proof of every thing must needes be by testimonyes of such persons as the parties shall produce, which yf they shall corrupt, how can there ever any light of the trueth appeare? what remedye is there for this evil, but to make heavy lawes and penaltyes agaynst jurors?

Iren I thinke sure that will doe small good, for when a people are inclined to any vice, or have noe touch of conscience, nor sence of theyr evil doings, it is bootlesse to thinke to restrayne them by any penaltyes or feare of punishment, but either the occasion is to be taken away, or a more understanding of the right, and shame of the fault to be imprinted. For yf that Licurgus should have made it death for the Lacedemonians to steale, they being a people which naturally delighted in stealth, or yf it should be made a capitall crime for the Flemmings to be taken in drounkenness, there should have bene few Lacedemonians then left, and fewer Flemmings. Soe impossible it is to remove any fault, soe generall in a people, with terrour of lawes or most sharpe restrayntes.

Eudox What meanes may there then be to voyde this inconvenience? for the case sure seemes very hard.

Iren We are not yet come to that poynt to devise remedyes for the evils, but only are now to recount them, of the which, this that I have told you is one defect in the Common Lawes.

Eudox Tell us then (I pray you) further, have you any more of this sort in the Common Lawes?

Iren By rehearsall of this, I remember also of an other like, which I have often observed in tryalls to have wrought great hurt and hindraunce, and that is, the exceptions which the Common Law alloweth a fellow in his tryall, for he may have (as you knowe) thirty-six exceptions peremptorye agaynst the jurors, of which he shall shewe noe cause. By which shift there being (as I have shewed you) small store of honest jurye men, he will either putt of his tryall, or leave it to such men as (perhaps) are not of the soundest sort, by whose meanes, yf he can acquitt himself of the crime, as he is likely, then will he plague such as were brought first to be of his jurye, and all such as made any party against him. And when he comes forth, he will make theyr cowes and garrans to walke, yf he doe noe other mischief to theyr persons.

Eudox This is a slye devise, but I thinke it might soone be remedied, but we must leave it awhile with the rest. In the meane-while goe ye forward with others.

Iren There is an other noe less inconvenient then this, which is the tryall of accessoryes to felony, for, by the Common Lawe, the accessoryes cannot be proceeded

agaynst, till the principall receive his tryall. Now the case often falleth out in Ireland that a stealth being made by a rebell, or an outlaw, the stolen goodes are conveyed to some husbandman or gentellman, which hath well to take to, and yet liveth most by the receipt of such goodes stoln, where they are found by the owner, and handled whereupon the party is perhaps apprehended and committed to goale, or putt upon sureties, till the sessions, at which time the owner, preferring a bill of indictment, proves sufficiently the stealth to have bene made upon him by such an outlaw, and to have bene found in the possession of the prisoner, agaynst whom, nevertheless, noe course of lawe can proceede, or trvall can be had, for that the principall thief is not to be gotten, notwithstanding that he likewise standeth perhaps indicted at once with the receiver, being in rebellion, or in the woodes, whereunto peradventure he is slowne before he can be gotten, and soe the receiver cleare acquitted and discharged of the crime. By which meanes the thieves are greatly encouraged to steale, and theyr mayntainers emboldened to receive theyr stealths, knowing howe hardly they can be brought to any tryall of lawe.

Eudox Truly this is a great inconvenience, and a great cause (as you say) of the maintenance of thieves knowing theyr receivers will be ready, for, were there noe receivers, there would be noe thieves, but this (me seemes) might easely be provided for by some Act of Parliament, that the receiver, being convicted by good proofe, might receive his tryall without his principall.

Iren You say very true, Eudoxus, but it is almost impossible to be compassed. And herein also you discover another imperfection in the course of the Common Lawe, and first ordinance of the reime, for ye knowe that the sayd Parliament must consist of the peers, gentellmen, freeholders, and burrgesses of that reime it self. Nowe perhaps these being themselves, or the most part of them (as may seeme by their stiff with-standing of this Act) culpable of this crime, or favourers of theyr frendes, which are such by whom theyr kitchins are soe often amended, will not suffer any such Statut to pass. Yet hath it oftentimes bene attempted, and in the time of Sir John Perrot very earnestly (I remember) laboured but by noe meanes could be effected. And not only this, but many other like which are as needfull for the reformation of that reime.

Eudox This also is surely a great defect,

but we must not talke, you saie, of the redressing of this, untill our second part come, which purposely therefore is appoynted. Therefore proceede to the recounting of more such evils, if you have any more.

Iren There is also a great inconvenience which hath wrought great dammage both to her Majesty, and to the common wealth through close and colourable conveyances of the landes and goodes of traytors, fellows, and fugitives. As, when one of them myndeth to goe into rebellion, he will convey away all his landes and lordships to feoffees of trust, whereby he reserveth unto himself but an estate for terme of life, which being determined either by the sword or by the halter, theyr landes cometh straight unto theyr heires, and the Quene is defrauded of the intent of the lawe, which layd that greivous punishment upon traytors to forfeit all theyr landes to the Prince, to the end that men might be therewith terrified from committing treasons, for manye which would little esteeme of theyr owne lives, yet for remorse of theyr wives and children should be withheld from those baynous crimes. This appeareth playnly in the late Earle of Desmond, for, before his breaking forth into his open rebellion, he had conveyed secretly all his landes to feoffees of trust, in hope to have cutt off her Majestie from the escheat of his landes.

Eudox Yea, but this was well enough avoided, for that Act of Parliament which gave all his landes to the Quene did (as I have heard) cut off and frustrat all such conveyances, as had any time by the space of twelve yeares before his rebellion, bene made, within the compass wherof, that fraudulent feoffement, and many other the like of his accomplices and fellowe traytors, which were attaynted, hath bene made void.

Iren Very true, but how hardly that Act of Parliament was wronge out of them, I can witnesse, and were it to be pressed agayne, I dare undertake it would never be compassed. But were it soe that such Acts might easily be brought to pass agaynst traytors and fellows, yet were it not an endless trouble, that noe traytour nor fellow should be attaynted, but a Parliament must be called for bringing his landes to the Quene, which the Common-Lawe giveth her.

Eudox Then this is noe fault of the Common-Lawe, but of the persons which worke this fraud unto her Majesty.

Iren Yes, may be for the Common-Lawe hath left them this benefit, wherof they may advantage, and wrest it to theyr badde pur-

trayning another mans goodes, you will not denye but it is to be abolished and taken away

Iren. It is soe, but not by taking away the subject withall, for that is to violent a medecine, especially this use being permitted, and made lawfull unto some, and to other some death. As to most of the corporat townes, there it is graunted by theyr charter, that they may, every man by himself, without any officer (for that were more tolerable) for any dett, to distrayne the goodes of any Irish, being found within theyr libertie, or but passing through theyr townes. And the first permission of this was for that in those times when that graunt was made, the Irish were not amenable to Lawe, soe as it was not safetye for the townesmen to goe to them forth to demand theyr dett, nor possible to drawe him into lawes, so that he had leave to be his owne bay liff, to arrest his dettors goodes within his owne fraunchise. The which the Irish seeing thought it was lawfull for them to distrayne the townesmens goodes in the countrey where they found it. And soe, by the example of that graunte of the townes-men, they thought it lawfull and made it a use to distrayne one anothers goodes for small detts. And to say trueth, me thinks it is hard for everye trying dett, of two or three shillings to be driven to lawe, which is soe farr from them sometimes to be sought, for which me thinks it in heavey ordinance to give death, especially to a rude man that is ignorant of lawe, and thinketh a common use or graunte to other men is a lawe for himself.

Eudor. Yea, but the judge, when it cometh before him to tryall, may easelye decide this doubt, and lay open the intent of the lawe by his better discretion.

Iren. Yes, but it is dangerous to leave the sence of the lawe unto the reason or will of the judges, whose are men and may be miscarried by affections, and many other meanes. But the lawes ought to be like unto stonye tables playne, stedfast, and immoveable. There is also such another Statute or two, which make Coygnye and Liverye to be treason, noe less inconvenient then the former, being, as it is penned, howe ever the first purpose thereof were expedient, yet thereby now noe man can goe into another mans house for lodgings, nor to his owne calvaunts howse to take victuall by the way, notwithstanding that there is noe other lawe for him to have lodgings, nor horse

meate, nor mans meate, there being noe Innes, nor none otherwise to be bought for mony, but that he is endamaged to the Statute of treason, whensoever he shall happen to fall out with his tenaunt, or that his sayd host list to complaine of grievance, as oftentimes I have seene them very maliciously doe through the least provocation.

Eudor. I doe not well knowe, but by gess, what you doe meane by these termes of Coygnye and Liverye therefore I pray you explaine them.

Iren. I knowe not whether the wordes be English or Irish, but I suppose them rather to be auncient English, for the Irishmen can make noe derivation nor analogie of them. What Liverye is, we by common use in England knowe well enough, namelye, that it is allowance of horse-meate, as they commonly use the word in stabling, as to keepe horses at liverye, the which word, as I gess, is derived of liveryng or delivering forth theyr nightlye foodes. Soe in great howses, the liverye is sayd to be served up for all night, that is theyr nightes allowance for drinke. And Liverye is also called the upper garment which serving men weareth, soe called (as I suppose) for that it is delivered and taken from him at pleasure soe it is apparant, that by the word Liverye is meant horse-meate, like as by the word Coygnye is understood mans-meate, but how the word is derived is very hard to tell. Some say of coygne, because they used commonly in theyr Coygnyes, not only to take men, but coyne also, and that taking of mony was specially ment to be prohibited by that statute. But I think rather that this word Coygnye is derived of the Irish. The which is a common use amongst the Irish Landlordes, to have a common spending upon theyr tenauntes for all theyr tenante, being commonlv but tenauntes at will they use to take of them what victualls they list, for of victualls they were wont to make small reckning. And in this were the tenauntes wronged, for it was an ordinarye and knowne custome, and his Lord commonly used soe to countaunt with him, which if at any time the tenaunt misliked, he might fresh depart at his pleasure. But now by this Statute the sayd Irish Lord is wronged, for that he is cutt off in his customarye services, of the which there was one besides many more of the like, to wit, the Cuck, Co-shurh Bonaught, Dringh, and m, and such like, the which I think I have were commonly brought in by the English

land, is made nowe a border, which how inconvenient it is lett every man judge And though that right noble man, that is the Lord of the libertie doe endeavour himself all that he may to yeld equall justice unto all, yet can there not but great abuses lurke in soe inward and absolute a privilege, the consideration wherof is to be respected carefully, for the next succession And much like unto this graunte there are alsoe other privileges graunted unto most of the corporations there, that they shall not be bound to any other government then they owne, that they shall not be charged with garrisons, that they shall not be traveled forth of theire owne franchises, that they may buye and sell with theeves and rebells, that all amerceementes and fines that shal be imposed upon them shall come unto themselves All which, though at the time of theyr first graunt they were tollerable, and perhaps reasonable, yet nowe are most unreasonable and inconvenient, but all these will easily be cutt of with the superiour power of her Majesties prerogative, agaynst which her owne grauntes are not to be pleaded or enforced

Eudox Nowe truly, Irenaeus, ye have (me seemes) very well handled this poynt, touching the inconveniences in the Common Lawe there, by you observed, and it seemeth that you have a myndfull regard unto the thinges that may concerne the good of that realme. And yf you can as well goe through with the Statute Lawes of that land, I will thinke you have not lost all your time there Therefore, I pray you, now take them in hand, and tell us what you thinke to be amiss in them

Iren The Statutes of that realme are not many, and therefore we shall the sooner runn through them And yet of these fewe there are sundrye impertinent and unnecessarye the which perhaps, though at the time of the making of them were very needefull, yet nowe through chaunge of time are cleane antiquated, and altogether idle as that which forbiddeth any to weare theyr beardes on the upper lipp, and none under the chinne that which putteth awy saffron shirtes and smockes, that which restrayneth the use of gilt bridles and petrouells, that which is appoynted to the recorders and clarkes of Dublin and Drogheda, to take but two pence for the cople of a playnt, that which commaundeth bowes and arrowes, that which maketh that all Irishmen that shall converse amongst the English shal be taken for spies, and soe punished, that

which forbiddeth persons ameanable to lawe to enter and distrayne in the landes in which they have title; and many other the like I could rehearse.

Eudox These, which you have repeated, seeme very frivolous and fruitlesse, for by the breach of them little dammage or inconvenience can come to the Common-wealth Neither, indeede, yf any transgress them, shall he seeme woorthy of punishment, scarce of blame, having for that they beare the name of Lawes But Lawes ought to be such, as that the keeping of them should be greatly for the behoofe of the Common-wealth, and the violating of them should be very heinous, and sharply punished But tell us of some more weighty dislikes in the Statutes then these, and that may more behoofully import the reformation of them

Iren There is one or two Statutes which make the wrongfull distrayning of any mans goodes agaynst the forme of the Common Lawe to be felony The which Statutes seeme surely to have bene at first ment for the great good of the realme, and for restrayning of a fowle abuse, which then raigned commonly among that people, and yet is not altogether layed aside, that when any one was indebted to another, he would first demand his debt, and, yf he were not payed, he would straight goo and take a distress of his goodes and chattels, where he could find them, to the valewe the which he would keep, till he were satisfied, and this the simple churle (as they call him) doth commonly use to doe yet through ignorance of his misdoing, or evil use that hath long settled amongst them But this, though it be sure most unlawfull, yet surely (me seemes) to hard to make it death, since there is no purpose in the other party to steale the others goodes, or to conceale the distress, but doth it openly, for the most part before witnesses And agayne, the same Statutes are soe slackely penned (besides the later of them is soe unsensibly contrived that it scarce carryeth any reason in it) that they are often and very easily wrested to the fraud of the subject, as yf one going to distrayne upon his owne land or tenement, where lawfully he may, yet yf in doing therof he transgress the least poynt of the Common Lawe, he straight committeth felonye Or yf one by any other occasiye take any thing from another, as which he use sometymes to cappe on another, which same is straight felonye This is non-Law, but lawe

Eudox Nevertheless the evil use

land, is made now a border, which how inconvenient it is lett every man judge. And though that right noble man that is the Lord of the libertie doe endeavour himselfe all that he may to yeld equall justice unto all, yet can there not but great abuses lurke in the inward and absolute a privilege, the consideration whereof is to be respected carefully, for the next succession. And much like unto this grante there are also other privileges granted unto most of the corporations there, that they shall not be bound to any other government then their owne, that they shall not be charged with garrisons, that they shall not be travell'd forth of their owne franchises, that they may have and sell with theeres and rebels, that all amercements and fines that shal be imposed upon them shall come unto themselves. All which, though at the time of their first grant they were tollerable, and perhaps reasonable, yet now are most unreasonable and inconvenient, but all these will easily be cut of with the superiour power of her Majesties prerogative, against which her owne grante are not to be pleaded or enforced.

Ludor None truly, I remember, ye have (me seems) very well handled this point, touching the inconveniences in the Common Lawe there by you observed, and it seemeth that you have a myndfull regard unto the things that may concerne the good of that realme. And if you can as well goe through with the Statute Lawe of that land, I will thinke you have not lost all your time there. Therefore I pray you, now take them in hand, and tell us what you thinke to be amiss in them.

Iren The Statutes of that realme are not many, and therefore we shall the sooner runn through them. And yet of these fewe there are sundry impertinent and unnecessary the which perhaps, though at the time of the making of them were very needefull, yet now through change of time are cleane antiquated, and altogether idle as that which forbiddeth any to weare their beards on the upper lipp, and none under the chin, that which putteth away stiffen shirtes and smockes, that which restrayneth the use of gilt bridles and petronell, that which is appointed to the recorders and clerkes of Dublin and Drogheda, to take but two pence for the cōpye of a playnt, that which commandeth bowes and arrowes, that which maketh that all Irishmen that shall converse amongst the English shall be taken for spies, and soe punished, that

which forbiddeth per one amercable to lawe to enter and destroye in the landes in which they have title; and many other the like I could rehearse.

Ludor These, which you have repeated, seeme very frivolous and fruitles, for by the breach of them little damage or inconvenience can come to the Common-wealth. Neither, indeed, if any transgression, shall be seeme worthy of punishment, scarce of blame, saving for that they bear the name of lawe. But Lawe ought to be such, as that the keeping of them should be greatly for the behoofe of the Common-wealth and the violating of them should be very harmful, and sharply punished. But tell us of some more weighty distillies in the Statute then these, and that may more behoofully import the reformation of them.

Iren There is one or two Statutes which make the wofull destroyning of any mans goodes against the forme of the Common Lawe to be felony. The which Statutes seeme much to have bene at first ment for the great good of the realme, and for restraining of a fowle abuse, which then rag'd commonly among that people, and yet is not altogether layd aside, that when any one was indebted to another, he would first demand his debt, and, if he were not paid, he would straight goe and take a distress of his goodes and chattels, where he could find them, to the value the which he would keepe till he were satisfied, and this the simple churle (as they call him) doth commonly use to doe yet through ignorance of his mis-doing, or evil use that hath long settled amongst them. But this, though it be sure most unlawfull, yet surely (me seemes) to hard to make it death, since there is no purpose in the other party to steale the others goodes, or to concerne the distress but doth it openly for the most part before witnesses. And againe, the same Statutes are soe stricly penned (besides the later of them is soe unreasonably contrived that it scarce carryeth any reason in it) that they are often and very easily wrested to the fraud of the subject, as if one going to distraine upon his owne land or tenement, where lawfully he may, yet if in doing thereof he transgress the least point of the Common Lawe, he straight committeth felonye. Or if one by any other occasion take any thing from another, as which use sometimes to cappe on another, the same is straight felonye. This is an un-Lawfull hard lawe.

Ludor Nevertheless the evil use may

travelling and ther mans goodes, you will not denye but it is to be abolished and taken away.

Iren It is soe, but not by taking away the subject withall, for that is to violent a mede me, especially this use being permitted and much lawfull unto some, and to other some death. As to most of the corporat townes, there it is graunted by their charter, that they may, every man by himselfe, without any officer (for that were more tolerable) for any debt, to distraine the goodes or any Irish, being found within their libertie, or but passing through their townes. And the first permission of this was for that in those times when that graunt was made, the Irish were not able to lawe, soe as it was not safe for the townesmen to goe to them forth to demand theyr debt, nor possible to drawe him unto lawe, so that he had leave to be his owne by liff, to retaine his dettors goodes within his owne frontiere. The which the Irish seeing thought it was lawfull for them to distraine the towne mens goodes in the countrey where they found it. And soe, by the example of that graunte of the towne men, they thought it lawfull and made it a use to distraine one anothers goodes for small debts. And to say truth, we thinke it is hard for every trilling debt, of two or three shillings to be driven to lawe which is soe farr from them sometimes to be sought, for which we thinke it an heave ordinance to give death, especially to a rude man that is ignorant of lawe, and thinketh a common use or graunte to other men is a lawe for himselfe.

Judox Yea, but the judge, when it cometh before him to triall, may easely decide this doubt, and lay open the intent of the lawe by his better discretion.

Iren Yea, but it is dangerous to leave the sense of the lawe unto the reason or will of the judges, whose are men and may be miscarryed by affection, and many other meanes. But the lawes ought to be like unto stonye tables plain, stedfast, and immovable. There is also such another Statute or two, which make Coygne and Livery to be treason, noe less inconvenient then the former, being, as it is penned, how the first purpose therof were expedient, gave thereby now noe man can goe into another thosens house for lodgings, nor to his owne neighbours house to take victuall by the way, notwithstanding that there is noe other lawe for him to have lodging, nor horse

meate, nor mans meate, there being noe Innes, nor none otherwise to be bought for mony, but that he is endammaged to the Statute of treason, whensoever he shall happen to fall out with his tenaunt, or that his sayd host list to complayne of greivance, as oftentimes I have seene them very maliciously doe through the least provocation.

Eudox I doe not well knowe, but by gess, what you doe meane by these termes of Coygne and Livery therefore I pray you explaine them.

Iren I knowe not whether the woordes be English or Irish, but I suppose them rather to be nuncient English, for the Irishmen can make noe derivation nor analogie of them. What Livery is, we by common use in England knowe well enough, nameleve, that it is allowance of horse-meate, as they commonly use the word in stabling, as to keepe horses at livery, the which word, as I gess, is derived of livering or delivering forth their nightlye foode. Soe in great houses, the livery is sayd to be served up for all night, that is their nyghtly allowance for drinke. And Livery is also called the upper garment which serving men weareth, soe called (as I suppose) for that it is delivered and taken from him at pleasure soe it is apparant, that by the word Livery is meant horse-meate, like as by the word Coygne is understood mans-meate, but how the word is derived is very hard to tell some say of coyne, because they used commonly in their Coygues, not only to take meate, but coyne also, and that taking of mony was specially ment to be prohibited by that Statute but I thinke rather that this word Coygne is derived of the Irish. The which is a common use amongst the Irish landlords, to have a common spending upon their tenauntes, for all their tenauntes, being commonly but tenauntes at will, they use to take of them what victualls they list, for of victualls they were wont to make small reckning neither in this were the tenauntes wronged, for it was an ordinary and knowne custome, and his Lord commonly used soe to covenant with him, which if at any time the tenant misliked, he might freely depart at his pleasure. But now by this Statute the sayd Irish Lord is wronged, for that he is cutt off from his customary services, of the which this was one, besides many more of the like, as Cuddeshill, Cossurh, Bonaght, Shragh, Sorehm, and such like, the which (I thinke) at first were customes brought in by the English

upon the Irish, for they were never wont, and yet are very loth to yield any certaine rent, out onely such spendings, saying commonly, 'Spend me and defend me.'

Eudox Surely I take it as you say, that therein the Irish Lordes hath greate wronge, since it was an auncient custome, and nothing contrarye to lawe, for to the willing there is noe wrong done. And thus right well I wote, that even heere in England, there are in many places as large customes as that of Coignye and Laverie. But I suppose by your speech, that it was the first meaning of the Statute to forbid the violent taking of victuals upon other mens tenantes against their willes, which surely is a great outrage, and yet not soe great (me seemes) as that it should be made treason for considering that the nature of treason is concerning the realme, estate or person of the King, or practising with his enemies, to the derogation and daunger of his crowne and dignitie, it is hardly wrested to make this treason. But (as you earst said) 'better a mischief then an inconvenience.'

Iren Another Statute I remember, which having beene an auncient English custome is now upon adviement made an Irish lawe, and that is called the Custome of Kin-cogish, which is, that every head of every sept, and every cheif of every kindred or familie, should be answerable and bound to bring forth every one of that kindred or sept under him at all times to be justified, when he should be required or charged with any treason, felonye, or other havyous crime.

Eudox Why, surely this seemes a very necessary lawe. For considering that many of them be such locells and scatterlings, as that they cannot easily by any sheriff, constable, orliff, or other ordinarie officer be gotten, when they are challenged for any such fact, this is a very good meane to gett them to be brought in by him, that is the head of that sept, or cheif of that howse wherefore I wonder what just exception you can make agaynst the same.

Iren Trewe, Eudoxus in the pretence of the good of that Statute you have nothing erred, for it seemeth very expedient and necessary, but the hurt which cometh thereby is greater then the good. For, whilst every cheif of a sept standeth soe bound to the lawe for every one of his blond or sept that is under him, inclusive every one of his sept is put under him, and he made grete by the commaunding of them all. For if he may not commaunde them, then that lawe doth wrong

which bindeth him to bring them soorth to be justified and yf he may comaunde them, then he may comaunde them aswell to ill as to good, whereby the lordes and captayns of countreyes, and the principall and heades of septs, are made stronger, when it should be a most speciall care in pollice to weaken them, and to set up and strengthen divers of his underlinges against him, which, whensoever he shall offer to swarre from dutye may be able to heerd him for it is very daungerous to leave the command of soe many as some septs are, being five or six thousand persons, to the will of one man, whoe may leade them to what he will, as he himselfe shall be inclined.

Eudox In very deepe, Irenus, it is very daungerous, especially seeing the disposition of those people is not allwayes inclinable to the best. And therefore I hold it noe wisdom to leave unto them to much command over their kindred, but rather to withdrawe their followers from them as much as may be, and to gather them under the commande of lawe by some better meane then this custome of Kin cogish. The which woord I woulde be gladd to knowe what it namely signifith, for the meaning thereof I seeme to understand reasonable well.

Iren It is a woord mingled of the English and Irish together, soe as I am partly led to thinke, that the custome thereof was first English, and afterwarde made Irish, for such in other lawe they had heere in England, as I remember, made by King Alured, that every gentellman should continually bring soorth his kindred and followers to the lawe. Soe Kin is English, and Cogish signifith affinity in Irish.

Eudox Siththen we have thus reasonably handled the inconvenience in the lawes, lett us now pass unto the second part, which was, as I remember, of the abuses of customes, in which, me seemes, you have a fayre champion layd open unto you, in which you may at large stretch out your discourse into many sweete remembraunces of antiquities, from whence it seemeth that the customs of that countrey proceeded.

Iren Indeede, Eudoxus, you say very true, for alle the customes of the Irish, which I have often noted and compared with that I have read, would minister occasion of most ample discourse of the first originall of them, and the antiquitye of that people, which in truth I doe thinke to be more auncient then most that I knowe in this end of the world, soe as yf it were in the handling of some man

of sound judgement and plentiful reading it would be most pleasant and profitable. But it may be we may, at some other time of meeting, take occasion to treat thereof more at large. Here only it shall suffice to touch such customs of the Irish as seeme offensive, and repugnant to the good government of that realm.

Eudox Followe then your owne course, for I shal the better content my self to forbear my desire now, in hope that you will, as you say, some other time more abundantly satisfy it.

Iren Before we enter into the treatise of their customs, it is first needfull to consider from whence they first sprong, for from the sundry manners of the nations, from whence that people which now are called Irish were derived, some of the customs that now remaine amongst them have bene first fetcht, and since they have bene continued amongst them, for not of one nation was that people, but of many and of different conditions and manners. But the chiefest which have first possessed, and inhabited it, I suppose to be Scythians, which at such time as the Northerne Nations overflowed all Christendome, came downe to the sea-coast, where enquiring for other countreies abroad, and getting intelligence of this countrey of Ireland, finding shipping convenient, passed over thither, and arrived in the North-part thereof, which is now called Ulster, which first inhabiting, and afterwards stretching themselves further into the land as they number increased, named it all of themselves Scuttenland, which more briefly is called Scotland, or Scotland.

Eudox I wonder (Irenus) whither you runne soe farre astraine, for whylest we talke of Ireland, we thinke you rap upp the originall of Scotlande, but what is that to this?

Iren Surelve verie much, for Scotlande and Ireland are all one and the same.

Eudox That seemeth more strange, for we all knowe right well they are distinguished, with a great sea running betwene them, or els there are two Scotlands.

Iren Never the more are there two Scotlands, but two kindes of Scotts there were indeede (as ye may gather out of Buckham) the one Irin or Irish Scotts, the other Albin-Scotts, for those Scotts or Scythians arrived (as I sayd) in the North partes of Ireland, where some of them afterwards passed into the next coast of Albin, now called Scotland, which (after much trouble) they

possessed, and of themselves named it Scotland, but in process of time (as is commonly seene) the denomination of the part prevailed in the whole, for the Irish Scotts putting away the name of Scottes, were called onely Irish, and the Albin Scotts, leaving the name of Albin, were called onely Scottes. Therefore it cometh that of some writers Ireland is called Scotia-major, and that which nowe is called Scotland, is named Scotia-minor.

Eudox I doe now well understand your distinguishing of the two sortes of Scottes, and two Scotlands, how that this which is now called Ireland was anciently called Irin, and afterwards of some writers Scotland, and that which now is called Scotland was formerly called Albin, before the coming of the Scottes thither but what other nation inhabited the other partes of Ireland?

Iren After this people thus planted in the North, or before, (for the certaintye of times in thinges soe farr from all knowledge cannot be justly avouched) another nation coming out of Spayne arrived in the West part of Ireland, and finding it wast, or weakly inhabited, possessed it who whether they were native Spaynyards, or Gaules, or Affricans, or Gothes, or some other of those Northerne Nations which did overspredd all Christendome, it is impossible to affirme, onely some naked conjectures may be gathered, but that out of Spayne certainly they came, that doe all the Irish Chronicles agree.

Eudox You doe very boldly, Irenus, adventure upon the historie of soe ancient times, and leane to confidently unto those Irish Chronicles which are most fabulous and forged, in that out of them you dare take in hand to lay open the originall of such a nation soe antique, as that no monument remaineth of her beginning and first inhabiting there, specially having bene in those times allways without letters, but onely bare traditions of times and remembraunces of BARNES, which use to forge and falsifie every thing as they list, to please or displease any man.

Iren Truly I must confess I doe soe, but yet not soe absolutely as you suppose. I doe herein relye upon those Bards or Irish Chronicles, though the Irish themselves, through their ignorance in matters of learning and deepe judgement, doe most constantly beleve and avouch them, but unto them besides I add my owne reading, and out of them both

together, with comparison of times, likewise of manners and customes, affinity of wordes and names, properties of natures and uses, resemblances of rites and ceremonies, monuments of churches and tombes, and many other like circumstances, I doe gather a likelihood of truth, not certainly affirming any thing, but by conferring of times, languages, monuments, and such like, I doe hunt out a probability of things, which I leave to your judgement to beleve or refuse. Nevertheless there be some very ancient authors which make mention of these things, and some moderne, which by comparing them with present times, experience, and their owne reason, doe open a window of great light unto the rest that is yet unseene, as namely, of the older Cesar, Strabo, Tacitus, Ptolome, Plinie, Pomperus Mela, and Berosus of the later, Vincentius, Eneis Silvius, Luddus, Duckhanan, of all which I doe give most credit unto Duckhanan, for that he himself being an Irish Scott or Pict by nation, and being very excellently learned and industrious to seeke out the truth of these things concerning the originall of his owne people, hath both sett downe the testimonies of the ancientes truly, and his owne opinion, withall very reasonably, though in some things he doth somewhat flatter. Besides, the Bards and Irish Chroniclers themselves, though through desire of pleasing perhaps to much, and through ignorance of arte and proper learning, they have clouded the truth of those times, yet there appeareth amongst them some reliques of the true antiquity, though disguised, which a well-eyed man may happily discover and find out.

Eudox How can there be any truth in them at all, since the ancient nations which first inhabited Ireland were altogether destitute of letters, much more of learning, by which they might leave the verities of things written. And these Bards, coming alsoe too many hundred yeares after could not knowe what was done in former ages nor deliver certaintie of any thing but what they fained out of their unlearned herdes.

Iren Those Bards indeede, Cesar writeth, deliver noe certayne truth of any thing, neither is there any certayne hold to be taken of any antiquity which is received by tradition, since all men be liars, and may be when they will, but yet for the antiquity of the written Chronicles of Ir had give me leave to say for nothing not to justify them, but to prove that none of them might say truth. For he sayeth that the Irish have

allwayes bene without letters, ye are therein much deceived, for it is certayne, that Ireland hath had the use of letters very anciently and long before England.

Eudox Is it possible? Howe comes it then that they are soe barbarous still and soe unlearned, being soe old schollers? For learning (as the Poet sayth) 'Emolli mores, nec sinit esse feros' whence then (I pray you) could they have those letters?

Iren It is hard to say for whether they at theyr first coming into the land, or afterwards by trading with other nations which had letters, learned them of them, or devised them amongst themselves, it is very doubtful, but that they had letters anciently it is nothing doubtfull, for the Saxons of England are sayd to have theyr letters, and learning, and learned men, from the Irish, and that also appeareth by the likeness of the characters, for the Saxons character is the same with the Irish. Now the Scythians never, as I can reade, of old had letters amongst them: therefore it seemeth that they had them from that nation which came out of Spayne, for in Spayne ther was (as Strabo writeth) letters anciently used, whether brought unto them by the Phoenicians, or Persians, which (as it appeareth by him) had some footing there, or from Marselles, which is sayd to have bene inhabited first by the Greekes, and from them to have had the Greeke character, of which Marsilians it is sayd, that the Gaules learned them first, and used them only for the furtherance of their trades and private business: for the Gaules (as is strongly to be proved by many ancient and authentical writers) did first inhabit all the sea-coast of Spayne, even unto Caes and the mouth of the Streits, and peopled also a great parte of Italie, which appeareth by sundry cities and havens in Spayne called of them, as Portugallia, Gallicia, Galdumum, and alsoe by sundry nations therein dwelling, which yet have received their owne names of the Gaules, as the Rhegni, Presamarci, Tamariti, Neri, and divers others. All which Pomperus Mela, being himself a Spynard, yet sayeth to have descended from the Celtes of Fraunce, whereby it is to be gathered, that that nation which came out of Spayne into Ireland were anciently Gaules, and that they brought with them those letters which they had learned in Spayne, first into Ireland, the which some also say doe much resemble the old Phoenician character being likewise distinguished with prickes and accents, as theyr anciently, but the further enquiry therof needeth a

place of longer discourse then this our short conference.

Ludox Surely you have shewed a great probability of that which I had thought impossible to have been proved, but that which you now say, that Ireland should have bene peopled with the Gaules seemeth much more strange, for all their Chronicles doe say, that the west and south was possessed and inhabited of Spanyards, and Cornelius Tacitus also doth strongly asserime the same, all which you must overthrow and falsifie, or renounce your opinion.

Iren Neither now, nor soe, for the Irish Chronicles (as I said unto you) being made by unlearned men and writing things according to the appearance of the truth which they conceived, doe err in the circumstances put in the matter. For all that came out of Spayne (they being noe diligent searchers into the differences of nations) supposed them to be Spanyards, and soe called them, by the groundworke thereof is nevertheless as I said true and certaine, however they through ignorance disguise the same, or through their owne vanity (while they would not seeme to be ignorant), doe thereupon build and enlarge many forged histories of their owne antiquity, which they deliver to fooles, and make them believe them for trewe, as for example, that nest of one Cathelus the sonne of Cecrops or Argos, who having married the King of Egyptis daughter, thence sailed with her into Spayne, and there inhabited. Then that of Deimul and his fower sonnes, who coming out of Scythia peopled Ireland and inhabited it with his sonnes two hundred and fifty yeeres untill he was overcome of the Gyants dwelling then in Ireland, and at last quite brunched and rooted out, after whom two hundred yeeres, the sonnes of one Dolu, being Scythians, arrived there againe, and possessed of the whole land, of which the youngest, called Silius, in the end made himself monarch. Lastly, of the fower sonnes of Mylesius King of Spayne, which conquered that land from the Scythians, and inhabited it with Spanyards, and called it of the name of the youngest, *Hibernia*, *Hibernia* all which are in very truth fables, and very Mylesian lies (as the Latine proverb is), for never was there such a King of Spayne called Mylesius, nor any such colonie created with his sonnes, as they faine, that can ever be proved, but yet under these tales we may in a manner see the truth lurke. For Scythians, heere inhabiting, they name and doe put Spanyards,

wherby appeareth that both those nations heere inhabited, but whether very Spanyards, as the Irish greatly affect, is noe wayes to be proved.

Ludox Whence cometh it then that the Irish doe soe greatly covett to fetch themselves from the Spanyards, since the old Gaules are a more ancient and much more honorable a nation?

Iren Even soe of a very desire of new singleness and vanity, for being as they are now accounted the most barbarous nation in Christendome they to avoide that reproche would derive themselves from the Spanyards, whom they now see to be a very honorable people, and next bordering unto them, but all that is most vaine, for from the Spynard that now is, or that people that now inhabites Spayne, they noe wayes can approve themselves to descend, neither should it be greatly glorious unto them, for the Spynard, that now is, is come from as rude and savage nations as they, there being, as it may be gathered by course of ages and viewes of their owne histories, (though they therein labour much to ennoble themselves) scarce any droppe of the old Spanish blood left in them, for all Spayne was first conquered by the Romans, and filled with colonies from them, which were still increased, and the native Spynard still cutt off. Afterwards the Carthaginians in all the long Punicke Warres (having spoyled all Spayne, and in the end subdued it whole to themselves) did, as it is likely, roote out all that were affected to the Romayns. And lastly the Romaynes, having againe recovered that countrey and bett out Llanmball, did doubtles cutt off all that favoured the Carthaginians, soe that betwixt them both, to and froe, there was scarce a native Spynard left, but all inhabited of Romayns. All which tempestes of troubles being overblown, there long after rose a newe storme, more dreadfull then all the former, which over-rann all Spayne, and made an infinite confusion of all things, that was, the coming downe of the Gothes, the Hunnes, and the Vandals. And lastly all the nations of Scythia, which, like a mountayne flude, did overflowe all Spayne, and quite drowne and wash away whatsoever reliques there were left of the land-breadd people, yea, and of all the Romayns to. The which Northerne nations finding the complexion of that soyle, and the vehement heate there furr differing from their natures, tooke noe felicitye in that countrey, but from thence passed over,

and did spredd themselves into all countreys in Christendome, of all which there is none but hath some mixture and sprinkling, yf not through peopling of them. And yet after all these the Moores and Barbarians, breaking over out of Africa, did finally possess all Spayne, or the most part thereof, and did tread downe under theyr heathenish secte whatever litle they found there yet standing. The which, though afterward they were beaten out by Ferdinando of Aragon and Isabell his wife, yet they were not soe clesned, but that through the marriages which they had made, and mixture with the people of the land, during theyr long continuance there, they had left noe pure dropp of Spanish blood noe more of Romayne, nor of Seythian. Soe that of all nations under heaven (I suppose) the Spanyard is the most mingled, most uncertayne, and most bistoridly, wherefore most foolishlye doe the Irish thinke to ennoble themselves by wresting theyr auncientrye from the Spayne, who is unable to derive himself from any certayne.

Eudor You speake very sharply, Irrenus, in dishonour of the Spanyard, whom some other boast to be the only brave nation under the skye.

Iren Soe surely he is a very brave man, neither is that which I speake any thing to his derogation, for in that I sayed he is a mingled nation, it is noe dispryse, for I thinke there is noe nation nowe in Christendome, nor muche further, but is mingled, and compounded with others for it was a singular providence of God, and a most admirable purpose of his wisdom, to drive those northerne heathen nations downe into these Christian partes, where they might receive Christianitye, and to mingle nations soe remote myraculously, to make, as it were, one kindred and blood of all people, and ech to have knowledge of him.

Eudor Neither have you sure any more dishonoured the Irish, for you have brought them from very great and ancient nations, as any were in the world, how ever fondly they affect the Spanish. For both Seythians and Gaules were two as mightye nations as ever the world brought forth. But is there any token, denomination, or monument of the Gaules yet remaynyng in Ireland, as there is of the Seythians?

Iren Yea surely very many wordes of the Gaules remaynyng, and yet daylye used in common speache.

Eudor Why what was the Gaulish

speach? is there any part of it still used amongst any nation?

Iren The Gaulish speach is the very British, the which was very generally used heere in all Brittain before the coming in of the Saxons, and yet is retained of the Welshmen, the Cornishmen, and the Brittons of France, though time, working the alteration of all things, and the trading and interdeale with other nations rounde about, have chaunged and greatly altered the dialect thereof but yet the originall wordes appeare to be the same, as whoe that list to read in Camden and Buchanan, may see at large. Besides, ther be many places, as havens, hills, townes, and castles, which yet beare names from the Gaules, of the which Buchanan reherseth above 500 in Scotland, and I can (I thinke) recount neere as many in Ireland which retainne the old denomination of the Gaules, as the Menapii, the Cauci, the Venti, and others, by all which and many other very reasonable probabilities (which this short course will not suffer to be layed forth) it appeareth that the cheif inhabitants in Ireland were Gaules, coming thither first out of Spayne, and afterwarde from besides Tinnis where the Gothes, the Hunnes, and the Goets sate downe, they also being (as it is sayd of some) ancient Gaules, and lastly passing out of Gallia itself, from all the seacoastes of Belgia and Celtica, into all the southerne coastes of Ireland, which they possessed and inhabited, wherupon it is at this day, amongst the Irish a common use to call any straunge inhabitant there amongst them, Gull, that is, descended from the Gaules.

Eudor This is very likely, for even soe did those Gaules anciently possess and people all the southerne coastes of our Brittain, which yet retainne theyr old names, as the Belgae in Sommersetshire, Wiltshire and part of Hampshire the Atrebatu in Barkshire, Regni in Sussex and Surrey and many others. Nowe thus farre then I understand your opinion, that the Seythians planted in the North partes of Ireland, the Spanyards (for soe we will call them, whatever they were that came from Spayne) in the West, the Gaules in the South soe that there nowe remayneth the East partes towardes England, which I would be gladd to understand from whence you thinke they were peopled.

Iren Marry, I thinke from the Brittons themselves, of which though there be litle footing now remaynyng, by reason that the

Savo, & other, and lastly the English, drive out all the inhabitants therof, did possess and people it themselves. Yet amongst the Tuatha the Hyrnes, the Kavanahs, and other nations in Leinster there is a remembrance of the Brittons remayne, which Tool is called of the old Irish word Tol that is, an hill or towne. The names of the Brittons would be the Kavanahs, and the Kavanahs of the second sort, that is, strange, soe that in these three people the very denomination of the hill or towne shall remayne. Besides, when they shew the picture or picture of any man or woman, he crieth unto him, Cuimneach, that is in British he is called their owne language, Cuimneach, I understand to prove the same, he is called by the Latins Sculus, and by the Greeks, called Perunus, and a part of Great Brittain. I shall it appeareth by good reason yet extant that King Arthur, and his son King Mordred had all that land in his owne name and subjection herunto I see it did remayne probabilitie of the names of these persons, and speeches, as I did in the former but they should be so long, for this time, and I receive them for another. And though you have had my opinion, howe all that is time of Ireland was first peopled and by what nations. After all which the Saxons came in, and ruled it wholly unto themselves. For first I find, King of Northumberland, did utterly waste and subvert it as appeareth out of his complaint against him, and afterwards King Edgar brought it under his obedience, as it appeareth by an ancient record in which it is found written that he subdued all the lands of the North even unto Norway, and then the king did bring in the Colonization.

Eudox. Thus ripping up of ancient histories, is very pleasing unto me, and indeede favourer of good conceits, and some reading will beleeve howe profitable it is, and experience of forreine nations, is to him that will applye them to good purpose. Neither indeede would I have thought, that any such antiquities could have bene avouched for the Irish, that maketh me the more to long to see some more of your observations, which ye have gathered out of that countrey, and have erst half promised to putt forth, and sure in this mingling of nations appeareth (as you erst have well noted) a wonderfull providence and purpose of Almighty God, that stirred up that people of the farthest partes of the world to seeke out

those regions so remote from them, and by that means both to restore their decayed habitations, and to make himself knowne to the Heathen. But was there, I pray you, noe more generall winning of that land, then first by the Scythians, which you say were the Scotts, and afterwards by Spaniards, besides the Gauls Brittons, and Saxons?

Iren. Yes there was an other, and that the last and the greatest, which was by the English when the Earle Strongbowe, having conquered that land, delivered up the same unto the handes of Henry the second, then King whose sent over thither great store of gentlemen, and other wellick people, amongst whom he distributed the land and settled such a strong colonie therein, as never since could, with all the subtill practises of the Irish be rooted out, but abide still a mighty people of as many as remayne English of them.

Eudox. What is this that you say, of soe many as remayne English of them? Why, are no they that were once English abiding English still?

Iren. Noe for the most part of them are degenerated and grown almost meer Irish, yea and more militions to the English then the very Irish themselves.

Eudox. What here? And is it possible that an Englishman, brought up naturally in such sweete civilitie as England affoordes, can have such liking in that barbarous rudeness, that he should forgett his owne nature, and forgoe his owne nation? how may this be, or what (I pray you) may be the cause hereof?

Iren. Surely, nothing but the first evill ordinance and institution of that Commonwealth. But therof now is here noe fitt place to speake, least, by the occasion therof offering matter of a long discourse, we might be drawn from this that we have in hand, namely, the handling of abuses in the customes of Ireland.

Eudox. In truth, Irenius, you do well remember the plot of your first purpose, but yet from that (me seemes) ye have much swayed in all this long discourse, of the first inhabiting of Ireland, for what is that to your purpose?

Iren. Truly very materiall, for if ye marked the course of all that speech well, it was to shew by what meanes the customes, that now are in Ireland, being some of them indeede very strange and almost heathenish, were first brought in, and that was, as I said,

by those nations from whom that countrey was first peopled, for the difference of manners and customes doeth followe the difference of nations and people the which I have declared unto you to have bene three severall which suted themselves there to wit first the Seythians, then the Gaules, and lastly the English. Notwithstanding that I am not ignorant, that there were sundrie other nations which got footing in that kind of the which there yet remaine diverse great families and seiges, of whom I will also in their proper places make mention.

Tudor. You bring your self Irenus, very well into the way againe notwithstanding that it seemeth that ye were never out of the way but now that ye have passed through those antiquities, which I could have wished not soe soon ended, beginn when you please, to declare what customes and manners have bene derived from those nations to the Irish, and which of them you find fault withall.

Iren. I will then begin to count their customes in the same order that I counted their nations, and first with the Seythian or Scottish manners. Of the which there is one use amongst them, to keepe their cattell and to live themselves the most part of the yeare in bolles, pasturing upon the mountayn, and wast wild places, and removing still to fresh land, as they have depastured the former. The which appeareth playne to be the manner of the Seythians, as you may reade in Olorus Magnus, and Jo Bohemus, and yet is used amongst all the Tartarians and the people about the Caspian Sea, which are naturally Seythians, to live in hearde as they call them, being the very same that the Irish bolles are, driving their cattell continually with them, and feeding onely upon their milke and white meates.

Tudor. What fault can ye find with this custome? for though it be an old Seythian use yet it is very behoofull in that countrey of Ireland, where there are greato mountaynes, and wast desertes full of grasse, that the same should be eaten downe, and nourish many thousand of cattell for the good of the whole realme, which cannot (me thinkes) be well any other way, then by keeping those Bolles there, as ye have shewed.

Iren. But by this custome of bolles there growe in the meane time many great enormities unto that Common-wealth. For first, yf there be any out-lawes, or loose people, (as they are never without some) which live upon stealthes and spoyle, they are evermore suc-

course and find relief onely in those Bolles, being upon the wast places, whereas they should be driven shortly to starve, or to come downe to the towne to seek relief, where, by one means or other, they would soon be caught. Besides such stealthes of cattell as they make, they bring commonly to these Bolles, where they are received readily, and the thief harboured from daunger of lawe, or such officers as might light upon him. Moreover, the people that thus live in those Bolles growe thereby the more barbarous, and live more licentious, then they could in towne, using what means they list and practising what mischieves and villanies they will, either against the government there, by their combinations or against private men, whom they injure, by stealing their goods, or murdering themselves. For there they thinke themselves free from lawe and obedience, and having once tasted freedome doe, like a steere that hath bene long out of his yoke, grudge and repine ever after to come under yoke againe.

Tudor. By your speache Irenus I perceive more evil come by this use of bolles, then good by their grazing, and therefore it may well be reformed but that must be in his due course do you proceed to the next.

Iren. They have another custome from the Seythians, that is the wearing of Mantells and long glibbes, which is a thick curled bush of heare hanging downe over their eyes, and monstrously disfiguring them, which are both very bidd and hurtfull.

Tudor. Doe you thinke that the mantell came from the Seythians? I would surely thinke otherwise, for by that which I have read, it appeareth that most nations in the world anciently used the mantell. For the Jewes used it, as you may reade of Chris mantell. The Chaldeans also used it as you may reade in Diodorus. The Egyptians likewise used it, as ye may reade in Herodotus, and may be gathered by the description of Beremee, in the Greeke Commentaries upon Calmachus. The Greekes also used it anciently, as appeareth by Venus mantell lined with starres, though afterwards they chaunged the forme thereof into their clockes, called Pallia, as some of the Irish also doe. And the ancient Latines and Romans used it, as ye may reade in Virgill, who was a very ancient antiquary,—that Pander, when Aeneas came unto him at his feast, did entertayne and feast him, sitting on the ground, and lying on mantells. In soc-

in such as he useth this very word MANTILL for a mantell.

'Mantills being straitmant.'

So as I suppose that the mantell was a gentleman's habit to use in warre, and not proper to the soldiers only, as you suppose.

I see I cannot do it but that I meanly have been wrong in that and yet since discovered my error. But in this later age of the world since the death of the Possessors of Ireland, it is a rare and brought in by the several nations which, by the death of their cold care and frozen help, got into the sweetest sigh of Europe, they brought with them their usual woodes, set to do the cold, and that a naturall fire to which they had at home bene used. The Irish yet they left not off, by reason that it was a perpetual warre with the natives whom they had invaded, but still removed from place to place, carried all away with them in that warre, as their houses, they built and their garments, and coming hither and thither, they found there more sportfull warre than in any other of the more cold climates, from whence it is now gotten into that use, all in which that people now have it. After and in the Gauls succeeding, yet finding this his necessity for that garment, continued the like use thereof.

For both then the necessity thereof is soe common, as the allegeance, that it is necessary of housing, bedding, and clothing, what reason have we then to wish soe necessary a thing cast off?

I see. But in the comulative doth not counteract the di-comulative, for the inconvenient that thereby doe arise are much more many, for it is a little house for an outlaw, a little house for a rebell, and an apt cloke for a thief. First the out-law being for his many crimes and villanies banished from the towne and houses of honest men and wandering in wast places, furr from danger of lawe, maketh his mantell his house and under it covereth himself from the wrath of heaven, from the offence of the earth, and from the sight of men. When it raineth it is his tent, when it freezeth it is his tabernacle. In Sommer he can wear it loose in winter he can wear it close, at all times he can use it, never heavy, never combersome. Likewise for a rebell it is as necessary, for in his warre that he maketh (yet at last it becometh the name of warre) when he still flyeth from his foe, and lurketh

in the thick woodes and strait passages, waiting for advantages, it is his bedd, yea, and almost his household stuff. For the wood is his house against all weathers, and his mantell is his cave to sleepe in. Therein he wrappeth himself rounde, and encloseth him self strongly against the gnattes, which in that countrey doe more annoy the naked rebelles, whilst they keepe the woodes, and doe more shrilly wound them than all their enemies speeres or speares, which can come seldom enough to them. yea, and oftentimes their mantell serveth them when they are neere driven, being wript about their left arme in steede of a Targett, for it is as hard to cutt through it with a sword, besides it is light to beare, light to throwe away, and, being (as they then commonly are) naked, it is to them all in all. Lastly, for a thief it is soe hand-some, as it may seeme it was first invented for him, for under it he can cleanly contray any little pillage that cometh handsomely in his way, and when he goeth abroad in the night on free-booting, it is his best and surest friend, for lying as they often doe, two or three nights together abroad to watch for their booty, with that they can pretelive shrowde themselves under a bush or banks side, till they may conveniently doe their errand and when all is done, he can in his mantell pass through any towne or company, being close hooded over his head as he useth, from knowledge of any to whom he is endangered. Besides all this, yf he be disposed to doe mischief or villany to any man, he may under his mantell goe privily armed without suspicion of any, carrying his head-piece, his sheane, or pistoll yf he please, to be allway in readiness. Thus necessary and fitting is a mantell for a badd man, and surely for a badd housewife it is noe less convenient, for some of those that be wandering women, there called of them Berntoolhe, it is half a wardrobe, for in Sommer you shall have her arrayed commonly but in her smocke and mantill, to be more ready for her light services in Winter, and in her travell, it is her best cloke and safeguard, and also a coverlett for her lewde exercise. And when she hath filled her vessel, under it she can hide both her burden and her blame, yea, and when her brestard is borne it serveth in steede of a cradle and all her swaddling cloutes. And as for all other good women which love to doe but little worke, howe handsome it is to lye and sleepe, or to lowze themselves in the sun-shine, they that have bene but a while in

Ireland can well witness Sure I am that ye will thinke it very unfitt for good house-wives to sturle in, or to busie them selves about theyr house-wiserye in such sort as they should These be some of the abuses for which I would thinke it meete to forbidd all mantells

Eudox O evill mynded man, that having reckned up soe many uses of a mantell, will yet wish it to be abandoned! Sure I thinke Diogenes dish did never serve his master more turnes, notwithstanding that he made it his dish, his cupp, his measure, his water-pott, then a mantell doth an Irish man But I see they be all to badd intentes, and therefore I will joyne with you in abolishing it But what blame lay you to the gibb? Take heede (I pray you) that you be not to busye therewith for feare of your owne blame, seing our Englishmen take it up in such a generall fashion to weare theyr heare so unmeasurably long, that some of them excede the longest Irish gibbes

Iren I feare not the blame of any undeserved dislikes, but for the Irish gibbes, I say that, besides theyr savage brutishness and lothsome filthiness which is not to be named, they are as fitt maskes as a mantell is for a thief For whensoever he hath runn himself into that perill of lawe that he will not be knownen, he either cutteth of his gibbe quite, by which he becometh nothing like himself, or pulleth it soe lowe downe over his eyes, that it is very hard to discern his Irish countenance, and therefore fitt to be trussed up with the mantell

Eudox Truly these thre Seythian abuses, I hold most fitt to be taken away with sharpe penalties, and surely I wonder how they have bene kept thus long, notwithstanding soe many good provisions and orders as have bene devised for the reformation of that people

Iren The cause therof shall appeare to you hereafter, but lett us now goe forward with our Seythian customes, of which the next that I have to treat of is the manner of theyr raising the crye in theyr conflictes, and at other troublesome times of uproare the which is very naturall Seythian, as you may reade in Diodorus Siculus, and in Herodotus, describing the manner of the Seythians and Persians coming to give the charge at theyr battells at the which it is sayd, they come running with a terrible yell and hubbabwe, as if heaven and earth would have gone together, which is the very image of the Irish hubbabwe, which theyr

kerne use at theyr first encounter Besides, the same Herodotus writeth, that they used in theyr battells to call upon the names of theyr captaynes or generalls, and sometimes upon theyr greatest king deceased, as in the battell of Ionius agaynst Cyrus which custome to this day manifestly appeareth amongst the Irish For at theyr joyning of battell, they likewise call upon theyr captaynes name, or the name of his ancestours As they under Oneale crye Landargabowe, that is, the bloudy hand, which is Oneales badge they under O'Brien call Launlaider, that is, the strong hand And to theyr ensample, the old English also which there remayneth have gotten up theyr cries Seythian-like, as the Geraldins Croum-abowe, and the Butlers Butleaur-abowe And herin also lyeth open an other manifest proof that the Irish be Seythes or Scotts, for in all theyr encounters they use one very common woord, crying Farrish, Farrish, which is a Scottish woord, to wete, the name of one of the first Kinges of Scotland, called Fargus, Fergus, or Ferragus, which fought against the Pictes, as ye may reade in Buchanan *De rebus Scoticis*, but as others write, it was long before that, the name of theyr chief Captaine, under whom they fought agaynst the Africans, the which was then soe fortunate unto them, that ever sithence they have used to call upon his name in theyr battells

Eudox Believe me, this observation of yours, Irenus, is very good and delightful, farr beyond the blunt conceit of some, who (I remember) have upon the same woord Farrish, made a very gross conjecture, as namely Mr Stanishurst, who though he be the same country man borne, that should searche more neerely into the secret of these things, yet hath strayed from the trueth all the heavens wide (as they say,) for he therupon groundeth a very gross imagination, that the Irish should descend from the Egyptians which came into that land, first under the leading of one Scota the daughter of Pharao, wherupon they use (sayth he) in all theyr battells to call upon the name of Pharao, crying Farrish, Farrish Surely he shootes wde on the bowe hand, and very farr from the marke For I would first knowe of him what ancient ground of authoritye he hath for such a senseless fable, and yf he found it in any of the rude Irish bookes, as it may be he had, yet (me seemes) that a man of his learning should not soe lightly have bene carryed away with old wives tales

from approbation of his owne reason; for whether Scotia be an Egyptian word or smacke of any learning or judgement lett the learned judge. But this Scotia rather cometh of the Greek *scotos*, that is, darkness, which hath not lett him see the light of the truth.

Iren You knowe not *Eudoxus*, how well Mr Stamburgh could see in the darke, perhaps he hath owles or cats eyes, but well I wote he saith not well the light of the truth in matters of more waight. But as for Iarrish I have told you my conjecture or els, and yet thus much more I have to proove a likely hooole, that there are this day yet in Ireland many Irish men (chiefly in the North partes) called by the name of *Irrish*. But lett that now be this onely for this place suffiseth that it is a common word used in theyr Hobbobowes, the which (with all the rest) is to be abolished, for that it discovereth an affectation of Irish captivitye, which in this platfforme I endeavour specially to beate downe. There be other sortes of cries also used amongst the Irish, which savoure greatly of the Scythian barbarisme, as theyr lamentations at theyr burralls, with dispryfull out-cries, and immoderate way linges, the which Mr. Stamburgh also might have used for an argument to provc them Egyptian, which lamented for the death of Joseph. Others thinke this custome to come from the Spaniards, for that they doe see unmeasurably likewise bewaile theyr dead, but the same is not proper Spanish, but altogether heathenish, brought in thither first either by the Scythians, or the Moores, which were Africans, that long possessed that countrey. For it is the manner of all Pagans and Infidells to be intemperate in theyr way linges of the dead, for that they had noe faith nor hope of salvation. And this ill custome also is specially noted by Diodoris Siculus, to have bene in the Scythians, and is yett amongst the Northern Scotts.

Eudox This is sure an ill custome also, but it doth not see much concerne civill reformation, as an abuse of religion.

Iren I did not rehearse it as one of the abuses which I thought most worthy of reformation, but having made mention of Irish cries I thought this manner of lewd crying and howling not impertinent to be noted as unevill and Scythian-like for by these old customes, and other like conjecturall circumstances, the descents of nations can onely be proved, where other monumentes of writings be not remaining.

Eudox Then (I pray you) whensoever in your discourse you meete with them by the way, doe not shunne, but boldly touche them, for besides theyr greate pleasure and delight for theyr antiquitye, they bring also greate profit and helpe unto civiltie.

Iren Then sith you will have it soe, I will heere take occasion, since I lately spake of theyr manner of cries in joyning battell, to speake also somewhat of the manner of theyr armes, and array in battell, with other customes perhaps worth the noting. And first of theyr armes and weapons, amongst which theyr brode swordes are proper Scythian, for such the Seythes used commonly, as ye may reade in Olaus Magnus. And the same also used the old Scottes, as ye may reade in Buckhrman, and in Solinus, where the pictures of them are in the same forme expressed. Also theyr short bowes, and little quivers with short bearded arrowes, are also very Scythian, as ye may reade in the same Olaus. And the same sort, both of bowes, quivers, and arrowes, are at this day to be seene commonly amongst the Northern Irish-Scotts, whose Scottish bowes are not past three quarters of a yard longe, with a string of wreathed hemp slackly bent, and whose arrowes are not much above half an ell longe, tipped with steele heades, made like common brode arrowe heades, but much more sharpe and slender, that they enter into an armed man or horse most cruelly, notwithstanding that they are shott forth weakely. Moreover, theyr long brode shieldes, made but of wicker rodde, which are commonly used amongst the said Northern Irish, but specially of the Scottes, are brought from the Scythians, as ye may reade in Olaus Magnus, Solinus, and others likewise theyr going to battell without armour on theyr bodies or heades, but trusting onely to the thickness of theyr gibbes, the which (they say) will sometimes beare of a good stroke, is mere savage and Scythian, as ye may see in the sayd Images of the old Seythes or Scottes, sett forth by Herodianus and others. Besides, theyr confused kind of marche in heapes without any order or array, theyr clashing of swordes together, theyr fierce running upon theyr enemies, and theyr manner of fight, resembleth altogether that which is reade in histories to have bene used of the Scythians. By which it may almost infallibly be gathered, together with other circumstances, that the Irish are very Scotts or Scythians originall, though sithence intermingled with many other nations repayring

and joining unto them And to these I may add also another very stronge conjecture which cometh to my mynd, that I have often there observed amongst them, that is, certayne religious ceremonies, which are very superstitiously yet used amongst them, the which are also written by sundrye authours, to have bene observed amongst the Scythians, by the which it may very vehemently be presumed that both the nations were anciently all one For Plutark (as I remember) in his Treatise of Homer, endeavouring to searche out the truth, what countryman Homer was, proveth it most strongly (as he thinketh) that he was an Æolian borne, for that in describing a sacrifice of the Greekes, he omitted the chinebone, the which all the other Grecians (saving the Æolians) doe use to burne in their sacrifices also for that he maketh the intralls to be rosted on five spittes, the which was the proper manner of the Æolians whose onely, of all nations and countreys of Grecia, used to sacrifice in that sort, whereas all the rest of the Greekes used to roste them on three spittes By which he inferreth, necessarily, that Homer was an Æolian And by the same reason may I (as reasonable) conclude, that the Irish are descended from the Scythians, for that they use to this day some of the same ceremonies which the Scythians anciently used As for example, ye may reade in Lucian, in that sweete dialogue which is intituled Toxaris or of friendship, that the common oath of the Scythians was by the sword, and by the fire, for that they recounted these two speciall divine powers, which should worke vengeance on perjurours So doe the Irish at this day, when they goe to any battell say certayne prayers or charmes to their swordes, making a cross therewith upon the earth, and thrusting the pointes of their blades into the ground, thinking thereby to have the better success in fight Also they use commonly to sweare by their swordes Likewise at the kindling of the fire, and lighting of candells, they say certayne prayers or use some other superstitious rites, which sheweth that they honour the fire and the light, for all those Northern nations, having bene used to be annoyed with much cold and darknes, are wonte therefore to have the fire and the sunn in great veneration like as contrariwise the Moores and Egyptians, which are much offended and grieved with much extreme heate of the sunn, doe every morning, when this sunn riseth, fall to cursing and banning of him as their plague

and chief scourge Also the Scythians used, when they would binde any solemne vow or combination amongst them, to drinke a bowle of blood together, vowing thereby to spend their last blood in that quarrell and even soe doe the wild Scotts, as ye may reade in Buckrnan, and some of the Northern Irish likewise As ye may also reade in the same booke, in the Tale of Arsacomas, that it was the manner of the Scythians, when any one of them was heavily wronged, and would assemblé unto him any forces of people to joyne with him in his revenge, to sitt in some publick place for certayne dayes upon an oxe hide, to which there would resort all such persons as being disposed to take armes, would enter into his pay, or joyne with him in his quarrell, and the same ye may likewise reade to have bene the ancient manner of the wild Scotts, which are indeede the very naturall Irish Moreover, the Scythians used to sweare by their Kinges hand, as Olaus sheweth And soe doe the Irish now use to sweare by their Lordes hand, and, to forswear it, hold it more criminall then to sweare by God Also the Scythians sayd, that they were once every yeare turned into wolves, and soe is it written of the Irish though Mr Camden in a better sence doth suppose it was a disease, called Lycanthropia, soe named of the wolfe And yet some of the Irish doe use to make the wolfe their gossip The Scythians also used to seeth their flesh in the hide, and soe doe the Northern Irish yet The Scythians likewise used to boyle the blood of the beast yet living, and to make meate thereof and soe doe the Irish still in the North Many such customes I could recount unto you, as of their old manner of marrying, of burying, of dauncing, of singing, of feasting, of cursing, though Christians have wiped out the most part of them, by resemblance wherof it might plainly appeare unto you that the nations are the same, but that by the reckning of these fewe which I have told unto you, I find my speech drawn out to a greater length then I purposed Thus much onely for this time, I hope, shall suffice you, to thinke that the Irish are anciently descended from the Scythians

Eudor Surely, Ireneus, I have, in these fewe wordes, herd that from you which I would have thought had bene impossible to have bene spoken of times soe remote, and customes so ancient with delight wherof I was all that while as it were entranced, and carried soe farr from my self, as that I am

nowe right sorye that you ended soe soone But I marvell much howe it cometh to pass, that in soe long continuance of time, and many ages come betwene, yet any jote of those old rites and superstitious customes should remayne amongst them

Iren It is noe cause of wonder at all, for it is the manner of all barbarous nations to be very superstitious, and diligent observers of old customes and antiquities, which they receive by continuall tradition from their parentes, by recording of theyr Bards and Chronicles, in theyr songes, and by dayly use and example of theyr elders

Eudor But have you I pray you observed any such customes amongst them, brought likewise from the Spanyardes or Gaules, as these from the Scythians? that may sure be very materiall to your first purpose.

Iren Some perhaps I have, and who that will by this occasion more diligently marke and compare theyr customes shall find many more But there are fewer I thinke remaying of the Gaules or Spanyardes then of the Scythians, by reason that the partes, which they then possessed, lying upon the coast of the Westernne and Southerne Sea, were sithence continually visited with straungers and forein people, repaying thither for traffick, and for fishing, which is very plentifull upon these coastes for the trade and enterdeale of sea-cost nations one with another worketh more civiltie and good fashions in them, all sea men being naturally desirous of new fashions, then amongst the inland dwellers, which are seldome scene of forreiners, yet some of such as I have noted, I will recounte unto you And first I will, for the better credit of the rest, shewe you one out of theyr Statutes, amongst which it is enacted that noe man shall weare his bearde but onely on the upperlipp like muschachoes, shavinge all the rest of his chinne And this was the ancient manner of Spaynyardes, as yet it is of all the Mahometans to cutt of all theyr beardes close, save only theyr muschachoes, which they weare long And the cause of this use was for that they, being bredd in a hote country, founde much haire on theyr faces and other partes to be noysome unto them for which cause they did cutt it most away, like as contrarily all other nations, brought up in cold countreyes, doe use to nourish theyr haire, to kepe them warme, which was the cause that the Scythians and Scottes weare Glibbes (as I shewed you) to kepe theyr heades warme, and long

beardes to defend theyr faces from cold From them also (I thinke) came saffron shirtes and smockes, which was devised by them in those hote countreyes, where saffron is very common and rise, for avoyding that evill which cometh by much sweating, and longe wearing of linnen also the women amongst the old Spanyardes had the charge of all household affayres, both at home and abroad, (as Bohemus writeth) though nowe the Spanyardes use it quite otherwise And soe have the Irish women the trust and care of all thinges, both at home, and in the fieldes Likewise rounde leather targetts is the Spanish fashion, whoe used it (for the most part) paynted, which in Ireland they use also, in many places, coloured after theyr rude fashion Moreover the manner of theyr womens riding on the wrong side of theyr horse, I meane with theyr faces towards the right side, as the Irish use, is (as they say) old Spanish, and, as some say, Affricane, for amongst them the women (they say) use so to ride acrosse Also the deepe smock sleeve hanging to the ground, which the Irish women use, they say, it was old Spanish, and is used yet in Barbarye and yet that should seeme rather to be an old English fashion, for in Armory the fashion of the Manche, which is given in armes by many, being indeede nothing els then a sleeve, is fashioned much like to that sleeve And that Knights in ancient times used to weare theyr mistress or loves sleeve, upon theyr armes, is appeareth by that which is written of Sir Launcelott, that he wore the sleeve of the Fayre Mayde of Asteloth in a turney, whereat Queene Guenever was much displeased

Eudor Your conceite is good, and well fitting for thinges soe farr grown from certaynte of knowledge and learning, onely upon likely hoodes and conjectures But have you any customes remaying from the Gaules or Brittons?

Iren I have observed a fewe of either, and whoe will better searche into them may finde more And first the profession of theyr Bards who (as Cesar writeth) were usuall amongst the Gaules, and the same was also common amongst the Brittons and is not yet altogether left of by the Welsh which are theyr posteritye For all the fashions of the Gaules and Brittons, as hestestiveth, were much like The long darts came also from the Gaules as ye may reade in the same Cesar, and in Jo Bohemus Likewise the said Bohemus writeth, that the Gaules used

swords: a hand full broad, and soe doe the Irish now. Also that they used long wicker shieldes in battaill that should cover their whole bodies, and so doe the Northern Irish but because I have not seene such fashioned targets used in the Southerne parts, but onely amongst the Northern people, and Irish-Scotts, I doe thinke that they were rather brought in by the Seythians, then by the Gaules. Also the Gaules used to drinke their enemies blood and paynte themselves with it: soe also they write, that the old Irish were wonte and soe I have seene some of the Irish doe, not their enemies but their friends blood. As namely at the execution of a notable traytour at Limericke, called Murreogh O Bruin, I sawe in old woman, which was his foster mother, take up his head whilst he was quartered and sucked up all the blood running thereout, saying, that the earth was not woorthye to drinke it, and therewith also steeped her face and breast, and tore her haire, crying out and shreeling out most terrible.

Eudox. You have very well runne through such customes as the Irish have derived from the first old nations which inhabited that land namely, the Seythians, the Spaniards, the Gaules, and the Brittons. It nowe remaineth that you take in hand the customes of the old English which are amongst the Irish of which I doe not thinke that you shall have much to finde fault with, considering that by the English most of the old badd Irish customes were abolished, and more civill fashions brought in theyr steede.

Iren. You thinke otherwise, Eudoxus, then I doe, for the chiefest abuses which are nowe in that realme, are growen from the English that were, but are nowe much more lawless and licentious then the very wild Irish: soe that as much care as was then by them had to reforme the Irish, soe much and more must nowe be used to reform them, soe much time doth alter the manners of men.

Eudox. That seemeth very straunge which you say, that men should soe much degenerate from theyr first natures as to growe wilde.

Iren. Soe much can libertie and ill example doe.

Eudox. What libertie had the English there, more then they had heere at home? Were not the lawes plaunted amongst them at the first, and had not they governours to courke and keepe them still in awe and obedience?

Iren. They had, but it was, for the most

part, such as did more hurte then good, for they had governour: for the most part of them: but, and commonly out of the two houses of the Archbishop and the Bishops, both adversaries and every will one against the other. Whoe though, for the most part, they were but as deputies under some of the King of Englands name: Irishmen, or other nere kin men whoe were the Kinges lieutenantes, yet they awayed as much, as they had all the rule, and the others but the title. Of which Bishops and Bishoppes, albeit (I must confesse) they were very brave and woorthy men, as also of other the Peeres of that realme, made Lord Deputie and Lord Justices at sundry times, yet thorough greatnes of their true conquests and victories they grewe in want, and bent both that reall authoritie, and also their private power, one against another, to the utter subversion of themselves, and strengthening of the Irish againe. Thus you may see plainly discovered by a letter written from the citizens of Corke out of Ireland, to the Earle of Shrewsbury then in England, and remaining yet upon record, both in the Power of London and also amongst the Chronicles of Ireland. Wherein it is by them complained, that the English Lords and Gentlemen, who then had great possessions in Ireland by grant, through pride and insolencie, to make private warres one against another, and when either parte was weak, they would wage and drawe in the Irish to take theyr parte by which meanes they both greathly encouraged and enabled the Irish, which till that time had bene shut up within the Mountayne of Slueghur, and weakened and disabled themselves, inso-much that their revenues were wonderfullly impoverished, and some of them, which are there reckoned to have bene able to have spent 12 or 13 hundred poundes per annum, of old rent, (that I may say noe more) besides theyr commodities of creekes and havens, were nowe scarce able to dispend the third part. From which disorder, an other huge calamitie came upon them, as that, they are nowe grown to be almost as lowe as the Irish. I meane of such English as were planted above toward the West, for the English Pale hath preserved it self, through neereness of their state, in reasonable civilitye, but the rest which dwell above Conaught and in Munster, which is the sweetest soyle of Ireland, and some in Leinster and Ulster, are degenerate, and grown to be as very patchockes as the wild Irish, yea and some of them have

quite shaken of theyr English names, and put on Irish that they might be alltogether Irish

Eudox Is it possible that any should soe farre growe out of frame that they should in soe short space, quite forgett theyr countrey and theyr owne names? That is a most dangerous lecherie, much wooser then that of Messala Corvinus, who, being a most learned man, through sickness forgate his owne name. But can you counte us any of this kinde?

Iren I cannot but by reporte of the Irish themselves, who report, that the Mack-mahons, in the North, were anciently English, to witt, descended from the Fitz Ursulas, which was a noble familie in England, and that the same appereth by the signification of theyr Irish names. Likewise that the Mack-swines, nowe in Ulster, were anciently of the Veres in England, but that they themselves, for hatred of English, soe disguised theyr name.

Eudox Could they ever conceave any such devilish dislike of theyr owne naturall countrey, as that they would be ashamed of her name, and byte of her dugg from which they sucked life?

Iren I wote well there should be none, but proude hartes doe oftentimes (like wanton colts) kicke at theyr mothers, as we reade Alcibiades and Themistocles did, whoe, being banished out of Athens, fledd unto the King of Asia, and there stirred them up to warre agaynst theyr owne countrey, in which warres they themselves were cheifaynes. So they say did these Mack-swines and Mack-mahons, or rather Veres and Fitz Ursulas for private despite, turne themselves agaynst England. For at such time as Ro Vere, Earle of Oxford, was in the Britons warres agaynst King Richard the Second, through the malice of the Peeres, banished the realme and proscribed, he with his kinsmen Fitz Ursula fledd into Ireland, where being prosecuted, and afterwards putt to death in England, his kinsmen there remaining behind in Ireland, rebelled, and, conspiring with the Irish, did quite cast of the English name and allegiance, since which time they have ever soe remayned, and have ever sithence bene counted meere Irish. The verye like is also reported of the Mack-swines, Mack-mahons, and Mack-sheehers of Mounster, whoe likewise were anciently English, and old followers of the Earle of Desmond, untill the rugne of King Edward the Fourth at which time the Earle of Desmond that then was, called Thomas, being through false subor-

nation (as they say) of the Queene for some offence by her agaynst him conceived, brought to his death at Drogheda most unjustly, notwithstanding that he was a very good and sound subject to the King. Thereupon all his kinsmen of the Geraldins, which then was a mightye familie in Mounster, in revenge of that huge wronge, rose into armes agaynst the King, and utterly renounced and forsooke all obedience to the crowne of England, to whom the sayd Mack-swines, Mack-sheehers, and Mack-mahons, being then servauntes and followers, did the like, and have ever sithence soe continued. And with them (they say) all the people of Mounster went out, and many others of them, which were meere English, thenceforth joyned with the Irish agaynst the King, and termed themselves meere Irish, taking on them Irish habits and customes, which could never since be cleane wiped away, but the contagion therof hath remayned still amongst theyr posterities. Of which sorte (they say) be most of the surnames which end in an, as Hernan, Shenan, Maugan, &c the which now recounte themselves meere Irish. Other greate houses there be of the old English in Ireland, which through licentious conversing with the Irish, or marrying, or fostering them, or lacke of good nature, or other such unhappye occasions, have degenerated from theyr ancient dignitie, and are nowe grown as Irish as O-hurlans breeche, as the proverbe there is of which sorte there are two most pitfull examples above the rest, to witt the Lord Bremechame, whoe being the most ancient Briton, I thinke, in England nowe waxen the most savage Irish amongst them, naming himself Irishlike, Noccorish, and the other is the greate Mortimer, whoe forgetting howe greate he was once in England, or English at all, is nowe become the most barbarous of them all, and is called Mack-nuhmarh, and not much better then he is the old Lo Courcie, who, having lewdly wasted all the landes and signories that he had, allyed himself unto the Irish and is himself also nowe grown quite Irish.

Eudox In truth this which you tell is a most shamefull hearing, and to be reformed with most sharpe censures in soe greate personages, to the terror of the meaneer for where the lordes and cheif men wax soe barbarous and bastardlike, what shal be hoped of the pesantes, and base people? And hereby sure you have made a fyre way unto your self to lay open the abuses

of theyr evill customes, which you are nowe nexte to declare the which, noe doubt are very bidd and barbarous, being borrowed from the Irish, as theyr apparrell, theyr language, theyr riding, and many other the like.

Iren You cannot but thinke them sure to be very brute and uncivill, for were they at the best that they were of old, when they were brought in, they should in soe long an alteration of time seeme very straunge and wonderfull. For it is to be thought, that the use of all England was in the raigne of Henry the Second, when Ireland was first planted with English, very rude and barbarous, soe as yf the same should be nowe used in England by any, it would seeme woorthy of sharpe correction, and of newe lawes for reformation, for it is but even the other day since England grewe to be civill therefore in counting the evill customes of the English there, I will not have regard whether the beginning therof were English or Irish, but will have respect onely to the inconvenience therof. And first I have to finde fault with the abuse of language, that is, for the speaking of Irish amongst the English, which as it is unnaturall that any people should love anothers language more then theyr owne, soe it is very inconvenient, and the cause of many other evils.

Eudox It seemeth straunge to me that the English should take more delight to speake that language then theyr owne, wheras they should (me thinkes) rather take scorn to acquaynte theyr tonges therewith for it hath bene ever the use of the conquerours to dispuise the language of the conquered, and to force him by all meanes to learne his. Soe did the Romans alwayes use, in soe much as there is almost noe nation in the worlde, but it is sprinkled with theyr language. It were good therefore (me thinkes) to searche out the originall cause of this evill, for, the same being discovered, a redress therof wil be the more easily provided. For I thinke it were straunge, that the English being soe many, and the Irish soe fewe as they then were left, they being the fewer should drawe the more unto theyr use.

Iren I suppose that the cheifst cause of the bringing in of the Irish language, amongst them, was specially theyr fostering, and marrying with the Irish, the which are two most dangerous infections for first the child that sucketh the milke of the nurse, must of necessity learne his first speache of

her, the which being the first that is enured to his tongue, is ever after most pleasing unto him, in soe much as though he afterward be taught English, yet the smacke of the first will allwayes abide with him, and not onely of the speache, but also of the manners and conditions. For besides that yong children be like apes, which will affect and imitate what they see done afore them, specially of theyr nurses whom they love soe well, they moreover drave unto themselves, together with theyr sucke, even the nature and disposition of theyr nurses for the mynd followeth much the temperature of the bodye, and also the woordes are the Image of the mynd, soe as, they proceeding from the mynd, the mynd must needes be affected with the woordes. Soe that the speache being Irish, the harte must needes be Irish, for out of the abundance of the harte the tonge speaketh. The next is the marriage with the Irish, which how dangerous a thing it is in all common-wealthes appereth to every simplest sence, and though some greate ones have perhaps used such matches with theyr vassals, and have of them nevertheless raysed woorthy issue, as Telamon did with Termessa, Alexander the Great with Roxane, and Julius Caesar with Cleopatra, yet the example is soe perillous, as it is not to be adventured for in steede of these fewe good, I could counte unto them infinite many evill. And indeede how can such matching but bring forth an evill race, seing that commonly the child taketh most of his nature of the mother, besides speache, manners, and inclination, which are (for the most part) agreeable to the conditions of theyr mothers? For by them they are first framed and fashioned, soe as what they receive once from them, they will hardly ever after forgoe. Therefore are these evill customes of fostering and marrying with the Irish most carefully to be restrained, for of them two the third evill that is the custome of language (which I speake of) cheifly proceedeth.

Eudox But are there not Lawes already appointed for voyding of this evill?

Iren Yes, I thinke there be, but as good never a whit as never the better. For what doe statutes avyle without penalties, or lawes without charge of execution? For soe there is another like lawe enacted agaynst wearing of Irish apparrell, but nevertheless it is observed by any, or executed by them that have the charge for they in theyr private discretions thinke it not fitt to be forced

upon the poore wretches of that countrey, which are not worth the price of English apparrell, nor expedient to be practised agaynst the abler sorte, by reason that the bare countrey (say they) doth yeelde noe better and were there better to be had, yet these were fitter to be used, as namely, the mantell in traveling, because there be noe Innes where meete bedding might be had, soe that his mantell serves him then for a bedd and the leather quilted jacke in journeying and in camping, for that it is fittest to be under his shirte of mayle, for any occasion of soden service, as there happen many, and to cover his thinn breeche on horsebacke the greates linnen rowle, which the women weare, to keepe theyr heades warme after cutting theyr haire, which they use in any sickness, besides theyr thicke folded linnen shurtes, theyr longe-sleeved smockes, theyr half-sleeved coates, theyr silken fillets, and all the rest they will devise some colourable reason for them, either of necessitie, or of antiquitye, or of comeliness

Eudox But what colour soe ever they alleage, me thinks it is not expedient that the execution of a lawe once ordyned should be left to the discretion of the judge or officer, but that, without partialitye or regarde, it should be fulfilled as well on English, as Irish

Iren But they thinke this precisenes in reformation of apparrell not to besoe materiall, or greatly pertinent

Eudox Yes surely but it is, for mens apparrell is commonly made according to theyr conditions, and theyre conditions are oftentimes governed by theyr garments for the person that is gowned is by his gowne putt in mynd of gravitye, and also restrained from lightnes by the very unaptness of his weede. Therefore it is written by Aristotle, that when Cyrus had overcome the Lydians that were a warlike nation, and devised to bring them to a more peaceable life, he chaunged theyr apparrell and musick, and insteede of theyr shorte warlike coates, clothed them in long garments like women, and in steede of theyr warlike musick, appoynted to them certayne lascivious layes, and loose gigges, by which in shorte space theyr myndes were so mollified and abated, that they forgate theyr former fierceness, and became most tender and effeminate wherby it appeareth, that there is not a litle in the garment to the fashioning of the mynde and conditions But be all these, which you have described, the fashions of the Irish weede?

Iren Noe, all these that I have rehearsed unto you, be not Irish garments, but English, for the quilted leather Jacke is old English, for it was the proper weede of the horseman, as ye may reade in Chaucer, where he describeth Sir Thopas his apparrell and armour, when he went to fight agaynst the Giant, in his robe of shecklato, which shecklato is that kind of guilded leather with which they use to embroder theyr Irish jacks And there likewise by all that description ye may see the very fashion and manner of the Irish horseman most lively set forth, his long hose, his shooes of costli cordewayne, his hacqueton, and his habbergon, with all the rest therto belonging

Eudox I surely thought that that manner had bene kindly Irish, for it is farr differing from that we have nowe, as also all the furniture of his horse, his stronge brasse bitt, his slyding rynes, his shauncepillow without stirrups, his manner of mounting, his fashion of riding, his charging of his speare aloft above head, and the forme of his speare.

Iren Noe sure, they be native English, and brought in by the Englishmen first into Ireland neither is the same counted an uncomely manner of riding, for I have heard some greates varnours say, that, in all the services which they had scene abroade in forrayne countreys, they never sawe a more comely horseman then the Irish man, nor that cometh on more bravely in his charge neither is his manner of mounting unseemely, though he wante stirrups, but more ready then with stirrups, for in his getting up his horse is still going, wherby he gavneth way And therefore the stirrups were called soe in scorne, as it were a stayre to gett up, being derived of the old English woord sty, which is, to gett up, or mount.

Eudox It seemeth then that ye finde noe fault with this manner of riding, why then would you have the quilted Jacke layed away?

Iren I would not have that layed away, but the abuse therof to be putt away, for being used to the end that it was framed, that is, to be worne in warre under a shirte of mayle, it is allowable, as also the shirte of mayle, and all his other furniture but to be worne daylye at home and in townes and civill places it is a rude Labire and most uncomely, seeming like a players paynted corte

Eudox But it is worne (they say) likewise of Irish footemen, how doe you allowe

of that? for I should thinke it were unseemely

Iren. Noe, not as it is used in warre for it is then worne likewise of a footeman under a shirte of mayle, the which footeman they call a Galloglas, the which name doth discover him to be also auncient English, for *Gallogla* signifies an English scurviour or rascal. And he being soe armed, in a long shirt of mayle downe to the calfe of his legg, with a long brode axe in his hand, was then *pedes grauis armatura*, and was in steede of the armed footeman that nowe weareth a corselett, before the corseletts were used. or almost invented

Eudox. Then him belike ye likewise allow in your straight reformation of old customes

Iren. Both him and the kэрne also (whom onely I tooke to be the proper Irish souldiour) can I allowe, soe that they use that habite and custome of theirs in the warres onely, when they are ledt forth to the service of their Prince, and not usually at home, and in civill places, and besides doe lay aside the evill and wild uses which the galloglas and kэрne doe use in their common trade of lyfe.

Eudox. What be those?

Iren. Marve those be the most lothsome and barbarous conditions of any people (I thinke) under heven, for, from the time they enter into that course, they doe use all the beastly behaviour that may be to oppress all men, they spovle as well the subject as the enemy, they sterle, they are cruell and bloudy, full of revenge and delighting in deadly execution, licentious, swearer, and blasphemers, common ravishers of women, and murderers of children

Eudox. These be most villenous conditions, I marvelle then that ever they be used or employed or almost suffred to live what good can there then be in them?

Iren. Yet sure they are very valhaunte and hardy, for the most part great endurours of cold, labour, hunger, and all hardiness very active and stronge of hand, very swift of foote, very vigilant and circumspect in their enterprises, very present in perill, very great scorers of death

Eudox. Truly, by this that ye saye, it seemes the Irishman is a very brave souldiour

Iren. Yea surely, even in that rude kind of service he beareth himself very courageously. But when he cometh to experience of service abroad, and is putt to a peece, or a pike, he maketh as woorthy a souldiour as any

nation he meeteth with. But lett us (I pray you) turne againe to our discourse of evill customes amongst the Irish

Ludox. Me thinke, all this which you speake of concerneth the customes of the Irish very materiallie for their uses in warre are of no small importance to be considered, as well to reforme those which are evill, as to confirme and continue those which are good. But followe you your owne course, and shew what other their customes ye have to dislike of.

Iren. There is amongst the Irish a certayne kind of people called Bards, which are to them insteade of poets, whose profession is to sett forth the praises and dispraises of men in their poems and rimes, the which are had in soe high request and estimation amongst them that none dare to displease them for feare of running into reproche through their offence, and to be made infamous in the mouthes of all men. For their verses are taken up with a generall applause, and usually songe at all feasts and meetings, by certayne other persons, whose proper function that is, which also receive for the same grent rewards and reputation besides

Ludox. Doe you blame this in them, which I would otherwise have thought to have bene woorthy of good accounte, and rather to have bene maintayned and augmented amongst them, then to have bene mi-liked? For I have reade that in all ages Poettes have bene had in specrill reputation, and that (me seemes) not without greates cause, for besides their sweete inventions, and most witty lyes, they have allwayes used to sett forth the praises of the good and vertuous, and to brate downe and disgrace the bad and vicious. Soe that many brave yong myndes have oftentimes, through hearing of the praises and famous Lulogues of woorthy men song and reported unto them, bene stirred up to affect like comendacions, and soe to strive to like desertes. Soe they say the Lacedemonians were more enclined to desire of honour with the excellent verses of the Poet Tirtius, then with all the exhortations of their Captaines, or authoritye of their Rulers and Magistrates

Iren. It is most true that such Poettes, as in their writings doe labour to better the manners of men, and through the sweete bayte of their numbers, to steale into yonge spiritts a desire of honour and vertue are worthy to be had in great respect. But these Irish Bards are for the most part of another mynd, and soe farr from instructing yong men in

morall discipline, that they themselves doe more desearve to be sharply disciplined, for they seldome use to choose unto themselves the doings of good men for the ornaments of theyr poems, but whomsoever they find to be most licentious of life, most bold and lawless in his doings, most daungerous and desperate in all partes of disobedience and rebellious disposition, him they sett up and glorifie in theyr rimes, him they prayse to the people, and to yong men make an example to followe

Eudox I marvayle whate kind of speeches they can find, or what face they can putt on, to prayse such lewde persons as live soe lawleslye and licentiouslye upon stealthes and spoyle, as most of them doe, or how can they thinke that any good mynde will applaude or approve the same?

Iren There is none soe badd, Eudoxus, but shall finde some to favoure his doings, but such lycentious partes as these, tending for the most parte to the hurte of the English, or mayntenance of theyre owne lewde libertie, they themselves, being most desirous therof, doe most allowe Besides this, evill things being decked and suborned with the gay attyre of goodly woordes, may easely deceive and carrie away the affection of a yong mynd, that is not well stayed, but desirous by some bold adventure to make prooffe of himself, for being (as they all be) brought up idelly without awe of parentes, without precepts of masters, without feare of offence, not being directed, or employed in any course of life, which may carrye them to vertue, will easely be drawn to followe such as any shill sett before them for a yong mynd cannot rest, and yf he be not still busyed in some goodness, he will find himself such busines as shall soone busye all about him In which yf he shall finde any to prayse him, and to give him encouragement, as those Bards and rimers doe for a litle reward, or a shre of a stollen cove, then waveth he most insolent and half madd with the love of himself, and his owne lewde deedes And as for woordes to sett forth such lewdness, it is not hard for them to give a goodly glose and paynted shewe thereunto, borrowed even from the prayes which are proper to vertue itself As of a most notorious thief and wicked outlawe, which had lived all his lifetime of spoyle and robberyes, one of these Bardes in his prayse sayd, That he was none of those idell milk-sops that was brought up by the fire side, but that most of his dayes he spent in armes and valiant enterpryses,

that he did never este his meate before he had wonne it with his swoorde, that he was not slugging all night in a cabin under his mantell, but used comonly to keepe others waking to defend theyr lives, and did light his candell at the flames of theyr howses to leade him in the darkenes that the day was his night, and the night his day, that he loved not to lye long wooing of vences to yeld unto him, but where he came he tooke by force the spoyle of other mens love, and left but lamentations to theyr lovers, that his muscke was not the harpe, nor dayes of love but the cries of people, and clashing of armour, and that finally, he died not bewayled of many, but made many wale when he died that derely bought his death Doe not you thinke (Eudoxus) that many of these prayes might be applied to men of best deserte? yet are they all yelded to a most notable traytoure, and amongst some of the Irish not smally accounted of. For the songe, when it was first made and songe unto a person of high degree, they were bought (as their manner is) for forty crownes.

Eudox And well worthy cure! But tell me (I pray you) have they any arte in theyr compositions? or be they any thing wittye or well savoured, as Poems should be?

Iren Yea truly, I have caused diverse of them to be translated unto me that I might understand them, and surely they savoured of sweete witt and good invention, but skilled not of the goodly ornamentes of Poetrye yet were they sprinkled with some prett flowers of theyr owne naturall device, which gave good grace and comliness unto them, the which it is greite pittie to see soe abused, to the gracing of wickedness and vice, which would with good usage serve to beautifye and adorne vertue This evill custome therefore needeth reformation And nowe next after the Irish Kearne me searke the Irish Horse-boyes or Cullies (as they call them) would come well in order, the use of which though necessitive (as times nowe be) doe enforce, yet in the thorough reformation of that realme they should be cutt off For the cause why they must nowe be permitted is the wante of convenient Innes for lodging of travellers on hors backe, and of distellers to tende theyr horses by the waye But when things shalbe reduced to a better pass, this needeth specially to be reformed For out of the free of these rakehell horse-boyes, knowing up in knavery and villanie are theyr kearne continually supplied an innumerable For having bene once brought up as ill

horse-boy, he will never after fall to labour, but is onely made fitt for the halter. And these also (which is one sowle over-sight) are for the most parte bred up amongst Englishmen and souldiours, of whom learning to shoote in a peece, and being made acquainted with all the trades of the English, they are afterwards, when they become kerne, made more fitt to cutt theyr throtes. Next to this there is another much like, but much more leude and dishonest, and that is, of theyre Kearrooghs, which are a kind of people that wander up and downe to gentell-mens howses, living onely upon cardes and dice, the which, though they have litle or nothing of theyr owne, yet will they play for much mony, which if they winne, they waste most lightlie, and if they loose, they paie as slenderlie, but make recompence with one stealth or another, whose onely hurte is not, that they themselves are idle lossels, but that through gaming they drawe others to like lewdness and idleness. And to these may be added another sorte of like loose fellows, which doe pass up and downe amongst gentellmen by the name of Jesters, but are (indeede) notable rogues, and partakers not onely of many stealthes by setting forth other mens goodes to be stolen, but also pryvy to many trayterous practises, and common carryers of newes, with desire whereof you would woonder howe much the Irish are fedd for theyr use commonlie to send up and downe to knowe newes, and yf any meete with another his second woorde is, What newes? Insoemuch that herof is told a prett jest of a Frenche-man, whose having bene sometimes in Ireland, where he marked theyr greate enquire for newes, and meeting afterwards in Fraunce an Irishman, whom he knewe in Ireland, first saluted him, and afterwards thus merelie. Sir, I pray you, quoth he, tell me of curtesie, have ye hearde yet any thing of the newes that ye see much enquired for in your countrey?

Eudox This argueth in them sure a greate desire of Innovation, and therefore these occasions that nurish the same are to be taken away, as namely, these Jesters, Kearrooghs, Beantoulhs, and all such stragglers, for whom (me seemes) the shorte rid-daunce of a marshall were meeter then any ordinaunce or prohibition to restrayne them. Therefore (I pray you) leave all these rabblementes of such loose runnagates, and pass to some other customes.

Iren There is a great use amongst the Irish to make greate assemblyes together

upon a rath or hill, there to parley (they say) about matters of wronge betwene towneship and towneship, or one private person and another. But well I vote, and true it oftentimes hath bene proovied, that in these meetings many mischiefs have bene both practised and wrought, for to them doe commonly resorte all the scumme of base people and loose, where they may freely meete and conferr of whate they list, which els they could not doe without suspicion or knowledge of others. Besides, at these parleyes I have diverse times knowne, that many Englishmen, and good Irish subjectes, have bene villanously murdered by moving one quarrell or another agaynst them. For the Irish never come to those rathes but armed, whether on horse or on foote, which the English nothing suspecting, are then commonly taken at advantage like sheepe in the pen-folde.

Eudox It may be, Irenæus, that an abuse may be in those meetings. But these rounde hills and square bawnes, which yee see soe strongly trencched and throwen up, were (they say) at first ordayned for the same purpose, that people might assemble thereon, and therefore aunciently they were called Folkemotes, that is, a place for people to meete or talke of any thing that concerned any difference betwene parties and towneships, which seemes yet to me very requisite.

Iren Ye say very true, Eudoxus the first making of these high hilles was at first indeed to verze good purpose for people to meete, but though in the times when they were first made they might well serve to good occasions, as perhaps they did then in England, yet things being since altered, and now Ireland much differing from that state of England, the good use that then was of them is now turned to abuse, for these hilles wherof you speake were (as ye may gather by reading) appointed for two special uses, and built by two severall nations. The one is those which you call Folke-motes, the which were built by the Saxons, as the woorde bewraeth, for it signifyeth in Saxon a meeting of folke or people, and those are for the most parte in some fowre square, well trencched for meeting the others that are rounde were cast up by the Danes, as the name of them doeth betoken, for they are called Dane-rathes, that is, hills of the Danes, the which were by them devised, not for parleys and treatyes, but appoynted as sortes for them to gather unto in troublesome time,

when any trouble arose, for the Danes, being but fewe in comparison of the Saxons in England used this for their safetye they made these small rounde hilles, soe strongly fenced, in every quarter of the hundred, to the end that if in the night, or at any other time, any troublous crye or uprore should happen, they might repaire with all speede unto their owne forte, which was appointed for their quarter, and there remaine safe, till they could assemble themselves in greate strength for they were made soe stronge with one small entrinced, that whosoever came thither first, were he one or twoe, or like fewe, he or they might there rest safe, and defend themselves against many, till more succoure came unto them And when they were gathered to a sufficient number they marched to the next forte, and soe forwardes till they mett with the perill, or knewe the occasions therof But besides these two sortes of hilles, there were aunciently diverse others, for some were raysed, where there had bene a greate battayll fought, as a memorye or trophie therof, others, as monuments of burials of the carcasses of all those that were slayne in any fight, upon whom they did throwe up such rounde mountes, as memorially for them, and sometimes did cast up greate heapes of stones, as we maie reade in many places of the Scripture, and other whiles they did throwe up many round heapes of earth in a Circle, like a garland, or pitch manie longe stones on ende in compasse, every of which (they say) betokened some woorthy person of note there slayne and buryed, for this was their auncient custome, before Christianitye came in amongst them that church-yarles were inclosed

Eudox Ye have very well declared the originall of these mountes and greate stones encompassed, which some vaynlye terme the old Graunts Trivets, and thinke that those huge stones could not els be brought into order or reared up without the strength of graunts or others And some vaynlye thinke that they were never placed there by mans hand or arte, but onely remayned there since the beginning, and were afterwarde discovered by the deluge, and layed open as then by the washing of the waters, or other like casualtye But lett them with those dreames and vayne imaginations please themselves, for you have satisfied me much better, both by that I see some confirmation therof in Holye Writt, and also remember that I have reade in many Histories and Chroni-

cles the like mountes and stones oftentimes mentioned

Iren There be many greate authorities (I assure you) to proove the same, but as for these meetings on hilles, wherof we were speaking, it is very inconvenient that any such should be permitted, specially in a people soe evill mynded as they nowe be and diversly shewe themselves

Eudox But yet it is very needefull (me seemes) for many other purposes, as for the countrye to gather together when there is any imposition to be layed upon them, to the which they then may all agree at such meetings to cutt and divide amongst themselves, according to their holdings and abilities Soe as yf at those assemblies there be any officers, as Constables, or Bayliffs, or such like amongst them, there can be noe perill nor doubt of such bad practises

Iren Nevertheless, daungerous are such assemblies, whether for Cesse or ought els, the Constables and Officers being also of the Irish, and yf any happen to be there of the English, even to them they may proove perillous Therefore for avoyding of all such evill occasions, they were best to be abolished

Eudox But what is that which ye call Cesse? It is a worde sure not used amongst us heere, therefore (I pray you) expounde the same.

Iren Cesse is none other but that which your selfe called imposition, but it is in a kind perhaps unacquainted unto you For there are cesses of sundrye sortes, one is, the cessing of souldiours upon the country, for Ireland being a countrye of warre (as it is handled) and alwayes full of souldiours, they which have the government, whether they find it the most ease to the Queenes purse, or most readye meanes at hand for the victualling of the souldiours, or that necessitye enforce them therunto, doe scatter the armye abroad the country, and place them in townes to take their victuals of them, at such vacant times as they lye not in campe, nor are otherwise employed in service Another kinde of cesse, is the imposing of provision for the Governours house-keeping, which though it be most necessarye, and be also (for avoyding of all the evils formerly therein used) lately brought to a composition, yet it is not without greate inconveniences, noelesse then heere in England, or rather much more The like cesse is also charged upon the country sometimes for victualling of the souldiours, when they lye in garrison, at such times as there is none remayning in the

Queenes storr, or that the same cannot conveniently be conveyed to theyr place of garrison. But those two are not easy to be redressed when necessary thereunto compelleth, but as for the former, as it is not necessary, soe is it most hurtfull and offensive to the poore countrey, and nothing convenient for the souldiours themselves, whoe, during theyr lying at cese, use all kind of outrageous disorder and villanie both towards the poore men that vitell and lodge them, and also to all the rest of the countrey about them, whom they abuse, oppresse, spoyle, and afflict by all the meanes they can invente for they will not onely not content themselves with such victuals as they rehostes doe provide for them, nor yet as the place perhaps will affoorde, but they will have other meate provided, and *aqua vita* sent for, yea and monye besides layed at theyr trenchers, which if they wante, then about the house they walke with the wretched poore man and the silke poore wife, whoe are gladd to purchase theyr peace with any thing. By which vile manner of abuse, the countrey people, yea and the very English which dwell abroad and see, and sometimes feeble these outrages, growe into greate detestation of the souldiours, and thereby into hatred of the very government, which draweth upon them such evils. And therefore thus ye may also joyne unto the former evil customes which we have to reprove in Ireland.

Eudox. Trulye this is one not the leaste, and though the persons, by whom it is used be of better note then the former rogish sorte which ye reckned, yet the faulte (me seemes) is noe lesse woorthly of a Marshall.

Iren. That were a harde course, *Eudoxus*, to redresse every abuse by a Marshall it would seeme to you very evil surgery to cutt of every unsounde or sicke parte of the bodye, which, being by other due meanes recovered, might afterwards doe very good service to the bodye agayne, and happily helpe to save the whole. Therefore I thinke better that some good salve for the redresse of this evil be sought forth, then the least parte suffred to perrishe, but herof we have to speake in another place. Nowe we will proceede to other like defectes, amongst which there is one generall inconvenience which raigneth almost throughout all Ireland that is, of the Lordes of landes and Free-holders, whoe doe not there use to sett out theyr landes to farme, or for terme of yeares, to theyr tennautes, but onely from yeare to yeare, and some during pleasure, neither indeede will the Irish tennaunt or hus-

bandman otherwise take his land then soe longe as he list himselfe. The reason herof in the tennaute is, for that the land-lordes there use most shamefully to racke theyr tennautes, living upon him Cozgrave and Iverye at pleasure, and exacting of him (besides his covenante) what he please. Soe that the poore husbandman either dare not lunde himselfe to him for longer time, or that he thinketh by his continuall libertie of change to keepe his land-lord the rather in awe for wronging him. And the reason why the Land-lord will not longer covenante with him is, for that he daily looketh after chaunges and alterations, and hovereth in expectation of newe worldes.

Eudox. But what evil commeth heerby to the common-wealth, or what reason is it that any landlord should not set, nor any tennaunt take his land as himself list?

Iren. Marve! the evils which cometh thereby are greate, for by this means both the land-lord thinketh that he hath his tennaute more at commaunde, to followe him unto what action soever he shall enter, and also the tennaute, being left at his libertie, is fitt for every occasion of change that shal be offred by time, and soe much also the more ready and willing is he to runne into the same, for that he hath noe such estate in any his holding, noe such building upon any farme, noe such costes employed in fencing and husbandring the same, as might with-hold him from any such willfull course, as his lordes cause, or his owne lewde disposition may carrye him unto. All which he hath forborne, and spared so much expence, for that he had noe firme estate in his tenement, but was onely a tennaunt at will or litle more, and soe at will may leave it. And this inconvenience may be reason enough to grounde any ordinance for the good of a common-wealth, against the private behoofe or will of any landlord that shall refuse to graunte any such terme or estate unto his tennaute as may tende to the good of the whole realme.

Eudox. Indeede (me seemes) it is a greate willfullnes in any such land-lordes to refuse to make any longer farmes unto theyr tennautes, as may, besides the generall good of the realme, be also greatly for theyr owne proflitt and awayle. For what reasonable man will not thinke that the tenement shalbe made much better for the lordes behoefe, yf the tennaute may by such good meanes be drawn to builde himself some handsome habitation thereon, to ditche and enclose his groundes, to

inure and husband it as good farmers use ? For when his tenants terme shalbe expired, it will yield him, in the renewing of his lease, both a good time, and also a better rente. And also it wil be for the goode of the tenants likewise, whoe by such buildings and inclosures shall receive many benefits first, by the handsonnes of his house, he shall take grate comfote of his life, more easie dwelling, and a delighte to keepe his sayde howse neat and cleane, which nowe being as they commonly are, rather wyne-steades then howses, is the chiefest cause of his soe beastly manner of life, and savadge condition, living and lying together with his beaste in one howse, in one roome, and in one bedd, that is, the cleane strawe, or rather the fowle dongell. And to all these other commodities he shall in shorte time finde a grater added, that is his owne wealth and riches encreased, and wonderfully enlarged, by keeping his cattell in inclosures, where they shall allwayes have fresh pasture, that nowe is all trampled and over runne, warme covert, that nowe is both open to all weather, safe being that nowe are continually fished and stollen.

Iren Ye have well, *Eudoxus*, counted the comodities of this one good ordinance, amongst which this that ye named last is not the last, for all together being most benefeciall both to the land-lord and tenants, this chertly redoundeth to the good of the common-wealth, to have the land thus inclosed, and well fenced. For it is both a principall barre and impetchement unto theeves from stealing of cattell in the night, and also a gall against all rebels, and out-laves, that shall rise up in any number against the government, for the theif thereby shall have much adoe, first to bring forth, and afterwards to drive away his stollen prey through the common high wayes, where he shall soone be discied and mett withall. And the rebell or open enemy, if any such shall happen, either at home, or from abroad, shall easely be found when he cometh forth, and also be well encountered withall by a fewe in soe strait passages and stronge inclosures. This therefore, when we come to the reforming of all these cvill customes before mentioned, is needfull to be remembred. But nowe by this time it seemes that I have well runne throughe the cvill uses which I have observed in Ireland. And howbeit there be many more abuses woorthye, the reformation both in publicke and in private amongst them, yet these, for that they

are the more generall, and most tending to the hurte of the common-wealth, as they have come to my remembrance, I have, as breisly as I could, rehearsed them unto you. Wherefore nowe I thinke it best that we pass unto our thurde parte, in which we noted inconveniences that are in religion.

Eudox Surely you have very well handled these two former, and if you shall as well goe thouroughe the thurde likewise, ye shall merite a very good meede.

Iren Little have I to say of religion, both because the partes thereof be not many, (it self being but one) and my self have not bene much conversant in that calling, but as lightly passing by I have seene or heard. Therefore the faulte which I finde in Religion is but one, but the same is universall throughe out all the countrey, that is, that they are all Papistes by their profession, but in the same soe blindly and brutishly enformed, (for the most parte) as that you would rather thinke them Atheistes or Infidells for not one amongst an hundred knoweth any grounde of religion, or any article of his faith, but can perhaps say his Pater noster, or his Ave Maria, without any knowledge or understanding what one worde thereof meaneth.

Eudox This is truly a most pitifull hearing that soe many sowles should fall into the devills handes at once and lacke the blessed comfote of the sweete gospel and Christes deare passion. Ave me! how cometh it to pass that being a people, as they are, trading with soe many nations, and frequented of soe manye, yet they have not tasted any parte of these happye joyes nor once bene lightened with the morning starre of trueth but lye weltring in such spirituall darkness harde by hell-mouth, even readye to fall in yf God happily help not?

Iren The general faulte cometh not of any late abuse either in the people or their prestes, whoe can teach noe better then they knowe, nor shewe noe more light then they have seene, but in the first institution and planting of religion in all that realme, which was as I reade in the time of Pope Celestine, whoe, as it is written, did first send over thither Palladius, whoe there deceasinge, he afterwards sent over St. Patricke, being by nation a Britton, who converted the people (being then Infidells) from paganism and christened them. In which Popes time and longe before it is certayne that religion was generally corrupted with their popish trumperie, therefore what other could they learne them, then such trashe as was taughte them,

and drinke of that cup of fornication with which the purple harlott had then made all nations drunken?

Eudox What! doe you then blame and finde faulte with soe good an Acte in that good pope as the reducing of such a greate people to Christianitye, bringing soe manye sowles to Christ? If that was ill, what is good?

Iren I doe not blame the christening of them, for to be seyled with the marke of the Lambe, by what hand soever it be done rightlye, I hold it a good and gracious worke, for the generall profession which they then take upon them of the Cross and faith of Christ. I nothing doubt but that through the powerfull grace of that mighty Saviour it will worke salvation in many of them, but nevertheless since they drinke not from the pure spring of life but onely tasted of such troubled waters as were brought unto them, the dregges therof have bredd greate contagion in theyr sowles, the which dayly encreaseng and being still more augmented with their owne lewde lives and faulty conversation hath nowe bredd in them this generall disease that can not, but onely with very stronge purgations, be censed and carryed away.

Eudox Then for this defecte ye finde noe faulte with the people themselves nor with the prestes which take the charge of sowles, but with the first ordinance and institution therof?

Iren Not soe, *Eudoxus*, for the sinne or ignorance of the prestes shall not excuse the people, nor the authoritye of their greate pastour, Peters successor, shall not excuse the preist, but they all shall dye in theyr sinnes for they have all erred and gone out of the way together.

Eudox But yf this ignorance of the people be such a burden to the pope, is it not a blott unto them that nowe hold the place of government, in that they which are in the light themselves suffer a people under theyr charge to wallowe in such deadly darkenes, for I doe not see that the faulte is churged but the faulte-master.

Iren That which you blame, *Eudox*, is not (I suppose) any faulte of will in these godly fathers which have the charge therof, but the inconvenience of the time and troublesome occasions, wherewith that wretched realme hath continually bene turmoyled, for instruction in religion needeth quiett times, and ere we seeke to settle a sounde discipline in the clargye, we must purchase peace unto

the lay etye, for it is an ill time to preache amongst swoordes, and most harde, or rather impossible, it is to settell a good opinion in the myndes of men for matters of religion doubtfull, which have a doubtless evill opinion of ourselves, for ere the newe be brought in, the old must be removed.

Eudox Then belike it is meete that some sifter time be attended, that God send peace and quietness there in civill matters before it be attempted in ecclesiasticall. I would rather have thought that (as it is sayde) correction should begin at the howse of God, and that the care of the soule should have bene preferred before the care of the bodye.

Iren Most true, *Eudoxus*, the care of the soule and sowles matters are to be preferred before the care of the bodye in consideration of the woorthyness therof, but not till the time of reformation, for yf you should knowe a wicked person dangerously sicke, having nowe both soule and bodye greatly disensed, yet both recoverable, would ye not thinke it ill adviement to bring the preacher before the phisition? For yf his bodye were neglected, it is like that his languishing soule being disquieted by his discesefull bodye, would utterly refuse and lothe all spirituall comfort, but yf his bodye were first recured, and brought to good frame, should there not then be founde best time to recure his soule also? Soe it is in the state of the realme. Therefore (as I sayde) it is expedient, first to settle such a course of government there, as thereby both civill disorders and also ecclesiasticall abuses may be reformed and amended, wherto needeth not any such great distaunce of times, as ye suppose I require, but one joynte resolution for both that eche might seconde and confirme the other.

Eudox That we shall see when we come therunto in the meane time I consider thus much, as ye have delivered, touching the generall faulte which ye suppose in religion, to weet, that it is popish, but doe ye finde noe particular abuses therein, nor in the ministers therof?

Iren Yes verely; for what ever disorder you see in the Church of England ye may finde there, and many more. Namely, grosse Simonie, greedie covetousness, fleshly incontinence, careless slouth, and generally all disordered life in the common clergyman. And besides all these, they have theyr owne particular enormities, for all the Irish prestes, which nowe enjoye the church livings there, are in a manner mere laymen, go lyke laymen, live like laymen, and

fall we all kind of husbandry, and other worldly affairs: as the other Irish men do. They read & recite scriptures, and preach to the people, not in order the sacrament of communion: but the laymen they do, for they observe yet after the popish fashion, and with popish ceremonies, which they take to be holy, and therefore will not suffer what fruits they may in their livings, the which they esteem as holy, and some of them (they say) give as directors and shares of their living to their Bishop (I speak of those who are Irish) as they receive them of him.

Quæst. Is it so offred amongst them? *Ans.* Yes, but that the governors do not suffer it to stand still there.

Iren. How can they, if the Bishops do not? For the Irish Bishops have their estates in such an absolute subjection under them, that they do not complain of them, as they may do to them in what they please, for they, knowing their own weakness, and weakness of a land that they are that they will not sell, as at their shops will yield what pleaseth him, and he take what he list, and some of them whose churches are in remote parts, some who can do the service do not put at all bestow the benefices, which are in their own hands, as when a man keeps them in their own hands, and sets their own vicarages and benefices to take up the tithes and fruits of them, with the which some of them purchase great families, and build fine castles upon the same. In which abuse if any question be moved they have a very ready colour of excuse, that they have no worthy ministers to bestow them upon, but I hope them so undisturbed for any such sufficient person as any shall bring unto them.

Quæst. But is there no law or ordinance in order with this mischief, nor hath it never before been looked into?

Iren. Yes it seems it hath, for there is a statute there enacted in Ireland, which seems to have been grounded upon a good meaning. That whosoever Englishman being of good conversation and sufficiency, shall be brought unto any of the bishopps, and recommended unto any living within their diocess that is presently void, that he shall (without contradiction) be admitted therunto before any Irish.

Quæst. This is surely a very good law, and well provided for this evil, we speak of, and why is not this same observed?

Iren. I think it is well observed, and

that none of the bishopps transgress the same but yet it worketh noe reformation hereof for many respects. First there are noe such sufficient English ministers sent over as might be presented to any bishop for any living but the most parte of such English as come over thither of themselves are either unlearned, or men of some badd note, for which they have forsaken England. Soe as the bishop to whom they shall be presented, may justly reiect them as incapable and insufficient. Secondly, the bishop himself is perhaps an Irish man whose being made judge by that lawe of the sufficiency of the ministers, may at his owne will, dislike of the Englishman, as unworthy in his opinion, and admit of any Irish whom he shall thinke more meete for his turne. And w^{ch} he shall at the instance of any Englishman of consequence there, whom he will not displease except of any such English minister as shall be tendered unto him yet he will understand scarce such a hard hande over him or by his officers wringe him soe sore, as he will scarce make him w^{ch} of his poore living. Lastly, the benefices themselves are soe meane, and of soe small profit in these Irish countreies, through the ill husbandry of the Irish people which inhabit them, that they will not yeelde any competent maintenance for any honest minister to live on scarcely to buy him a gowne. And were all this redressed (as happily it might be) yet what good shall any English minister doe amongst them by preaching or teaching which either cannot understand him, or will not heare him? Or what comfort of life shall he have when all his parishioners are soe uncorable, soe intractable, so ill-affected unto him, as they usually be to all the English? Or finally, how dare almost any honest ministers that are peacefull civil men, commit their safetie into the hands of such neighbours, as the boldest captaynes dare scarcely dwell by?

Quæst. Little good then (I see) is by that statute wrought howe ever well intended, but the reformation thereof must growe higher, and be brought from a stronger ordinance then the commaundement or penaltie of a lawe, which none dare enforce or compliance of when it is broken but have you any more of those abuses in the clergy?

Iren. I could perhaps reckon more, but I perceive my speech to growe to longe, and these may suffice to judge of the generall disorders which rugne amongst them, as for the particulars, they are to many to be

reckned For the cleargye there (except some fewe grave fathers which are in high place about the state, and some fewe others which are lately planted in theyr newe Colledge,) are generally badd, licentious, and most disorderd

Eudox Ye have then (as I suppose) gone through these three first partes which ye purposed unto your self, to weete, the Inconvenience which ye observed in the lawes, in the customes, and in the religion of that land, the which (me seemes) ye have so thoroughly touched, as that nothing more remayneth to be spoken thereof

Iren Not soe thoroughly as ye suppose, that nothing more can remayne, but soe generally as I purposed, that is, to laye open the generall evils of that realme, which doe hinder the good reformation therof for to counte the particular faultes of private men should be a worke to infinite, yet some there be of that nature, that though they be in private men, yet theyr evil reacheth to a generall hurte, as the extortions of sherriffs, subsherriffs, and theyr brylliffs, the corruption of vittailors, cessors, and purveyors, the disorders of seneschalls, captaynes, and theyr souldiours, and many such like All which I will onely name heere, that theyr reformation may be mynded in place where it most concerneth But there is one very fowle abuse which, by the way, I may not omitt, and that is in captaynes, who, notwithstanding that they are specially employed to make peace through stronge execution of warre, yet they doe soe dandle theyr domges, and dallye in the service to them committed, as yf they would not have the Enemye subdued, or utterly beaten downe, for ferre least afterwards they should neede employment, and soe be discharged of pay for which cause some of them that are layed in garrison doe soe handle the matter, that they will doe noe greate hurte to the enemyes, yet for colour sake some men they will kill, even halfe with the consent of the enemy, being persons either of base regard, or enemies to the enemy, whose heades elsowes they send to the governour for a commendacion of theyr great endeavour, telling how naughtye a service they have performed by cutting of such and soe dangerous rebells

Eudox Trulye this is a prettye mockerye, and not to be permitted by the governours

Iren Yea! but how can the governours knowe readily what persons those were, and what the purpose of theyr killing was? Yea, and what will ye say, yf the captaynes doe

justifie thus theyr course by ensample of some of theyr governours, which (under Benedicite, I doe tell it you) doe practise the like slighes in theyr governments?

Eudox Is it possible? Take heede what you say, Irenæus

Iren To you onely, Eudoxus, I doe tell it and that even with greate hartes grief, and inwarde trouble of mynde to see her Majestie soe much abused by some whom she putteth in speciall trust of these greate affayres of which some, being martiall men, will not doe allwayes what they may for quieting of thinges, but will rather winke at some faultes, and will suffer them unpunished, least that they (having putt all thinges in that assurance of peace that they might) should seeme afterwards not to be needed, nor continued in theyr government with soe great a charge to her Majestie And therefore they doe cunningly carrye theyr course of government, and from one hand to another doe bandie the service like a tennis-ball, which they will never quite strike away, for feare least afterwards they should wante sporte

Eudox Doe you speake of under-magistrates, or principall governours?

Iren I doe speake of noe particulars, but the truth may be founde oute by tryalle and reasonable insight into some of theyr doings And yf I should say there is some blame herof in some of the principall governours, I think I might also shewe some reasonable proof of myr speache As for example, some of them seing the end of theyr governmente drive nigh, and some mischeifs or troublous practise growing up, which afterwards may worke trouble to the next succeeding governours, will not attempt the redress or cutting of therof, either for feare they should leave the realme unquiett at the end of theyr government, or that the next that cometh should receive the same to quiett, and soe happely winne more prayse therof then they before And therefore they will not (as I sayd) seeke at all to redresse that evil, but will either by granting protection for a time, or holding some imparlaunce with the rebell, or by treatye of commissioners, or by other like devises, onely smoother and keepe downe the flame of the mischeif, soe as it may not breake out in theyr time of government what comes afterwards they care not, or rather wish the worst. This course hath bene noted in some governours

Eudox Surely (Irenæus) thus, yf it were true, should be woorthy of a heavy judgement: but it is harde to be thought, that any go-

vernour would see much either enuye the good of that realme which is putt into his hand, or defraude her Majestie, whose trusteth him see much, or maligne his successours which shall possess his place, as to suffer an evil to growe up, which he might timely have kept under, or perhaps to nourish it with coloured countenances, or such sinister meanes

Iren I doe not certainly avouch see much, (*Eudoxus*) but the sequell of things doth in a manner prove, and playnly speake see much, that the governours usually are envious one of anothers greater glorye, which if they would seeke to excell by better government, it should be a most laudable emulation. But they doe quite otherwise for this (as ye may marke) is the common order of them, that whose cometh next in the place will not followe that course of government, how ever good, which his predecessor held, either for disdayne of him, or doubt to have his doings drowned in another mans praise, but will straight take a way quite contrarie to the former as if the former thought (by keeping under the Irish) to reforme them, the next, by discountenancing the English will currie favour with the Irish, and see make his government seeme plausible in viewe, as having all the Irish at his commande but he that comes next after will perhaps followe neither one nor the other, but will dandle the one and the other in such sort, as he will sucke sweete out of them both, and leave bitterness to the poore lande, which if he that comes after shall seeke to redress, he shall perhaps finde such crosses as he shall be hardly able to beare, or doe any good that might worke the disgrace of his predecessors. Examples herof ye may see in the governors of late times sufficiently, and in others of former times more manifestly, when the government of that realme was committed sometimes to the Geraldins, as when the House of Yorke had the Crowne of England, sometimes to the Butlers, as when the House of Lancaster gott the same. And other whiles, when an English governour was appoynted, he perhaps founde enemies of both. And this is the wretchedness of that fatall kingdome which, I thinke, therefore, was in old times not called amisse Bann or sacra Insula, taking sacred (sacra) for accursed

Eudox I am sorye to heare see much as ye reporte, and nowe I beginne to conceive somewhat more of the cause of her continuall wretchedness then heretofore I founde, and wish that this inconvenience were well looked

into for sure (me seemes) it is more weighty then all the former, and more hardly to be redressed in the governour then in the governed, as a maladye in a vitall parte is more incurable then in an externall

Iren You say very true, but nowe that we have thus ended all the abuses and inconveniences of that government, which was our first parte, it followes next to speake of the seconde, which was of the meanes to cure and redress the same, which we must labour to reduce to the first beginning thereof

Eudox Right see, *Iren* thus for by that which I have noted in all this your discourse we suppose that the whole ordinance and institution of that realmes government was, both at first when it was placed, evil plotted, and also since, through their other oversights, runne more out of square to that disorder which is nowe come to, like as two indirect lines, the further they are drawn out, the further they goe asunder

Iren I doe see, *Eudoxus*, and as you say, see thinke, that the longer that government thus continueth, in the worse course will that realme be, for it is all in vayne that they nowe strive and endeavour by fayre meanes and peaceable plottes to redress the same, without first removing all those inconveniences, and newe framing (as it were in the forge) all that is worne out of fashion. For all other meanes will be but as lost labour, by patching up one hole to make manye, for the Irish doe strongly hate and abhorre all reformation and subjection to the English, by reason that, having bene once subdued by them, they were thrust out of all their possessions. Soe as nowe they feare, that if they were agayne brought under, they should likewise be expelled out of all, which is the cause that they hate the English government, according to the saying, 'Quem metuunt oderunt'. Therefore the reformation must nowe be the strength of a greater power

Eudox But, me thinke, that might be by making of good lawes, and establishing of newe statutes, with sharpe penalties and punishments for amendment of all that is presently amiss, and not (as ye suppose) to beginne all as it were anewe, and to alter the whole forme of the government, which howe dangerous a thing it is to attempt you your selfe must needs confess, and they which have the managing of the realmes whole policie cannot, without greate cause, feare and refrayne for all Innovation is perillous, in so much as though it be mente for the better, yet see many accidents and fearful

events may come betwene, as that it may hazarde the losse of the whole

Iren Very true, Ludoxus all change is to be shunned, where the affairs stand in such state as that they may continue in quietness, or be assured at all to abide as they are. But that in the realme of Ireland we see much otherwise, for everye day we perceive the troubles to growe more upon us, and one evill growing upon another, insomuch as there is noe parte sounde nor ascertained, but all have theyr eares upright, waiting when the watch-woord shall come that they should all rise generally unto rebellion, and cast away the English subjection. To which there nowe litle wanteth, for I thinke the woorde be alreadye given, and there wanteth nothing but opportunitye, which truly is the death of one noble parson, whose, being himself most stedfast to his most noble Queene and his countrey, coasting upon the South-Sea, stoppeth the Ingate of all that evill which is looked for, and holdeth in all those which are at his becke, with the terrour of his greatness, and the assurance of his honourable loyalty. And therefore where you thinke, that good and sounde lawes might amende and reforme thinges amiss, there you thinke surely amisse. For it is vayne to prescribe lawes, where noe man careth for keeping them, nor feareth the danger of breaking them. But all the realme is first to be reformed and lawes are afterwards to be made for keeping and continuing it in that reformed estate.

Ludox Howe then doe you thinke is the reformation therof to be begonne, yf not by lawes and ordinances?

Iren Even by the sword for all those evils must first be cutt away with a strong hand, before any good can be planted, like as the corrupt branches and unholmes boughes are first to be pruned, and the fowle moss clenched and scraped away, before the tree can bring forth any good fruite.

Ludox Did you blame me, even nowe, for wishing Kearne, Horse-boyes, and Kearsoughs to be cleane cutt of as to violent rimes, and doe you your self nowe prescribe the same medicine? Is not the sword the most violent redress that may be used for any evill?

Iren It is so, but yet where noe other remedy may be founde nor is hope of recovery to be had. As for the loose and of people which we would have cutt off if I blamed it, for that they might otherwise be brought per-

haps to good, as namely by this way which I sett before you.

Eudox Is not your way all one in effect with the former, which you founde faulte with, save onely this odde, that I sayd by the halter, and you say by the sword? What difference is there?

Iren There is surely greate difference when you shall understand it, for by the sword which I named, I doe not meane the cutting of of all that nation with the sword, which farre be it from me that I should ever thinke soe desperately, or wish soe uncharitably, but by the sword I meane the royall power of the Prince, which ought to stretch it self soorth in the cheefest strength to the redressing and cutting of of those evils, which I before blamed, and not of the people which are evill. For evill people, by good ordinances and government may be made good, but the evill that is of it self evill will never become good.

Eudox I pray you then declare your mynde at large, how you would wish that sword which you meane, to be used to the reformation of all those evils.

Iren The first thing must be to send over into that realme such a stronge power of men, as that shall perforce bring in all that rebellious route of loose people, which either doe nowe stande out in open armes, or in waddinge compaines doe keepe the woodes, spoyling the good subject.

Eudox You speake nowe, Irenæus, of an infinite charge to her Majestie, to send over such an armie as should treade downe all that standeth before them on foote, and laye on the grounde all the stiff-necked people of that kinde, for there is nowe but one outlawe of any greate reckning, to wete, the Earle of Tyrone, abroad in armes, agaynst whom you see what huge charges she hath bene at, this last yeare, in sending of men, providing of victuals, and making head agaynst him yet there is litle or nothing at all done, but the Queenes treasure spent, her people wasted, the poor countrey troubled, and the enemye nevertheless brought unto noe more subjection then he was, or list outwardly to shewe, which in effect is none, but rather a scorne of her power, and an emboldening of a proude rebell, and an encouragement unto all like lewde disposed traitors that shall dare to lift up theyr heels agaynst their Sovereigne Ladye. Therefore it were harde counsell to drawe such an exceeding great charge upon her whose event shall be so uncertayne.

Iren True indeede, yf the event should

be uncertayne; but the certantye of the effect herof shal be soe infallible as that noe reason can gainsaye it, neither shall the charge of all this armye (the which I demaunde) be much greater then soe much as in these two last yeares warres hath vayne bene expended. For I dare undertake, that it hath cost the Queene above 200000 poundes alreadye, and for the present charge, that she is nowe at there, amounteth to very e neere 12000 poundes a monthe, wherof cast ye the accompte, yet nothing is done. The which somme, had it bene employed as it should be, would have effected all this that I nowe goe about

Eudox Howe meane you to have it employed, but to be spent in the paye of souldiours, and provision of victualls?

Iren Right soe, but it is nowe not disbursed at once, as it might be, but draven out into a long length, by sending over nowe 20000 poundes, and the next hriife yeare 10000 poundes, soe as the souldiour in the meane time, for wante of due provision of victuall, and good payment of his due, is starved and consumed, that of a thousand, that goe over lusty & able men, in half a yeare there are not left five hundred. And yet the Queenes charges are never a whit the lesse, but what is not payed in present monye is accompted in dett, which will not be long unpaid, for the Ciptayne, halfe whose souldiours are dead, and the other quarter never mustered, nor scene, comes shortly to demaunde prymment heere of his whole accompte, where, by good meanes of some greate ones, and pryve sharing with the officers and servauntes of othersome, he receaveth his dett, much less perhaps then was due, yet much more indeede then he justly deserved

Eudox I take this, sure, to be noe good husbandrye, for what must needs be spent as good spent at once, where is enough, as to have it draven out into longe delays, seing that therby both the service is much hindered, and yet nothing saved. But it may be, Irenius, that the Queenes treasure in soe greate occasions of disbursements (as it is well known she hath bene at lately) is not alwayes soe readye nor soe plentifull as it can spare soe greate a somme together, but being payed as it is, nowe some and then some, it is noe greate burthen to her, nor any greate impoverishing to her coffers, seing by such delaye of time that it daylye cometh in as fast as she parteth it out

Iren It may be as you sayd, but for the

going through of so honorable a course I doubt not but yf the Queenes coffers be not soe well stored, (which we are not to looke into) but that the whole realme which nowe, as things be used, doe feele a continuall burden of that wretched realme hanging upon theyr backs, would, for a small riddaunce of all that trouble, be once troubled for all, and putt to all theyr shouldres, and helping handes, and hartes also, to the defraying of that charge, most gladfullie and willughe, and surely the charge in effect, is nothing to the infynite great good which should come thereby, both to the Queene, and all this realme generally, as when time serveth shal be shewed

Eudox Howe many men then would you require to the finishing of this which ye take in hand? and howe long space would you have them entertayned?

Iren Verely, not above 10000 footemen, and 1000 horse, and all those not above the space of one yeare and a halfe, for I would still, as the heate of the service abteth, abate the number in paye, and make other provision for them, as I will shewe

Eudox Surely, it seemeth not much which ye require, nor noe long time, but howe would you have them used? Would you leade forth your armye agaynst the Enemye, and seeke him where he is to fight?

Iren Noe, *Eudoxus*, it would not be, for it is well known that he is a flying enemye, hiding himself in woodes and bogges, from whence he will not drawe forth, but into some strait passage or perillous foord, where he knowes the armie must needs passe, there will he lye in wait and yf he finde advantage fitt, will dangerously hazarde the troubled souldiour. Therfore to seeke him out that still flyeth, and followe him that runneth hardly be sounde, were vayne and bootlesse, but I would divide my men in garrison upon his countrey, in such places as I should thinke might most annoy him

Eudox But howe can that be, Irenius, with so fewe men? For the enemye, as you now see, is not all in one countrey, but some in Ulster, some in Connaughte and others in Leynster. Soe as to plante stronger garrisons in all these places should neede many more men then you take of or to plante all in one, and to leave the rest naked, should be but to leave them to the spoyle.

Iren I would wish the chief power of the armye to be garrisoned in one countrey that is strongest, and thither upon the rest that are weakest: As for example, the Earle of

Tyrone is now accounted the strongest upon him would I lay 8000 men in garrison, 1000 upon Lough Mac-Hughie and the Kavanagh's, and 1000 upon some part of Connaught, to be at the direction of the Government

Eudax I see now all your men bestowed, but in what places would you sett theyr garrison that they might rise out most conveniently to service? And though perhaps I am ignorant of the places, yet I will take the murre of Ireland, and lay it before me, and make myne eyes (in the meane while) my schoole-master, to guide my understanding to judge of your plott.

Iren These 8000 in Ulster I would divide likewise into foure partes, soe as there should be 2000 footemen in every garrison, the which I would thus place Upon the Black-water, in some convenient place, as high uppon the River as might be, I would laye one garrison Another would I putt at Castle-liffar, or thereabouts, soe as they should have all the passages upon the river to Loughfoyle. The thirde I would place about Kearneunnaghe or Bondrass, soe as they might lye betwene Connaught and Ulster, to serve upon both sides, as occasion should be offered, and thus therefore would I have stronger then any of the rest, because it should be most enforced, and most employed, and that they might put wardes at Billa-shyne and Belike, and all those presages The last would I sett about Monelium or Belterbert, soe as it should fronte both upon the enemye that wane, and also keepe the countreys of Cavan and Meath in awe from passing of stragglers and outgadders from those partes, whence they use to come soorth, and oftentimes use to worke much mischief And to everye of these garrisons of 2000 footemen I would have 200 horsemen added, for the one without the other can doe but litle service. The foure garrisons, thus being placed, I would have to be vittayled foure hand for halfe a year, which ye will say to be hard, considering the corruption and usuall wast of victualls But why should not they be as well vittayled for soe long time, as the shippes are usuallye for a yeare, and sometimes two, seeing it is easier to keepe them on land then on water? Theyr bread would I have in store, soe as it might be baked still to serve theyr necessary wante Theyr drinke also there brewed within them, from time to time, and theyr beef before hand barreled, the which may be used as it is needefull, for I make noe doubt but fresh

victualls they will sometimes provide for themselves amongst theyr enemyes creeke Hereunto would I likewise have them have a store of hore and shooe, with such other necessaries as may be needefull for souldiours, soe as they would have noe occasion to look for relief from abroad, or cause such trouble, for theyr continuall supplye, as I see and have often proved in Ireland to be combersome to the Deputye, and more dangerous to them that receive them, then halfe the leading of an armie, for the enemye, knowing the ordinarie wayes by which theyr relief must be brought them, weth commonlie to draw himself into the straye passages thitherwardes, and oftentimes doth dangerouslye distress them. Besides, the pryce of such forces as should be sent for theyr convey shall be spared the charge of the carradges, and the exactions of the countrey likewise But once every halfe yeare the supplye to be brought by the Deputye himselfe, and his power, whoe shall then visite and overlooke all those garrisons, to see what is needefull, to change what is expedient, and to direct what he shall best advise. And these foure garrisons issuing soorth, at such convenient times as they shall have intelligence or espiall upon the enemye, will so drive him from one side to another, and tennis him amongst them, that he shall finde no where safe to keepe his creeke, or hide himselfe, but flying from the fire shall fall into the water, and out of one daunger into another, that in shorte space he creeke, which is his moste sustenance, shall be wasted in prying, or killed in driving, or starved for wante of pasture in the woodes, and he himself brought soe lowe, that he shall have noe harte nor abilitye to endure his wretchedness, the which will surely come to pass in very shorte space, for one winters well following of him will soe plucke him on his knees, that he will never be able to stand up agayne.

Eudax Doe you then thinke the winter time fittest for the service of Ireland? Howe falls it then that our most employmentes be in sommer, and the armies then ledde commonly soorth?

Iren It is surely misconceived, for it is not with Ireland as it is with other countreys, where the warres flame most in sommer, and the helmetts glister brightest in the fyre sunne-shine But in Ireland the winter yeldeth best service, for then the trees are bare and naked, which use both to cloth and house the kearne, the ground is cold

and wet, which useth to be his bedding, the axe is sharpe and bitter, which useth to blowe through his naked sides and legges, the kine are barren and without milke, which useth to be his onely foode, neither yf he kill them then, will they yelde him any flesh, nor yf he keepe them will they give him any foode, besides then being all in calfe (for the most parte) they will, through much chusing and draving, cast all theyr calves and looe theiyr milke, which should retayne him the next sommer.

Eudor I doe well understand your reason, but, by your leave, I have hearde it otherwise sayde, of some that were outlawes, that in sommer they kept themselves quett, but in winter they would playe theyr partes, and when the nightes were longest, then burne and spoye most, soe that they might safely returne before daye.

Iren I have likewise hearde, and also seeke proof therof trewe. But that was of such outlawes as were either abiding in well inhabited countreies, as in Mounster, or bordering to the English pale, as Feugh Mac Hughie, the Kevynaghs, the Moores, the Denysyes, the Ketuns, the Kellies or such like. For for them indeede the winter is the fittest time of spoyling and robbing, because the nightes are then (as ye say) longest and darkest, and also the countreies rounde about are then fullest of corne, and good provision to be every where gotten by them, but it is furra otherwise with a stronge peopled enemye that possesseth a whole countrey, for the other being but a few, are indeede privily lodged, and kept in out villages, and corners nigh the woodes and mountaynes, by some theyr pryve frendes, to whom they bring theyr spoyles and stealthes, and of whom they continually receive secrett relief, but the open enemye having all his countrey wasted, what by himself, and what by the souldiours, findeth then succour in noe place. Townes there are none of which he may gett spoyles, they are all burnte, countrey houses and farmours there are none, they be all fled, bread he hath none, he ploughed not in sommer, flesh he hath, but yf he kill it in winter, he shall wante milke in sommer, and shortly want life. Therefore if they be well followed but one winter, ye shall have little worke with them the next sommer.

Eudor I doe nowe well perceave the difference, and doe verely thinke that the winter time is the fittest for service. Withall I perceive the manner of your handling the service, by drawing such lyne draughtes upon

the enemye, when he looketh not for you, and to watche advantage upon him as he doth upon you. By which straight keeping of them in, and not suffering them long at any time to rest, I must needs thinke that they will soone be brought lowe, and driven to great extremities. All which when you have performed, and brought them to the very last cast, suppose that they will offer, either to come in unto you and submitt themselves, or that some of them will seeke to withdrive themselves, what is your advise to doe? will you have them received?

Iren Noe, but at the beginning of those warres, and when the garrisons are well plained and fortified, I would wish a proclamation were made generallye and to come to theyr knowledge. — That what persons soever would within twenty dayes absolutely submitt themselves, (excepting onely the very principalls and ring-leaders) should finde grace. I doubt not, but upon the settling of those garrisons, such a terrour and neere consideration of theyr perillous estate wilbe stricken into most of them, that they will covett to drawe away from theyr leaders. And agayne I well knowe that the rebells themselves (as I sawe by proof in the Desmonds warres) will turne away all theyr rascall people, whom they thinke unserviceable, as old men, women, children, and hundes, (which they call churles), which would onely wast theyr victuals, and yelde them noe ayde, but theyr cattell they will surely keepe away. These therefore, though pollicye would turne them backe agayne that they might the rather consume and afflict the other rebells, yet in a pitifull commiseration I could wish them to be received, the rather for that this base sorte people doth not for the most parte rebell of himself, having noe harte therunto, but is of force driven by the graunde rebells into theyr actions, and carryed away with the violence of the streame, els he should be sure to loose all that he hath, and perhaps his life also, the which nowe he carryeth unto them, in hope to enjoy them there, but he is there by the strong rebells themselves soone turned out of all, soe that the constrainyte herof may in him deserve pardon. Likewise yf any of theyr able men or gentellmen shall then offer to come away, and to bring theyr cattell with them, as some noe doubt may steale them privily away, I wish them also to be received, for the disabling of the enemye, but withall, that good assurance may be taken for theyr true behaviour and absolute submission, and that they then be not suf-

fred to remaine any longer in those partes, noe nor about the garrisons, but sent awaie into the inner partes of the realme, and dispersed in such sort as they shall not come together, nor easilie returne if they would. For if they might be suffered to remayne about the garrison, and there inhite, as they will offer to till the grounde and yeeld a greate parte of the profit therof, and of theyr cattell, to the Coronell, wherwith they have heretofore tempted many, they would (as I have by experience knownen) be ever after such a gall and inconvenience unto them, as that theyr profit should not recompence theyr hurte for they will privilye reliefe theyr frendes that are soorthie, they will send the enemye secrett advertisement of all their purposes and journeyes which they meane to make upon them, they will also not sticke to drive the enemye privilye upon them, yea and to betraye the forte it selfe, by discoverie of all her defectes and disadvantages (if any be) to the cutting of all theyr throates. For avoyding wherof and many other inconveniences, I wish that they should be carryed farr from thence into some other parte, soe that (as I sayd) they come in and submitt themselves, upon the first summons, but afterwards I would have none received, but left to theyr fortune and miserable end. My reason is, for that those which will afterwards remayne without are stout and obstinat rebells, such as will never be made dutifull and obedient, nor brought to labour or civil conversation, having once tasted that licentious life, and being acquainted with spoyle and outrages, will ever after be ready for the like occasions, soe as there is noe hope of theyr amendment or recoverye, and therefore needefull to be cutt off.

Eudox Surely of such desperat persons as will willfully followe the course of theyr owne follye, there is noe compassion to be had, and for others ye have proposed a mercifull meanes, much more then they have deserved but what then shalbe the conclusion of this warre? for you have prefixed a shorte time of the continuance therof.

Iren The end (I assure me) wil be very shorte and much sooner then can be (in soe grente a trouble, as it seemeth) hoped for although there should none of them fall by the swoorde, nor be slayne by the souldiour, yet thus being kept from maintenance, and theyr cattell from running abroad, by this harderstraynte they would quickly consume themselves, and devoure one another. The proof wherof I sawe sufficiently ensampled in

those litle warres in Mounster, for notwithstanding that the same was a most rich and plentifull country, full of corne and cattell, that you would have thought they would have bene able to stand long, yet ere one yeare and a litle they were brought to such wretchedness, as that any stony hart would have rued the same. Out of every corner of the woodes and glennes they came creeping soorth upon theyr handes, for theyr legges could not beare them, they looked like anatomies of death, they spake like ghostes crying out of theyr graves, they did eate of the dead carrions, happy were they if they could finde them, yet, and one another soone after, insoemuch as the very carcasses they spared not to scrape out of theyr graves, and if they founde a plote of water-cresses or shrim-rokes, there they flocked as to a feast for the time, yet not able long to continue therewithall, that in shorte space there were none almost left, and a most populous and plentifull countrey suddainly made voyde of man or beast yet sure in all that warre there perished not many by the swoorde but all by the extremitye of famine which they themselves had wrought.

Eudox It is a wonder that you tell, and more to be wondred howe it should soe shortly come to pass.

Iren It is most true, and the reason also very readye, for ye must conceive that the strength of all that nation is the Kearne, Galloglashe, Stokaghe, Horsemen, and Horseboyes, the which having bene never used to have any thing of their owne, and nowe living upon the spoyle of others, make noe spare of any thing, but havocke and confusion of all they meete with, whether it be theyr owne frendes goodes, or theyr foes. And if they happen to gett never soe great spoyle at any time, the same they consume and wast in a trice, as naturally delighting in spoyle, though it doe themselves noe good. On the other side, whatsoever they leave unspent the souldiour when he cometh there, he havocketh and spoyleth likewise, soe that betwene them both nothing is very shortly left. And yet this is very necessarye to be done for the soone finishing of the warre, and not onely this in this wise, but also all those subjectes which border upon those parts, are either to be removed and drawn away, or likewise to be spoiled, that the enemye may find noe succour thereby for what the souldiour spares the rebell will surely spoyle.

Eudox I doe nowe well understand you. But nowe when all things are brought to

this pass, and all filled with this ruffall spectacle of soe many wretched carcasses strutting, goodlye countrye wasted soe huge a desolation and confusion, as even I that doe but heare it from you and doe picture it in my mnde, doe greatlye pittie and commiserate it, y^t it shall happen, that the state of this miserie and lamentable image of things shall be told, and feelingly presented to her Sacred Majesty, being by nature full of mercy and clemencye, whoe is most inclinable to such pityfull complaynt, and will not endure to heare such tragedyes made of her people and poore subjectes as some about her may insinuate, then she perhaps, for verye compassion of such calamities, will not onely stopp the streame of such violence, and returne to her wonted mildenesse, but also comne them little thanks which have bene the authors and counsellours of such bloodie platformes. Soe I remember in the late government of the good Lord Graye, when, after long travell and many perilous assayes, he had brought thinges almost to this pass that ye speake of, and that when it was even made readye for reformation, and might have bene brought to whirt her Majesty would like complaynte was made agaynst him, that he was a bloudy man, and regarded not the life of her subjectes noe more then dogges, but had wasted and consumed all, soe as nowe he had nothing almost left, but to rugne in theyr ashes, her Majesties care was sooner lent therunto, and all suddainly turned topsy turvy, the noble Lord est-sones was blamed the wretched people pittied and new counsellors plotted, in which it was concluded that a general pardon should be sent over to all that would accept of it, upon which all former purposes were blaunked, the Governour at a baye, and not onely all that greate and long charge, which she had before bene at, quite lost and cancelled, but also that hope of good which was even at the doore putt backe, and cleane frustrated. All which, whether it be true, or noe, your selfe can well tell.

Iren To true, Eudoxus, the more the pittie, for I may not forgett soe memorable a thing neither can I be ignorant of that perilous devire and of the whole meanes by which it was compassed, and very cunningly contrived by sowing first disension betwene him and an other Noble Personage, wherein they both founde at length howe notably they had bene abused and howe thereby, under-hand, this universall alteration of thinges was brought aboute, but then to late

to staye the same, for in the meane time all that was formerly done with long labour and great toyle, was (as you say) in a moment undone, and that good Lord blotted with the name of a bloody man, whom, who that well knewe, knewe him to be most gentell affable, loving, and temperate, but that the necessitye of that present state of thinges enforced him to that violence, and almost chaunged his very naturall disposition. But otherwise he was soe farr from delighting in blood, that oftentimes he suffred not just vengeance to fall where it was deserved and even some of those which were afterwarde his accusers had tasted to much of his mercy, and were from the gallows brought to be his accusers. But his course indeede was this, that he spared not the herdes and principalls of any mischievous practize or rebellion, and shewed sharpe judgement on them, chiefly for examples sake, that all the meaner sorte, which also then were generally infected with that evil, might by terrour therof be reclaimed, and saved, yf it might be possible. For in that last conspiracye of some of the English Pale, thinke you not that there were manye more guiltye then they that felt the punishment or was there any almost clere from the same? yet he touched onely a fewe of speciall note, and in the tryall of them alsoe even to prevente the blame of crueltie and partiall dealing, as seeking theyr blood, which he, in his great wisdom (as it seemeth) did fore-see would be objected agaynst him, he, for the avoiding therof, did use a singular discretion and regarde. For the Jurie that went upon theyr tryall he made to be choosen out of theyr nearest kinemen, and theyr Judges he made of some of theyr owne fathers, of others theyr uncles and dearest frendes, whoe when they could not but justly condemne them, yet uttred theyr judgement in abundance of teares, and yet he even herin was counted bloudy and cruell.

Eudox Indeepe soe have I hearde it often here spoken, and I perceave (as I alwayse verely thought) that it was most unjustlye, for he was alwayes knowne to be a most just, sincere godly, and right noble man, farr from such sternesse, farr from such unrighteousnes. But in that sharpe execution of the Spry ardes at the Forte of Smerwicke, I heard it specialllye noted, and, yf it were true as some reported, surelye it was a great touche to him in honour, for some say that he promised them life, others that at least he did putt them in hope therof.

Iren Both the one and the other is most untrue, for thus I can assure you, my selfe being as neere them as any, that he was soe farre from either promising, or putting them in hope, that when first their Secretarie called, as I remember Jacques Gessray, an Italian, being sent to treat with the Lord Deputy for grace, was flatly denyed, and afterwarde their Coronell, named Don Sebastian, came forth to intreate that they might parte with their armes like souldiours, at least with their lives, according to the custome of warre and lawe of nations, it was strongly denyed him, and tolde him by the Lord Deputy himselfe, that they could not justly pleade either custome of warre, or lawe of nations, for that they were not any lawfull enemies, and if they were, he willed them to shewe by what commission they came thither into another Princes dominions to warre, whether from the Pope or the King of Spayne, or any other the which when they sayd they had not, but were onely adventurers that came to seeke fortune abroad, and serve in warres amongst the Irish, who desired to entertaine them, it was then tolde them, that the Irish themselves, as the Earle and John of Desmonde with the rest, were noe lawfull enemies, but rebels and traitours, and therefore they that came to succour them noe better then rogues and runnagates, specially coming with noe licence, nor commission from their owne King. Soe as it should be dishonorable for him in the name of his Queene to condicion or make any termes with such rascalls, but left them to their choice, to yelde and submit themselves, or noe. Whereupon the sayd Coronell did absolutely yeeld himselfe and the forte, with all therein, and craved onely mercye, which it being not thought good to shewe them, both for daunger of themselves, yf being saved, they should afterwarde joine with the Irish, and also for terrour to the Irish, who were much emboldened by those forrayne succours, and also putt in hope of more ere long, there was noe other way but to make that shorte end of them which was made. Therefore most untruelye and maliciously doe these evill tongues backbite and slander the sacred ashes of that most just and honorable personage, whose least vertue, of many most excellent which abounded in his heroicall spirit, they were never able to aspire unto.

Eudox Trulye, Irenneus, I am right gladd to be thus satisfied by you in that I have often hearde questioned, and yet was never

able, till nowe, to chole the mouth of such detractours with the certayne knowledge of their shamefull untruthes: neither is the knowledge herof impertinent to that which we formerly had in hand I meane to the thorough prosecuting of that sharpe course which we have sett downe for the bringing under of those rebels of Ulster and Connaught, and preparing a way for their perpetuall reformation least happily, by any such sinister suggestions of evasive and to much bloudshed, all the plott might be overthrowen, and all the cost and labour therein employd be utterly lost and cast awaye.

Iren Ye say most true, for, after that Lordes calling away from thence, the two Lordes Justices continued but a while of which the one was of mynde, (as it seemeth) to have continued in the footing of his predecessour, but that he was courbed and restrained. But the other was more mildly disposed, as was meete for his profession, and willing to have all the pittifull woundes of that commonwealth healed and cured, but not with that heede as they should be. After whom Sir John Perrot, succeeding (as it were) into another mans harvest, sounde an open way to what course he list, the which he bent not to that poynthe which the former governours intended, but rather quite contrarye, as it were in scorne of the former, and in a vaine vaunte of his owne counsell, with the which he was to willfullie carred, for he did treade downe and disgrace all the English, and sett up and countenaunce the Irish all that he could, whether thinking thereby to make them more tractable and buxome to his government, (wherin he thought much amiss) or privily plotting some other purposes of his owne, as it partly afterwarde appeared, but surely his manner of government could not be sounde nor wholesome for that realme, being soe contrarye to the former. For it was even as two physicians should take one sick bodye in hand at two sundrye times, of which the former would minister all thinges meete to purge and keepe under the bodye, the other to pamper and strengthen it suddenly agayne, wherof what is to be looked for but a most dangerous relapse? That which we see nowe through his rule, and the next after him, happened thereunto, being nowe more dangerously sicke then ever before. Therefore by all meanes it must be fore-seene and assured, that after once entering into this course of reformation, there be afterwarde noe remorse or drawing backe for the

sight of any such misall objects as must therupon followe, nor for compassion of their calamities, seeing that by no other meanes it is possible to recture them, and that these are not of will, but of very urgent necessitye.

Eudor Thus farre then ye have nowe proceeded to plant your garrisons, and to directe their services, of the which nevertheless I must needs conceive that there cannot be any certayne direction sett downe, soe that they must followe the occasions that shal be dayly offered, and diligently awayted. But, by your leave (*Irenus*), notwithstanding all this your careful fore-sight and provision, (me thinks) I see an evil lurke unespyed, that may chaunce to hazarde all the hope of this great service, yf it be not very well looked into, and that is, the corruptions of their captaynes for though they be placed never soe carefully, and their compaynes filled never soe sufficiently, yet may they, yf they list, discarde whom they please, and send away such as will perhaps willingly be rid of that dangerous and harde service, the which (I wote well) is their common custome to doe, when they are layd in garrison, for then they may better lude their defaults, then when they are in campe, where they are continually eyed and noted of all men. Besides, when they pry cometh, they will (as they say) detayne the greatest portions therof at their pleasure, by an hundreth shuffles that needs not here to be named, through which they oftentimes deceave the souldiours, abuse the Queene, and greatly hinder the service. Soe that lett the Queene pay never soe fullye, lett the muster-master viewe them never soe diligently, lett the deputy or generall looke to them never soe exactly, yet they can cossen them all. Therefore (me seemes) it were good, yf it be possible, to make some provision for this inconvenience.

Iren It will surely be very harde, but the cheifest helpe for prevention herof must be the care of the coronel that hath the government of all his garrison, to have an eye to their alteration, to knowe the number and the names of the sicke souldiours, and the slave, to marke and observe their ranks in their dayly rising forth to the service, by which he cannot easelye be abused, soe that he himselfe be a man of specciall assurance and integritye. And therefore grente regarde is to be had in the choosing and appoynting of them. Besides, I would not by any meanes that the captaynes should have the prying of their souldiours, but that there should be a pay-master appoynted, of speciall

trust, which should paye everye man according to his captaynes tickett, and the accompt of the clarke of his bande, for by this meanes the captayne will never seeke to falsifye his alterations, nor to diminish his compayne, nor to deceave his souldiours, when nothing therof shal be for his gayne. This is the manner of the Spaniards captaynes, whoe never hath to meddle with his souldiours paye, and indeede scorneth the name as base to be counted his souldiours pagador, whereas the contrary amongst us hath brought thinges to soe bad a pass, that there is noe captayne, but thinkes his band very sufficient, yf he muster threscore and stickes not to say openly that he is unworthy of a captaynship, that cannot make it woorth 500*l*. by the yeare, the which they right well reverse by the proole.

Eudor Truly I thinke this a very good meane to avoide that inconvenience of captaynes abuses. But what say you of the coronel? what authoritye thinke you meete to be given him? whether will ye allowe him to protecte, to safe conducte, and to have marshall lawe as they are accustomed,

Iren Yearely, but all these to be limited with verye strait instructions. As thus for protections, that they shall have authoritye after the first proclamation, for the space of twentye dayes, to protect all that shall come in unto them, and them to sende unto the Lord Deputye with their safe conducte or pass, to be at his disposition, but soe as none of them returne backe agayne, being once come in, but be presently sent away out of the countrey, unto the next sherriff, and so conveyed in safetye. And likewise for marshall lawe, that to the souldiour it be not extended, but by tryall formerly made of his crime, by a jurye of his fellowe souldiours as it ought to be, and not rashlye at the will or displeasure of the coronel, as I have sometimes seene to lightlye. And as for others of the rebells that shall light into their bandes, that they be well ware of what condition they be, and what holding they have. For, in the last generall warres there, I knewe many good freeholders executed by marshall lawe, whose landes were thereby saved to their heyres, which should otherwise have escheated to her Majestie. In all which, the greates discretion and uprightness of the coronel himselfe is to be the cheifest stav both for all these doubts, and for many other difficultyes that may in the service happen.

Eudor Your caution is verye good, but nowe touching the arche-rebell himselfe, I

meane the Earle of Tyrone, if he, in all the time of these warres, should offer to come in and submitt himselfe to her Majestie, would you not have him received, giving good hostages, and sufficient assurance of himselfe?

Iren Noe, marye, for there is noe doubt, but he will offer to come in, as he hath done divers times already, but it is without any intent of true submission, as the effect hath well shewed, neither indede can he now, yf he would, come in at all, nor give that assurance of himselfe that should be meete, for being, as he is, very suttell-headed, saing himselfe now soe farre engaged in this badd action, can he thinke that by his submission he can purchase to himselfe any safetie, but that hereafter, when thinges shal be quieted, these his villanies will ever be remembered? And whensoever he shall treade awyre (as needes the most righteous must sometimes) advantage wil be taken therof, as a breache of his pardon, and he brought to a reckning for all former matters besides, howe harde it is now for him to frame himselfe to subjection, that having once sett before his eyes the hope of a kingdome, hath thereunto founde not onely encouragement from the greatest King of Christendome, but also founde great sayntness in her Majesties withstanding him, whereby he is animated to thinke that his power is to defende him, and to offend further then he hath done, whensoe he please, lett everye reasonable man judge. But yf he himselfe should come in, and leave all other his accomplies without, as O-Donell, Mac-Mahon, Magueerhe, and the rest, he must needes thinke that then, even they will ere long cutt his throte, which having drawn them all into this occasion, now in the middest of theyr trouble giveth them the slip, whereby he must needes perceave howe impossible a thing it is for him to submit himselfe. But yet yf he would doe soe, can he give any good assurance of his obedience? For howe weake hold is there by hostages hath to often bene proved, and that which is spoken of taking Shane O-Neale-is sonnes from him, and setting them up agaynst him is a verve perillous counsell, and not by any meanes to be putt in prooffe, for were they lett forth and could overthrowe him, whoe should afterwards overthrowe them, or what assurance can be had of them? It wil be like the tale in Asope of the wild horse, whoe, having enmitie agaynst the stagg came to a man to desire his ayde agaynst his toe, whoe yelding

thereunto mounted upon his backe, and soe following the stagg ere longe slewe him, but then when the horse would have him light he refused, but kept him ever after in his service and subjection. Such, I doubt not, would be the prooff of Shane O-Neale-is sonnes. Therefore it is most dangerous to attempt any such plott, for even that very manner of plott, was the meanes by which this trayterous Earle is now made soe great for whenas the last O-Neale, called Tyrrelaghe O-Neale, beganne to stand upon some tickell termes, this fellowe, then called Baron of Dungannan, was sett up as it were to bearde him, and countenaunced and strengthened by the Queene so farre, as that he is now able to keepe her selfe play much like unto a gamester that having lost all, borroweth of his next fellow gamester that is the most winner, somewhat to mayntayne play, with which he, setting unto him agayne, shortly thereby winneth all from the winner.

Eudor Was this rebell first sett up by the Quene (as you saie), and now become so undutifull?

Iren He was (I assure you) the most outcast of all the O-Neales then, and lifted up by her Majestie out of the dust, to that he hath now wrought himselfe unto, and now he playeth like the frozen snake, whoe being for compassion relieved by the husbandman, soone after he was warme begann to hiss, and threaten daunger even to him and his.

Eudor He surely then deserveth the punishment of that snake, and should woorthely be hewed in peeces. But yf ye like not of the raising up of Shane O-Neale-is sonnes agaynst him, what say you then of that advise which (I hearde) was given by some to drave in the Scottes, to serve agaynst him? howe like you that advise?

Iren Much worse then the former, for whoe is he that is experienced in those partes and knoweth not that the O-Neales are neerely allyed unto the Mac-Neales of Scotland, and to the Earle of Argile, from whom they use to have all theyr succours of those Scotts and Reddshankes? Besides, all these Scotts are, through long continuance, entermyngled and allyed to all the inhabitants of the North, soe as there is noe hope that they will ever be wrought to serve faithfully agaynst theyr old frendes and kinsemen. And yf they would, howe when the warres are finished, and they have overthrowen him shall they themselves be putt out? Doe we not all knowe, that the Scotts were the first inhabitants of all the North, and that those

which are nowe called North Irish were indeede very Scotts, which challenge the auncient inheritaunce and dominion of all that countrey to be theyr owne aunciently. This then were but to leape out of the pann into the fire, for the cheifest caveat and provise in the reformation of the Northe must be to keepe out the Scotts

Eudor Indee, I remember that in your discourse of the first peopling of Ireland, you shewed that the Seythians or Scottes were the first that sate downe in the Northe, whereby it seemeth they may challenge some right therein. Howe comes it then that O-Neale claymes the dominion therof, and this Earle of Tyrone sayeth the right is in him? I pray you resolve me therein, for it is very needefull to be knowne, and maketh most to the right of the warre agaynst him, whose success useth commonly to be according to the justness of the cause, for which it is made. For yf Tyrone have any right in that segmorie (me seemes) it should be wrong to thrust him out or yf (as I remember ye sayd in the beginning) that O-Neale, when he acknowledged the King of England for his liege Lord and Sovereigne, did (as he alleageth) reserve in the same submission all his segnories and rightes unto himselfe, it should be accounted unjust to thrust him out of the same

Iren For the right of O-Neale in the segmorie of the Northe, it is surely none at all. For beside that the Kinges of England conquered all the realme, and thereby assumed and invested all the right of that land to themselves and theyr heyres and successors for ever, soe as nothing was left in O-Neale but what he receivede backe from them, O-Neale himselfe never had any auncient segmorie in that countrey, but what by usurpation and encrochement, after the death of the Duke of Clarence, he gott upon the English, whose landes and possessions being formerly wasted by the Scotts, under the leading of Edward le Bruce, (as I formerly declared unto you) he eft-soones entred into, and sithence hath wrongfully detayned, through the other occupations and greivous affayres which the Kinges of England (soone after) fell into heere at home, soe as they could not intend to the recoverye of that countrey of the Northe, nor the restrayning of the insolencye of O-Neale, whoe, findinge none nowe to withstand him, ragued in that desolation, and made himselfe Lorde of those fewe people that remayned there, upon whom ever since he hath continued his first

usurped power, and nowe exacteth and extorteth upon all men what he list. soe that nowe to subdue or expell an usurper, should be noe unjust enterprize nor wrongfull warre, but a restitution of auncient right unto the crowne of England, from whence they were most unjustly expelled and longe kept out.

Eudor I am verye gladd heere to be thus satisfi'd by you, that I may the better satisfye them whom often I have hearde object these doubtles, and slaunderously to barke at the courses which are held agaynst that trayterous Earle and his adherentes. But nowe that you have thus settled your service for Ulster and Connaught, I would be gladd to heare your opinion for the prosecuting of Feugh Mac Hughe, whoe being but a base villen, and of himselfe of noe power, yet soe continually troubleth that state, notwithstanding that he lieth under theyr nose, that I disdayne his bold arrogauncye, and thinke it to be the greatest indignitye to the Queene that may be, to suffer such a cattyff to play such *Rex*, and by his example not only to give harte and encouragment to all such bold rebels, but also to yeld them succoure and refuge agaynst her Majesty, whensoever they fflye into his Cummerreeighe wherfore I would first wish, before you enter into your plot of service agaynst him, that you should laye open by what meanes he, being soe base, first lifted himselfe up to this daungerous greatnes, and how he mayntaineth his parte agaynst the Queene and her power, notwithstanding all that hath bene done and attempted agaynst him. And whether also he hath any pretence of right in the landes which he holdeth, or in the warres that he maketh for the same?

Iren I will soe, at your pleasure, and since ye desire to know his first beginning, I will not only discover the first beginning of his privat howse, but also the originall of all his sept, of the Birnes and Tooles, so farre as I have learned the same from some of themselves, and gathered the rest by readinge. This people of the Birnes and Tooles (as before I shewed unto you my conjecture) descended from the auncient Brittons, which first inhabited all those Easterne partes of Ireland, as theyr names doe betoken, for *Brin* in the Brittons language signifieth hillye, and *Tol* hole, valley or darke, which names, it seemeth, they tooke of the countrey which they inhabited, which is all very mountayne and woodie. In the which it seemeth that ever sithence the coming in of the English with *Deurmuide-ne-Gall*, they

have continued Whether that theyr countrey being soe rude and mountaynous was of them dispised, and thought not woorthye the inhabiting, or that they were receaved to grace by them, and suffred to enioye theyr lands as unfit for any other, yet it seemeth that in some places of the same they did putt foote, and fortified with sundry castells, of which the ruynes onely doe there now remaine, since which time they are grown to that strength, that they are able to lift up hand agaynst all that state, and nowe lately, through the boldness and late good success of this Feugh Mac Hugh, they are soe farre emboldened, that they threaten perill even to Dublin, over whose necke they continually hange. But touching your demaunde of this Feughe is right unto that countrey or the seigniorye which he claymes therein, it is most rayne and arrougaunte For this ye cannot be ignoraunte of, that it was parte of that which was given in inheritance by Deurmuid Mac Murroghe, King of Leinster, to Strangbowe with his daughter, and which Strangbowe gave over to the King and to his heyres, soe as the right is absolutely nowe in her Majestie, and yet it were not, yet could it not be in this Feugh, but in O-Brin, which is the ancient lord of all that countrey, for he and his auncestours were but followers unto O-Brin, and his grandfather, Shane Mac Tirrelaghe, was a man of meane regard amongst them, neither having wealth nor power But his sonne Hughe Mac Shane, the father of this Feughe, first beganne to lift up his head, and through the strength and greate fastness of Glan-Maleirh, which adjoyneth unto his howse of Ballinacorrish, drewe unto him many theves and out-lawes, which fledd unto the succour of that glunne, as to a sanctuarye and brought unto him parte of the spoyle of all the countrey, through which he grewe stronge, and in shorte space got to himselfe a greate name thereby amongst the Irish, in whose footing thus his sonne continuing hath, through many unhappy occasions, encreased his said name, and the opinion of his greyness, soe that nowe he is become a dangerous enemy to deale withall.

Eudox Surely I can commend him that, being of himselfe of soe brise condition, hath through his owne hardness lifted himselfe up to that height that he dare now to fronte princes, and make termes with greate potentates, the which as it is honorable to him, soe it is to them most disgracefull, that be bearded of such a base varlett, that being but of late grown out of the doughtill

beginneth nowe to overcrowe soe high mountaynes, and make himselfe greate protectour of all outlawes and rebells that will repayre unto him But doe you thinke he is nowe soe dangerous an enemye as he is counted, or that it is soe harde to take him downe as some suppose?

Iren Noe verely, there is noe great reckning to be made of him, for had he ever bene taken in hand, when the rest of the realme (or at least the partes adjoining) had bene quiett, as the honourable gentellman that nowe governeth there (I meane Sir William Russell) gave a notable attempte therunto, and had woorthely performed it, yet his course had not bene crossed unhappely, he could not have stodee three monthes, nor ever have looked up agaynst a verye meane power but nowe all the partes about him being up in a madding moode, as the Moores in Lease, the Kevenghs in the countye of Wexforde, and some of the Butlers in the countye of Kilkenny, they all flocke unto him, and drawe unto his countrey, as to a strong hold where they thinke to be safe from all that prosecute them And from thence they doe at their pleasures breake out into all the borders adjoining, which are well peopled countreies, as the countyes of Dublin, of Kildare, of Catarlaghe, of Kilkenny, of Wexforde with the spoiles wherof they vittell and strengthen themselves, which otherwise should in shorte time be starved, and soone pined away, soe that what he is of himselfe you may hereby soone perceive.

Eudox Then, by soe much as I gather out of your speeches the next way to end the warres with him, and to roote him quite out, should be to keepe him from invading those countreies adjoining, which (as I suppose) is to be done, either by drawing all the inhabitants of those next borders away, and leaving them utterly wast, or by planting garrisons upon all those frontiers about him, that, when he shall breake forth, may sett upon him and shorten his returne.

Iren Ye conceive rightlye, Eudoxus, but for the dispeopling and driving away of all the inhabitants from the countreys about him, which ye speake of, should be a greatt confusion and trouble, as well for the unwillingness of them to leave their possessions, as also for placing and providing for them in other countreies, (me seemes) the better course should be by plantung of garrisons about him, the which, whensoever he shall looke forth, or be drawn out with desire of the spoyle of those borders, or for neces-

sive of rattell, shal be allwayes readye to intercept his going or coming

Eudox Where then doe ye wish these garrisons to be plaunted that they may serve best agaynst him, and howe manye in everye garrison?

Iren I my selfe, by reason that (as I told you) I am noe martiall man, will not take uppon me to directe soe dangerous affaires, but onely as I understood by the purposes and plotts, which the Lord Graye who was well experienced in that service, agaynst him did lye downe to the perfourmance whereof he onely required 1000 men to be layed in fowre garrisons, that is, at Ballinacorrish 200 footemen and 50 horse, which should shutt him out of his great glinne, whereto he soe much trusteth, at Knockelough 200 footemen and 50 horse to answere the countye of Catlaghe, at Arkloe or Wickloe 200 footemen to defende all that side towarde the sea, in Shelagh 100 footemen which should cutt him from the Kewynaghs and the countye of Wexforde, and about the three castells 50 horsemen, which should defende all the countye of Dublin, and 100 footemen at Talbots Towne, which should keepe him from breaking out into the countye of Kildare, and be allwayes on his necke on that side. The which garrisons, soe layed, will soe buye him, that he shall never rest at home, nor stirre forth abroad but he shall be had, as for his creeche they cannot be above grounde, but they must needes fall into theyr handes or starve, for he hath noe fastness nor refuge for them. And as for his partakers of the Moores, Butlers, and Kevanaghcs, they will soone leave him, when they see his fastness and strong places thus taken from him.

Eudox Surely this seemeth a plott of great reason, and small difficultie which promyseth hope of a shorte end. But what speciall directions will ye sett downe for the services and rangs out of these garrisons?

Iren None other then the present occasions shall minister unto them, and as by good spiralls, wherof there they cannot wnte store, they shall be drawen continually upon him, soe as one of them shal be still upon him, and sometimes all at one instant baye to him. And this (I assure my selfe) will demaunde no longe time, but wil be all finished in the space of one yere, which howe small a thing it is unto the eternal quietness which shall thereby be purchased to that realme, and the great good which shall growe to her Majestie, should (me

thinkes) readely drawe on her Highnes to the undertaking of the enterprise

Eudox You have very well (me seemes), Iemens, plotted a course for the achieving of those warres nowe in Iclund, which seeme to aske noe long time, nor greite charge, soe as the effecting therof be committed to men of sure trust, and some experience, as well in the same countrey as in the manner of those services, for yf it be left in the handes of such rawe captaynes as are usuallye sent out of England, being therto preferred onely by friendship, and not chosen by sufficiencie, it will soone fall to ground.

Iren Therefore it were meete (me thinkes) that such captaynes onely were thierunto employed, as have formerly served in that countrey, and bene at leyst lieutenantes unto other captaynes there. For otherwise, being brought and transferred from other services abroad, as in Fraunce, in Spayne, and in the Lowe-countreies, though they be of good experience in those, and have never soe well deserved, yet in these they wil be newe to seeke, and, before they have gathered experience, they shall buye it with great loss to her Majestie, either by hazarding of theyr companyes through ignorance of the places, and manner of the Irish services, or by loosing a great parte of the time that is required hereunto, being but shorte, in which it might be finished, before they have almost taken out a newe lesson, or can tell what is to be done.

Eudox You are noe good frend to newe captaynes it seemes, Iren, that you barre them from the credit of this service but (to say trueth) me thinkes it were meete, that any one, before he come to be a captayne, should have bene a souldiour, for, 'Parcis qui nescit, nescit imperare'. And besides, there is great wrong done to the old souldiour, from whom all merces of advancement which is due unto him is cutt off by shuffling in these newe cutting captaynes into the places for which he hath long served, and perhaps better deserved. But nowe that you live thus (as I suppose) finished all the warre, and brought all thinges to that lowe ebbe which ye speake of, what course will ye take for the bringing in of that reformation which ye intend, and recovering all thinges from this desolate estate, in which (me thinkes) I behold them nowe left, unto that perfect establishment and newe commonweilth which ye have conceaved, of which soe great good may redounde to her Majestie, and an assured peace be confirmed? For that

is it whereunto we are nowe to looke, and doe greately long for, being long sithence made wearye with the huge charge which we have layed upon us, and with the strong endurance of soe many complayntes, soe many delays, soe many doubts and daungers, as will hereof (I know well) arise unto the which before you come, it were meete (me thinkes) that you should take some order for the souldiour, which is nowe first to be discharged and disposed of, some way, the which if you doe not well fore-see, may growe to be as great an inconvenience as all this that we suppose you have quitted us from, by the loose leaving of soe many thousand souldiours, which from hence forth wil be unfit for any labour or other trade, but must either seeke service and imployment abroad, which may be daungerous, or els will perhaps employe themselves heere at home, as may be discomodious.

Iren You say verye true, and it is a thing indeede much misheld in this our common-wealth that noe better course is taken for such as have bene employed once in service, but that returning, either maymed and soe unable to labour, or otherwise, though whole and sounde, yet afterwarde unwilling to worke, or rather willing to sett the hangman a worke. But that needeth another consideration but to this that we have nowe in hande, it is farre from my meaning to leave the souldiour soe at random or to leave that vast realm soe weak and destitute of strength, which may both defend it against others that might seeke then to sett upon it, and also keepe it from that relapse which I before did fore-cast. For it is one speciall good of this plott which I would devise, that 6000 souldiours of these whom I have nowe employed in this service, and made thoroughly acquainted both with the state of the country, and manners of the people should henceforth be still continued, and for ever maintayned of the countrey, without any charge to her Majestie, and the rest that either are old, and unable to serve any longer, or willing to fall to thurst, as I have seen many souldiours after the service to prove verye good husbendes, should be placed in parte of the houses by them wonne, at such rate or rather better then others, to whom the same shall be sett out.

Felix Is it possible Irenna? Can there be any such order? I that see many men should be kept still in her Majesties service without any charge to her at all? Shall we then have an excessive great grow,

both to her Highnes to have soe manye old souldiours allway readye at call, to what purpose soever she list employe them, and alsoe to have that land thereby soe strenghtened that it shall neither feare any forrein invasion, nor practize, which the Irish shall ever attempte, but shall keepe them under in continuall awe and firme obedience.

Iren It is soe indeede. And yet this tralye I doe not take to be any matter of great difficultye, as I thinke it will also soone appeare unto you. And first we will speake of the North parte, for that the same is of most wright and importance. Soe soone as it shall appeare that the enemye is brought downe, and the stout rebell either cutt off, or driven to that wretchedness that he is noe longer able to hold up his head, but will come to any conditions, which I assure my selfe will be before the end of the second Winter, I wish that there be a generall proclamation made, that whatsoever out-lawes will freelye come in, and submit themselves to her Majesties mercy, shall have libertye soe to doe, where they shall either find that grace they desire, or have leave to returne agayne in safetye upon which it is liklye that soe manye as survive will come in to sue for grace, of which whoe-soe are thought meete for subjection, and fitt to be brought to good, may be received, or els all of them, (for I thinke that all wilbe but a verye fewe,) upon condition and assurance that they will submit themselves absolutelye to her Majesties ordinance for them, by which they shall be assured of life and libertye, and be onelye tyed to such conditions as shall be thought by her meete for containing them ever after in due obedience. To the which conditions I nothing doubt but they will all most readelye, and upon their knees submit themselves, by the proof of that which I sawe in Mounster. For upon the like proclamation there they all came in, both tiggie and ragge, and when as afterwarde many of them were denyed to be received, they bade them doe with them what they would, for they would not by any means returne agayne, nor goe forth. For in this case who will not accept almost of any conditions, rather then dye of hunger and miserie?

Eudox It is verye liklye soe. But what then is the ordinance, and what be the conditions which you will propose unto them, which shall reserve unto them an assurance of life and libertye?

Iren Soe soone then as they have given the best assurance of themselves which

may be required, which must be (I suppose) some of theiyr principall men to remayne in hostage one for another, and some other for the rest, for other suretye I reckon of none that may binde them, neither of wife, nor of children, since then perhaps they would gladly be ridd of both from the famine, I would have them first unarmed utterlye and stript quite of all theiyr warrlick weapons, and then these condicions sett downe and made known unto them, where they shal be placed, and have land given unto them to occupye and to live upon, in such sorte as shall become good subjectes, to labour thencefoorth for theiyr living, and to applye themselves to honest trades of civiltie as they shall everye one be founde meete and able for

Eudox Where then, a Gods name, will you place them? In Leinster? or will you ind out any new lande there for them that is yet unknown?

Iren Noe, I will place them all in the countreye of the Brinnes and Tooles, which Phengh Mac Hughe bath, and in all the landes of the Kevanaghs, which are nowe in rebellion, and all the landes which will fall to her Majestie thereabouts, which I knowe to be verye spacious and large enough to contayne them, being verye a neere twentye or thirtiye miles wyde

Eudox But what then will ye doe with all the Brinnes there, the Tooles, and the Kevanaghs, and all those that nowe are joynd with them?

Iren At the same very time, and in the same manner that I make that proclamation to them of Ulster, will I have it also made to these, and upon theiyr submission thereunto, I will take like assurance of them as of others. After which I will translate all that remainye of them into the places of tholher in Ulster, with all theiyr creete, and what else they have left them, the which I will cause to be divided amongst them in some meete sorte, as eche may thereby have somewhat to sustayne himself a while withall, untill, by his further travell and labour of the earth, he shalbe able to provide himselfe better

Eudox But will you then give the lande freelye unto them, and make them heyres of the former rebells? soe may you perhaps make them heyres also of all theiyr former villanies and disorders, or howe els will you dispose of them?

Iren Not soe, but all the landes I will give unto Englishmen whom I will have

drawen thither, who shall have the same with such estates as shal be thought meete, and for such rentes as shall eft-sones be rated under everye of these Englishmen will I place some of the Irish to be tenauntes for a certayne rente, according to the quantitive of such land, as everye man shall have allotted unto him, and shalbe founde able to weelde, wherin this speciall regarde shal be had, that in noe place under any land-lorde there shall remayne manye of them planted together, but dispersed wide from theiyr acquaintance, and scattered farre abroad through all the countreye. For that is the evill which I nowe finde in all Ireland, that the Irish dwell together by theiyr septs, and severall nations, soe as they may practice or conspire what they will, whereas yf there were English shedd amongst them and placed over them, they should not be able once to styrr or murmure, but that it shoulde be known, and they shortened according to theiyr demerites

Eudox Ye have good reason, but what rating of rents meane you? To what end doe you purpose the same?

Iren My purpose is to rate the rents of all those landes of her Majestie in such sorte, unto those Englishmen which shall take them, as they may be well able to live therupon, to yeeld her Majestie reasonable cheverye, and also give a competent mayntenance unto the garrisons, which shall be there left amongst them, for these soul-dours (as I told you) remainyng of the former garrisons I cast to be maintayned upon the rente of those landes which shal be escheated, and to have them divided through all Ireland in such places as shalbe thought most convenient, and occasion may require. And this was the course which the Romans used in the conquest of England, for they planted some of theiyr legions in all places convenient, the which they caused the countrey to maintayne, cutting upon everye portion of lande a reasonable rent, which they called Romescott, the which might not surcharge the tenaunte or free-holder, and defrayed the pay of the garrison and this hath bene allwayes observed of all princes in all countreyes to them newly subdued, to sett garrisons amongst them to contayne them in dutye, whose burthen they made them to beare, and the wante of this ordinaunce, in the first conquest of Ireland by Henry the Second, was the cause of the shorte decaye of that government, and the quicke recoverye agayne of the Irish. Ther-

formerly shewed in the first planting of them And moreover at every e of those fortes I would have the state of a towne layed forth and encompassed, in the which I would wish that there should be placed inhabitants of all sortes, as marchauntes, artificers, and husbandmen, to whom there should be charters and franchises graunted to incorporate them The which, as it wil be no matter of difficultye to drawe out of England persons which should very gladly be soe placed, soe would it in shorte space turne those partes to greate comoditie, and bring ere longe to her Majestie much profit, for those places are soe fitt for trade and trafficke, having most convenient out-gates by diverse rivers to the sea, and in-gates to the richest partes of the lande, that they would soone be enriched, and mightely enlarged, for the very seating of the garrisons by them besides, the safetie and assurance that they shall worke unto them will alsoe drawe thither store of people and trade, as I have seene examples at Mariborough and Phillipstowne in Leynster, where by reason of these two fortes, though there were but small wardes left in them, there are two good townes now grown, which are the greatest staye of both those two countyes

Eudox Indee (me seemes) three such townes, as you say, would doe very well in those places with the garrisons, and in shorte space would be soe augmented, as they would be able with litle helpe to wall themselves strongly but, for the planting of all the rest of the countrey, what order would ye take?

Iren What other then (as I sayd) to bring people out of England, which should inhabit the same, whereunto though, I doubt not, but grente troupes would be readye to runne, yet for that in such cases, the worst and most decayed men are most readye to remove, I would wish them rather to be chosen out of all partes of the realme, either by discretion of wise men thereunto appoynted, or by lott, or by the drumme, as was the old use in sending forth of colonies, or such other good meanes as shall in theyr wiselome be thought meetest Amongest the chiefest of which I would have the lande sett into segniories, in such sorte as it is now in Mounster, and divided into hundreds and parishes, or wardes, as it is in England, and layed out into shires as it was aunciently, viz the countye of Downe, the countye of Antrim, the countye of Louthe, the countye of Armaghe, the countye of Cavan, the

countye of Colrane, the countye of Monahan, the countye of Tyrone, the countye of Fermanagh, the countye of Donnegall, being in all tenne Over all which Irish I wish a Lord President and a Counsell to be placed, which may keepe them afterwards in awe and obedience, and minister unto them justice and equitye

Eudox Thus I see the whole purpose of your plot for Ulster, and nowe I desire to heare your like opinion for Conaughte.

Iren By that which I have alreadye sayd of Ulster you may gather my opinion for Conaughte, being verye answerable unto the former But for that the landes, which therein shall escheate unto her Majesty, are not soe intierlye together as that they can be accompted in one somme, it needeth that they be considered severallye. The province of Conaughte containeth in the whole (as appeareth by the Recordes of Dublin) 7200 plow-landes of the former measure, and is of late divided into six shires or countyes the countye of Clare, the countye of Lentrum, the countye of Roscomman, the countye of Galloway, the countye of Maisho, and the countye of Sleugh. Of the which, all the countye of Sleugh, all the countye of Maisho, the most parte of the countye of Roscomman, the most parte of the countye of Lentrum, a greate parte of the countye of Galloway, and some of the countye of Clare, is like to escheate unto her Majesty for the rebellion of theyr present possessours The which two countyes of Sleugh and Maisho are supposed to containe almost 3000 plow-landes, the rente wherof, ratable to the former, I vallowe almost at 6000*l* per annum The countye of Roscomman, saving what pertaineth to the howse of Roscomman and some fewe other English there lately seated, is all one, and therefore it is whollye likewise to escheate to her Majesty, saving those portions of English inhabitants, and even those English doe (as I understand by them) paye as much rente to her Majesty as is sett upon those in Ulster, counting theyr composition monye therewithall, soe as it may runne all into one reckning with the former two countyes Soe that this countye of Roscomman, containing 1200 plow-landes, as it is accompted, amounteth to 2400*l* by the yeare, which with that former two countyes rente maketh about 8300*l* for the former wanted somewhat. But what the escheated landes of the countyes of Galloway and Lentrum will arise unto is yet uncertayne to define, till survey thereof be made, for that those landes are intermingled

with the Earle of Clanricarde, and others, but it is thought they be the one halfe of both these countyes, soe as they may be counted to the valewe of one whole countye, which contayneth above one thousand plowlandes, for soe manye the least countie of them all comprehendeth, which maketh two thousand poundes more, that is, in all, 10 or 11000! Thother two countyes must remayne till they escheates appeare the which letting pass yet as unknowne, yet thus much is knowne to be accounted for certayne, that the composition of these two countyes, being rated at 20s every plowland, will amounte to above 2000! more all which being layed together to the former, may be reasonably estimated to rise unto 13000! the which somme, together with the rente of the escheated landes in the two last countyes, which cannot yet be valewed, being, (as I doubt not) no less then a 1000! more, will yeld a pay largely unto a thousand men and theyr victuallers, and a thousand poundes over towards the Governour

Eudox Ye have (me thinkes) made but an estimate of these landes of Conaughte even at a very eventure, soe as it should be harde to builde any certayntye of charge to be raysed upon the same.

Iren Not altogither upon uncertayntyes, for thus much may easely appeare unto you for certayne, as the composition mony of every plowland amounteth unto, for this I would have you principallv to understand, that my purpose is to rate all the landes in Ireland at 20s every plowland, for theyr composition toward the garrison. The which I knowe, in regarde of being freed from all other charges whatsoever, wil be readely and most gladly yelded unto. So that there being in all Ireland (as appeareth by theyr old records) 43920 plowlandes, the same shall amounte to the sum likewise of 43920L, and the rest to be reared of the escheated landes which fall to her Majestie in the sayd provinces of Ulster, Conaughte, and that parte of Leinster under the rebells, for Mounster we deale not yet withall.

Eudox But tell me this, by the way, doe you then lay composition upon the escheated landes as you doe upon the rest? for soe (me thinkes) you reckon altogither. And that sure were to much to pay seven nobles out of every plowland, and composition mony besides, that is 20s out of every plowland.

Iren No, you mistake me, I doe put only seven nobles rent and composition both upon every plowland escheated. that is 40s for

composition, and 6s 8d for cheiferie to her Majestie

Eudox I doe now conceave you, proceede then (I pray you) to the appoynting of your garrisons in Conaughte, and shewe us both how many and where you would have them placed

Iren I would have one thousand layd in Conaughte in two garrisons, namely, 500 in the countye of Mayo, about Clan Mac Costalors, which shall keepe the Moores and the Burkes of Mac William Enter thother 500 in the countye of Clanricarde, about Garandoughe, that they may contayne the Conhors and the Burkes there, the Kellyes and Macknyrrs, with all them thereabout, for that garrison which I formerly placed at Loughearne will serve for all occasions in the countye of Slegho, being neere adjoyning thereto, soe as in one nights marche they may be almost in any place therof when neede shall require them. And like as in the former places of garrisons in Ulster, I wished thre corporate townes to be planted, which under the safeguard of that strengthe shall dwell and trade safely with all the countrey about them, soe would I also wish to be in this of Connaughte, and that besides, there were another established at Athlone, with a convenient warde in the castell there for theyr defence.

Eudox What should that neede, sith the Governour of Connaughte useth to lye there alwayes, whose presence wil be a defence to all that towneship?

Iren I knowe he doth soe, but that is much to be disliked that the Governour should lye soe farr off, in the remotest place of all the province, whereas it were meetter that he should be continually abiding in the midst of his charge, that he might both looke out alike into all places of his government, and also be soone at hand in any place, where occasion shall demaunde him, for the presence of the Governour is (as you say) a great stay and bridle unto them that are ill disposed like as I see it is well observed in Mounster, where the daylye good therof is continually apparant and, for this cause also doe I greatly dislike the Lord Deputres seating at Dublin, being the outest corner in the realme, and least needing the awe of his presence, whereas (me seemes) it were fitter, since his proper care is of Leinster, though he hath care of all besides generally, that he should seate himselfe about Athie, or thereabouts, upon the skirte of that unquett countrey, so that he might sitt, as it were, at the very mayne mast of his shipp, whence he

might easely over looke and sometimes over-reache the Moores, the Butlers, the Dempseys, the Keatins, the Connors, O-Carrell, O-Molloy, and all that herpe of Irish nations which there lye huddled together without any to over-rule them, or contrayne them in duty e For the Irishman (I assure you) feares the Government no longer then he is within sight or reache

Eudox Surely (me thinkes) herein you observe a matter of much importaunce, more then I have hearde ever noted, but sure that seemes soe expedient, as that I wonder it hath bene heeretofore ever omitted, but I suppose the instance of the citizens of Dublin is the greatest lett therof

Iren Truly, then it ought not to be soe, for noe cause have they to feare that it wil be any hindraunce for them, for Dublin wil be still, as it is, the key of all passages and transportations out of England thither, to noe less profit of those citizens then it nowe is, and beside other places wil thereby receive some benefitt But lett us nowe (I pray you) come to Leinster, in the which I would wish the same course to be observed as in Ulster

Eudox You meane for the leaving of the garrisons in theyr fortes, and for planting of English in all those countieyes betwene the countye of Dublin and the countye of Wexford, but those wast wilde places, I thinke, when they are wonne unto her Majestie, that there is none that wil be hasty to seeke to inhabite them

Iren Yes enough, (I warraunte you,) for though the whole trick of the countrey be mountayne and woodye, yet there are many goodly valleyes amongst them, fitt for fayre habitations, to which those mountayns adjoining wil be a greate increase of pasturage, for that countrey is a very greate soyle of cittell, and verye fitt for breede as for come it is nothing naturall, save onely for barley and otes, and some places for rye, and therefore the larger penninorthes may be allowed unto them, though otherwise the wildness of the mountayne pasturage doe recompence the badness of the soyle, so as I doubt not but it will fynde inhabitantes and undertakers enoughe.

Eudox Howe much then doe you thinke that all those landes which Feugh Mac Hughhe holdeth under him may amounte unto, and what rent may be reired therout of the mayntenance of the garrisons that shal be layed there?

Iren Truly, it is impossible by ayme to tell it, and as for experience and knowledge

thereof I doe not thinke that there was ever any of the particulars therof, but yet I will (yf it please you) gesse therat, uppon grounde onely of theyr judgement which have formerly devided all that countrey into two shires or countyes, namely the countye of Wicklow, and the countye of Fearnese the which two I see noe cause but that they should wholeye escheate unto her Majestie, all but the barronye of Archloe which is the Earle of Ormond's auncient inheritance, and hath ever bene in his possession, for all the whole lande is the Queenes unless there be some graunte of any parte therof to be shewed from her Majestie as I thinke there is onely of New-castell to Sir Henry Harrington, and of the castell of Fearnese to Sir Thomas Master-ton, the rest, being almost thirtie miles over, I doe suppose can contayne noe less then two thousand plowlandes, which I wil estimate at 4000 l by the yere The rest of Leinster, being seven countyes, to witt, the countye of Dublin, Kildare, Katarlaghe, Wexford, Kilkenny, the King and Queenes countyes, doe contayne in them 7400 plowlandes, which amounteth to see many poundes for composition to the garrison, that makes in the whole 11,400 poundes, the which somme will yeelde paye unto a thousand souldiours, litle wanting, which may be supplied out of other landes of the Kavanaghes, which are to be escheated unto her Majestie for the rebellion of theyr possessours, though otherwise indeede they be of her Majesties owne auncient demeane

Eudox It is greate reason But tell us nowe where would you wishe those garrisons to be layed, whether altogether, or to be dispersed in sundrye places of the countrey?

Iren Marye, in sundrye places, to witt, in this sorte, or much like as may be better devised, for 200 in a place I doe thinke to be enoughe for the safeguarde of the countrey, and keeping under all suddayne upstartes that shall seeke to trouble the peace therof therefore I wish to be layed at Ballinacornah, for the keeping of all badd parsons from Glanmalour, and all the fastness thereabouts, and also to contrayne all that shal be planted in those landes thenceforth, 200 Another 200 at Knocklough in theyre former place of garrison, to keepe the Briskelagh and all those mountaynes of the Kavanaghs, 200 more to lie at Fearnese, and upwards, inward upon the Slane, 200 to be placed at the forte of Lease, to restrayne the Moores, O'sorie, and O-Carrell, other 200 at the forte of Osalye, to courbe the O-Connors, O-Molloy, Mac-

Coghlane, Maccrighan, and all those Irish nations bordering thereabouts

Eudox Thus I see all your thousand men bestowed in Leinster what say you then of Meath? Which is the first parte?

Iren Meathe, which containeth both East Meath and West Meath, and of late the Anlie nowe called the countye of Longforde, is accompted therunto But Meath it selfe, according to the old recordes, containeth 4920 plowlandes, and the countye of Longforde 947, which in the whole make 5267 plowlandes, of which the composition monye will amounte likewise to five thousand, two hundred, threescore and seaven poundes to the maintenance of the garrison But because all Meathe, lying in the bosome of that kingdome, is allwayes quiett enough, it is needlesse to put any garrison there, soe as all that charge may be spared But in the countye of Longforde I wish 200 footemen and fiftie horsemen to be placed in some convenient seate betwene the Anlie and the Brenne, as about Lough Sillon, or some like place of that river, soe as they might keepe both the O-Relyes, and also the O-Farrels, and all that out-skirte of Meathe in awe, the which use upon every light occasion to be stirring, and, having continually enmitie amongst themselves, doe thereby oftentimes trouble all those partes, the charge wherof being 8400 and odd poundes is to be cutt out of that composition monye for Meath and Longforde, the over-plus, being almost 2000*l*. by the ycare, will come in clearly to her Majestie

Eudox It is woorth the harkening unto But nowe that you have done with Meath, proceede (I pray you) with Mounster, that we may see howe it will rise there for the maintenance of the garrison

Iren Mounster containeth by recordes at Dublin 16000 plowlandes, the composition wherof, at the least, will make 16000*l*. by the ycare, out of the which I would have a thousand souldiours to be maintayned for the defence of that province, the charge of which with the vntaylers wages, will amounte to 12000*l*. by the ycare, the other 4000*l*. will defraye the charges of the President and the Counsell of that province.

Eudox The reckning is easie, but in this accompte, by your leave, (me thinkes) you are deceived, for in this somme of the composition monye ye counte the landes of the undertakers of that province, whose are, by theyr grante from the Queene, to be free from all such impositions whatsoever, ex-

cepting theyr onelye rent, which is surelye enough

Iren Ye say true, I did soe, but the same 20s for every plowland I ment to have deducted out of that rent due upon them to her Majestie, which is noe hinderance, nor charge at all more to her Majestie then it nowe is, for all that rent which she receives of them, she putteth forth the agayne to the mayntenance of the Presidencie there, the charge wherof it doth scarcely defraye, whereas in this accompte both that charge of the Presidencie, and also of 1000 souldiours more, shal be maintayned

Eudox It should be well, if it could be brought to that But nowe where will you have your thousand men garrisoned?

Iren I would have 100 of them placed at the Baintree where is a most fit place, not onely to defend all that side of the west parte from forrayne invasion, but also to answere all occassions of troubles, to which that countrey, being soe remote, is very subject And surely heere also would be planted a good towne, having both a very good haven and plentifull fishing, and the lunde being all-readye escheated to her Majestie, but forcibly kepte from her by a ragtyle kene that proclaymeth himselfe the bastarde sonne of the Earle of Clancare, being called Donel Mac Carlye, whom it is meete to fore-see to cutt off, for whensoever the Earle shall dye, all those landes after lum are to come unto her Majestie he is like to make a fowle stirre there, though of himselfe of noe power, yet through supportance of some others whose lye in the winde, and looke after the fall of that inheritance Another 100 would I have placed at Castell-Mayne, which should keepe all Desmonde and Kerye, for it answereth them both most conveniently Also about Kilmore in the countye of Corke would I have placed 200, the which should breake that nest of theeves there, and answerewe equallo both to the countie of Lymerieke, and also the countie of Corke Another hundred would I have lye at Corke, as well to commande the towne, as also to be readye for any forreyne occasion Likewise at Waterford, would I place 200, for the same reasons, and also for other privye causes, that are noe less important Moreover on this side of Arlo, neere to Moseric Whirke, which is the countrey of the Bourkes, about Kill-Patrice, I would have 200 more to be garrisoned, which should scoure both the White Knights countrey and Arlo, and Moseric Whirke, by which places all the

as for all occasions of suddaine services, as also for preventing of all times of dearthe and scarcitye and thus wante is much to be complained of in England above all other countreies, whose, trusting to much to the usuall blessing of the earthe, doe never forecast any such hardt seasons, nor any such suddaine occasions as these troublous times may every day bring forth, when it will be to late to gather provision from abroad, and to bring it perhaps from farre for the furnishing of shippes or souldiours, which peradventure may neede to be presently employed, and whose wante may (which God forbidd) happyle hazzarde a kingdom.

Eudox Indeede the wante of these magazines of vittayls, I have heerde oftentimes complained of in England, and wondred at in other countreies, but that is nothing nowe to our purpose, but as for these garrisons which ye have nowe soe strongly plaunted throughout all Ireland, and every place swarming with souldiours, shall there be noe end of them? For nowe thus being (me seemes) I doe see rather a countrey of warre then of peace and quiet, which ye earst pretended to worke in Ireland, for if you bringe all things to that quietness which you sayd, what neede then to maintayne soe great forces as you have charged upon it?

Iren I will unto you, *Eudoxus*, in private discover the drift of my purpose I meane (as I tolde you) and doe well hope hereby both to settell an eternall peace in that countrey, and also to make it verye profitable to her Majestie, the which I see must be brought in by a stronge hand, and soe continued, till it runne in a stedfast course of government, the which in this sorte will neither be difficile nor dangerous, for the souldiour being once brought in for the service into Ulster, and having subdued it and Connaughte, I will not have him to laye downe his armes any more, till he have effected that which I purpose, that is, first to have this generall composition for the maintenance of the same throughout all the realme in regard of the troublous times, and darlie daunger which is threatned to this realme by the King of Spayne And the next to be to keepe all my souldiours in such sort as I have done, that noe parte of all that realme shal be able or dare soe much as to quench. Then will I easily bring in reformation, and thereupon establish such a course of government as I may thinke fittest for the good of that realme, which

being once established, and all thinges putt into a right way, I doubt not but they will runne on sayrely And though they would ever seeke to swarve aside, yet shall they not be able without forreyne violence once to remove, as you your selfe shall soone (I hope) in your own reason readily conceive, which yf ever it shall appeare, then may her Majestic at pleasure with-drawe some of her garrisons, and turne theyr paye into her purse, or yf she will never please soe to doe (which I would rather wish), then shall she have a number of brave old souldiours allwayes readye for any occasion that she will employe them unto, supplying theyr garrisons with fresh ones in theyr steede, the maintenance of whom shal be noe more charge to her Majestic then nowe that realme is, for all the revenue therof, and much more, she spendeth, even in the most peaceable times that are there, as things nowe stand And in time of warre, which is nowe surelye every seaventh yeare, she spendeth infinite treasure besides to small purpose

Eudox I perceave your purpose, but nowe that you have thus strongly made waye unto your reformation, as that I see the people soe humbled and prepared that they will and must yelde to any ordonnance that shal be given them, I doe much desire to understand the same, for in the beginning you promised to shewe a meane howe to redresse all those inconveniences and abuses, which you shewed to be in that state of government, which nowe standes there, as in the lawes, customes, and religion wherein I would gladly knowe first, whether, insteade of those lawes, ye would have newe lawes made for nowe, for ought that I see, you may doe what you please

Iren I see, *Eudoxus*, that you well remember our first purpose, and doe rightly continue the course therof First therefore to speake of Lawes, since we first begonne with them, I doe not thinke it convenient, though nowe it be in the power of the Prince to change all the lawes and make newe, for that should breede a greate trouble and confusion, as well in the English now dwelling there and to be plaunted, as also in the Irish For the English, having bene trayned up allwayes in the English government, will hardly be enured unto any other, and the Irish will better be drawn to the English then the English to the Irish government Therefore since we cannot nowe applye lawes att for the people, as in

the first institution of common-wealthes it ought to be, we will applye the people, and fitt them to the lawes, as it most conveniently may be. The lawes therefore we resolve shall abide in the same sorte that they doe, both Common Lawe and Statutes, onely such defectes in the Common Lawe, and inconveniences in the Statutes, as in the beginning we noted and as men of deepe insight shall advise, may be chaunged by some other newe Actes and ordinaunces to be by a Parliament there confirmed. As those of tryalls of Pleas of the Crowne, and private rightes betwene parties, colourable conveyances, accessaries, &c.

Eudox But howe will those be redressed by Parliament, when as the Irish which sway most in Parliament (as you sayd), shall oppose themselves agaynst them?

Iren That may now be well avoyded. For nowe that soe many Free-holders of English shal be established, they together with Burgesses of townes, and such other loyall Irish-men as may be preferred to be Knights of the Shire, and such like, wil be able to bearde and counter-poise the rest, whoe also, being nowe brought more in awe, will the more easily submit to any such ordinaunces as shal be for the good of themselves, and that realme generallie.

Eudox You say well for the increase of Freeholders, for theyre numbers will hereby be greatly augmented, but howe shall it pass through the higher howse, which will still consist all of Irish?

Iren Marye, that also may well be redressed by the example of that which I have hearde was done in the like case by King Edward the Thirde (as I remember), whoe, being greatly bearded and crossed by the Lordes of the Cleargye, they being then by reason of the Lordes Abbots and others, to manye and to stronge for him, soe as he could not for theyr frowardness order and reforme thinges as he desired, was advised to directe out his writtes to certayne Gentlemen of the best abilitie and trust, entitling them therein Barrons, to serve and sitt as Barrons in the next Parliament. By which meanes he had soe many Barrons in his Parliament, as were able to waigh downe the Cleargye and theyr frenendes, the which Barrons they say, were not afterwarde Lordes, but only Barronets, as sundrye of them doe yet retayne the name. And by the like devise her Majestie may now likewise coure and cutt shorte these Irish and unrulye Lordes that hinder all good proceedings

Eudox It seemeth noe less then for reforming of all those inconvenient statutes that ye noted in the beginning, and redressing of all those evill customes, and lastly, for settling sound religion amongst them me thinkes ye shall not neede any more to goe over those particulars agayne, which you mentioned, nor any other which might besides be remembered, but to leave all to the reformation of such Parliametes, in which, by the good care of the Lord Deputye and Counsell they may all be amended. Therefore nowe you may come to that generall reformation which you spake of, and bringing in of that establishment, by which you sayd all men should be contented in dutye ever after, without the terrour of warlike forces, or violent wrestinge of thinges by sharpe punishments.

Iren I will see at your pleasure, the which (me seemes) can by noe meanes be better plotted then by example of such other realmes as have bene annoyed with like evils, that Ireland nowe is, and useth still to be. And first in this our realme of England, it is manifest, by reporte of the Chronicles and aunient writers, that it was greatly infested with robbers and out-lawes, which lurked in woodes and fast places, whence they used oftentimes to breake forth into the highe wayes, and sometimes into the small villages to robbe and spoyl. For redress wherof it is written that King Allured, or Alfred, who then raigned, did devide the realme into shires, and the shires into hundrethes, and the hundrethes into ripes or wapentakes, and the wapentakes into tithinges. Soe that tenn tithinges made an hundrethe, and five made a lathe or wapentake, of which tenn, ech one was bounde for another, and the eldest or best of them, whom they called the Tithingman or Burseholder that is, the eldest pledge, became suretye for all the rest. Soe that yf any one of them did starte into any undutifull action, the Burseholder was bounde to bringe him forth, whoe joynning eft-sones with all his tithing, would followe that loose person through all places, till they brought him in. And yf all that tithing sayled, then all that lath was charged for that tithing, and if that lath failed, then all the hundred was demanded for them, and yf the hundred, then the shire, whoe, joynning eft-sones together, would not rest till they had founde out and delivered in that undutifull fellowe which was not amenable to lawe. And herin it seemeth, that that good Saxon King

followed the Counsell of Jethro to Moses, whoe advised him to devide the people into hundredes, and to sett Captaynes and wise men of trust over them, which should take the charge of them, and ease him of that burthen And soe did Romulus (as you may reade) devide the Romaynes into tribes, and the tribes into Centuries or hundreds By this ordinance the King brought this realme of England, (which before was most troublesome) into that quiett state, that noe one badd person could starte but he was straight taken holde of by those of his owne tithing, and theyr Burseholder, whoe being his neighbour or next kinsman were privie to all his wayes, and looked narrowly into his life The which instatation (yf it were observed in Ireland) would worke that effecte which it did then in England, and keepe all men within the compass of dutye and obedience

Eudox This is contrarie to that you sayde before, for, (as I remember,) you sayd there was a greate disproportion betwene England and Ireland, soe as the lawes which were fitting for one would not fitt the other Howe comes it then, now, that you would transerre a principall institution from England to Ireland?

Iren This lawe was made not by a Norman Conquerour, but by a Saxon King, at what time England was very like to Ireland, as now it standes for it was (as I tolde you) greatlye annoyed with robbers and out-lawes, which troubled the whole state of the realme, everye corner having a Robin Hood in it, that kepte the woodes, and spoyle all passagers and inhabitauntes, as Ireland nowe hath, soe as, me seemes, this ordinance would fitt verye well, and bring them all into awe

Eudox Then, when you have thus tithed the comunaltie, as ye say, and set Burseholders over them all, what would ye doe when ye come to the gentellmen? would ye holde the same course?

Iren Yea, maye, most speciallye, for this you must knowe, that all the Irish almost boast themselves to be gentellmen, noe less then the Welsh, for yf he can derive himselfe from the head of a septe, as most of them can, (and they are experte by theyr Bardes,) then he holdeth himselfe a gentellman, and therupon scorneth vntsones to worke, or use any hande labour, which he sayeth is the life of a peasaunte or churle, but thencefoorth becometh either an horse-boy, or a stolaghe to some kearne, enuring

himselfe to his weapon, and to his gentell trade of stealing, (as they counte it.) Soe that, a gentellman, or any woorthy yeoman of them, have any children, the eldest perhaps shal be kept in some order, but all the rest shall shiffe for themselves, and fall to this occupation And moreover it is a common use amongst some of theyr best gentellmens sonnes, that soe soone as they are able to use theyre weapons, they straight gather to themselves three or fowre stragglers, or kerne, with whom wandring a while idely up and downe the countrey, taking onely meate, he at last falleth into some badd occasion that shal be offered, which being once made knowne, he is thencefoorth counted a man of woorth, in whome there is couradge, wherupon there drawe unto him many other like loose yong men, which, stirring him up with encouragement, provoke him shortly to flatt rebellion, and this happenes not onely sometimes in the sonnes of theyr gentellmen, but oftentimes also of theyr nobellmen, speciallye of theyr base sonnes, as there are fewe without some of them For they are not ashamed onely to acknowledge them, but also boast of them, and use them in such secrett services as they themselves will not be seene in, as to plague theyr enemies, to spoyle theyr neighbours, to oppress and crush some of theyr owne to stubburne free-holders, which are not tractable to theyr bad willes Two such bastards of the Lord Roches there are nowe out in Mounster whom he doth not onely countenance but also privilye maintayne and relieve mightely against his tenauntes, such other is there of the Earle of Glancartye in Desmond, and many others in many more places

Eudox Then it seemes that this ordinance of tithing them by the polle is not onelye fitt for the gentellmen, but also for the nobellmen, whom I would have thought to have bene of soe honorable myndes, as that they should not neede such a base kinde of being bounde to theyr illgeaunce, who should rather have helde in and staved all others from undatfulness, then neede to be forced thereunto themselves

Iren Yet soe it is, *Eudoxus*, but yet because the nobellmen cannot be tithed, there being not many tithinges in them, and also because a Burseholder over them should not onelye be a greate indignitye, but also a daunger to add more power to them then they have, or to make one the commander of tenn, I hold it meete that there were onely sureties

taken of them, and one bounde for another, whereby, yf any shall swaie, his suretyes shall for safegarde of theyr bandes either bring him in, or seeke to serve upon him and besides this, I would wish them all to be sworne to her Majestie, which they never yet were, but at theyr first creation, and that oath would sure contayne them greatlye, or the breache of it bring them to shorter vengeance, for God useth to punnish perjurye sharpelye Soe I reade, that in the raigne of Edward the Second, and also of Henry the Seaventh, (when the times were verye broken) that there was a corporat oth taken of all the lordes and best gentell-men, of fealtye to the King, which nowe is noe less needfull, because many of them are suspected to have taken another othe privilye to some badd purposes, and therupon to have received the Sacrament, and bene sworne to a preist, which they thinke bindeth them more then theyr allegiance to theyr Prince, or love of theyr countrey

Eudox This tithing of that common-people, and taking suretyes of lordes and gentellmen, I like verye well, but that it wilbe verye troublesome should it not be as well to have them all booked, and the lordes and gentell-men to take all the meaner sorte upon themselves? for they are best able to bring them in, whensoever any of them starteth out

Iren This indeede (*Eudoxus*) hath bene hitherto, and yet is a common order amongst them, to have all the people booked by the lordes and gentellmen, but yet it is the woorst order that ever was devised, for by this booking of men all the inferiour sorte are brought under the comaunde of theyr lordes, and forced to followe them into any action whatsoever Nowe this you are to understand, that all the rebellions that you see from time to time happen in Ireland are not begonne by the common people, but by the lordes and captaynes of countreyes, upon pride or willfull obstinacye agaynst the government, which whensoever they will enter into, they drawe with them all theyr people and followers, which thinke themselves bounde to goe with them, because they have booked them and undertaken for them And this is the reason that ye have fewe such badd occasions here in England, by reason that the noblemen, however they should happen to be ill disposed, should have noe commaunde at all over the comunaltye, though dwelling under them, because that everye man standeth upon himselfe, and

buildeth his fortunes upon his owne sayth and firme assurance the which this manner of tithing the polls will worke also in Ireland For by this the people are broken into many small partes, like litle streames, that they cannot easely come together into one head, which is the principall regarde that is to be had in Ireland to keepe them from growing to such a head, and adhering unto great men

Eudox But yet I can not see howe this can be well brought, without doing great wrong to the noblemen there, for at the conquest of that realme, those great segniories and lordships were given them by the King, that they should be the stronger agaynst the Irish, by the multitude of followers and tenautes under them all which hold theyr tenementes of them by fealtye, and such services, whereby they are (by the first graunt of the King) made bounde unto them, and tyed to rise out with them into all occasions of service And thus I have often hearde, that when the Lord Deputy hath rayzed any generall hostinges, the noblemen have claymed the leading of them, by graunte from the Kunges of England under the Greate Seale exhibited, soe as the Deputyes would not refuse them to have the leading of them, or, yf they did, they would soe worke, as none of theyr followers should rise foorth to the hosting

Iren You say verye true, but will you see the fruite of these grauntes? I have knowen when these lordes have had the leading of theyr owne followers under them to the generall hosting, that they have for the same cutt upon every plovland within theyr countrey 40s or more, wherebye some of them have gathered above 7 or 800l, and others much more, into theyr purse, in lieu wherof they have gathered unto themselves a number of loose kearne out of all partes, which they have carred forth with them, to whom they never gave pennye of entertaynement, allowed by the countrey or forced by them, but let them feede upon the countreyes, and extort upon all men where they come, for that people will never aske better entertaynement then to have a colour of service or employment given them, by which they will pill and spoyl soe outrageously, as the verye Enemye can not doe much worse and they also sometimes turne to the Enemyes

Eudox It seemes the first intent of these grauntes was agaynst the Irish, which nowe some of them use agaynst the Queene her selfe But nowe what remedye is there for

this? Or howe can these grauntes of the Kinges be avoyded, without wronging of those lordes which had those landes and lordships given them?

Iren Surely they may be well enough, for most of those lordes, since theyr first grauntes from the Kinges by which these landes were given them, have sithence bestowed the most parte of them amongst theyr kinsfolkes, as every lorde perhaps in his time hath given one or other of his principall castells to his yonger sonne, and other to others, as largely and as amplye as they were given to him, and others they have sold, and others they have bought, which were not in theyr first graunte, which nowe nevertheless they bring within the compass therof, and take and exacte upon them, as upon their first demeanes, all those kinde of services, yea and the very wilde Irish exactions, as Coigne and Iverye, for him and such like, by which they poll and utterly undoe the poore tenants and freeholders unto them, which either through ignorance knowe not theyr tenures, or through greatness of theyr newe lordes dare not challenge them, yea, and some lordes of countreyes also, as greate ones as themselves, are nowe by strong hand brought under them, and made theyr vassalls. As for example Arondell of Stronde in the Countye of Corcke, whoe was aunciently a greate lorde, and was able to spend 3500*l* by the yere as appeareth by good Records, is nowe become the Lord Barryes man, and doth to him all the services which are due unto her Majestie. For reformation of all which, it were good that a commission should be granted forth under the Great Seale, as I have seene once recorded in the old counsell booke of Mounster, It was sent forth in the time of Sir William Drurye unto persons of speciall trust and judgement to enquire throughout all Ireland beginning with one countrey first, and soe resting a while till the same were settled, by the verdict of a sounde and substantiall jurye, how every man holdeth his landes, of whom and by what tenure, soe that every one should be admitted to shewe and exhibite what right he hath, and by what services he holdeth his land, whether in chief or in socadge, or in knights service, or howe else soever. Thereupon would appeare, first howe all those greate English lordes doe claime those great services, what seignories they usurpe, what wardeships they take from the Queene, what landes of hers they conceale, and then howe those Irish captivnes of countreyes have

encroched upon the Queenes free-holders and tenants, howe they have translated the tenures of them from English holding unto Irish Tanistrie, and defeated her Majestie of all the rightes and duties which are to accrewe to her therout, as wardeships, liveries, mariadges, fines of alienations, and manye other comodities, which nowe are kepte and concealed from her Majestie to the value of 60,000*l* yearlye, I dare undertake, in all Ireland, by that which I knowe in one countreye.

Eudox This, Irenæus, would seeme a dangerous commission, and readye to stirre up all the Irish into rebellion, whose knowing that they have nothing to shewe for all those landes which they holde, but theyr swordes, would rather drave them then suffer theyr landes to be thus drawn away from them.

Iren Nether should theyr landes be taken away from them, nor the uttermost advantages enforced agavnst them. But this by discretion of the commissioners should be made knowne unto them, that it is not her Majesties meaning to use any such extremitye, but onely to reduce things into order of English lawe, and make them to hold theyr landes of her Majestie, and restore to her her due services, which they detain out of those landes which were aunciently held of her. And that they should not onely be thrust out, but also have estates and grauntes of theyr landes nowe made to them from her Majestie, soe as they should thenceforth holde them rightfullie, which they nowe usurpe most wrongfullie, and yet withall I would wish, that in all those Irish countreyes there were some land reserved to her Majesties free disposition for the better containing of the rest, and intermeddling them with English inhabitants and customes, that knowledge might still be had by them, and of all theyr doinges, soe as noe manner of practice or conspiracye should be had in hand amongst them, but notice should be given therof by one meanes or other, and theyr practises prevented.

Ludox Trulye neither can the English, nor yet the Irish lords, thinke themselves wronged, nor hardlie dealt withall herein, to have that indeede which is none of theyr owne at all, but her Majesties absolutely, given to them with such equall condicions, as that both they may be assured therof, better then they are, and also her Majestie not defrauded of her right utterlye, for it is a great grace in a prince, to take that with condicions which is absolutely her owne. Thus shall the

Irish be well satisfyed, and as for the great men which had such grauntes made them at first by the Kinges of England, it was in regarde that they should keepe out the Irish, and defend the Kinges right, and his subjectes but now seeing that, instead of defending them, they robbe and spoyle them, and, instead of keeping out the Irish, they doe not onelye make the Irish theyr tenauntes in those landes, and thrust out the English, but also they themselves become meere Irish, with marryng with them, fostyrng with them, and combining with them agaynst the Queene, what reason is there but that those grauntes and priviledges should be either revoked, or at least reduced to the first intention for which they were graunted? For sure in myne opinion they are more sharply to be chastised and reformed then the rude Irish, which, being verye wilde at the first, are now become somewhat more civill, when as these from civilitye are grown to be wilde and meere Irish

Iren Indeede as you say, *Eudoxus*, these doe neede a sharper reformation then the verve Irish, for they are much more stubborne, and disobedient to lawe and government, then the Irish be, and more malicious to the English that daylye are sent over

Eudox Is it possible I pray you? Howe comes it to pass, and what may be the reason thereof?

Iren Marye! they say that the lande is theys onely by right, being first conquered by theyr auncestours, and that they are wronged by the newe English mens intruding therunto, whom they call Alloonagh with as greate reproche as they would rite a dogge And for that some of theyr auncestours were in times past (when they were civill and incorrupted) Justices and Deputyes of the lande, they thinke that the like authoritye should be given to them, and the charge of the realme left in theyr handes, which, for that they see it nowe otherwise disposed, and that trust not given them (which theyr auncestours had) they thinke themselves greatly indignified and disgraced, and thereby growe both discontented and undutifull

Eudox In truth, *Irenæus* this is more then ever I hearde, that English-Irish there should be worse then the wilde Irish Lord! howe quickly doth that countrey alter mens natures! It is not for nothing (I perceave) that I have heard, that the Counsell of England thinke it noe good policie to have that realme reformed, or planted with English, lest they should growe as undutifull as the Irish, and become

much more dangerous as appeareth by the example of the Lacies in the time of Edward the Second, which you spoke of, that shooke of theyr allégeaunce to theyr naturall Prince, and turned to the Scott (Edward le Bruce), devising to make him King of Ireland

Iren Noe times have bene without badd men but as for that purpose of the Counsell of England, which ye spake of, that they should keepe that realme from reformation, I thinke they are most lewdly abused, for theyr great carefulness and earnest endeavours doe witness the contrarye Neither is it the nature of the countrey to alter mens manners, but the badd myndes of them, whoe having bene brought up at home under a straight rule of dutye and obedience, being allwayes restrayned by sharpe penaltyes from lewde behaviour, soe soone as they come thither, where they see lawes more slacklye tended, and the harde restraynt which they were used unto nowe slackted, they growe more loose and careless of theyr dutye and as it is the nature of all men to love libertye, soe they become flatt libertines, and fall to all licentiousness, more boldly daring to disobey the lawe, through the presumption of favour and friendship, then any Irish dare

Eudox Then yf that be soe, (me thinkes) your late advisement was every evil, wherby you wished the Irish to be sowed and sprinkled with the English, and in all the Irish countreyes to have English plaunted amongst them, for to bring them to English fashions, since the English be sooner drawn to the Irish then the Irish to the English for as you sayd before, if they must runne with the stream, the greater number will carrie away the less Therefore (me seemes) by this reason it should be better to parte the Irish and English, then to mingle them together

Iren Not soe, *Eudoxus*, for where there is noe good stay of government, and strong ordinaunces to holde them there indeede the fewer will followe the more, but where there is due order of discipline and good rule, there the better shall goe formost, and the worse shall followe And therefore nowe, since Ireland is full of her owne nation that may not be rooted out, and somewhat stored with English allreadve, and more to be, I thinke it best by an union of manners, and conformitye of myndes, to bring them to be one people, and to putt away the dislikefull conceit both of the one, and the other, which will be by noe meanes better then by this enterminging of them That neither all the Irish may dwell together, nor all the English, but

boilely labour to followe a few cowes grazing, but such impotent persons, as being unable for strong travell, are yet able to drive cattell to and fro the pasture for the keeping of cowes is of it selfe a very idle life and a little nurse of a theft. For which cause I remember that I dislik'd the Irish manner of keeping Bolyses in Sommer upon the mountaines, and living after that savage sorte. But yet they will alwayes feede many cattell, or keepe them on the mountaines lett them make some townes neere the mountaines side, where they may dwell together with ne.ighbours, and be conversant in the viewe of the world. And, to say truth though Ireland be by nature counted a great soyle of pasture, yet had I rather have fewer cowes kept, and men better manner'd, then to have such huge encroachment of cattell, and noe increase of good conditions. I would therefore wish that there were made some ordinances amongst them, that whosoever keepeth twentye kine should keepe a plough going for otherwise all men would fall to pasturing, and none to husbandrye, which is a great cause of this dearth now in England, and a cause of the usuall stealthes now in Ireland. I or looke into all countreies that live in such sorte by keeping of cattell, and you shall finde that they are both very barbarous and uncivil, and also greatly given to warre. The Tartarians, the Muscovites, the Norwages the Gothes, the Armenians, and many others doe witness the same. And therefore since now we purpose to drive the Irish from course of warres and tumults, to the love of peace and civility, it is expedient to abridge their great custome of herding, and augment their more trade of tillage and husbandrye. As for other occupations and trades, they neede not to be enforced to, but every man bounde onely to followe one that he thinkes himselfe aptest for. For other trades of artificers wil be occupied for verye necessitive and constrained use of them, and soe likewise will marchandise for the gayne thereof. but learning, and bringing up in liberall sciences, will not come of it selfe, but must be drawn on with strait lawes and ordinances. And therefore it were meete that such an acte were ordained, that all the sonnes of lordes, gentlemen, and such others as are able to bring them up in learning, should be travned up therein from their child-hood. And for that end everye parish should be forced to keepe one pettye school-master, adjoining to the parish church, to be the more in viewe, which

should bring up their children in the first rudiments of letters. and that, in everye countrye or baronye, they should keepe an other able school-master, which should instructe them in grammaire, and in the principles of sciences, to whom they should be compelled to send their youth to be disciplined, whereby they will in shorte time growe up to that civill conversation that both the children will loath their former rudeness in which they were bred, and also the parentes will, even by the example of their young children perceive the foulness of their owne brutish behaviour compared to theirs. for learning hath that wonderfull power in it selfe, that it can soften and temper the most sturme and savage nature.

Eudar Surely I am of your mynd that nothing will bring them from their uncivil life sooner then learning and discipline, next after the knowledge and feare of God. And therefore I doe still expect, that we should come therunto, and sett some order for reformation of religion, which is first to be respected, according to the saying of CHRIST, 'First seeke the kingdome of heaven, and the righteousness thereof.'

Iren I have in mynde soe to doe, but lett me (I pray you) first wish that which I had in hand, whereby all the ordinances which shall afterwards be sett for religion may abide the more firmlye, and be observed more diligently. Nowe that this people is thus tithed and ordered, and everye one bound unto some honest trade of life, which shall be particularly entred and sett downe in the tithing booke, yet perhaps there wil be some stragglers and runnigates which will not of themselves come in and yeeld themselves to this order and yet after the well finishing of this present warre and establishing of the garrisons in all strong places of the countrey where they were wonted to fuge was most, I doe suppose there will fewe stand out, or if they doe, they will shortly be brought in by the eares. But yet afterwards, least any one of these should swarve, or any that is tyed to a trade should afterwards not followe the same according to this institution, but should straggle up and downe the countrey, or miche in corners amongst their frendes idlye, as Crooghs, Bardes, Jesters, and such like I would wish that there were a Provost Marshall appointed in everye shire, which should continuallye walke through the countrey, with halfe a dozen, or half a score of horsemen, to take up such loose persons as they should finde thus wandring, whom he should punish

by his owne authoritye, with such paynes as the persons should seeme to deserve for yf he be but once taken soe idlye roging, he may punnish him more lightlye, as with stockes, or such like, but yf he be founde agayne soe loytring, he may scourge him with whippes, or roddes, after which yf he be agayne taken, lett him have the bitterness of the marshall lawe Likewise yf any relickes of the old rebellion be founde by him, that have not either come in and submitted themselves to the lawe, or that having once come in, doe breake forth agayne, or walke disorderlye, lett them taste of the same cupp in Gods name, for it was due unto them for theyr first guilt, and now being revivd by theyr later looseness, lett them have theyr first desarte, as now being founde unfitt to live in a commonwealth

Eudox This was a good manner, but me thinks it is an unnecessary charge, and also unfitt to continue the name or forme of any marshall lawe, when as there is a proper officer alreadye appointed for these turnes, to witt the sheriff of the shire, whose peculiar office it is to walke continuallye up and downe his baly-wick, as ye would have a marshall to snatche up all those runnagates and unprofitable members, and to bring them to his goale to be punished for the same Therefore this may well be spared

Iren Not soe, me seemes, for though the sherriff have this authoritye of himselfe to take up all such stragglers, and imprison them, yet shall he not doe soe much good, nor worke that terrour in the hartes of them, that a marshall shall, whom they shall knowe to have power of life and death in such cases, and speciallye to be appointed for them Neither doth it hinder but that, though it pertayne to the sherriff, the sherriff may doe therein what he can, and yet the marshall may walke his course besides, for both of them may doe the more good, and more terrifye the idle rogues, knowing that though he have a watche upon the one, yet he may light upon the other But this proviso is needefull to be had in this case, that the sherriff may not have the like power of life as the marshall hath, and as heertofore they have bene accustomed, for it is daungerous to give power of life into the haundes of him which may have benefitt by the partyes death, as yf the sayd loose liver have any goods of his owne, the Sherriff is to seaze thereupon, wherby it hath often come to pass, that some that have not deserved perhaps judgement of death, though otherwise perhaps offending, have bene for theyr goodes sake

caught up, and carryed straight to the bounge, a thing indeede very pitifull and verye horrible Therefore by noe meanes I would wish the Sherriff to have such authoritye, nor yet to emprison that loosell till the sessions, for soe all gayles might soone be filled, but to send him to the Marshall, whose, eftsones finding him faultye, shall give him meete correction, and ridd him away forthwith

Eudox I doe nowe perceave your reason well But come we nowe to that wherof we erst spake, I mean, to religion and religious men, What order will you sett amongst them?

Iren For religion litle have I to saye, my selfe being (as I sayd) not professed therein, and it selfe being but one, soe as there is but one waye therein, for that which is true onelye is, and the rest are not at all, yet in planting of religion thus much is needfull to be observ'd, that it be not sought forcebly to be impressed into them with terrour and sharpe penalties, as nowe is the manner, but rather delivered and intimated with mildenes and gentleness, soe as it may not be hated afore it be understood, and theyr Professors dispised and rejected For this I knowe that the most of the Irish are soe farre from understanding of the popish religion as they are of the protestauntes profession, and yet doe they hate it though unknown, even for the very hatred which they have of the English and theyr government Therefore it is expedient that some discrete Ministers of theyr owne countrey-men be first sent amongst them, which by theyr milde persuasions and instructions, as also by theyr sober life and conversation, may drawe them first to understand, and afterwards to embrace, the doctrine of theyr salvation, for yf that the auncient godly Fathers, which first converted them, beinge infidels, to the faith, were able to drawe them from Infideltye and paganism to the true beleefe in CHRIST, as St. Patrickke, and St. Columbe howe much more easelie shall the godlye teachers bring them to the true understanding of that which they already profess? wherin it is grente wonder to see the oddes which is betwene the zeale of Popish prestes, and the Ministers of the Gospell, for they spare not to come out of Spayne, from Rome, and from Rhemes, by long toyle and daungerous travell hither, where they knowe perill of death wayteth them, and noe reward nor richness is to be founde, onely to drawe the people to the Church of Rome, wheras some of our idell Ministers, having a waye for credit and estimation thereby opened unto

them, and having the livings of the country offered them without paynes, and without perill, will neither for the same, nor for any love of God, nor zeale of religion, nor for all the good they might doe by winning of soe many sowles to God, be drawn forth from theiur warme nests and theiur sweet loves side to looke out into Goddes harvest, which is even readye for the sickle, and all the fieldes yellowe long agoe doubtles those good old godly Fathers will (I feare me) rise up in the Daye of Judgment to condemne them.

Eudox. Surlye, it is great pittie, Ireneus, that there are none chosen out of the Ministers of England good, sober, and discret men, which might be sent over thither to teache and instructe them, and that there is not as much care had of theiur sowles as of theiur bodies, for the care of both lyeth upon the Prince.

Iren. Were there never soe many sent over they should doe smal good till one enormitye be taken from them, that is that both they be restrayned from sending theiur yonge men abroad to other Universities beyond the seas, as Rhemes, Down, Louvaine, and the like, and that others from abroad be restrayned from coming to them, for they lurking secretly in theiur houses and in corners of the countrey doe more hurte and hinderance to religion with theiur private perswasions, then all the others can doe good with theiur publicke instructions, and though for these later there be a good statute there ordained, yet the same is not executed, and as for the former there is noe lawe nor order for theiur restrainte at all.

Ludox. I marvelle it is noe better looked unto, and not only this, but that also which, I remember, you mentioned in your abuses concerning the profits and revenues of the landes of fugitives in Ireland, which by pretence of certayne colourable conveyances are sent continually over unto them, to the comfort of them and others against her Majestie, for which heere in England there is good order taken, and whye not then as well in Ireland? For though there be noe statute there enacted therefore, yet might her Majestie, by her onely prerogative, seaze all the fruits and profits of those fugitives landes into her handes, till they come over to testifye theiur true allegiance.

Iren. Indeede she might soe doe, but the combrous times doe perhaps hinder the regarde therof, and of many other good intentions.

Eudox. But why then did they not mysell it in peaceable times?

Iren. Leave we that to theiur grace considerations, but proceede we forward. Next care in religion is to builde up and repaire all the ruinous churches, wherof the most parte lye even with the grounde, and some that have bene lately repyred are soe unhandsome lye patched, and thatched, that men doe even shunne the places for the uncomeliness therof: therefore I would wish that there were order taken to have them builde in some better forme, according to the churches of England, for the outward shewe (as are your selfe) doth greatlye drawe the rude people to the reviling and frequenting therof, what ever some of our late to mee tooles saye, "there is nothing in the seemely forme and comely orders of the churches." And, for soe keeping and continuing them there should likewise Churchwardens of the gravest men in the parish be appoynted as there be heere in England, which should take the yearly charge both herof and also of the schoole-houses, which I wished to be builde neere to the sayd churches, for maintenance of both which, it were meete that some severall portion of lande were allotted, such no more mortuaries are to be looked for.

Eudox. Indeede (me seemes) it would be soe convenient, but when all is done howe will we have your churches served, or your Ministers maintayned? since the livings (as you saye) are not sufficient scarce to make them a newe gowne much less to veldre meete maintenance according to the dignitye of theiur degree.

Iren. There is noe way to helpe that, but to live two or thre of them together, untill such time as the countrey grows more riche and better inhabited, at which time the tithes and other obligations will also be more augmented and better valued. But nowe that we have gone thus through all that theiur sortes of trades, and sett a course for theiur good establishment lett us (if you please) goe next to some other needefull pointe of other publicke matter, noe less concerning the good of the commonweale, though but accidentally depending on the former. And first I wish that order were taken for the cutting downe and opening of all paces through woodes, soe that a wide waye of the space of a hundredth yardes might be layed open in everye of them for the safetie of travellers, which use often in such perillous places to be robbed, and sometimes mur-

thered Next, that bridges were builte upon all rivers, and all the foordes marred and spilte, soe as none might pass any other waye but by those bridges, and everie bridge to have a gate and a small gate-howse sett thereon, wherof this good will come that noe night stealthes (which are commonlye driven in by-ways and by blinde foordes unused of anye but such like) shal be conveyed out of one countrey into another, as they use, but they must pass by those bridges, where they may be either haply encountred, or easely tricked, or not suffred to pass at all, by meanes of those gate-houses Also that in all straites and narrowe passages, as betwene two bogges, or through any deepe soorde, or under any mountayne side, there should be some litle fortillage, or wooden castell sett, which should keepe and comaunde that strait, wherby any rebell that should come in the countrey might be stopped the waye, or pass with great perill Moreover, that all highe wayes should be fenced and shutt up on both sides, leaving onely fortye foote breadthe for passage, soe as none should be able to passe but through the highe waye, wherby theeves and might robbers might be the more easely pursued and encountred, when there shal be noe other waye to drive theyr stolen cattell but therein, as I formerlye declared Further, that there should be in sundrye convenient places, by the high wayes, townes appoynted to be builte, the which should be free Bouroughes, and incorporate under Bayliffes, to be by their inhabitaunts well and strongly entrenched, or otherwise fenced with gates at each side therof, to be shutt nightly, like as there is in manye places of the English Pale, and all the wayes about it to be stronglye shutt up, soe that none should passe but through those townes To some of which it were good that the priviledge of a markett were given, the rather to strengthen and enable them to theyr defence, for nothing dothe sooner cause civilitye in anye countreye then manye markett townes, by reason that people repairing often thither for theyr needes, will daylye see and learne civill manners of the better sort Besides, there is nothing doth more staye and strengthen the countreye then such corporate townes, as by proove in many rebellions hath bene seene, in all which when the countreyes have swarved, the townes have stood stiffe and fast, and yielded good relief to the souldiours in all occasions of service And lastly there doth

nothing more enriche any countreye or realme then manye townes, for to them will all the people drawe and bring the frutes of theyr trades, as well to make money of them, as to supplye theyr needefull uses, and the countreyemen will also be more industrious in tillage, and rearing all husbandrye comodities, knowing that they shall have readye sale for them at those townes and in all those townes should there be convenient Innes erected for the lodging and harbouring of all travellers, which are now oftentimes spoyled by lodging abroad in wicke thatched howses, for wante of such safe places to shrowde themselves in

Eudox But what profit shall your markett townes reape of theyr markett, whereas each one may sell theyr corne and cattell abroad in the countrey, and make theyr secrett bargaynes amongst themselves, as nowe I understand they use?

Iren Indeepe, Eudoxus, they doe soe, and thereby noe small inconvenience doth arise to the commonwealth, for nowe, when any one hath stolen a cowe or a garron, he may secretlye sell it in the countreye without privytye of anye, whereas yf he brought it in the markett towne it would perhaps be knowne, and the theif discovered Therefore it were good that a straighte ordinance were made, that none should buye or sell any cattell but in some open markett (there being nowe markett townes everie where at hand) upon a great penaltye, neither should they likewise buye any corne to sell the same agayne, unless it were to make malte therof, for by such engrossing and regrating we see the dearthe that nowe comonlye reigneth heere in England to have bene caused Heereunto also is to be added that good ordinance, which I remember was once proclaimed throughout all Ireland That all men should marke theyr cattell with an open severall marke upon theyr flankes or buttocks, soe as yf they happened to be stolen, they might appeare whose they were, and they which should buye them might thereby suspecte the owner, and be warned to abstayne from buying of them of a suspected person with such an unknowne marke

Eudox Surely these ordinances seeme verye expedient, but speciallye that of free townes, of which I wonder there is such small store in Ireland and that in the first peopling and planting therof they were neglected and omitted

Iren They were not omitted, for there were, through all plices of the countreye

convenient, manie good townes seated, which through that inundation of the Irish, which I first told you of, were utterlie wasted and defaced, of which the ruines are yet in manie places to be seene, and of some noe signe at all remayning, save onelye theire bre names, but theire seates are not to be founde.

Eudor But howe then cometh it to pass, that they have never since recovered, nor their habitations reedified, as of the rest which have bene noe less spoiled and wasted?

Iren The cause therof was for that, after theire desolation, they were begged by gentlemen of the Kinges, under colour to repavre them and gather the poore reliques of the people agayne together, of whom having obtayned them, they were soe farre from reedifying of them, as that by all meanes they have endeavoured to keepe them wast, least that, being repayred, theire charters might be renewed, and their Burgesses restored to theire landes, which they had nowe in their possession, much like as in these old monumentes of abbeies, and religious howses, we see them likewise use to doe. For which cause it is judged that King Henry the Eight bestowed them upon them, knowing that thereby they should never be able to rise agayne. And even soe doe these Lordes, in those poore old corporate townes, of which I could name you diverse but for kindling of displeasure. Therefore as I wished manie corporate townes to be erected, soe would I agayne wish them to be free, not depending upon the service, nor under the commaundement of anye but the Governour. And being soe, they will both strengthen all the countrey rounde about them, which by theire meanes will be the better replenished and enriched, and also be as continuall holdes for her Majestie, yf the people should revolte and breake out agayne, for without such it is ensue to forraie and over-runne the whole lande. Lett be for example, all those free-bouroughes in the Lowe-countreies, which are nowe all the strength therof. These and other like ordinances might be delivered for the good establishment of that realme, after it is once subdued and reformed, in which it might be afterwards verie easely kept and maintained, with small care of the Governours and Counsell there appoynted, soe as that it should in shorte space yeld a plentifull revenue to the crowne of England, which nowe doth but sucke and consume the treasury therof, through those unsounde plottes

and changefull orders which are daylye devised for her good, yet never effectually prosecuted or performed.

Eudor But in all this your discourse I have not marked any thing by you spoken touching the appoyntment of the principall Officer, to whom you wish the charge and performace of all this to be committed. Onelye I observed some fowle abuses by you noted in some of the late Governours, the reformation wherof you left for this present time.

Iren I delighte not to laye open the blames of soe great Magistrats to the rebuke of the worlde, and therefore theire reformation I will not meddle with, but leave unto the wisdom of greater heades to be considered onelye this much I will speake generally therof, to satisfye your desire, that the Government and chief Magistracye I wish to continue as it doth, to wete, that it be ruled by a Lorde Deputy or Justice, for that it is a very safe kinde of rule but there-withall I wish that over him there were placed also a Lord Lieutenannt, of some of the greatest personages in England (such an one I could name, upon whom the eye of all England is fixed, and our last hopes now rest), whoe being entituled with that dignitie, and being allwayes heere resident, may backe and defende the good cause of the government agaynst all malignours, which else will, through theire cunning working under hand, deprave and pull backe what ever thinge shal be well begunne or intended there, as we commonly see by experience at this day, to the utter ruine and desolation of that poor realme and this Lieutenancye should be noe discountenancing of the Lord Deputy, but rather a strengthening and maintyning of all his domages, for nowe the chief evil in that government is, that noe Governour is suffered to goe on with any one course, but upon the least information heere, of this or that, he is either stopped or crossed, and other courses appoynted him from hence which he shall runne, which howe inconvenient it is, is at this houre to well felte. And therefore this should be one principle in the appoyntment of the Lord Deputyes authoritye, that it should be more ample and absolute then it is, and that he should have uncontrolled power to doe any thing that he, with the advisement of the Counsell, should thinke meete to be done. For it is not possible for the Counsell heere, to direct a Governour there, whoe shal be forced oftentimes to followe the necessity of pre-

sent occasions, and to take the suddayne advantage of time, which being once loste will not be recovered, whilst, through expecting directions from hence, the delaves wherof are oftentimes through other greater affayres most irkesome, the opportunitie there in the meane time passes away, and greete danger often groweth, which by such timely prevention might easely be stopped And this (I remember) is woorthely observed by Machiavell in his discourses upon Lave, where he comendeth the manner of the Romanne government, in giving absolute power to all theyr Counsuls and Governours, which yf they abused, they should afterwards dearely answeare it And the contrarye therof he reprehendeth in the States of Venice, of Florence, and many other principalities of Italye, whoe use to limitte theyr cheif officers soe straightly, as that thereby oftentimes they have lost such happye occasions as they could never come unto agayne The like wherof, whoe soe hath bene conversaunte in that government of Ireland, hath to often seene to theyr great hindraunce and hurte Therefore this I could wish to be redressed, and yet not soe but that in particular thinges he should be restrayned, though not in the generall government, as namelye in this, that noe offices should be solde by the Lord Deputye for monye, nor noe pardons, nor protections bought for rewardes, nor noe beeves taken for Captaynries of countreys, nor noe shares of Bishopricks for nominating theyr Bishops, nor noe forfeitures, nor dispensations with penall Statutes given to theyr servauntes or frendes, nor noe selling of licences for transportation of prohibited wares, and speciallye of corne and flesh, with manye the like, which neede some manner of restraint, or els very great trust in the honourable disposition of the Lord Deputye

Thus I have, Eudoxus, as breifly as I could, and as my remembraunce would serve me, runne through the state of that whole countrey, both to lett you see what it nowe is, and also what it may be by good care and amendment Not that I take upon me to chaunge the pollicy of soe greate a kingdom, or prescribe rules to such wise men as have the handling therof, but onely to shewe you the evils, which in my small experience I have observed to be the cheif hinderaunces of the reformation therof, and by way of conference to declare my simple opinion for the redresse therof, and establishing a good course for that government, which I doe not deliver for a perfect plott of myne owne invention, to be onely followed, but as I have learned and understood the same by the consultations and actions of verye wise Governours and Counsellours whom I have sometimes hearde trete thereof Soe have I thought good to sett downe a remembraunce of them for myne owne good, and your satisfaction, that whoe so list to overlooke them, alithough perhaps much wiser then they which have thus advised of that state, yet at leyst, by comparison herof, may perhaps better his owne judgement, and by the light of others fore-going lum may followe after with more ease, and happely finde a fayer waye thereunto then they which have gone before

Eudox I thanke you, Irenaeus, for this your gentell paynes, withall not forgetting, nowe in the shutting up, to putt you in mynde of that which you have formerlye halfe promised, that heereafter when we shall meete agayne upon the like good occasion, ye will declare unto us those your observations which ye have gathered of the Antiquities of Ireland.

APPENDIX I.

VARIATIONS FROM THE ORIGINAL EDITIONS

Page 4 (LETTER OF THE AUTHORS), col 2, l 9,
v All the early editions read v

P 5 (VERSES TO THE AUTHOR), col 2, l 13, *faure* (1609), *fare* (1590)

P 5 (VERSES TO THE AUTHOR), col 2, l 17, *cedes* (1609) The 4to 1590 has *cede*

P 9 (VERSES BY THE AUTHOR), col 1, l 30, *sorcerains* The 4to 1590 reads *soteraun*, but fol 1611 has *soverainnes*

Page 11, book i canto i stanza 4, line 5, *my feeble* (1596), *mine feeble* (1590)

P 13, bk i c i st 12, l 5, *your stroke* The 4to 1590 reads *you hardy stroke*, but it is corrected in 'Faults escaped in the Print,' though the incorrect reading is retained in the 4to 1596, and in the fol 1611

P 13, bk i c i st 15, l 7, *shapes* (1590), *shape* (1596)

P 14, bk i c i st 21, l 5, *later spring* The editions of 1590, 1596, and 1611 read *later ebbe gins t arale (to arale)*, but this lection is corrected in 'Faults escaped in the Print'

P 14, bk i c i st 23, l 9, *off* (1590), ? *off* (Col her)

P 14, bk i c i st 24, l 8, *raft* (1590), *refl* (1609)

P 14, bk i c i st 30, l 9, *sits* (1590), *flts* (1609)

P 16, bk i c i st 42, l 8, *sights* The 4to 1590 reads *sighes* In the 'Faults escaped in the Print' we are told to read *sights*

P 17, bk i c i st 50, l 3, *He thought have* (1590), *He thought t have* (1611)

P 17, bk i c i st 50, l 8, *can* (1590), *gan* (1679)

P 17, bk i c ii Arg l 3, *stead* (1596) The 4to 1590 has *steps*

P 19, bk i c ii st 14, l 4, et passim (Books i ii iii) *off* (1596), *of* (1596)

P 19, bk i c ii st 17, l 5, *cruell spies* The 4tos 1590, 1596, and fol 1609 read *cruelles*, which is corrected in 'Faults escaped in the Print'

P 19, bk i c ii st 17, l 9, *die* (1609), *dies* (1590)

P 19, bk i c ii st 18, l 1, *quoth* (1596) *qd* (1590)

P 19, bk i c ii st 19, l 9, et passim (Books i ii iii) *whither* (1596), *whelther* (1590)

P 20, bk i c ii st 22, l 5, *thy* (1590), *your* (1596)

P 20, bk i c ii st 29, l 2, *shade him thither* (1590), *shade thither* (1596), *shadow thither* (1609)

P 20, bk i c u st 29, l 3, *now ymounted now that mounted* (1590, 1596) The reading in the text is found in 'Faults escaped in the Print'

P 21, bk i c ii st 32, l 9, *plaints* (1596), *plants* (1590)

P 26 bk i c in st 38, l 7, *the* (1590), *that in errata*

P 29, bk i c iv st 16, l 3, *hurllen* (1590), *hurten* (1609)

P 29, bk i c iv st 23, l 7, *diu d'ropsie* (1590), ? *diu e dropsie* (Upton), *hydropsy* (Collier)

P 29, bk i c iv st 24, l 3, *whally* (1590), *walled* (?)

P 30, bk i c iv st 27, l 6, *pelfe* (1596), *pelpe* (1590)

P 30, bk i c iv st 29, l 9, *fourth* (1596), *forth* (1590)

P 30, bk i c iv st 30, l 4, *chaw* (1590), *jaw* (1609)

P 30, bk i c iv st 30, l 6, *neighbours* (1596), *neibors* (1590)

P 30, bk i c iv st 32, l 9, *fifte first* (1590), but *fifte* is among the errata in 'Faults escaped in the Print'

P 31, bk i c iv st 39, l 2, *faery* (1596), *fary* (1590)

P 31, bk i c iv st 41, l 9, *renverst* (1590), *re'nerst* (1609)

P 31, bk i c iv st 43, ll 1, 3, *pledge, edge* (1596), *pledg, edg* (1590)

P 33, bk i c v st 2, l 5, *hurld* The 4to 1590 has *huris*, but *hurld* is in 'Faults escaped in the Print' The editions 1596, 1609 retain the incorrect reading

P 33, bk i c v st 7, l 9, *And heuen helmets deepe* (1590), *And helmets heuen deepe* (1596)

P 34, bk i c v st 15, l 2, *thrusty* (1590), *thurstie* (1596)

P 36, bk i c v st 35, l 9, *leke* (1590), *leake* (1596)

P 36, bk i c v st 38, l 6, *cliffs* The editions 1590, 1596, and 1609 read *clifts* The correction is supplied in 'Faults escaped in the Print'

P 37, bk i c v st 41, l 2, *nigh* (1590), *high* (1596)

P 38, bk i c v st 52, l 9, *ensewd* (1596), *en-sewed* (1590)

P 38, bk i c vi st 1, l 5, *in* The 4tos and folio 1609 read *it*, though *in* is among the errata

P 40, bk i c vi st 15, l 2, *Or Bacchus* (1590), *Of Bacchus* (1596), *Hughes, If Bacchus*

P 41, bk i c vi st 23, l 8, *noused* (1590), *noursed* (1596)
 P 41, bk i c vi st 26, l 5, *fies and fell* (1596), *suff and cruell* (1590)
 P 42, bk i c vi st 33, l 9, *woods* (1596), *uods* (1590)
 P 42, bk i c vi st 39, l 7, *he* (1596), *she* (1590)
 P 43, bk i c vi st 47, l 8, *to fight* (1590), *two fight* (1611)
 P 45, bk i c vii st 12, l 9, *stound* (1596), *stood* (1590)
 P 45, bk i c vii st 13, l 8, *smole* (1596), *smok* (1590)
 P 45, bk i c vii st 18, ll 4, 5, *braught, naught* (1590), *brought, nought* (1596)
 P 45, bk i c vii st. 20, l 3, *that* (1590), *the* (1596)
 P 46, bk i c vii st 22, l 9, *sight* is omitted in 4to 1590, but is found in the 4to 1596
 P 46, bk i c vii st. 29, l 4, *glitterand* (1590), *glitter and* (1679)
 P 47, bk i c vii st 32, l 18, *whose* (1609), *her* (1590)
 P 47, bk i c vii st 37, l 7, *trample* (1596), *amble* (1590)
 P 47, bk i c vii st 37, l 8, *chaust* (1596), *chaust* (1590)
 P 48, bk i c vii st 43, l 5, *ronne* The 4to 1590 has *come*, which is amended in 'Faults escaped in the Print'
 P 48, bk i c vii st 47, l 3, *hands* (1596) The 4to 1590 reads *hand*
 P 49, bk i c vii st 52, l 4, *That* All the early editions read *that*, but ? *the*
 P 49, bk i c viii Arg 1 3, *that gyaunt* (1590, 1596), but the *gvaunt* is among the errata
 P 49, bk i c viii st 1, l 6, *through* (1596), *thorough* (1590)
 P 50, bk i c viii st 7, l 6, *rise* The 4to 1590 reads *vist* which is corrected in 'Faults escaped in the Print'
 P 51, bk i c viii st 21, l 5, *their ? his*, i c Argoglio (Church)
 P 51, bk i c viii st 21, l 7, *poure* (1596), *poure* (1590)
 P 51, bk i c viii st 22, l 4, *right* (so in all old editions) Most modern editions read *left*
 P 51, bk i c viii st 24, l 6, *his* (1596), *hei* (1590)
 P 53, bk i c viii st 44, l 4, *delight*, ? *dislike* (Upton)
 P 54, bk i c ix Arg 1 2, *bands* (1596) The text of the 4to 1590 reads *hands*, but *bands* is in 'Faults escaped in the Print'
 P 55, bk i c ix st 9 l 3 *the* (among the errata in 'Faults escaped in the Print') Ed 1590 reads *that*, a lection which Church defends
 P 56, bk i c ix st 12, l 9, on (from 'Faults escaped in the Press') The text has *at*
 P 56, bk i c ix st 17, l 8, *proues* (1590), *provesse* (1609)
 P 58, bk i c ix st 32, l 7, *glee* (1590), ? *fee* (Church)
 P 58, bk i c ix st 33, l 3, *cliff* in errata, *clift* (1590)
 P 58, bk i c ix st. 33, l 3, *ypight* (1596), *ypight* (1590)

P 58, bk i st 35, l 4, *griesie* (1590), *griestly* (1611)
 P 59, bk i c ix st. 42, l 7, *holds* The 4to 1590 reads *hold*
 P 59, bk i c ix st 46, l 7, *falsed* (1596), *falsest* (1590)
 P 60, bk i c ix st 52, l 1, *saw* (1596), *heard* (1590)
 P 60, bk i c ix st 52, l 3, *relit d* (1590), *re lic'd* (1611)
 P 60, bk i c ix st 53, l 2, *feeble* (1590), *seely* (1596), *silly* (1609)
 P 60, bk i c ix st 53, l 6, *greater* (1596), *greter* (1590)
 P 62, bk i c x st 20, l 5, *Dry-shod*, &c This line is found in fol 1609, but is omitted in the 4tos
 P 63, bk i c x st 27, l 6, *His blamefull body in salt water sore* (1590), *His body in salt water smarting sore* (1596)
 P 64, bk i c x st 36, l 4, *their* The 4to 1590 reads *there*
 P 65, bk i c x st 52, l 6, *Brings* The 4to 1590 has *Bring*
 P 65, bk i c x st 52, l 6 *them* (1590) ? *him* or for *traveller* (l 4) read *travellers*
 P 66, bk i c x st. 57, l 5, *pretious*, adopted from the errata in 'Faults escaped in the Print' The text of the 4to 1590 has *pitious*, which is retained by the fol 1611
 P 66, bk i c x st 59, l 2, *frame* The editions of 1590, 1596, 1609, 1611, read *fame*, though *frame* is among the errata in 'Faults escaped in the Print'
 P 67, bk i c x st 62, l 4, *As wretched*, &c (1590) The 4to 1596 reads *Quoth he, as wretched* and *in d in like paine*
 P 67, bk i c x st 62, l 8, *And bitter battailes*, &c (1590), *And battailes none are to be fought* (1596)
 P 67, bk i c x st 62, l 9, *then* (1590) is omitted in 1596 and 1611
 P 67, bk i c x st 65, l 3, *face* (1590), *place* (1596)
 P 68, bk i c xi st 7, This stanza is not found in the first 4to, but is in second 4to 1596
 P 70, bk i c xi st 22, l 1, *his* (1590), ? *the* (Church)
 P 70, bk i c xi st 26, l 6, *singed* (1590), *singed* (1609)
 P 71, bk i c xi st 30, l 5, *one* The 4^{os} read *is* though *one* is in 'Faults escaped in the Print' Mr Collier says there is no authority for reading *one*
 P 71, bk i c xi st 37, l 2, *yelled* (1609), *yelded* (1590)
 P 72, bk i c xi st 41, l 4, *Nor* (1609), *For* (4tos 1590, 1596)
 P 73, bk i c xi st 54, l 7, *pouse* (1590) ? *nouve*
 P 75, bk i c xii st 11, l 2, *too* (1596) *to* (1590)
 P 75, bk i c xii st 11, l 4, *gossibs* (1590), *gos sips* (1596)
 P 75, bk i c xii st 17, l 4, *note* (1590), *no'te* (1596)
 P 77, bk i c xii st 32, l 6, *wylie* (1596), *wiely* (1590)
 P 77, bk i c xii st 34 l 2, *vaine*, adopted from the errata The text of the 4to 1590 has *faine* Church thinks that *faine* = *fained* or *feigned* is a good reading

P 77, bk i c xu st 34, l 3, *improrided* (1590), *unprovidid* is found in some modern editions

P 77, bk i c xu st 36, l 7, *bains* (1590), *banes* (1596)

P 78, bk i c xu st 39 l 9, *sprite* (1590) Some later editions, as 1611 read *spree*

P 78, bk i c xl st 40, l 9, *Hus* (1590), *Her* (1596)

P 79, bk ii Prol st 2 l 8, *Amazon* The fol 1609, following the text of 4to 1590, reads *Ama-ons*, but *Ama-on* is among the errata in 'Faults escaped in the Print'

P 79, bk ii st 4, l 6, *thou* (1596), *they* (1590)

P 80, bk ii c i st 3, l 2, *food* (1590), *fuide* (1609)

P 81, bk ii c i st 12, l 9, *challenge* (1596), *chaleag* (1590),

P 81, bk ii c i st 16, l 1, *life* (1596, 1609), *life* (1590)

P 82, bk ii c i st 20, l 2, *quit* (1590), *quite* (1596)

P 82, bk ii c i st 20, l 7, *blo'ed* (1596), *blotting* (1590)

P 83, bk ii c i st 23, l 3, *well become'h* (1590, 1596), *ill becomeeth* (1678)

P 83, bk ii c i st 31, l 4, *on* (1596), *one* (1590)

P 83, bk ii c i st 32, l 7, *must* (1596), *most* (1590)

P 83, bk ii c i st 33, l 8, *thrice* is adopted from the errata of 4to 1590, but *there* occurs in all old editions

P 83, bk ii c i st 34, l 6, *steedu* (1590), *steadie* (1609)

P 84, bk ii c i st 39, l 4, *dolour* (1590), *labour* (1596)

P 84, bk ii c i st 42, l 9, *clout courage* (1590), *courage stout* (1609)

P 85, bk ii c i st 47, l 2, *sight* (1590), *sigh't*, (1609)

P 86, bk ii c i st 58, l 4, *fruse* (1590) ? *fruze* (Church)

P 86, bk ii c i st 59, l 2, *common* (1590), *commen* (1590)

P 86, bk ii c i st 59, l 8, *great* (1596), *greet* (1590)

P 87, bk ii c ii st 4, l 3, *lieu* (1590), ? *lore* (Church)

P 87, bk ii c ii st 5, l 3, *hard* (1596), *hart* (1590)

P 87, bk ii c ii st 7, l 7, *pray* (Collier) It is *chace* in all the old editions

P 88, bk ii c ii st 12, l 8, *fame* (1596), *frame* (1590)

P 88, bk ii c ii st 21, l 2, *hond* (1609), *hand* (1596)

P 89, bk ii c ii st 28, l 2, *their champions* The 4to 1590 reads *her champions*, but 4to 1696 has *their champion*

P 89, bk ii c ii st 30, l 1, *there* (1609), *their* (1590, 1596)

P 89, bk ii c ii st 30, l 3, *bloodguiltinesse* (1609), *bloodguiltresse* (1590, 1596)

P 90, bk ii c ii st 34, l 9, *her* (1590), *their* (1596)

P 90, bk ii c ii st 38, l 5, *forward* (1590), ? *frouard* (cf l 7 of st 38)

P 91, bk ii c ii st 42, l 6, *to hold* All the old editions read *to make*

P 91, bk ii c ii st 44, l 4, *enrold* The 4to 1590 reads *entroid*, the fol 1609 *introid*

P 92, bk ii c iii st 3, l 7, *heard* (1596), *hard* (1590)

P 92, bk ii c iii st 4, l 5, *A pleasing raine of glori*, &c (1590), *A pleasing raine of glori raine did and* (1596)

P 92, bk ii c iii st 6, l 9, '*Mercur*' loud (so all old editions), ? '*Mercy*, Lord !'

P 92, bk ii c iii st 11, l 4, *course* (1596), *course* (1590)

P 93, bk ii c iii st 20, l 5, *does greatly them affaere* (1590), *their haire on end does reare* (1596)

For *oreally* (in the errata) the text of the 4to 1590 has *unto*

P 94, bk ii c iii st 26, l 9, *fringe* (so all the 4tos)

P 95, bk ii c iii st 35, l 4, *many bold em pri'e* (1590), ? *manu a bold emprise* (Jortin)

P 96, bk ii c iii st 45, l 4, *one foot* (1609), *on foo'* (1590)

P 96, bk ii c iii st 46, l 9, *erne* (1590), *yerne* (1609)

P 96, bk ii c iv Arg 1 3, *Phaon* (1590), *Phedon* (1596)

P 97, bk ii c iv st 4, l 6, *loosely* (1596), *loosu* (1590)

P 98, bk ii c iv st 12, l 3, *hona* (1590), *hung* (1609)

P 98, bk ii c iv st 12, l 8, *tonge* The text has *tongue*, which is altered to *tonge* in the errata of the 4to 1590

P 98, bk ii c iv st 13, l 6, *note* (1590), *no'te* (1609)

P 98, bk ii c iv st 17, l 6, *one* (1596), *wretch* (1590)

P 98, bk ii c iv st 17, l 8, *occasion* (1596), *her quitful trech* (1590)

P 98, bk ii c iv st 17, l 9, *light upon* (1596), *wandring litch* (1590)

P 98, bk ii c iv st 18, l 5, *chose* (1590), *chuse* (1609)

P 98, bk ii c iv st 18, l 8, *Or* (1590), *Our* (1609)

P 100, bk ii c iv st 38, l 4, *this word was* (so all the old editions), *these words were* (Hughes's second edition)

P 101, bk ii c iv st 40, l 3, *should* (1596), *shold* (1590)

P 101, bk ii c iv st 45, l 5, *that did fight* (1590), *thus to fight* (1596)

P 102, bk ii c v Arg 1 1, *Pyrochles*, &c (1590) The second 4to 1596 reads —

*Purichles does with Guvon fight,
And Furors chaune unbinds,
Of whom sore hurt, for his revenge
Attin Cumochles finds*

P 102, bk ii c v st 5, l 9, *doe me not much faul* (1590), *doe not much me faile* (1596)

P 102, bk ii c v st 8, l 7, *hurle* (1590), *hurle* (1596), *hurien* (1611)

P 103, bk ii c v st 10, l 7, *enimues* (1596), *enimye* (1590)

P 103, bk ii c v st 15, l 9, *who selfe* (1590), *whose selfe* (1609)

P 104, bk ii c v st 19, l 4, *shee* (1609), *hee* (1590, 1596)

P 104, bk. II c v st 19, l 7, *garrie* (1590), *do* (1596)
 P 104, bk. II c v st 21, l 7, *occasions* (1590), *occasion* (1609)
 P 104, bk. II c v st 22, l 5, *spight* (1590), *spright* (1609)
 P 104, bk. II c v st 23, l 1, *that* (1590), *the* (1609)
 P 105, bk. II c v st 29, l 5, *prickling* (1590), *prickling* (1596)
 P 105, bk. II c v st 31, l 5, *In Nemus gayned*, &c (1590), *Gaynd in Nemes* (1596)
 P 105, bk. II c v st 32, l 6, *meriments* All old copies read *meriment*
 P 105, bk. II c v st 34, l 8, *So he them* (1590), *So them* (1596 and 1609)
 P 106, bk. II c vi st 1, l 7, *abstaine* (1590), *restraine* (1596)
 P 106, bk. II c vi st 3, l 4, *As merry as Pope Jone* (1590), *that nigh her breath was gone* (1596)
 P 106, bk. II c vi st 3, l 6, *That to her might move* (1590), *That might to her move* (1596)
 P 107, bk. II c vi st 12, l 9, *and thow her sweete smels*, &c (1590), *and her sweet smells throw*, &c (1596)
 P 107, bk. II c vi st 14, l 9, *whiles* (1596), *whils* (1590)
 P 107, bk. II c vi st 14, l 9, *love lay* (1590), *loud lay* (1596)
 P 108, bk. II c vi st 18, l 7, *uave* *grievy* (1590), *uaves* *grievu* (1609)
 P 108, bk. II c vi st 21, l 8, *bonds* (1590), *bounds* (1609)
 P 109, bk. II c vi st 27, l 9, *there* (1596), *their* (1590)
 P 109, bk. II c vi st 29, l 2, *importune* (1590), *importance* (1596), *important* (1609)
 P 110, bk. II c vi st 38, l 5, *salied* (1590), *sailed* (1609)
 P 110, bk. II c vi st 43, l 7, *hath lent this cused light* (1596), *hath lent but this his cursed light* (1590)
 P 111, bk. II c vi st 48, l 6, *wondred* (1596), *woundred* (1590)
 P 111, bk. II c vi st 50, l 3, *liver swell* (1596), *livers swell* (1590)
 P 111, bk. II c vi st 51, l 5, *fire too inly* (1596), *fier inly* (1590)
 P 112, bk. II c vi st 1, l 2, *to a stedfast starre*, ? *to the stedfast starre*, i e *the pole-star* (Church)
 P 112, bk. II c vi st 3, l 9, *fire-spilling* (1590), *fi-e-spelling* (1609)
 P 112, bk. II c vi st 4, l 4, *Well yet appeared* (1590), *Well it appeared* (1596)
 P 112, bk. II c vi st 6, l 6, *Ingoves* (1590) *Ingoes* (1596), *Ingots* (1679)
 P 112, bk. II c vi st 5, l 9, *straunge* (1596), *strawng* (1590)
 P 112, bk. II c vi st 7, l 3, *rich hils* (1590), *rich heapes* (1596)
 P 113, bk. II c vi st 10, l 1, *ill beuts* (1590), *ill befits* (1609)
 P 113, bk. II c vi st 12, l 9, *as great* (1596), *in great* (1590)
 P 114, bk. II c vi st 19, l 5, *bloodguiltinesse* (1609), *bloodguiltinesse* (1590, 1596)

P 114, bk. II c vii st 21, l 6, *internall Payne* (1590), *infernall Payne* (1596) Perhaps *infernall Payne*=*infernal punishment* should stand in the text Collier suggests *eternal* as an amended reading
 P 114, bk. II c vii st 24, l 7, *ought* (1596), *nought* (1590)
 P 115, bk. II c vii st 36, l 4, *yron* (1596), *dying* (1590)
 P 115, bk. II c vii st 37, l 1, *when an* (1590), *when as* (1596)
 P 116, bk. II c vii st 39, l 8, *mesprise* (1590), *mespris* (1596)
 P 116, bk. II c vii st 40, l 7, *golden* (1596), *yon* (1590)
 P 116, bk. II c vii st 40, l 7, *But* (1596), *And* (1590)
 P 116, bk. II c vii st 41, l 3, *sterne was his looke* (1590) *ster ne was to looke* (1596)
 P 117, bk. II c vii st 52, l 6, *with which* All the old copies read *which with*
 P 118, bk. II c vii st 60, l 4, *intemperate* (1596), *more temperate* (1590)
 P 118, bk. II c vii st 64, l 9, *of his pray* (1590), *of the pray* (1596)
 P 119, bk. II c viii st 3, l 8, *Come hither*, *hither* (1609), *Come hether*, *Come hether* (1590)
 P 120, bk. II c viii st 16, l 7, *tomb-blacke* (1596), *tomblacke* (1590)
 P 121, bk. II c viii st 25, l 1, *Which those his ciuill foes* (from the errata in 'Faults escaped in the Print') The text of the 4tos read —
 Which those same foes that stand hereby,
 The follos (1609, 1611) have —
 Which those same foes, that doen awate hereby
 P 122, bk. II c viii st 29, l 7, *upheave* All old editions read *upreare*
 P 122, bk. II c viii st 32, l 3, *lodge* (1596), *lodg* (1590)
 P 122, bk. II c viii st 35, l 5, *in his* (1590), *on his* (1609)
 P 123, bk. II c viii st 37, l 3, *ayle* (1590), *taile* (1609)
 P 123, bk. II c viii st 40, l 4, *so well as he st* *ought* (1590), *so wisely as it ought* (1609)
 P 123, bk. II c viii st 44, l 8, *no moe* (1596), *not thore*, i e *not there* (1609)
 P 124, bk. II c viii st 47, l 4, *suerd* (1590), *sword* (1596)
 P 124, bk. II c viii st 47, l 9, *this* (1590), 1596, 1609, 1611, *he* (1679)
 P 124, bk. II c viii st 48, l 8, *Prince Arthuri* (1609), *Su Guyon* (1590)
 P 124, bk. II c viii st 49, l 7, *tred* (1590), *tired* (?)
 P 127, bk. II c viii st 55, l 3, *bowing with* All the old editions read *with bowing*, but WITH is directed to be *deled* among the errata in 'Faults escaped in the Print'
 P 126, bk. II c ix st 4, l 5, *liefe* (1590), *lyfe* (1679)
 P 126, bk. II c ix st 6, l 9, *Arthegall* (1596), *Arthogall* (1590)
 P 126, bk. II c ix st 7, l 5, *Seven times the Sunne* (1590), *Now hath the Sunne* (1596)
 P 126, bk. II c ix st 7, l 6, *Hath walke* *about* (1590), *Walke round aboute* (1596)
 P 126, bk. II c ix st 9, l 1, *crete* All old editions read *wote*

P 161, bk iii c i st 56, l 8, *Descumano* (1590), *Bascio mani* (1609)
 P 162, bk iii c i st 60, l 8, *wary* (1609), *weary* (1590)
 P 162, bk iii c i st 60, l 9, *fond* (1590), *fand* (1609)
 P 163, bk iii c ii st 3, l 6, *too* (1596), *to* (1590)
 P 163, bk iii c ii st 4, l 1, *Shetraveling with Guyon by the weav* (so all old editions) Upton proposed to read the *Roderosse knight* instead of *Guyon* Todd suggested *Roderosse*, and Drayton, according to Collier, proposed *S George*
 P 163, bk iii c ii st 8, l 5, *Which to prove* (1590), *Which I to prove* (1596)
 P 164, bk iii c ii st 15, l 4, *allegge* (1590), *alledge* (1679)
 P 164, bk iii c ii st 16, l 9, *part* (1590), *point* (1609) Mr Collier says that Todd was a careless collator, yet Todd is right in saying that the folios read *point*, and Mr Collier is wrong in asserting that they read *part*
 P 166, bk iii c ii st 30, l 5, *her in her warme bed* (1590), *in her warme bed her dight* (1596)
 P 167, bk iii c ii st 44, l 1, *munde* (1590), *mine* (1609)
 P 168, bk iii c ii st 50, l 2, *breaded* (1590), *braided* (1609)
 P 168, bk iii c iii st 1, l 1, *Most* (1590), *Oh* (1609)
 P 169, bk iii c iii st 3, l 1, *dredd* (1590), *drad* (1609)
 P 169, bk iii c iii st 4, l 8, *protense* (1590), *pretence* (1596)
 P 171, bk iii c iii st 23, l 5, *shall* (1590), *all* (1679)
 P 171, bk iii c iii st 29, l 1, *with* (1590), *where* (1596)
 P 172, bk iii c iii st 35, l 1, *thy* (1590), *the* (1596)
 P 172, bk iii c iii st 37, l 7, *their* (1590), *the* (1596)
 P 173, bk iii c iii st 44, l 5, *yeares* (in 1590) is omitted by the 4to 1596 and fol 1609, and *full* is inserted to render the line complete
 P 173, bk iii c iii st 44, l 6, *Ere they to former rule, &c* (1596), *Ere they unto their former rule* (1590)
 P 173, bk iii c iii st 50, l 9, *Hee* (from the errata in 'Faults escaped in the Print') The text of 4to 1590 reads *she*, and omits *as earst*, which are supplied from the fol 1609
 P 174, bk iii c iii st 53, l 3, *(need males good schollers) teach* (1590), *whom need new strength shall teach* (1596)
 P 175, bk iii c iv st 5, l 8, *she* (1596), *he* (1590)
 P 176, bk iii c iv st 8, l 9, *thy* (1590), *these* (1596)
 P 176, bk iii c iv st 15, l 6, *speare* (1609), *spearre* (1590)
 P 178, bk iii c iv st 27, l 6, *fleshy* (1596), *fleshy* (1590)
 P 178, bk iii c iv st 30, l 6, *swourne* (1596), *swound* (1590)
 P 178, bk iii c iv st 33, l 1, *raynes* (1590), *trayne* (1596)
 P 179, bk iii c iv st 39, l 9, *sith we no more shall meet* (1596), *till we againe may meet* (1590)

P 179, bk iii c iv st 40, l 6, *gelly blood* (1590), *Jelly d blood* (1611)
 P 179, bk iii c iv st 43, l 4, *vaunted* (1590), *vaunted* (1609)
 P 180, bk iii c iv st 46, l 2, *great* (1596), *gret* (1590)
 P 180, bk iii c iv st 48, l 1, *off* (1590), *of* (1596)
 P 180, bk iii c iv st 49, l 8, *forhent* (1590), *forehent* (1609)
 P 181, bk iii c iv st 50, l 5, *Dayes dearest children be* (1596), *The children of day be* (1590)
 P 182, bk iii c v st 3, l 2, *till that at last* (1590), *till at the last* (1609)
 P 184, bk iii c v st 19, l 5, *no* (1596), *now* (1590)
 P 184, bk iii c v st 21, l 9, *blood* The 4to 1590 reads *flood*, (1596) *bloud*
 P 185, bk iii c v st 30, l 7, *beller* (1596), *biller* (1590)
 P 185, bk iii c v st 37, l 3, *did* (1590) ? *had* (Collier)
 P 186, bk iii c v st 39, l 9, *his* (1596), *their* (1590)
 P 186, bk iii c v st 40, l 4, *loves sweet teene* (1596), *sweet loves teene* (1590)
 P 188, bk iii c v st 40, l 9, *illng* (1590), *lring* (1596)
 P 188, bk iii c v st 41, l 5, *bountie* ? *beautie* (Collier)
 P 187, bk iii c iv st 50, l 8, *to all th'* (1590), *to is omitted in fol 1609*
 P 187, bk iii c v st 51, l 9, *let to* (1590), *let u* (1611) Collier is wrong in contradicting Todd's assertion that the fol 1611 reads *let it*
 P 187, bk iii c v st 53, l 9, *weare* (1609), *were* (1590)
 P 188, bk iii c vi st 3, l 9, *wee e* (1590), *was* (1596)
 P 188, bk iii c vi st 5, l 3, *bare* (1596), *bore* (1590)
 P 188, bk iii c vi st 6, l 5, *his beam's* The fol of 1609 has *his hol beames*
 P 189, bk iii c vi st 12, l 2, *aspect* The 4to 1590 reads *aspect*
 P 189, bk iii c vi st 12, l 4, *beautie* (1590), *beauties* (1596)
 P 190, bk iii c vi st 20, l 5, *chaunge* *straunge* The 4to 1590 reads *chaung* *straun*, the 4to 1696 has *change*, *strange*
 P 190, bk iii c vi st 25, l 5, *Which as* (1609), *From which* (4tos 1590, 1596) Church proposed to read *Of which a fountaine, &c*
 P 190, bk iii c vi st 26, l 4, *both farre and neare* (1596), omitted in the 4to 1590
 P 191, bk iii c vi st 28, l 6, *thence* (1590), *hence* (1596)
 P 191, bk iii c vi st 29, l 5, *Gnidus* (1596), *Gnidus* (1590)
 P 192, bk iii c vi st 39, l 1, *and to all* (1590), *to is omitted in fol 1611*
 P 192, bk iii c vi st 40, l 6, *saw* All the old copies read *spyde*
 P 192, bk iii c vi st 42, l 5, *hearu* (1596), *heavenly* (1609)
 P 192, bk iii c vi st 45, l 4, *And dearest love* (in 1609), omitted in the 4to
 P 192, bk iii c vi st 45, l 5, *Nai cisse* (1596), *Marcusse* (1596)

P 193, bk. iii c vi st. 18, l 9, *loven* (1590), *loosen* (1609)
P 191, bk. iii c vi st. 52, l 9, *launched* (1596), *launce* (1590), *launched* (1609)
P 193, bk. iii c vii Arg. l 1, *Guaunte* It is *Gyuant* in 1590, and *Gyants* in 1596
P 193, bk. iii c vii st. 1, l 8, *she did* (1596), *he did* (1590)
P 194, bk. iii c vii st. 5, l 1, *the tops* (1590), *th' tops* (1609)
P 194, bk. iii c vii st. 9, l 3, *to* (1596), *two* (1590)
P 195, bk. iii c vii st. 13, l 6, *hath* (1590), *had* (1609)
P 195, bk. iii c vii st. 18, l 5, *Might by the witch or by her sonne compass* (1590) The verb be must be understood before compass *Might be the witch or that her sonne* (1596)
P 195, bk. iii c vii st. 19, l 6, *her* (1590), *that* (1609)
P 196, bk. iii c vii st. 23, l 4, *he* (1596), *she* (1590)
P 197, bk. iii c vii st. 32, l 7, *muchell* (1596), *much ill* (1611) Collier is wrong in contradicting Todd's assertion respecting the lection of the fol. 1611
P 198, bk. iii c vii st. 43, l 8, *nere* The 4to 1590 has *nerre*, the 4to 1596 reads *neare*
P 198, bk. iii c vii st. 45, l 5, *from him* (1590), *him from* (1609)
P 198, bk. iii c vii st. 46, l 8, *the* (1590), *that* (1596)
P 198, bk. iii c vii st. 48, l 1, *And many hath to &c* (1596), *Till him Chylde Thopas to &c.* (1590)
P 200, bk. iii c viii st. 2, l 7, *golden* (1590), *broken* (1596)
P 200, bk. iii c viii st. 3, l 1, *advice* — *devise* (1590), *advise* (1596)
P 201, bk. iii c viii st. 6, l 7, *wee* (1590), *weaz* (1609)
P 201, bk. iii c viii st. 7, l 4, *to womens* (1590), *a womans* (1596)
P 201, bk. iii c viii st. 9, l 9, *whom* (1609), *who* (4tos)
P 202, bk. iii c viii st. 17, l 3, *brought*, *through* The 4to 1590 has *brought through*
P 203, bk. iii c viii st. 25, l 6, *hand* It is *hand* in all old editions
P 203, bk. iii c viii st. 30, l 3, *froxy* (1609), *froxy* (1590), but see p 204, st. 35, l 2
P 203, bk. iii c viii st. 32, l 7, *Had assould* (so all the old editions) Church proposed to read *Did assouyle*
P 203, bk. iii c viii st. 33, l 9, *her by* (1590), *thereby* (1596)
P 201, bk. iii c viii st. 37, l 9, *hight* (1596), *high* (1590)
P 205, bk. iii c viii st. 47, l 5, *surely* Upton suggested *soley*
P 205, bk. iii c viii st. 49, l 2, *Thare* (1596), *To have* (1590)
P 206, bk. iii c ix st. 2, l 4, *atlone* (1596), *attonce* (1590)
P 206, bk. iii c ix st. 7, l 3, *misdonne* (1596), *disdonne* (1590)
P 208, bk. iii c ix st. 20, l 9, *persant* (1590), *persent* (1609), *present* (1611)

P 208, bk. iii c ix st. 22, l 1, *Bellona* (1590), *Minerva* (1596)
P 208, bk. iii c ix st. 22, l 5, *her speare* (1590), *the speare* (1596)
P 208, bk. iii c ix st. 27, l 5, *that glaunces* (1609), *with glaunces* (1590)
P 208, bk. iii c ix st. 27, l 7, *demcasnure* (1590), *demecanure* (1609)
P 209, bk. iii c ix st. 32, l 8, *glad* (1596), *yglad* (1590)
P 209, bk. iii c ix st. 37, l 7, *glories* (1590), *glorie* (1609), *glorious* (1611, 1679)
P 210, bk. iii c ix st. 43, l 9, *remoud* (1590), *remou d* (1609), *remor d* (1679)
P 210, bk. iii c ix st. 45, l 3, *neck* (1596), *necks* (1590)
P 210, bk. iii c ix st. 47, l 3, *heard* (1596), *hard* (1590)
P 211, bk. iii c ix st. 49, l 4, *Which, after* (1596), *And after* (1609)
P 211, bk. iii c ix st. 2, l 2, *grievously* (1596), *griously* (1590)
P 212, bk. iii c ix st. 8, l 9, *to* (1596), *with* (1590)
P 213, bk. iii c x st. 18, l 4, *Then* (1596), *So* (1590)
P 213, bk. iii c x st. 21, l 9, *earned* (1590), *weaned* (1609)
P 214, bk. iii c x st. 31, l 3, *and with thy* (1596), *that with thy* (1590)
P 214, bk. iii c x st. 31, l 7, *vertues pay* (1603), *vertuous pray* (1590)
P 215, bk. iii c x st. 33, l 7, *over-ronne* It is *orerronne* in 1590
P 215, bk. iii c x st. 40, l 1, *addresse*. All old copies have *addrest*
P 215, bk. iii c x st. 40, l 3, *wastefull* (1596), *faithfull* (1590)
P 215, bk. iii c x st. 41, l 7 *wide forest*, (1590), *wild forest* (1609)
P 216, bk. iii c x st. 47, l 1, *the* (1609), *his* (1590)
P 218, bk. iii c xi st. 2, l 3, *golden* (1609), *golding* (1590)
P 218, bk. iii c xi st. 4, l 4, *all that I ever*, &c (1590), *that I did ever*, &c (1596)
P 218, bk. iii c xi st. 6, l 6, *has* (1590), *was* (1611) Collier is wrong in contradicting Todd's assertion respecting the reading of the fol. 1611
P 218, bk. iii c xi st. 7, l 6, *of* (1590), *off* (1596)
P 219, bk. iii c xi st. 12, l 1, *singulls* (1609), *singulys* (1590)
P 220, bk. iii c xi st. 19, *death* (1590), *? life* (Jordan)
P 220, bk. iii c xi st. 22, l 8, *the which* (1596) In 4to 1590 the is omitted
P 220, bk. iii c xi st. 23, l 2, *Inglorious*, *beastlike* The 4to 1590 reads *Inglorious and beastlike* In fol. 1611 and is omitted Collier is wrong in saying that no old edition omits and
P 220, bk. iii c xi st. 27, l 7, *entred* (1596), *decled* (1590)
P 221, bk. iii c xi st. 28, l 8, *I like a* (1596), *Like to a* (1590)
P 221, bk. iii c xi st. 33, l 9, *her* (1590), *his* (1609).-

P 221, bk III c xl st. 76, l 7, *thee* (1596), *the* (1590)
 P 222, bk III c vi st 34, l 5, *fre* (1590), *fer* (1596)

P 222, bk III c vi st 39, l 6 *each other* (1596), *his other* (1590)

P 222, bk III c vi st 39, l 8, *sting* (suggested by Jortin) All old copies read *hug*

P 223, bk III c xi st 47, l 9, *heaven light* (suggested by Church) All old editions read *heaven light*

P 224, bk III c xii st 7, l 8, *wood* (1596), *word* (1590)

P 224, bk III c xii st 9, l 3, *other* (1600), *others* (1590)

P 225, bk III c xii st. 12, l 1, *too or too* (1590) *to and fro* (1596)

P 225, bk III c xii st 12, l 6, *ringed* (1590) *ringy* (1596)

P 225, bk III c xii st 17, l 6 *did love* (so all copies) Church would omit *did*, and for *love* read *lost* In her right hand a diamond she lost

P 226, bk III c xii st 18, l 1, *dead* (1596) *dread* (1590)

P 226, bk III c xii st 18, l 8, *hom laden* All old editions read *hom laden*

P 226, bk III c xii st 21, l 7, *fadens* Church thinks that Spenser meant to write *falling*

P 226, bk III c xii st 21, l 8 *still* (1596), *skill* (1590)

P 226, bk III c xii st 27, l 5, *hand* is omitted in 4to^s but is among the errors in 'Faints escaped in the Print

P 226, bk III c xii st 26, l 7, *in the* (1590), *with that* (1596)

P 226, bk III c xii st. 27, l 3, *and love* all away (1596), *nothing did remaine* (1590)

P 226, bk III c xii st. 27, l 8, *It* (1590), *In* (1611) Collier is wrong respecting the reading of the folios

P 227, bk III c xii st 28, l 1, *there* (1600) The 4to^s read *their*

P 227, bk III c xii st 29, l 1, *wandering* (1590) *wondering* (1611)

P 227, bk III c xii st 33, l 7, *to her selfe* (1596), *to the next* (1590)

P 227, bk III c xii st 31, l 4, *unto her* (1600), *unto him* (1590)

P 228, bk III c xii st 38, l 7, *lois d* (1596) *sord, i e made sord hurt* (1590)

P 228, bk III c xii st. 40, l 1 *faire Lady* (1596), *faire Lad* (1590)

P 228, bk III c xii st. 47, l 9 *Whiled here I doe respire*

When Spenser printed his first three books of the 'Fairie Queene the two lovers Sir Scudamore and Amoret, have a happy meeting but afterwards, when he printed the fourth fifth and sixth books, he reprinted likewise the first three books, and among other alterations, he left out the five last stanzas and made three new stanzas, viz 43, 44, 45

More ease we see now, &c By these alterations this third book not only connects better with the fourth, but the reader is kept in that suspense which is necessary in a well told story

The stanzas which are mentioned above as omitted in the second edition, and printed in the first, are the following, —

"At last she came unto the place, where late
 She left Sir S. in now in great distress,
 To lye downe and despight halfe desperate,
 Of his long absence, of his owne remorse,
 And of the horrible Britomartes successe
 There on the cold earth him now thrown she
 Found
 "In willfull anguish and dead heaviness,
 And to him said, who's voice know'st thou
 "Soon as he heard, him selfe he reard light from
 "ground

There did he see, that most on earth him joyd,
 His downe so lone, the comfort of his daies
 Whom too long absence him had sore annoyd,
 An I wearied his life with dull desires
 "Straight he up arde from the loathed lyes,
 And to her ran with hasty earnestnesse
 Like a new beere, that greedily embrases
 "In the cool soyle after long thirstiness,
 Which he in chaine endured hath, now new
 "Inattlesse

Tightly he clapt her twixt his armes turne
 And so right did embrace her body bright,
 Her body into the prison of his paine,
 Now the sweet lodge of love and deare delight
 But she, faire Lady, overcome with guilt
 "O' huge affection, did in pleasure melt,
 And in sweet ravishment prind out her
 "sprit
 "No word they spake, nor earthly thing they
 "felt,
 "But like two vengeles stocks in long embracement
 "dwelt

Had ye them scene ye woul have surely thought
 That they had bene that faire Hermaphrodite,
 Which that rich Rome of white marble
 "wrought
 "And in his costly Bath caused to bee site
 "So seend those two as grove together quite,
 "That Britomart halfe envying their deesse,
 "Was much impatient in her gentle sprite,
 "And to her selfe oft wist like happiness
 "In vain she wist, that fate nould let her yet
 "possesse

Thus doe these lovers with sweet countervail,
 Each other of loves bitter fruit despoile
 But now my time begins to faint and fable,
 "All waken weary of their journall toyle
 "Therefore I will their sweete yokes asoyle
 "At this same furrowes end, till a new day,
 "And ye, faire Swains after your long turne,
 "Now cease your worke, and at your pleasure
 "play
 "Now cease your work, to morrow is an hol day"

P 229, bk IV c i l 4, *Tramond* All the early editions have *Telamond*

P 231, bk IV c i st 16, l 4, *ariefull* (1596), *grife full* (1600)

P 231, bk IV c i st 16, l 7, *none* (1596), *one* (1600)

P 236, bk IV c i st 2, l 5, *consented* (1596), *consented* (1670)

43
 "At last she came unto the place, where late
 She left Sir S. in now in great distress,
 To lye downe and despight halfe desperate,
 Of his long absence, of his owne remorse,
 And of the horrible Britomartes successe
 There on the cold earth him now thrown she
 Found

"In willfull anguish and dead heaviness,
 And to him said, who's voice know'st thou
 "Soon as he heard, him selfe he reard light from
 "ground

44
 "There did he see, that most on earth him joyd,
 His downe so lone, the comfort of his daies
 Whom too long absence him had sore annoyd,
 An I wearied his life with dull desires
 "Straight he up arde from the loathed lyes,
 And to her ran with hasty earnestnesse
 Like a new beere, that greedily embrases
 "In the cool soyle after long thirstiness,
 Which he in chaine endured hath, now new
 "Inattlesse

45
 Tightly he clapt her twixt his armes turne
 And so right did embrace her body bright,
 Her body into the prison of his paine,
 Now the sweet lodge of love and deare delight
 But she, faire Lady, overcome with guilt
 "O' huge affection, did in pleasure melt,
 And in sweet ravishment prind out her
 "sprit
 "No word they spake, nor earthly thing they
 "felt,
 "But like two vengeles stocks in long embracement
 "dwelt

46
 Had ye them scene ye woul have surely thought
 That they had bene that faire Hermaphrodite,
 Which that rich Rome of white marble
 "wrought
 "And in his costly Bath caused to bee site
 "So seend those two as grove together quite,
 "That Britomart halfe envying their deesse,
 "Was much impatient in her gentle sprite,
 "And to her selfe oft wist like happiness
 "In vain she wist, that fate nould let her yet
 "possesse

47
 Thus doe these lovers with sweet countervail,
 Each other of loves bitter fruit despoile
 But now my time begins to faint and fable,
 "All waken weary of their journall toyle
 "Therefore I will their sweete yokes asoyle
 "At this same furrowes end, till a new day,
 "And ye, faire Swains after your long turne,
 "Now cease your worke, and at your pleasure
 "play
 "Now cease your work, to morrow is an hol day"

P 229, bk IV c i l 4, *Tramond* All the early editions have *Telamond*

P 231, bk IV c i st 16, l 4, *ariefull* (1596), *grife full* (1600)

P 231, bk IV c i st 16, l 7, *none* (1596), *one* (1600)

P 236, bk IV c i st 2, l 5, *consented* (1596), *consented* (1670)

P 277, bk iv c ii st. 19, l 1, *besitting* (1596), *bestitting* (1679)
 P 278, bk iv c ii st. 22, l 7, *arizing* The 4to's have *arizinga*, the folios *arizing*
 P 241, bk iv c iii st 52, l 9, *so be* (1596), *be so* (?)
 P 242, bk iv c iii st 7, l 4, *skill* (1609), *sill*, (1596)
 P 243, bk iv c iii st 8, l 8, *arengement* (1609), *adrenament* (1596)
 P. 242, bk iv c iii st 9, l 6, *n ok* (1609), *not* (1596)
 P 243, bk iv c iii st 11, l 8, *other by ehren* (so all copies) It should be *second brothes* (Church)
 P 247, bk iv c iii st 20 l 1, *adventure* (so all copies) It has been proposed to read *advantage*, but *adventure*=opportunity
 P 247, bk iv c iii st 36 l 3, *wards* (so all copies) Church proposed to read *acords*
 P 247 bk iv c iii st 52, l 9, *elswhere* (1609), *elsere* (1596)
 P 247 bk iv c iv st 1 l 4, *minds* (1596), *lures* (1609)
 P 247, bk iv c iv st 2, l 3, *als* (1609), *els* (1596)
 P 247 bk iv c iv st 2, l 4 *Blandamour* (1679), *Sudamoure* (1596)
 P 248, bk iv c iv st 8, l 2, *Ferrau* (1609), *Ferrat* (1596)
 P 248 bk iv c iv st 10, l 5, *worse* (1609), *worst* (1596)
 P 249, bk iv c iv st 17, l 4, *maiden-headed* (1596) ? *satur-headed* (Church)
 P 249, bk iv c iv st 24, l 9, *swound* The 4to has *sound*
 P 249, bk iv c iv st 24, l 1, *beam-like* (1609), *bratlike* (1596)
 P 250, bk iv c iv st. 29, l 6, *cuffing* (1611), *cuffing* (1596)
 P 262, bk iv c v st 4, l 4, *Lemno* (1596), *Lemnos* (1611)
 P 253, bk iv c v st 5, l 5, *Acudalian* (1596), *Aridalian* (1609)
 P 253, bk iv c v st 6, l 8, *Martian* (1596), ? *marial*
 P 254, bk iv c v st 16, l 1, *that* (1596), *the* (1609)
 P 254, bk iv c v st. 21, l 8, *one* (so all old copies) Hughes reads *oven*
 P 254, bk iv c v st 23, l 7, *sens* (1596), *sure* (1609)
 P 255, bk iv c v st 25, l 5, *one* (1609), *once* (1596)
 P 255, bk iv c v st 31, l 3, *his* (1609), *her* (1596)
 P 256, bk iv c v st 35, l 4, *unpaid* (1596), *prepared* (1611)
 P 256, bk iv c v st 37, l 2, *Pyracmon* (1609) Ed 1596 reads *Pynacmon*
 P 256 bk iv c v st 40, l 7, *wheresoeer* (1596) *wheresore* (1611)
 P 260, bk iv c vi st 24, l 8, *feare* (1609), *his feare* (1596)
 P 260, bk iv c vi st 28, l 6, *Him* (proposed by Upton and Church) *Her* (1596) *He* (1609)
 P 261, bk iv c vi st 33, l 6, *ranging* (1596), *raging* (1611)

P 262 bk iv c vi st. 44, l 4, *in* (1596) Some modern editors, following fol 1609, alter to *on*
 P 262 bk iv c vi st 46, l 5, *ichom* (1609), *icho* (1596)
 P 262 bk iv c vii st 1, l 1, *darts* (1609), *dart* (1596)
 P 261, bk iv c vii st 10, l 9, *over-sight* (1596), *ore sight* (1609)
 P 261, bk iv c vii st 12, l 1, *captive* (1596) Some editors have proposed to read *caplure*
 P 261, bk iv c vii st 22, l 1, *hor hedge* (1596) Mr J P Collier proposes to read *For hedge*
 P 265, bk iv c vii st 23, l 3, *to* (1596) is omitted in 1679
 P 265, bk iv c vii st 25, l 1, *which* (1609), *with* (1596)
 P 266, bk iv c vii st 34, l 1, *rad* (1609), *said* (1596)
 P 267 bk iv c viii st 1, l 9, *infixed* (1596), *infected* (1611)
 P 268, bk iv c viii st 9, l 9 *pertake* (1596), *partake* (1609)
 P 268, bk iv c viii st 12, l 3, *her* (suggested by Church) *him* (1596)
 P 274 bk iv c viii st 64, l 1, *this* (1596), *his* (1609)
 P 274, bk iv c ix Arg l 2, *Emylua* (suggested by Church), *Peana* (1596)
 P 274, bk iv c ix st 1, l 8, *vertuous* (1609), *vertues* (1596)
 P 274 bk iv c ix st 3, l 3, *these* (1596), *this* (1609)
 P 275, bk iv c ix st 11, l 9, *them* (suggested by Church), *him* (1596)
 P 275, bk iv c ix st 12, l 2, *he* (1596), ? *they or we* (Church)
 P 276, bk iv c ix st 14 l 8, *dude*=*dyled*, *complexioned* Church suggested *eyde*
 P 276 bk iv c ix st 17, l 5, *quest* It is *quest* in 1596 and in all old copies
 P 276, bk iv c ix st 17, l 7, *bequest* (1596), *request* (1611)
 P 277, bk iv c ix st 23, l 8, *wide* Mr J P Collier says that in Drayton's copy of the fol of 1611 *wide* is suggested as an emendation for *wide*
 P 277, bk iv c ix st 26 l 1, *Then gan* (proposed by Church) In 1596 it is *theu gan*, in 1611 *thei e gan*
 P 277, bk iv c ix st 30, l 8, *repayed* (1609), *repayred* (1596)
 P 278, bk iv c ix st 37, l 2, *Knight* (1596), ? *Knights* (Upton)
 P 279, bk iv c x st 7, l 9, *ancient* (1609), *ancient* (1596)
 P 280, bk iv c x st 9, l 1, *earne* (1596), *vearne* (1611)
 P 280, bk iv c x st 17, l 5, *adward* (1596), *award* (1609)
 P 281, bk iv c x st 19, l 1, *meanest* (1609), *nearest* (1596)
 P 281, bk iv c x st 23, l 2, *ghesse* (1596), *bee* (1609)
 P 281, bk iv c x st 23, l 8, *to bee* (1596), *to ghesse* (1609), ? *ghesse* (1611)
 P 281 bk iv c x st 26, l 9, *aspire* (1596), *inspire* (1611)
 P 281 bk iv c x st 27, l 1, *Hyllus* (1596), *Hylyus* (1609)

P 282, bk iv c v st. 35, 1 6, *hell* (so all copies) Some editors have suggested *mell*=*confound*, but *hell*=O E *hill* or *lele*=*cover*, which agrees with its nominative *waters*. And *fire devon* is the *avre* is a parenthetical clause

P 283, bk iv c x st 51, 1 9, *quondam* (so all editions), ? *gardians* (Church), ? *guerdons* (J P Collier)

P 284, bk iv c v st 55, 1 8, *scarre* (1596), ? *wearre* (Church and Upton)

P 285, bk iv c x st 56, 1 4, *at* (1596), *on* (1609)

P 285, bk iv c xi st 4, 1 2, *dradd* (1596) *drad* (1609)

P 285, bk iv c xi st 4, 1 6, *seven* (1596), *thres* (1609)

P 287, bk iv c vi st 17, 1 6, *age* All old copies read *times*

P 287, bk iv c vi st 19, 1 4, *fortold* (1596), *foretold* (1611)

P 289, bk iv c xi st 34, 1 5, *Grant* (Child) The ed of 1596 reads *Gnant*

P 290, bk iv c vi st 45, 1 1, *lovelu* (1596) *loving* (1609)

P 290, bk iv c vi st 48, 1 8, *Endore* (1596), read *Eudore* (Child)

P 290, bk iv c xi st 52, 1 7, *but* (so all copies) Some editors have proposed to read *both*

P 292, bk iv c xii st 13, 1 1, 2, *Thus whist*, &c. (1596),

Thus whilst his stony heart was toucht with, &c
And myghty courage something mollified (1609)

P 293 bk iv c xii st 23 1 9, *That it was no old sore* (1596), *That no old sore it was* (1611)

P 295, bk v Prol st 2, 1 2, *at* (1596), *as* (1611)

P 295, bk v Prol st 2, 1 9, *degendered* (1596), *degendered* (1611)

P 296, bk v Prol st 7, 1 8, *thirthe* (1596), ? *thirteen*

P 296, bk v Prol st 9, 1 4, *ne* (1596), *no* (1611)

P 296, bk v Prol st 11, 1 2, *stead* (1609), *place* (1596)

P 297, bk v c i st 4, 1 1, *Irena* (1609), *Eirena* (1596)

P 300, bk v c u Arg L 3, *Munera*, &c The 4to has *Momera* The correct reading was adopted by Hughes

P 300, bk v c u st 2, 1 7, *As to his* (1609), *And to his* (1596)

P 300, bk v c u st 4, 1 1, *he* (1609), *she* (1596)

P 301, bk v c ii st 11, 1 4 *When as* All editions read *Who as* Church proposed to read *Tho as=then as*

P 303, bk v c ii st 32, 1 4, *earth* (1609), *care* (1596)

P 304, bk v c ii st 38, 1 1, *these* (1596), *thos* (1609)

P 304 bk v c ii st 44, 1 4, *uay* (1596) *weigh* (1609)

P 304, bk v c u st 45, 1 8, *weight* (so all editions), ? *scale* (Church)

P 305, bk v c ii st 46, 1 9, *uay* (1596), *lay* (1609)

P 308 bk v c iii st 20, 1 2, *adrevred* (so all editions) Upton suggested *had revred*

P 310, bk v c iii st 40, 1 6, *we here* (1609), *were here* (1596)

P 310, bk v c iv st 1, 1 3, *Had neede have* (1596), *Had need of* (1611)

P 311, bk v c iv st 8, 1 8, *doure* (1596), *doure* (1609)

P 313, bk v c iv st 22, 1 2, *pinnocd* (1596), *pinnocd* (1611)

P 314, bk v c iv st 36, 1 1, *watchman* (1609), *watchmen* (1596)

P 314, bk v c iv st 36, 1 8, *halfe like a man* (1596), *arm d like a man* (1609)

P 314, bk v c iv st 37, 1 3, *so few* (so all copies) Church proposed to alter *near*. In l 1 to *new*, so as to rhyme with *few* Mr J P Collier

proposes to read *to feare* instead of *so few*, thus making a suitable rhyme for *near*.

P 314 bk v c iv st 37, 1 6, *there* (1596), *then* (1611)

P 314, bk v c iv st 39, 1 3, *doale* (1609), *doile* *daride* (1596)

P 323, bk v c vi st 5, 1 6, 7, *For houres*, &c (so all editions), but *ve* ought to read, save Church,

For daves, but houres, for moneths that passed were, *She told but weekes, &c*

P 323, bk v c vi st 13, 1 9, *singulls* (1609), *singulls* (1596)

P 324 bk v c vi st 16, 1 7, *thinns compacte* Mr J P Collier, following Church, reads *thing compacte*=a concerted thing But the clause may stand if *ve* look upon *things* as in the genitive case

P 324, bk v c vi st 17, 1 5, *Heard* (1609), *Here* (1596)

P 325, bk v c vi st 24, 1 1, *their* (1596), *her* (1609)

P 325, bk v c vi st 25, 1 9, *nigh's* Church suggested *Knigh's*

P 325, bk v c vi st 29, 1 5, *glims* (1596), *alims* (1609), *alimpe* (1674)

P 326, bk v c vi st 32, 1 7, *did* (1596) ? *had*

P 326, bk v c vi st 33, 1 7, *arenge* (1596), *erenge* (1609)

P 326, bk v c vi st 34, 1 7, *their* (1596), *that* (1611)

P 326, bk v c vi st 35, 1 5, *vide* (1596), *vile* (1609)

P 327, bk v c vii st 6, 1 9, *her wreathed* (1596), ? *his wreathed* (Church)

P 328, bk v c vii st 13, 1 5, *to robe* (1596), *to be* (1611)

P 331, bk v c vii st 38, 1 5, *bad* (1596), *sad* (1609)

P 331, bk v c vii st 42, 1 3, *Princess* (1609), *Princes* (1596)

P 335, bk v c viii st 34, 1 8, *curat* (1596), *curas* (1674)

P 336, bk v c viii st 40, 1 6, *knowen* (1609), *knowne* (1596)

P 337, bk v c viii st 48, 1 6, *whether* (1596), *whither* (1609)

P 337, bk v c viii st 50, 1 8, *couthard* (1596) *coward* (1609)

P 339, bk v c ix st 21, 1 1, *knight* (1596), *knight* (1611)

P 340 bk v c ix st 26, 1 4, *Font* The 4to of 1596 reads *Fons*

P 341, bk v c i st 33, 1 8, *rebellious* (1609),
rebellions (1596)
P 342, bk v c i st 44, 1 1, *appose* (1596),
oppose (1609)
P 343, bk v c x st 6, 1 4, *and her* (1609),
and of her (1596)
P 344, bk v c v st 8, 1 4, *Idols ? Idol*
(Church)
P 345, bk v o v st 18, 1 8, *fastnesse* (1596),
safenesse (1611)
P 345, bk v c v st 27, 1 1, *whether* (1596),
whether (1611)
P 345, bk v c x st 23, 1 4, *threatning* (1596),
threatning (1611)
P 346, bk v c v st 26, 1 7, *so now ? now so*
(Church)
P 347, bk v c x st 37, 1 6, *hard picaeed*
(1596), had picaeed (1609)
P 348, bk v c v st 5, 1 9, *have iue* (1596),
not iue (1611)
P 349, bk v c v st 12, 1 4, *to them* (1596),
on them (1609)
P 349, bk v c v st 13, 1 9, *through* (1609)
Ed 1596 reads thragh
P 352, bk v c x st 40, 1 6, *shall sure*
aby The 4to 1596 omits the two words
shall sure, which are supplied from the folio
1611
P 352, bk v c xi st 41, 1 2, *too blame* (1596),
to blame (1609)
P 352, bk v c xi st 41, 1 6, *know* (suggested
by Upton), *know* (1596)
P 353, bk v c v st 54, 1 9, *corruptfull*
(1596), corrupted (1609)
P 354, bk v c v st 61, 1 7, *meed* (so all
editions) The rhyme requires *hye* (Church)
P 354, bk v c xi st 61, 1 8, *foiward* (1609),
foiward (1596)
P 354, bk v c xii st 1, 1 9, *enduren* (1609),
endure (1596)
P 355, bk v c xii st 5, 1 9, *the Eagle* (1596),
th' Eagle (1609)
P 356, bk v c xii st 17, 1 5, *such* (1596),
sure (1609)
P 356, bk v c v st 19, 1 2, *shame* (1596),
? harme (Collier)
P 357, bk v c xii st 30, 1 6, *hungry* (1596),
hungry (1609)
P 360, bk vi Prol st 6, 1 9, *fame* (adopted by
Collier), *name* (1596)
P 362, bk vi c i st 8, 1 7, *wretched* (1596),
wicked (1611)
P 364, bk vi c i st 28, 1 6, *eie he* (1609), *eie thou*
(1596)
P 364, bk vi c i st 34, 1 2, *swound* (adopted
by Child), *sound* (1596)
P 365, bk vi c i st 37, 1 5, *potshai es* (1596),
potshai ds (1611)
P 365, bk vi c i st 40, 1 9, *vearne* (1596),
earne (1609)
P 366, bk vi c h st 3, 1 2, *deed and word*
(1609), act and deed (1596)
P 366, bk vi c ii st 3, 1 3, *cares* All old
editions read *eues*
P 366, bk vi c ii st 3, 1 4, *eues* All old
editions read *cares*
P 370, bk vi c ii st 39, 1 2, *implements*
(1596), ornaments (1609).

P 371, bk vi c iii st 1, 1 3, *a man* (1596)
In 1679 a is omitted
P 372, bk vi c iii st 12, 1 7, *save hole* (1596),
saue hole (1611)
P 373, bk vi c iii st 21, 1 8, *default* (1596),
? assault (Collier)
P 374, bk vi c iii st 24, 1 5, *Crving aloud to*
shee (1609) The 4to 1596 has *Crving aloud in*
vaine to shee, &c
P 374, bk vi c iii st 28, 1 6, *soft footing*
(1679), softina foot (1596)
P 374, bk vi c iii st 30, 1 9, *thorough* (1609)
The 4to 1596 has throug
P 375, bk vi c iii st 35, 1 3, *which* (1609)
The 4to 1596 has that
P 376, bk vi c iii st 42, 1 4, *approve* (1609),
reproe (1596)
P 376, bk vi c iii st 42, 1 7, *reproe* (1609),
approve (1596)
P 376, bk vi c iii st 48, 1 2, *and all* (so all
old editions), *? with all*
P 378, bk vi c iv st 13, 1 8, *where* (1609),
there (1596)
P 378, bk vi c iv st 16, 1 8, *hurt* (1611),
hurts (1596)
P 380, bk vi c iv st 31, 1 5, *of our un-*
happie paine (so all old copies) Church proposed
of this our happie paine
P 380, bk vi c iv st 35, 1 3, *Lo* (1609),
Low (1596)
P 381, bk vi c v Arg 1 1, *Serena* (Hughes),
Matilda (1596)
P 384, bk vi c v st 28, 1 2, *lives* (1596), *? live*
Professor Child prints lived
P 385, bk vi c v st 36, 1 4, *off* (1609), *of*
(1596)
P 385, bk vi c v st 39, 1 3, *gree* (1609),
glee (1596)
P 385, bk vi c v st 41, 1 2, *there* (1609)
The 4to has then
P 386, bk vi c vi st 4, 1 4, *Of which* (1596),
In which (1611)
P 387, bk vi c vi st 11, 1 9, *Makes* The
4to 1596 has *Male*
P 387, bk vi c vi st 17, 1 7, *Calepine*
(Hughes), Calidore (1596)
P 389, bk vi c vi st 35, 1 6, *fight* (1609),
ight (1596)
P 391, bk vi c vii st 3, 1 7, *armed* (1609)
The 4to has arm'd
P 392, bk vi c vii st 15, 1 9, *yearned* (1596),
earn'd (1609)
P 395, bk vi c vii st 38, 1 7, *through* (1609)
The 4to 1596 has throug
P 395, bk vi c vii st 40, 1 7, *turling* (1596),
turling (1679)
P 396, bk vi c viii st 3, 1 9 *misust* (1596),
misus'd (1609)
P 397, bk vi c viii st 11, 1 9, *two* (1609),
tow (1596)
P 398, bk vi c viii st 15, 1 3, *pounded*
(1596), pownded (1609)
P 398, bk vi c viii st 17, 1 6, *From* (1609),
For (1596)
P 400, bk vi c viii st 39, 1 4, *daintest*
(1596), daintest (1609)
P 401, bk vi c viii st 47, 1 3, *toyle* (1609),
toyles (1596)

P 401, bk vi c viii st. 50, 1 i, *they* (1596), *shee* (1609)
 P 402, bk vi c ix st iv 1 9, *time* (1596), ? *time* (Church and Upton)
 P 405, bk vi c ix st 28, 1 6, *th' heavens* (1596) Some modern editions read *the heaven*
 P 405, bk vi c ix st 36, 1 3, *addrest* (1596), ? *he drest* (Church)
 P 406, bk vi c ix st 36, 1 8, *Oenone* (Hughes), *Benone* (4to 1596 and all old editions)
 P 406, bk vi c ix st 35, 1 9, *bought* (1596), ? *sought* (Church)
 P 407, bk vi c ix st 46, 1 5, *did dwell* (1611), *did well* (1596)
 P 407, bk vi c x st 2, 1 9, *in the port* (1609)
 The 4to has *on the port*
 P 409, bk vi c x st 22, 1 5, *Æacidee* The 4to has *Æcidee*
 P 409, bk vi c x st 24, 1 7, *forward* (1611), *forward* d (1596)
 P 410, bk vi c x st 34, 1 9, *her* Collier suggests *ere* before
 P 411, bk vi c x st 36, 1 6, *he* (omitted in all old editions)
 P 411, bk vi c x st 42, 1 5, *daily* (1596), ? *deadly* (Church)
 P 411, bk vi c x st 44, 1 8, *And* (1609), *But* (1596)
 P 414, bk vi c xi st 19, 1 4, *pretended* ? *protended* (Collier)
 P 414, bk vi c xi st 24, 1 1, *rehr d* (1596), *rehr d* (1609)
 P 417, bk vi c xi st 45, 1 4, *luful* (1596), *lufeful* (1609)
 P 419, bk vi c xii st 12, 1 8, *loos* (1596), *piave* (1609)
 P 422, bk vi c xii st 10, 1 7, *learned* (1596), *gentle* (1609)
 P 422, bk vi c xii st 41, 1 3, *cleanest* (1596), ? *clearest* (Child)
 P 429, bk vii c vi st 53, 1 6, *unto* (1609)
 The folio 1611 has *unto unto*
 P 429, bk vii c vi st 54, 1 8, *champain* (1611), *champion* (1609)
 P 429, bk vii c vii st 2, 1 3, *feeble* The folios have *sable*
 P 430, bk vii c vii st 8, 1 9, *shoure* (1611), *shew* (1609)
 P 430, bk vii c vii st 9, 1 1, *hard* (1611), *heard* (1609)
 P 430, bk vii c vii st 9, 1 7, *linde* The folios have *lindes*
 P 430, bk vii c vii st 10, 1 7, *they* — *which they* (1611)
 P 430, bk vii c vii st 12, 1 5, *Pleus* (1611), *Pelene* (1609)
 P 431, bk vii c vii st 16, 1 3, *thy* (1609), *my* (1611)
 P 432, bk vii c vii st 28, 1 3, *blossomes* *did* (1609) The ed of 1611 omits *did*
 P 433, bk vii c vii st 41, 1 5, *rode* (so all copies), the rhyme requires *rade*
 P 433, bk vii c vii st 41, 1 7, *Idwan* (Upton) The folios read *Idaan*
 P 435, bk vii c vii st 55, 1 7, *saine* (1609), *faine* (1611)
 P 436, bk vii c vii st 1, 1 7, *to cast* (1609), *and cast* (1611)

P 436, bk vii c vii st 2, 1 8, *Sabaath* (1611), *Sabbath* (1609)

P 136, bk vii c viii st 2, 1 9, For that Mr Collier suggests *thou* But there should perhaps be no comma after *God*, and the sentence will be an optative one signifying 'O may that great God of hosts grant me the enjoyment of that rest eternal' Perhaps *Sabaaths sight* is an allusion to the ancient interpretation of the word *Jerusalem*, i.e. *vino pacis*

P 436, bk vii c viii st 2, 1 9, *Sabaaths* (1609 and 1611) ? *Sabbaths* (Church)

P 436, bk vii c viii st 2, 1 9, *Sabaath God* (1611), *Sabbath God* (1609)

THE SHEPHEARDES CALENDAR

P 440, 1 1, *Noblesse* (1579), *noblenesse* (1597)
 P 440, 1 12, *my* (1579), *thy* (1611)
 P 111 col 1, 1 16, *of few* (1579), *of a fewe* (1597)
 P 441, col 2, 1 25, *covering* (1579), *covering* (1597)
 P 442, col 1, 1 5, *common* The 4to (1579) has *common*
 P 442, col 1, 1 49, *seene* (1586), *seme* (1579 and 1581)
 P 442, col 1, 1 57, *to be counted straungers* (1597), *straungers to be counted* (1579)
 P 442, col 2, 1 27, *ungurt* (1579) All other old editions read *unight*
 P 443, col 1, 1 21, *as one that* (1597), *as that* (1579)
 P 443, col 2, 1 21, *rare* (1579), *rath* (1597)
 P 443, col 2, 1 1 2 from bottom, *thus* 10 (1579), *the tenth* (1597)
 P 444, col 1, 1 13, *more then* (1597), *most and* (1579)
 P 444, col 1, 1 17, *Intencion* The ed 1579 has *Intencion*
 P 444, col 1, 1 18, *these* (1597), *his* (1579)
 P 444, col 1, 1 24, *definition* The ed 1579 has *definition*
 P 444, col 1, 1 35, *Æglogues* (1597) The ed 1579 reads *Eclogues*
 P 444, col 1, 1 40, *containe* (1597), *conceite* (1579)
 P 445, col 1, 1 4, *Abbi* All old editions read *Abbi*
 P 445, col 2, 1 8, *entraunce* The ed 1579 has *entraunce*
 P 445, col 2, 1 13, *itselfe* (1597), *self* (1579)
 P 445, col 2, 1 21, 22, *of thone part of thother* (1579), *of the one part of the other* (1597)
 P 445, col 2, 1 25, *Shepheards* (1597), *Shepherd* (1579)
 P 446 (Jannarie), Arg 1 1, *him* (1579), *himselfe* (1597)
 P 446, Arg 1 5, *delights* (1579), *delight* (1597)
 P 446, 1 34, *blossomes* (1579), *blossomes* (1581)
 P 447 (Glosse), col 2, 1 1, *who that hath* (1597), *who hath* (1579)
 P 447 (Glosse), col 2, 1 3 from bottom, *counterfeiting* (1579), *counterfeiting* (1597)
 P 448 (Glosse), col 1, 1 1, *Poesye* (1579), *Poesie* (1597)
 P 448 (Glosse), col 1, 1 3, *notwithstandeing* The ed 1579 reads *notwithstande*

P 448 (FEBRUARIE), 1 17, *thrette* (1579), *thutte* (1597)
 P 448, 1 52, *youth* (1579), *youth* (1597)
 P 448, 1 57, *hant* (1597), *hath* (1579)
 P 448, 1 80, *taidance* (1579), *to advance* (1597)
 P 449, 1 142, *overcraued* (1597) *orei aued* (1579)
 P 450, 1 181, *oft* (1579), *of* (1597)
 P 450, 1 189, *To this the* (1579), *To this this* (1597)
 P 450, 1 218, *to the earth* (1579), *to the ground* (1611)
 P 451 (Glosse), col 1, 1 9 from the bottom, *meanes* (1611) All 4tos read *meune*
 P 451 (Glosse), col 2, 1 11 from bottom, *giveth* (1597), *cereth* (1579)
 P 451 (Embleme), col 1, 1 10, *weze* (1579), *waze* (1597)
 P 451 (Embleme), col 1, 1 15, *rash headed* (1579), *raw-headed* (1597)
 P 451 (Embleme), col 2, 1 8, *God* (1597), *Gods* (1579)
 P 452 (Embleme), col 1, 1 1, *with him* (1579), *at him* (1597)
 P 452 (MARCH), col 1, 1 4, *nighes* (to be pronounced as a dissyllable) The 4tos read *nighest*, and fol. 1611 *nigheth*
 P 452, col 1, 1 6, *winters* (1579), *winter* (1597)
 P 452, col 1, 1 40, *als* (1579 and 1597), *alas* (1581 and 1586)
 P 453 (Wyllies Embleme), 1 2, *Gods* (Child) All old editions read *God*
 P 453 (Glosse), col 1, 1 9 from bottom, *Goddesse* (1597) The 4to 1579 has *Goddess*
 P 454 (Glosse), col 1, 1 5, *winged lore* (1597), *wandring lore* (1579)
 P 454 (ARGUMENT), (Arg), 1 2, *herein* (1579), *here* of (1597)
 P 454 (Arg), 1 4, *alienate* (1579), *alienated* (1597)
 P 455, col 1, 1 64, *angelick* (1579), *angel-like* (1597)
 P 456, col 1, 1 135, *finenesse* (1597), *finesse* (1579)
 P 456 (Glosse), col 2, 1 12 from bottom, *meanesse* (1579), *meannes* (1597)
 P 457 (Glosse), col 2, 1 32, *deffly* (1597), *deaffly* (1579)
 P 457, col 2, 1 18 from bottom, *dehight* (1611) The 4tos 1579, 1581, 1586, 1597, read *bedight*
 P 458 (Glosse), col 1, 1 7, *coronation* (1579), *car nation* (1597)
 P 458 (Glosse), col 2, 1 6 *slea* (1579), *slay* (1597)
 P 458 (Glosse), col 2, 1 9, of (1579) *by* (1597)
 P 458 (Glosse), col 2, 1 19, *blinded* (1579, 1581, 1586, 1597) Collier, who reads *blended*, is wrong in stating that Todd has no authority for printing *blinded*, fol 1611 has *blended*
 P 458 (MAYE), (Arg), 1 1, *fifle* (1597), *fit ste* (1579)
 P 458, col 2, 1 19, no (1579), *ne* (1581)
 P 459, col 1, 1 54, *great* (1597), *greed* (1579)
 P 459, col 1, 1 82, *for say* (1597), *foresay* (1579)
 P 460, col 1, 1 150, *say I* (1597, 1611), *sayd I* (1579)
 P 460, col 1, 1 159 *witen* (1579), *twiten* (1611)
 P 460, col 1, 1 164, *none* (1579), *no* (1597)
 P 460, col 2, 1 211, *the* (1579, 1581, 1586, 1597), *her* (1611)
 P 461, col 1, 1 273, *fores'all* (1597), *forstall* (1579)

P 462 (Glosse), col 1, 1 4, *oracles* (1579), *muacles* (1597)
 P 462 (Glosse), col 1, 1 8, *passengers* (1579), *persons* (1597)
 P 462 (Glosse), col 1, 1 1 from bottom, *Alarind* (1579), *Algrim* (1579)
 P 462 (Glosse), col 2, 11 32, 34, of *whom* *Prometheus*, in 1579 and 1581, but omitted in 1586
 P 462, col 2, 1 52, *hus* (1579), *her* (1581)
 P 463, col 1, 1 2, and (1579) or (1586)
 P 463, col 1, 1 29, *Tunanne* (1579), *Tunant* (1597)
 P 463, col 2, 1 15, *agreeing* (1597), *a greeting* (1597)
 P 463, col 2, 1 22, *beuare* (1579), *to beuare* (1597)
 P 464 (JUNE), col 1, 1 16, *shroude* (1611), *shouden* (1579)
 P 464, col 1, 1 24, *racenes* (1611), *racene* (1579, 1581, 1586)
 P 464, col 2, 1 98, *painfull* (1579), *plaine full* (1581, 1586)
 P 465 (Glosse), col 1, 1 4 from bottom, *all* is omitted in 1597
 P 465 (Glosse), col 2, 1 15, *Lorde* (1579), *Lorde of* (1597)
 P 465 (Glosse), col 2, 1 16, *noblesse* (1579), *noble- nesse* (1597)
 P 466 (Glosse), col 1, 13 of (1597), of the (1581).
 P 466 (Glosse), col 2, 1 12, *under mune* (1597), *undermunde* (1579)
 P 466 (JULYE), col 2, 1 35, *willesse* (1597), *weel- lesse* (1579)
 P 466, col 2, 1 58 *hyllue* (1579), *holu* (1597)
 P 467, col 1, 1 69 *for said* (1597), *foresayd* (1579)
 P 467 col 1, 1 77, *recourse* (1581), *resourse* (1579)
 P 467, col 1, 1 99 *a starre* (1611) The 4tos 1579, 1581, 1586, 1597 have *the starres*
 P 467, col 1, 1 129, *And* (1586), *As* (1579, 1581)
 P 468, col 1, 1 191, *other* (1579), *others* (1597)
 P 468, col 1, 1 197 *welter* (1579), *weltre* (1597)
 P 468 (Thomasus Embleme) The old editions have *Palinodes Embleme*
 P 468 (Glosse), col 1, 1 10, *lapsus* (1579), *lapsu* (1597)
 P 468 (Glosse), col 2, 1 7, *then* (1597), *and* (1579)
 P 468 (Glosse), col 2, 1 9 from bottom, *that* (1579), *the* (1586)
 P 469 (Glosse), col 1, 1 17, of the (1597), of (1579)
 P 469 (Glosse), col 2, 1 24, of a (1579), of the (1597)
 P 470 (AUGUST), (Arg), 1 2, *choose* (1579), *chose* (1597)
 P 470, col 1, 1 10, *did passe* (1597), *didst passe* (1579)
 P 470, col 1, 1 13, *that mischaunce* (1597), *that neice mischaunce* (1579)
 P 470, col 2, 1 46, *hetherward*, read *hetherward*
 P 470, col 2, 1 53, *holu* (1597), *holly* (1579)
 P 471, col 1, 1 84, *thy hart* (1579), *my hart* (1597)
 P 471, col 1, 1 104, *curelesse* (Collier) All editions read *carelesse*
 P 471, col 2, 1 162, *debarres* from (1579), *debars* of (1611)
 P 471, col 2, 1 166, *woodes* (1597) The 4to 1579 has *woddes*
 P 471, col 2, 1 167, or (1579), *nor* (1597)

- P 471, col 2, l 172, as (1597), a (1579)
 P 472, col 2, l 199, *nigheth* (1579) The 4to 1597 has *hugheth* = *heth*, hastens
 P 472 (Glosse), col 2, l 4, *shee*, omitted in 4to 1579, is supplied from the edition of 1597
 P 472, col 2, ll 14, 15, so *partes* (1579), omitted by 1597
 P 473 (SEPTEMBER), col 1, l 6, *dirke* (1579), *darke* (1611)
 P 473, col 1, l 13 *ripeth* (1579), *rippeth* (1597)
 P 473, col 1, l 22, *I wens* (1579), *weele* (1597)
 P 473 col 1, l 24, *estate* (1597), *astate* (1579)
 P 474, col 1, l 99, *For-thy* (1579), *For then* (1611)
 P 474, col 1, l 112, *whole* (1579), *hole* (1597)
 P 474, col 1, l 123, *doen* (1579) *do* (1597)
 P 474, col 2, l 144, *slau* (1579), *stau* (1579)
 P 474, col 2, l 145, *yeed* The 4tos have *yeeld*, e folio 1611 reads *yeed*
 P 474, col 2, l 148, *walke* (1579), *talle* (1611)
 P 474 col 2, l 160, to (1597), *two* (1579)
 P 474, col 2, l 162, *privé* (1579), *prive* (1597)
 P 475, col 2, l 257, *her* (1579), *his* (1597)
 P 475 (Glos-e), col 1, l 1 from bottom, *Thrise* the 4to 1579 has *These*, fol 1611 *Thrice*
 P 477 (OCTOBER), col 2 l 7, *be foist to faune* (1579), *to foist to faune* (1597), *to foice to faune* (1611)
 P 477, col 2, l 79, *thw place* (1597), *the place* (1579)
 P 477, col 2, l 80, *doe* (1579), *doest* (1597)
 P 477, col 2, l 103, *weighte* The 4to 1579 has *waughte*, the folio 1611 *waughte*
 P 478, col 2, l 12 from bottom, *Aradian* The 4to 1579 has *Aradian*, 4to 1597, fol 1611 *Arabian*
 P 479 (Glos-e), col 1, l 11, *is* Some old editions (") in
 P 479 (Glosse), col 1, ll 27, 28, *from stately dis course* (1579), *to stately course* (1597, 1611)
 P 479 (Glosse), col 1 l 32, *wee knowen to be Vir- gile* (1579) *we'll knew no'le Virgil* (1597, 1611)
 P 479 (Glosse), col 1, l 38, *flocks* (1579), *flocke* (1597)
 P 479 (Glos-e), col 2, l 2, *bu fire*, omitted in 4to 1597
 P 479 (Glosse), col 2, l 13, *laude* (1597), *lau* (1579)
 P 479 (Glosse) col 2, l 40, *Petrarch, sauing* (1579), *Petrarchs sauing* (1597)
 P 479 (Glosse), col 2, l 12 from bottom, *had* (1597), *hath* (1579)
 P 479 (Glosse), col 2, l 2 from bottom, *is* (1597), *it* (1579)
 P 480 (Glos-e), col 1, l 8, *forth* (1579), *out* (1597)
 P 480 (Glos-e) col 1, l 9, *whom seeing Vulcan* so *faune* (1579), *whom Vulcan seeing so faune* (1597, 1611)
 P 480 (NOVEMBER), (Arg), l 2, *albe* (1597), *albeit* (1579)
 P 481, col 1, l 78, *'ou is not in 4tos*, but occurs in fol 1611
 P 481, col 1, l 82, *hath displaye* The 4to 1579 read- doth *displaye*
 P 481, col 1 l 98, *heame* (1597) *heme* (1579)
 P 481, col 1, ll 94, 95 *him* (1597) *henn* (1579)
 P 481, col 2, l 113, *colourd* (1597), *coloured* (1579)
 P 483 (Glosse), col. 1, l 17, *enjoy* (1579), *recre* (1597)
 P 483 (Glosse), col. 1, l 23, *dyled* (1597), *dyled* (1579)
 P 483 (Glosse), col 2, l 5, *signe* Not in 1579, but in 1597
 P 483 (Glosse), col 2, l 7, *Atropos daughters* The 4to 1579 reads *Atropodas ughters*
 P 483 (Embleme), col 2, l 5, to (1579), of (1597),
 P 484 (DECEMBER), col. 1, l 29, *recled* (1611) The 4tos read *wreaked*
 P 484, col 2, l 43, *derring doe* The 4to 1579 has *derring* to, but *derring does* in the Glosse, p 486, col 2, l 1
 P 484, col 2, l 70, *loathed* (1579), *loathing* (1611)
 P 484 col 2, l 76, *season* (1579), *reason* (1611)
 P 485, col 1, l 89, *teniaoe* (1597), *to tenrage* (1579)
 P 485, col 2, l 145, *gather togetherye* (1597), *gather ne together* (1579)
 P 486 (Glosse), col 1, l 7, *or* (1579), *of* (1597)
 P 486 (Glosse), col 1, l 21 *nor* (1579), *or* (1597)
 P 486 (Glosse), col 1, l 27, *leapez* (1579), *heapes* (1597)
 P 486 (Glosse), col 1, l 41, *in* (1579), *in the* (1597)
 P 486 (Glosse), col 2, l 16, *knewest* (1579), *knowest* (1597)
 P 486 (Glos-e), col 2, l 20, *our* (how our in 1579), *how* is omitted by 1597
 P 486 (Glos-e), col 2, l 23, *Thus* The 4to 1579 has *Thys*
 P 486 (Embleme), col 1, l 3, of *Pocru* (in 1579) is omitted by 1597
 P 486 (Embleme), col 1, l 8, *nee* *nee* So in all the 4tos Some mod editions read *non non*
 P 486 (Embleme), col 2, l 2, *hath* (in 1579) is omitted by 1597
 P 486 (Embleme), col 2, l 5, *quod* (1597), *que* (1579)
 P 486 (Epilogue), col. 2, l 1 from bottom, *despise* (1579), *displease* (1597)

THE RUINES OF TIME

- P 493, l 361, to (1591), *do* (1611)
 P 493, l 363, *corelize* The edition 1591 reads *cortez*
 P 494, l 414, *made* (1591), ? *had* (Jortin)
 P 494, l 447, *For he that now*, &c (1591), *For such as now have most the world at will* (1611)
 P 494, l 451, *him that* (1591), *such as* (1611)
 P 494, l 454, *O let the man* (1591), *O let not those* (1611)
 P 494, l 455, *Nor alive*, &c (1591) *Alive nor dead* *be of the Muse adorned* (1611)
 P 494, l 499, *bruckle* (1591), *brutle* (1611)
 P 495, l 541, *Ocean* (1611), *Oceann* (1591)
 P 495, l 551, *which* (1611) The ed 1591 reads *with*
 P 495, l 571 *Was but earth*, &c (1591), *Was but of earth and with her weaknesse* (1611)
 P 495, l 574, *worlds* (1611), *woids* (1591)
 P 495, l 517, *bred was* (1611), *was bred* (1591)
 P 496, l 664 *the earth* (1591) *th earth* (1611)
 P 496, l 675, *worldes* All old editions read *worlds*

TEARES OF THE MUSES

- P 408, l 112, *aner*, (?) *in reu*.
 P 409, l 126, *of sin* Some mod editions read
to sin
 P 500, l 232, *singulfs* (1611), *singulfs* (1591)
 P 501, l 401, *that winged God* (1691), *the winged*
God
 P 503, l 576, *Poetresse* (1591), *Poettesse* in some
 mod editions
 P 503, l 600, *lving* (1611), *loring* (1591)

VIRGILS GNAT

- P 504, l 27, *scaves* (1591), ? *care*
 P 505, l 122, *heart* (1611) The ed 1591 has
heaz
 P 506, l 149, *Ascrean*. The ed 1591 reads *As-*
crean
 P 508, l 340, *not* (1611) is omitted by 4to 1591
 P 508, l 343, *fire* (1591), *fie* (1611)
 P 508, l 387, *throat* The 4to 1591 reads *threat*
 P 508, l 406, *flutering* (1611), *flatterng* (1591)
 P 509, l 417, *weladay* (1591), *weladay* (1611)
 P 510, l 536, *subtile* (1611), *slve* (1591)
 P 510 l 575, *billores* The 4to 1591 reads *bit*
loze
 P 510, l 588, *Hercean* (1591) ? *Egean*

MOTHER HUBBERD'S TALE

- P 513, l 53, *Gossip* (1611), *Goship* (1591)
 P 513, l 67, *lifted upon high* (1591), *lifted high*
 (1611)
 P 513, l 87, *worldes* (1611), *worlds* (1591)
 P 515, l 264, *theich* (1591), *thatch* (1611)
 P 516, l 340, *carried* (1591), ? *cover d* (Collier)
 P 517, l 453, *diriges* (1611), *dirges* (1591)
 P 517, l 501, or (1591), *ere* (1611)
 P 518, l 629, *she* (1591), *hee* (1611)
 P 519, l 648, at (in 1611), omitted by 1591
 P 519, l 734, *gentrie* (1591) This word must be
 pronounced as three syllables (Todd) Perhaps
 Spenser wrote *genterie*
 P 519, l 735, *lothefull* (1591), ? *stothfull* (Col-
 lier)
 P 519, l 830, *kindle* The 4to 1591 and the fol
 1611 read *kindly*
 P 522, l 997, *whether* The 4to 1591 has *whi-*
ther
 P 522, l 1012, *stopt* The 4to 1591 and fol 1611
 have *stept*
 P 522, l 1019, *whulther* The 4to 1591 reads
whether
 P 524, l 1245, *staf'd* (1591), *stail'd* (1611)

THE RUINES OF ROME

- P 526, l 21, *Mausolus* The 4to 1591 has *Man-*
solus
 P 526, l 48, *The Giants old* (1611), *the old Giants*
 (1591)
 P 527, l 119, *palaces* The line is defective,
 ? *p'laces failed*
 P 528, l 210, *now* (1611) Omitted by the 4to
 1591
 P 529, l 243, *ornaments* The 4to has *orna-*
ment

- P 529, l 270, *Tethis* (1591), *Thetys* (1611)
 P 529, l 272, *dimmed*, read *dimmed*
 P 531, l 414, *stackes* (1611), *stalkes* (1591).

MUIOPOTMOS

- P 532, l 34, *wonlth* (1591), *youth* (1611)
 P 533, l 119, *champain o're he* The 4to 1591
 has *champion he*, but the fol 1611 reads *champaine*
o're he
 P 534, l 250, *dispace* The 4to has *displacing*
 P 535, l 335, *hauie* (1591), *ayrie* (1611)
 P 535, l 354, *enfested* (1591), ? *enfesterd* (Col-
 lier)
 P 536, l 370, *framde craftily* (1611), *did silly*
frame (1591)
 P 536, l 392, *hateful* (1591), *fatal* (1611)
 P 536, l 431, *yonghly* The 4to has *yonghtly*,
 but see p 532, l 34

VISIONS OF THE WORLDS VANITIE

- P 537, st 3, l 11, *did* The 4to 1591 has *doth*
 P 538, st 8, l 12, *nature* (1611), *nature* (1591)

VISIONS OF BELLAY

- P 538, st 2, l 9, *On* The 4to 1591 reads *one*
 P 538, st 2, l 9, *Aslike golds*, ? *Aslike gold*
 P 538, st 9, l 1, *astoned* The 4to 1591 reads
astoned

The following is an earlier version of 'The Visions of Bellay,' which is found in the 'THEATRVS FOR WORLDINGS' 'A Theatre wherein be represented as well the miseries and calamities that follow the voluptuous Worldlings, As also the greates joyes and pleasures which the faithfull do enjoy An Argument both profitable and delectable, to all that sincerely love the word of God Devised by S Iohn vander Noodd Seene and allowed according to the order appointed Imprinted at London by Henry Bynneman Anno Domini 1569' 8vo Then follow two pages of Latin verses—'In commendationem operis ab Nobilib et virtutis Studiosissimo Domino, Ioanne vander Noodd Patricio Antuerpiensi editi, Carmen' and 'Doctor Gerardus Goossensus Medicus, Physicus, et Poeta Brabant moder in Zollum Octastichon' And a Dedication to Q Elizabeth, dated 'At London your Majesties Citie and seate royal The 25 of May 1569' and signed, 'Your Majesties most humble servant *Jean vander Noodd*'

Next come Spenser's six 'Visions of Petrarch' (called Epigrams), with four additional lines at the end, and then follow the remaining poems, entitled 'Sonnets,' with descriptive woodcuts

Then follow 107 leaves of Prose, entitled 'A briefe declaration of the Authour upon his visions, taken out of the holy scriptures, and dyvers Orators, Poetes, Philosophers, and true histories Translated out of French into English by Theodore Roest' The following is an extract 'And to sette the vanitie and inconstancie of worldly and transitorie thyngs, the livelier before your eyes, I have broughte in here *twentie sightes or visions, and caused them to be drawn*, to the ende al men may see that with their eyes, whiche I go aboute to expresse

by writing, to the delight and pleasure of the eye
and eares, according unto the saying of Horace

Omne tult punctum, qui miscuit utile dulci
That is to say,

He that teacheth pleasantly and well,
Doth in eche point all others excell

Of which our viciouſ the learned Poete M Francisce Petrarche Gentleman of Florence, did invent
and write in Tuscan the *six firste*, after suche tyme
as hee had loved honestly the space of .xxx. yeares
a faire, gracious, and a noble Damsell, named
Laurette, or (as it pleased him best) Laura, borne of
Avignon, who afterward hapned to die, he being in
Italy, for whose death (to shewe his great grief) he
mourned ten yeares together, and amongst many
of his songs, and sorrowfull lamentations, devised
and made a Ballade or song, containyng the *said*
visions, which because they serve wel to our purpose,
I have out of the *Brabants speeche*, turned them
into the *Englishe tongue* fol 13

The other ten visions next ensuing, are described
of one Iocuchm du Bellay, Gentleman of France,
the which also, because they serve to our purpose,
I have translated them out of Dutch into English
fol 14

SONETS *

IT was the time when rest the gift of Gods
Sweetly sliding into the eves of men,
Doth drowne in the forgetfulness of slepe,
The careful travalles of the painefull day
Then did a ghost appeare before mine eyes
On that great rivers banke that runnes by Rome,
And calling me then by my propre name,
He bade me upwarde unto heaven looke
He cride to me, and loe (quod he) beholde
What under this great Temple is countaine,
Loe all is nought but flying vanitie
So I knowing the worldes unstedfastnesse,
Sith onely God surmountes the force of ty
In God alone do stay my confidence

On hull, a frame an hundred cubites hie
I sawe, an hundred pillers eke about,
All of fine Diamant decking the front,
And fashiond were they all in Dorike wise
Of bricke, ne yet of marble was the wall,
But shinning Christall, which from top to base
Out of deepe vante threw forth a thousand rayes
Upon an hundred steps of purest go de.
Golde was the parget and the selyng eke
Did shine all scaly with fine golden plates
The floor was Jaspis, and of Emeraude
O worldes raineſſe A sodain earthquake loe,
Shaking the hull even from the bottome deepe
Threwe downe this building to the lowest stone

Then did appeare to me a sharped spire
Of diamant ten feete eche way in square,
Justly proportionde up unto his height,
So hie as mought an Archer reach with sight,
Upon the top therof was set a pot
Made of the metall that we honour most
And in this golden vessell couched were
The ashes of a mightie Emperour

* Or 'The Visions of Bellay'

Upon foure corners of the base there lay
To beare the frame, foure great Lions of golde
A wortheie tombe for such a wortheie corps
Alas, nought in this worlde but griefe endures.
A sodaine tempest from the heaven, I saw,
With flushe [?] flushe] stroke downe this noble
monument

I saw raise up on pillers of Ironie,
Whereof the brises were of richest golde,
The chapters Alabaster, Christall frises,
The double front of a triumphall arke
On eche side portraide was a victorie
With golden wings in habite of a Nymph.
And set on hie upon triumphing chaire,
The auncient glorie of the Romane lordes
The worke did shew it selfe not wrought by man,
But rather made by his owne skilfull hande
That forgeth thunder darres for Jove his sire
Let me no more see faire thing under heauen,
Sith I have seene so faire a thing as this,
With sodaine falling broken all to dust

Then I behelde the faire Dodoman tree,
Upon seven hilles throw forth his gladſome shade,
And Conquerors bedecked with his leaves
Along the banks of the Italian streame
There many auncient Trophees were erect,
Many a spoile, and many goodly signes,
To shew the greatnesse of the stately race,
That erst descended from the Trojan bloud.
Ravish I was to see so rare a thung,
When barbarous villaines in disordred heape,
Outraged the honour of these noble bowes
I hearde the tronke to grone under the wedge
And since I saw the roote in hie disdaine
Sende forth agune a twaine of forked trees

I saw the birde that dares beholde the Sunne,
With feeble flight venture to mount to heaven,
By more and more she gan to trust hir wings,
Still following th example of hir damme
I saw hir rise, and with a larger flight
Surmount the toppes even of the hiest hilles
And pierce the cloudes, and with hir wings to
reache

The place where is the temple of the Gods,
There was she lost, and sodenly I saw
Where tombing through the aire in plaine of fire,
All flaming downe she fell upon the laime
I saw hir bodie turned all to dust,
And saw the foule that shunneth the cherefull light
Out of hir ashes as a worme arise

Then all astonned with this nightiv ghost,
I saw an hideous body big and strong
Long was his beard, and side did hang his hair,
A grisly forehed and Saturnelike face
Leaning against the belly of a pot
He shed a water, whose outgushing streame
Run flowing all along the creeke shoare
Where once the Trojan Duke with Turnus fought
And at his feete a bitch Wolfe did give sucke
To two yong babes In his right hand he bare
The tree of peace in left the conquering Palme,
His head was garnisht with the Laurel bow
Then sodenly the Palme and Olive fell,
And faire greene Laurel witherd up and dide

Hard by a rivers side, a wailing Nimphe,
Folding her armes with thousand sighs to heaven,
Did tune her plaint to falling rivers sound,
Renting her faire visage and golden haire,
Where is (quod she) thus whulome honored face?
Where is thy glory and the auncient praise,
Where all worldes hap was reposed
When erst of Gods and man I worship was?
Alas, suffilde it not that civile bate
Made me the spoile and bootie of the world,
But this new H'dra mete to be assuilde
Even by an hundred such as Hercules,
With seven springing heds of monstrous crimes,
So many Nerees and Caligulies
Must still bring forth to rule this croked shore

Upon a hill I saw a kuddled flame,
Mounting like waves with triple pount to heaven,
Which of incense of precious Cedar tree
With Balmelike odor did perfume the aere
A bird all white, well fethered on her winges
Heront did flie up to the throne of Gods,
And singing with most pleasant melodie
She climbed up to heaven in the smoke
Of this faire fire the faire dispersed raves
Threw forth abroad a thousand shining leames,
When sodain dropping of a golden shoure
Gan quench the glystering flame O grevous
change!

That which erstwhile so pleasant scent did veld,
Of Sulphure now did breathe corrupted smel

I saw a fresh spring rise out of a rocke,
Clere as Christall against the Sunn beames,
The bottome yellow like the shining sand,
That golden Pactol drives upon the plaine
It seemed that arte and nature strived to joyne
There in one place all pleasures of the eye
There was to heare a noise alluring slepe
Of many accordes more swete than Mermaids
song,

The seates and benches shone as Ivorie,
An hundred Nymphes sat side by side about,
When from me lilies a naked rof of Faunes
With hideous cry assembled on the place,
Which with their feete uncleane the water fouled,
Threw down the seats, and droue the Nymphs to
flight

At length, even at the time when Morpheus
Most truly doth appeare unto our eyes,
We came to see th' inconstance of the heavens
I saw the great Typhens sister come,
Her head full bravely with a morian armed,
In majestie she seemed to matche the Gods
And on the shore, harde by a violent streame,
She raised a Trophee over all the worlde
An hundred vanquished kings gronde at her feete,
Their armes in shamefull wise bounde at their
backes

While I was with so dreaddfull sight afryde,
I saw the heavens warre against her tho,
And seing her stricken fall with clap of thunder,
With so great noyse I start in sodaine wonder

The sixth, eighth, thirteenth, and fourteenth
'Visions of Bellay,' which are in Spenser's transla-
tion of 1591, are not in the 'Theatre for World

lings,' but four others are substituted, of which the
writer thus speaks 'And to the ende we myght
speake more at large of the thing, I have taken
four reasons out of the revelations of S John, where
as the Holy Ghost by S John setteth him (Anti-
christ) out in his colours' Fol 20

I saw an ugly beast come from the sea,
That seven heads, ten crownes, ten hornes did beare,
Having theron the vile blaspheming name
The cruell Leopard she resembled much
Feete of a beare, a Lions throte she had
The mightie Dragon gave to her his power
One of her heads yet there I did espie,
Still fresh bleeding of a grievous wounde
One cride aloude What one is like (quod he)
Thus honoured Dragon, or may him withstande?
And then came from the sea a savage beast,
With Dragons speche, and shewed his force by fire,
With wondrous signes to make all wights adore
The beast, in setting of her image up

I saw a Woman sitting on a beast
Before mine eyes, of Orange colour hew
Horror and dreadfull name of blasphemie
Filde her with pride And seven heads I saw,
Ten hornes also the stately beast did beare
She seemed with glorie of the scarlet faire,
And with fine perle and golde putt up in heart
The wine of hooredome in a cup she bare
The name of Mysterie writ in her face,
The blood of Martyrs dere were her delite
Most fierce and fell this woman seemed to me
An Angell then descending downe from Heaven,
With thondring voice cride out aloude, and sayd,
Now for a truth great Babylon is fallen

Then might I see upon a white horse set
The faithfull man with flaming countenance,
His head did shine with crownes set thereon
The worde of God made him a noble name
His precious robe I saw embred with blood
Then saw I from the heaven on horses white,
A puissant armie come the selfe same way
Then cried a shining Angell as me thought,
That birdes from aere descending downe on earth
Should warre upon the kings, and cate their flesh
Then did I see the beast and Kings also
Joining their force to slay the faithfull man
But this fierce hatefull beast and all her trine
Is pitlesse throwne downe in put of fire

I saw new Earth, new Heaven, sayde Saint John
And loe, the sea (quod he) is now no more
The holy Cite of the Lorde, from hie
Descendeth garnisht as a loved spouse
A voice then savde, beholde the bright abode
Of God and men For he shall be their God,
And all their teares he shall wipe cleane away
Her brightnesse greater was than can be founde,
Square was this Cite, and twelve gates it had
Eche gate was of an orient perfect perle,
The houses golde, the pavement precious stone
A lvely streame, more cleere than Christall is,
Ranne through the mid, sprong from triumphant
seat

There growes lifes fruite unto the Churches good

THE VISIONS OF PITPARCH

P 511, st. 1, l. 5, *much* (1591), *much* (1591) (libretto for Worldlings)

P 511, st. 1, l. 9, *that* (1591), *this* (T for W)
 P 541, st. 2, l. 10, *shore* (1591), *shore* (T for W)
 P 541, st. 2, l. 21-24 In the T for W these lines are as follows —

*Strake on a rock, that under water lay
 O great misfortune, O great grief I saw,
 That in one moment to see it and divide
 So great riches as like e in not to find*

P 541, st. 2, l. 29, *The* (1591), *The* (T for W)
 P 541, st. 3, l. 50, *the* (1591), *a* (T for W)
 P 541, st. 3, l. 51, *Abund* (1591), *Abund* (T for W)

P 541, st. 3, l. 55, *That* with, &c (1591), *My* *griefs* were *ruined* with these pleasures *there* (T for W)

P 541, st. 4, l. 17, *a* (1591), *the* (T for W)
 P 541, st. 4, l. 19, *To* the (1591), *to* the (T for W)

P 541, st. 4, l. 30, *That* *mugla* *flour*, &c (1591)
The *night* *thereof* *dyd* *make* *my* *heart* *every* *e* (T for W)

P 541, st. 4, l. 51, *But*, *while* *herein*, &c (1591), *But* *while* *I* *told* *herein*, &c (T for W)

P 541, st. 4, l. 55, *So*, *are* *omitted* by T for W
 P 541, st. 5, l. 63, *at* *last* (1591), *at* *length* (T for W)

P 541, st. 5, l. 68-70, These three lines are not in T for W but instead we have the following concluding line — *For* *pitie* *and* *love* *my* *heart* *yet* *burnes* *in* *paine*

P 541, st. 6, l. 72, *thinking* *yet* (1591), *in* *think* *ing* (T for W)

P 541, st. 6, l. 81, *on* (1591), *in* (T for W)
 P 541, st. 6, l. 82, *and* *sorrowful* *annoy* (1591), *That* *doth* *our* *hearts* *anoy* (T for W)

P 541, st. 6, l. 83, 84, are omitted by T for W
 P 542, st. 7 This stanza does not occur in T for W, but the four following lines are added to the Epigrams —

My *Song* *thus* *now* *in* *thy* *Conclusions*,
Say *boldly* *that* *these* *same* *fix* *visions*
Do *yeelde* *unto* *thy* *lorde* *a* *speede* *request*,
Ere *it* *be* *long* *within* *the* *earth* *to* *rest*

P 542, st. 7, l. 85, *behold* The 4to 1591 reads *beheld*

DAPHNAIDA

P 543, l. 79, *unpited*, *unplained* (1591) Some mod editions read *unpited* and *unplained*

P 544, l. 159, 160, *fro* (1591), *from* (1611)

P 547, l. 391, *till* (1591), *til* (1591)

P 547, l. 478, *starres* (1591), *starre* (1596)

P 548, l. 487, *deepe* (1591), *deere* (1596)

COLIN CLOUTS COME HOME AGAINE

P 549, l. 1, *knowne* The 4to 1595 reads *knowne*

P 550, l. 40, *glorious* *bright*, *i* *e* *glorious* *bright* *one* (1595) Some mod editions read *glory* *bright*

P 550, l. 68, *lasse* (1611), *lose* (1595)

P 550, l. 91, *chose* (1595), *choose* (1611)

P 551, l. 169, *singults* (1611), *singulfs* (1595)

P 552, l. 315, *bodrags*. The 4to 1595 reads *bodrags*

P 553, l. 382, *there* *is* *Corydon* The 4to 1595 reads *there* *is* *a* *Corydon*

P 554, l. 457, *tranda*. The ed 1595 reads *tranda*

P 555, l. 499, *clustres*. The 4to 1595 reads *clustres*
 P 555, l. 501, *tree* *netes* (1595) by C 4th

The 4to 1595 has *lunches*

P 555, l. 570, *desert*. The ed 1595 reads *desert*

P 555, l. 571, *sure* (1611), *sur* (1595)

P 555, l. 572, *drowned* (1595), *drowned* (1611)

P 555, l. 581, *for* (referring to earth) Some editions read *there*

P 555, l. 581, *life* *spring*. All old editions read *life* *spring*

P 555, l. 584, *the* *creatures* (1611). Ed 1595 has *their* *creatures*. Collier suggests *in* *there*

ASTROPHILL

P 559, l. 22, *and* *revenge* (1595) ? *and* *revenge*

P 559, l. 70, *even* (1611), *of* (1595). Di 1595

in ed to write off *had* *is* *it*?

P 559, l. 63, *signe* *i* *e* *signe* (1595), *signe* (1611)

P 559, l. 63, *reache* (1611), *reach* (1595)

P 559, l. 149, *beare* (1595), *beare* (1611)

THE DOLL FULL LAY OF CLOREDA

P 563, l. 75, *him* *do* *see* (1611), *him* *see* (1595)

P 563, l. 80, *fro* *me* (1611), *me* *fro* (1595)

THE MOURNING MUSE OF THISTLE

P 567, l. 20, *by* *us* *us*. All old editions read *their* *us*

P 567, l. 21, *syne*. The ed 1595 reads *syne*

P 567, l. 197, *to* *the* *let* *fall*. Some editions read *to* *let* *the* *fall*

A PASTORALL ALLEGORIE

P 568, l. 29, *les* *les*. Ed 1595 has *testified*

P 568, l. 31, *hard* (1595), *ed* (1611).

AN FLIGHT

P 569, l. 3, *g'asse*. The ed 1595 reads *grasse*

P 569, l. 72, *moth* (1611), *might* (1595).

P 569, l. 109, *neer* (1611), *near* (1595)

P 569, l. 171, *astrophill*. The original has *astrophill*

P 569, l. 170, *To* *short* *lude* (1595) Some editions read *The* *short* *lude*

P 569, l. 175, *nor* (1595), *or* (1611)

P 569, l. 177, *do* (1595), *do* *h* (1611)

P 569, l. 181, *This* *word* (1611), *His* *word* (1595).

P 569, l. 206, *of* *each* *kinde* (1611), *of* *kinde* (1595)

P 569, l. 231, *discolles* (1611), *discolles* (1595)

AN EPITAPH (II)

P 571, l. 2, *parallels* (1611), *parables* (1595)

P 572, l. 19, *too*, *secke* (1611), *to*, *secke* (1595)

SONNETS.

P 574, st. 10, l. 7, *capture*. Ed 1595 reads *cap-*

ture
 P 574, st. 11, l. 8, *unpitted*. Ed 1595 reads *un-*

pitted

P 575, st. 15, l. 7, *treasure*. Ed 1595 reads

treasures

P 576, st. 21, l. 6, *for*. Ed 1595 reads *lores*

P 576, st. 26, l. 1, *braunche* *is*. The ed of 1595 reads *braunche*

P 576, st. 26, l. 5, *rough* read *tough* (1595)

P 578, st 33, l 11, *Suns* (1595), *Sith* (1611).
 P 578, st 35 This stanza is repeated in ed 1595, and comes between stanzas 82 and 81. There is a different reading in l 6, it is *having it* in our text, but *seeing it* in the omitted version

P 580, st 47, l 11, *her* (1595), *then* (1611)
 P 580, st 50, l 9, *first* (1595) Some copies read *for*.

P 580, st 53, l 6, *semblant* (1597), *emblance* (1611)

P 581, st 55, l 12, *mind* (1595) Some editions read *fore*

P 581, st 57, l 10, *these ? those*
 P 581, st 58, l 1, *By her* Some editors propose to read *To* but *By* concerning

P 581, st 58, l 8, *glories* (1595) Some editions (as 1611) read *glorious*

P 581, st 71, l 9, *above* Ed 1595 reads *about*
 Did Spenser write —

But as your worke is all about ymore ?
 P 583, st 82, l 2, *placed* Ed 1595 has *plac d*
 P 586, st 87, l 9, *the idaa* (1611), *th' idaa* (1595)

P 586, st 88, l 3, *roie* The ed 1595 reads *reie*

EPITHALAMION

P 587, l 2 *me* (1595) Some editions read *the*
 P 587, l 13, *girlands* The ed 1595 reads *gu land*

P 588, l 67, *dore* (so ed 1595), but read *deere* as suggested by Professor Child

P 588, l 92, *dreames* All the old editions read *dreame*

P 589, l 190, *mazefull* The ed 1595 has *maze full*, but *amazefull* is suggested by Professor Child

P 589, l 208, *recieve* Ed 1595 has *recue*

P 590, l 290, *nights sad dread* (1611), *nights dread* (1595)

P 590, l 341, *Poule* The ed 1595 reads *Poule*

P 591, l 359, *your bed* (1595) Some modern copies read *the bed*

P 591, l 379, *wool* The ed 1595 has *woll*

P 591, l 385, *thy will* (1611), *then will* (1595)

HYMNES

AN HYMNE OF LOVE.

P 593, l 69, *make* (1596), *made* (1611)

P 593, l 83, *hated fyre* Ed 1596 has *hate fyre*

P 594, l 122, *with* Warton proposed to read *from*

P 594, l 150, *Since* (1596) Some mod copies read *Sith*

P 594, l 161, *doest* (1596) Some mod copies read *doth*

P 595, l 227, *hath eyde* (1596) Some copies read *had eyde*

AN HYMNE OF BEAUTIF

P 596, l 6, *doest* (1596) Some mod editions read *doth*

P 596, l 17, *clothe it* (1596) Collier reads *closet it*

P 596, l 83, *oft times* Ed 1596 has *oftimes*

P 597, l 117, *Perform'd* The ed 1596 reads *deform'd*

P 597, l 158, *will ? eill*
 P 597, l 171, *affections* (1596), *affection**

P 598, l 195, *no love* (1596), *not love* (Collier)
 P 598, l 222, *to his fancies* (1596), *? of his fan cies*

AN HYMNE OF HEAVENLY LOVE

P 599, l 53, *in powre* (1596), *of powre* (Collier)

P 600, l 72, *still to them* (1596) Collier reads *unto them*

P 600, l 158, *launching* (1596) Some modern editions read *launcing*

P 601, l 179, *of us* (1596), *for us* (Collier)

P 601, l 188, *us so* (1596), *was so* (Collier)

P 601, 193, *Even he himselfe* Ed 1596 has *Even himselfe* In 1611 it is *Even hee himself*

P 601, l 238, *of great* (1596), *by great* (Collier)

P 602, l 266, *to thee* (1596), *for thee* (1611)

HYMNE OF HEAVENLY BEAUTIE

P 603, l 121, *Suns bright beames* (1596), *Sun- bright beames* (1611)

P 604, l 163, *and dampish aue* Ed 1596 reads *The dark and dampish aue*

P 604, l 170, *more bright* (in 1611), is omitted by 1596

P 605, l 270, *to paine* (1596), *a paine* (1611)

P 605, l 294, *on matter* (1611), *no matter* (1596)

PROTHALAMION

P 605, l 5, *whom* (1596) Some copies read *whose*

P 606, l 117, *Yet* (1611), *Feat* (1596)

SONNETS WRITTEN BY SPENSER

I This is taken from *Four Letters, and Certaine Sonnets Especially touching Robert Greene, and other parties, by him abused &c* London 4to *In printed by John Wolfe, 1592*

II This is prefixed to *Lenno, Or a Treatise of Nobilitie, &c Written in Italian by that famous Doctor and worthy Knight, Sir John Baptista Lenno of Bari Done into English by William Jones, Gent, 4to 1595*

III Prefixed to the *Historie of George Castriot, surnamed Scanderbeg, King of Albanie Containing his famous actes, &c Newly translated out of French into English by J. I. Gentleman Imprinted for W. Ponsonby, 1596*, fol There is a copy of this work in the Bodleian Library AA 37 Art Sold

IV Prefixed to *The Commonwealth and Government of Venice Written by the Cardinall Gasper Contarino, and translated out of Italian into English by Lewis Leckenor, Esquire London Imprinted by John Windet for Edmund Mattes, &c, 1595*, 4to

A VIEW OF THE PRESENT STATE OF IRELAND *

P 610, col 2, l 17, *enth ed* (22), *enured* (19)

P 610, col 2, l 3 from bottom, *Breaghe* (22), *Irach* (19)

P 611, col 1, l 79, *sure* (22) *faux* (19)

P 611, col 2, l 10, *foresatid* (22), *foreslaked* (19 and 73)

P 611, col 2, ll 32, 33, *Tanisth* (22), *Tanist* (19)

P 612, col 1, l 30, *innoration* (19), *innation* (73)

* 22=Additional MS 22022 19=Harl MS 1972 73=Harl MS 7388 W=Wares Text

P 612, col 2, l 19, *wayred* (73), *waned*, *waied* (19 and 22)

P 612, col 2, l 41, of a King (22), 'Of a Kinge, which tytle was gyven by the Irish rather for a more greater honour of their countrey then for any gratification or addition of power to the kynge, who was before Lord of Yreland, which tytle did not import the absolute soveraigne command of a lord seignour over his subjects as over his va salles, for all other absolute power of principalltie he had in himself before deryved from manie former kinges,' &c

P 613, col 1, l 15, *leepe* (22), *plucle* (19)

P 613, col 2, l 9 from bottom, *warrelille* (19), *wicked* (22)

P 614, col 2, l 15, *enured* (73), *entred* (22 and 19)

P 615, col 1, ll 11, 12, *Culcers*, *Mointerolite* *Orouke* MS 22 omits *Culcers* and *Mointerolite*, 19 reads *Culcers*, *Moneruo* (73 *Moneroe*), and *Ourlas* (*Oroucks* 73)

P 615, col 1, ll 14, 15, *Glaunmaleerih*, *Shillelah*, *Briskelagh*, *Polmonte* MS 19 has *Glaunador* (73 *Glamalour*), *Shillelagh* and *Brisklagh* *Polmonte* is inserted from Ware's text

P 615, col 1, l 11 from bottom, the Earle of Ulster Ware's text has the Earle of which is omitted in the Brit MS MSS For Ulster, 19 reads *Lacie*

P 615, col 2, l 2, *bulided* *Tomond* (22), *repaired* *Thomond* (19)

P 615, col 2, l 17 from bottom, *Clarifort* (19),

Clareforte (73), *Claryford* (Ware) Omitted by 22

P 615, col 2, l 15 from bottom, *Vourne* and *Butteant* (19) Omitted by 22

P 615, col 2, l 8 from bottom, *remember* (22), *reade* (19)

P 616, col 1, l 14 from bottom, *huti* (22), *seathe* (19)

P 616, col 2, l 1, *Donluce* (Ware), *Donlace* (19) Omitted by 22

P 616, col 2, l 8 *Belfast* (19) Omitted by 22

P 616, col 2, l 12, *en Ranagh* Omitted by 22, inserted from 19

P 616, col 2, l 14, *Belfast* *Newton* Omitted by 22, inserted from 19

P 616, col 2, l 23, in the *Ardes* Omitted by 22, inserted from Ware 19 reads at the *Ardes*, 73 in *Ardes*

P 616, col 2, l 29, *Bi emmegham* (22), *Breming* *ham* (19)

P 616, col 2, l 35, *to breathe or* (22), *to state nor* (19)

P 616, col 2, ll 47-56, *and left* *varies*, in 22, 19, and 73, but omitted by Ware

P 617, col 1, l 18 from bottom, *Gerald* (22), *Garryett* (19 and 73)

P 617, col 2, l 6, *bluster* (22), *blatler* (19, and Ware)

P 617, col 2, l 20 from bottom, *Leis* (22), *Leix* (19)

P 617, col 2, l 16 from bottom *Oreyleus* (73), *Oreities* (19)

P 617, col 2, ll 12-9 from bottom *All this kinde* (22), *All those which ye have named and manie moe besides often tymes have I right well known to kynde* (19)

P 618 col 2, ll 18-22, *to keepe* *provision* (19) Omitted by 22, and Ware

P 619, col 2, l 17 from the bottom, *leave* (22) *druce* (19)

P 619, col 2, l 10 from bottom, *gairans* (19), *gairans* (22), *garrander* (73)

P 620, col 2, l 3, *which purposely therefore is appointed* (22), *which is purposelie appointed there unto* (19)

P 620, col 2, l 16 from bottom, *attaynted* *roid* (22) Ware and MSS 19 and 71 omit *hath beene made royd*, and for *attaynted*, Ware and 19 read *conleynd*

P 620 col 2, l 16 from bottom, *scronge* (19), *wrought* (22)

P 621, col 2, l 15 from bottom, *Palentine* (22), *Palatune* (19), *Pallantyne* (74)

P 623, col 2, ll 4, 3 from bottom, *Cuddeehih*, *Cosshurk* (22), *Cuddie*, *Cossherie* (19), *Sbragh* and *Sorehm* (73 *Sragh* and *Brehim*) are omitted in 22

P 624, col 1, ll 3, 4, *saving commonly* (22), *for their common savinge is* (19)

P 624, col 1, l 29, *Kin-coghish* (22), *Kinconglushe* (19), *Kingongish* (73)

P 624, col 1, ll 4, 3 from bottom, *inclusive* *him* (19) Omitted by 22

P 624, col 2, l 21 from bottom, *Coghish* (22), *Congish* (73)

P 624, col 2, l 22 from bottom, *followers* (19), *fellowes* (22)

P 625, col 1, l 26, *I suppose to be Smithans which at*, &c In Ware's text we have the following passage, (omitted in all the Brit MS MSS) which, however, is directed to be crossed out as being then agreeable to the best MS copy, which passage is also omitted in the MS. of this 'View' belonging to the Marquis of Stafford (Todd) —

Enlar How cometh it then to passe, that the Irish doe derive themselves from *Gathelus* the Spaniard?

Iren They doe indeed, but (I conceive) without any good ground For if there were any such notable transmission of a colony hether out of Spaine or any such famous conquest of this kingdome by *Gathelus*, a Spaniard as they would faine believe, it is not unlikely, but the very Chronicles of Spaine (had Spaine then beene in so high regard as they now have it) would not have omitted so memorable a thing as the subduing of so noble a realme to the Spaniard, no more than they doe now neglect to memorize their conquest of the Indians, specially in those times, in which the same was supposed, being nearer unto the flourishing age of learning and writers under the Romans But the Irish doe herein no otherwise then our valne Englishmen doe in the Tale of Brutus, whom they devise to have first conquered and inhabited this land, it being as impossible to prove that there was ever any such Brutus of Albion or England as it is that there was any such *Gathelus* of Spaine But surely the Scythians (of whom I earst spoke at, &c)

P 625 col 1, l 37, *Scuttenland* (19), *Scutlerland* (22)

P 625, col 1, ll 39-45, *I wonder* *and the same* (in 19 and 73) Omitted by 22

P 626 col 1, l 21-22, *of all which* *Buckhanan* (22) Omitted by W

P 626 col 1, l 43, *leave* (so all copies) ? *learn*

P 626 col 1, l 54, *antiquely* (22), *auuncientles* (19 and 73)

P 626, col 2, l 17, *Cales* (22), *Cadiz* (19), l 43, *Gaudium* (W) *Galdum* (22), *Galdumon* (19)
 P 626, col 2, l 49, *Celles* (22), *Celle* (19), *Cells* (W)
 P 627, col 1, l 38, *fifre* (22), *fuftene* (19)
 P 627, col 1, l 44, *Sterius* (22), *Stauus* (W), *Sentes* (19)
 P 627, col 1, ll 51-52, *As the Latine proverb is* (omitted by 22, in 19 and 73) W reads as the later proverb is
 P 627, col 2, ll 11-11, *for bring* would (22)
 Omitted by W
 P 628, col 1, l 12, *Isabell* (22), *Lizabeth* (W, 19 and 73)
 P 628, col 1, l 23, *auncer-tru* (22, 7, and W), *auncer-tru* (19)
 P 628, col 2, ll 17-21, *of the which* of the *Gauls* (19 and 73) Omitted by 22
 P 628, col 2, l 37, *Gault* (22), *Gauls* (19), *Gald* (71 and W)
 P 629, col 1, l 16, *Cummurecch* (12), *Cuminerick* (19), *Cumerick* (73)
 P 629, col 2, l 5, *winning* (22), *employing* (W and 73), *employing* (19)
 P 630, col 1, l 30, *boltes* (W and 19), *booges* (22 and 71)
 P 630, col 1, l 33, *boltes* (22), *boolyng* (W), *Bollinge* (19 and 73)
 P 631, col 1, l 24, *Gauls* (22 and W), *Africans* (19 and 73)
 P 631, col 1, l 36, *besemeth* (22), *deserre* (19)
 P 631, col 2, l 6, *encloueth* (22), *enconceith* (19)
 P 631, col 2, l 44, *Beantoolthe* (22), *Monashull* (19 and 71), *Monashull* (W)
 P 632, col 1, ll 42, 43, *as have* that people W reads as have been devised for that people 22, taken for their reformation, 19, as have been devised for that people 73 as have been devised for the reformation of the people
 P 632, col 1, ll 26-28, *I tau* . to be named (22) Omitted by W
 P 632, col 2, ll 13, 14, *Launlaider* (W), *Lan-durgabo* (19), *Lavarrinaboure* (22)
 P 632, col 2, l 36, *blunt* (22), *blunde* (19 and W)
 P 633, col 1, l 1, *approorance* (22), *apparance* (19)
 P 633, col 1, ll 2, 7, *Scota* judg^{ment} (22), *Scota* be like an Egyptian word or carie anie *smacke* of anie learning or judgement (19)
 P 633, col 1, l 9, *oules* or *cuts* *eyes* (19), *an oule* or *cut* *eyes* (22)
 P 633, col 1, l 15, *Irish* (W), *English* (22)
 P 633, col 1, l 17, *Ferrechs* W has *Ferragh*, 22 *Furreels*, 19 *Ferrah*, 7 *Ferraghe*
 P 633, col 2, l 50, *clashing* (19), *lashing* (22)
 P 634, col 1, l 1, *joining* (19), *comming* (22)
 P 634, col 1, l 15, *oath* (19), *wealth* (22)
 P 634, col 2, l 31, *Lycanthropia* (W), *Hican-thropia* (22)
 P 635, col 1, l 44, *sharange* (19), *shering* (22)
 P 636, col 2, ll 47, 48, *an other huge* upon them (22), and through other huge calamities which came upon them (19)
 P 637, col 2, ll 25, 26, *Hernan*, *Shenan*, *Mau-gan* (22), *Hernan Shenan*, *Mangan* (W)
 P 637, col 2, ll 34-49, *of which sorte* . quite

Irish (22, 19 and 71) Omitted by Ware, who states that this passage is in the Lambeth MS, and in the MS belonging to the Marquis of Stafford
 P 639, col 2, l 24, *head* (W), *hand* (22, 19 and 71)
 P 640, col 2, ll 4-12, *Me thinks* *dishle* of (19 and W) Omitted by 22
 P 640, col 2, l 48, *Turkens* (W and 19), *Tur-reus* (22)
 P 642, col 1, l 12, *Kearrooghs* (22), *Garroires* (19)
 P 642, col 2, ll 45-50, *by reading* of folke (19), *by reading* those which you call *Folkemoles* the which *bulle* by two severall nations, the one by the Saxons, as the worde signifyeth in *Saxone* meeting of folke (22)
 P 643, col 1, ll 30-34, *as ye* . of stones (19) Omitted by 22
 P 645, col 2, l 29, to P 646, col 1, l 41, *This is truly* *was together* (22, 19 and 73) Omitted by W
 P 646, col 1, ll 52, 53, *charge therof* but the inconvenience (19), *charge therof*, nor any defect of scale for reformation herof, but the inconvenience (22)
 P 649, col 1, ll 50-53, *And this is* for ac cursed (omitted by W)
 P 649, col 1, l 52, *ames* not called *amisse* (19), *times* called *banisse* (22)
 P 656, col 1, l 6, *Jacques Geffray* (22), *Sequor Jeffrey* (19), *Signior Jeffrey* (W)
 P 654, col 1, l 77, *Maquereirhe* (22), *Maquire* (71), *Macquere* (19)
 P 658, col 2, l 11, *Turrelaghe O-Veale* (22), *Turlagh Lragh* (19), *Turlough Oneale* (73)
 P 658, col 2, l 41, *advice* (22) *devise* (19)
 P 659, col 2, l 28, *Cummereirghe* (22), *Comerick* (19 and 73)
 P 659, col 2, ll 52, 53, *Brun in the Brittons* *dark* (22), *Brun in the Brittons* *language* signifieth *roodie*, and *Toll hillie* (19 and 71)
 P 659, col 2, l 58, *Deurmuid-ne-Gath* (22) *De-mongle* (19)
 P 660, col 1, l 36, *Glan-Malteurh* (22), *Glan Malor* (19 and W)
 P 660, col 1, l 37, *Ballincorrah* (22), *Dalluncarre* (19)
 P 660, col 2, l 53, *placing* (19 and 73), *plotting* (22)
 P 661, col 1, l 48, *good spialls* (22), *good es* *pecialls* (19)
 P 661, col 1, l 51, *bayle* (22), *banyoning* (19)
 P 663, col 1, l 11, *unto them* *where they* (22), *unto them* that they shall be brought and removed with such crete as they have into *Leinster*, *where they*, &c (19)
 P 664, col 1, ll 52, 57, *which amounkth* *acres* (22) Omitted by W
 P 672, col 2, l 47, *kinde of bing bounde* (19), *kinde of living being bound* (22)
 P 675, col 1, ll 17, 38, *Alfoanagh* *doone* (22), *Saxona*, that is *English* (19)
 P 676, col 1, l 54, *sparte* All the MSS agree in this reading Ware has *sparte*, but *sparte* may be a provincial form of the O Eng *sparte*, a *battle axe*

APPENDIX II.

LETTERS FROM SPENSER (IMMERITO) TO GABRIEL HARVEY.

TO THE WORSHIPFULL
HIS VERY SINGULAR GOOD FRIEND,
MAISTER G H

FELLOW OF TRINITY HALL IN CAMBRIDGE *

GOOD Master G I perceive by your most courteous and friendly Letters your good will to be no lesse in deed than I alwayes esteemed In recompence whereof, think I beseech you, that I wil spare neither speech nor wryting, nor aught else, whensoever, and wheresoever occasion shal be offered me yea, I will not stay, till it be offered, but will seeke it in al that possibly I may And that you may perceive how much your Counsel in al things prevailleth with me, and how altogether I am ruled and overruled thereby I am now determined to alter mine owne former purpose, and to subscribe to your advizement being notwithstanding resolved still, to abide your farther resolution My principall doubts are these First, I was minded for a while to have intermitted the uttering of my writings leaste by over much cloying their noble eares, I should gather a contempt of myself, or else seeme rather for gaine and commoditie to doe it, for some sweetness that I have already tasted Then also, me seemeth, the work too base for his excellent Lordship, being made in honour of a private Personage unknowne, which of some y^e willers might be upbraided not to be so worthe, as you knowe she is or the matter not so weightie, that it should be offered to so weightie a Personage or thelike The selfe former Title still liketh me well ynough, and your fine Addition no lesse If these, and the like doubtes, maye be of importance in your seeming, to frustrate any parte of your advice, I beseeche you without the least selfe love of your own purpose, counsell me for the beste and the rather doe it faithfullye and carefully, for that, in all things I attribute so much to your judgement, that I am evermore content to annihilate mine owne determinations, in respecte thereof And indeede for your selfe to, it sitteth with you now, to call your wits and senses together (which are alwayes at call) when occasion is so fairly offered of Istimation and Preferment For whiles the iron is hote, it is good striking, and minds of Noble, varie as their Estates
Verum ne quid durius

I pray you bethinke you well hereof, good Maister G and forthwith write me those two or three special points and caveats for the nonce, *De quibus in superioribus illis mellitissimis longissimisque Literis tuis* Your desire to heare of my late being with hir Majestie muste dye in it selfe As for the twoo worthy Gentlemen, Master Sidney and Master Dyer, they have me, I thanke them, in some use of familiarity of whom and to whome, what speache passeth for your credite and estimation, I leave to your selfe to conceive, having alwayes so well conceived of my unfained affection and zeale towardes you And nowe they have proclaimed in their *aperturay* a generall surceasing and silence of valde Rymers, and also of the verie beste to in steade whereof they have, by authoritie of their whole Senate, prescribed certayne Lawes and rules of Quantities of Englishie sillables for English Verse having had thereof already great practise, and drawn mee to their faction Newe Bookes I heare of none, but only of one, that writing a certafus Booke, called *The Schoole of Abuse*, and dedicating it to Maister Sidney, was for his labor scorned If at leaste it be in the goodnesse of that nature to scornee Suche folle is it, not to regarde aforehande the inclination and qualitie of him to whome wee dedicate ourre Bookes Suche mighte I happily incurre entitling *My Slomber* and the other Pamphlets unto his honor I meant them rather to Maister Dyer But I am of late more in love wyth my Englishie Versifying than with Ryming whyche I should have done long since if I would then have followed your counsell *Sed te solum jam tum suspicabar cum Aschamo sapere nunc Autam video egregios alios Poetas Anglicos*

Maister E K hartly desireth to be commended unto your Worshipp of whome what accompte he maketh, your selfe shall hereafter perceive, by his paynefull and dutifull Verses of your selfe

This much was written at Westminster yesterday but coming this morning, being the sixteenth of October, to Mystrasse *Helles*, to have it delivered to the Carrier, I recovered your letter, sente me the laste weeke whereby I perceive you otherwhiles continue your old exercise of Versifying in Englisho, whych glorie I had now thought shoulde have bene onely ours heere at London and the Court

Truste me, your Verses I like passingly well, and envye your ludden paines in this kinde or rather maligne, and grudge at your selfe, that would not once imparte so muche to me But once or twico you make a breache in Maister Drants Rules *quod tamen condonabimus tanto Poeta, tuoque ipsius maxime in his rebus auctoritati* You shall see when we meete in Iondon (whiche when it shall be, certafus) howe fast I have followed after you in that

* Reprinted from 'Two other very commendable Letters, of the same mens wryting both touching the fressid Artificiall Versifying, and certain other Particulars—More lately delivered unto the Printer—Imprinted at London by H Bynnemann, dwelling in Thirnes streete, neere unto Baynardes Castell Anno Domini, 1580 Cum gratia et privilegio Regia Majestatis'

Insignire voluit, Populoque placere faventi,
Desuper insanus discit, turpemque pudendam
Stultitiae laudem quaerit Pater Ennius unus
Dictus in innumeris sapiens laudatur at ipsa
Carmina vesano fudisse liquenta vino
Nec tu pnce tua, nostri Cito Maxime saeculi,
Nomen honorati sacrum merere Poetae,
Quantumvis illustre canas, et nobile Carmen,
At stultice velis, sic Stultorum omnia plena,
Tuta sed in medio superest via gurgite, nam Qui
Nec reliquis nimium vult despiciisse videri,
Nec sapuisse nimis, Sapientem dixeris unum
Hinc te mererit unda, illum combusserit Ignis,
Nec tu delicias nimis aspernare fluentes
Nec sero Dominam venientem in vota, nec Aurum,
Si sapias, ablatum, (Cursus ea, Fabricisque
Linque vitis miseris miseranda Sophismata
quondam

Grande sui decus li, nostri sed dedecus rexi)
Nec sectare nimis Res utraque criminosa plena
Hoc bene qui callet, (si quis tamen hoc bene callet)
Scribe, vel invito sapientem hunc Socrate solum
Vis facit non pios Justos facit altera, et altra
Egrexque cordata, ac fortia pectora verum
Omne tulit punctum, qui miscuit utile dulci:
Dii mihi, dulce diu dederant verum utile nun-
quam

Utile nunc etiam, o utinam quoque dulce dedus-
sent

Dii mihi (quippe Dii requirunt maxima parvis)
Ni nimis videant mortalibus esse beatas,
Dulce simul tribuisse queant, simul utile tanta
Sed Fortuna tua est pariter quaeque utile, quaeque
Dulce dat ad placitum sevo nos sydere nati
Quaesitum imus eam per inhospita Caecasa longe,
Perque Pyrenaeos montes, Babilonaeque turpem
Quod si quaesitum nec ibi invenierimus, ingens
Aequor in exhaustis perimens erroribus, nitra
Fluctibus in mediis socii quaeremus Ulysses
Pa-sibus inde Deam fessis comitabimur aegram,
Nobile qui furtum qui lenti defuit orbe
Nunquam sibi pudet in patris, tenebrisque pu-
dendis

Non nimis Ingenio Juvenem infatigabilem
Officis frustra deperdere vilibus Anno,
Frugibus et vacuas sperantis cernera splenis
Ibimus ergo statim (quis cuncti fausta pre-
cetur ?)

Et pede Cilbosas fesso calcabimus Alpes
Quis dabit interea conditas rore Britanno
Quis tibi Litterulas? quis carmen amore petul-
cam!

Musa sibi Oebalii deserta cacumini montis,
Flebit in exhausto tam longa silentia planctu,
I ureblique sacrum lacrymis Heliconae tacentem
Harretit quoque bonus (ebanus licet omnibus idem,
Idque suo merito prope suus lor omnibus unus.)
Angelus et Gabriel, (quamvis comitatus amicus)
Innumbris gentiumque choro strigatus ameno)
Immetus tamen animum abentem sepe requirit,
Optabilem vitam mea hic Lacedaemone adesset,
Qui nova crispisset nec Amorae contulisset
Ipse eros, et sepe anulo verbi-que benignis
Iusta precaretur, Deos illum aliquando reducat,
&c

I ara te tua per Charles sed non licet per Musas
late Tale iustitiam, Mi amabilem Harretit, meo
Cile, et ceteris et autum longi charissime

I was minded also to have sent you some English
verses or Rymes, for a farewell but by my troth,
I have no spare time in the world, to thinke on
such Toyes, that you know will demaund a freer
head, than mine is presently I be-seech you by
all your Curtesies and Graces let me be answered
ere I goe which will be (I hope, I fentre, I thinke),
the next weeke, if I can be dispatched of my Lorde
I goe thither, as sent by him, and maintained most
wheat of him and there am to employ my time, my
body, my minde, to his Honours service Thus
with many superhartie Commendations and Re-
commendations to your selfe, and all my friendes
with you, I endo my last Farewell, not thinking
any more to write unto you, before I goe and
withall committing to your faithfull Credence the
eternall Memorie of our everlasting friendship, the
inviolable Memorie of our unspotted friendshippe,
the sacred Memorie of our vowed friendship which
I beseech you Continue with usuall writings, as you
may, and of all things let me heare some Neves
from you As gentle M^r Sidney, I thanke his good
Worship hath required of me, and so promised to
doe againe Qui monet, ut facias, quod jam facis,
you knowe the rest You may always send them
most safely to me by *Mistresse Keile*, and by none
other So once againe, and yet once more, I fare-
well most hartly, mine owne good Master H and
love me, as I love you, and thinke upon poore Im-
merito, as he thinketh upon you

Leicester House, this 5 [?] 16] of October, 1579

Per mare, per terras,
Vicus, mortuusque
Tuus Immerito

TO MY LONG APPROVED AND SINGULAR GOOD FRENDE, MASTER G H *

Good Master H I doubt not but you have some
great important matter in hande, which at this
while restraineth your Penne, and wonted readi-
nesse in provoking me unto that, wherein your selfe
nowe faulte If there be any such thing in hatch-
ing, I pray you hartly, lette us knowe, before al the
worlde see it But if happily you dwell altogether
in Justitians Courte, and give your selfe to be de-
voured of secrete Studies, as of all likelihood you
doe yet at least impart some your olde, or newe
Latine or English, Lloquent and Gallant Poesies
to us from whose eyes, you saye, you keepe in a
manner nothing hidden Little newes is here
stirred but that olde greite matter still dependant
His Honours never better I thinke the *Earthquake*
was also there with you (which I would gladly
learn) as it was here with us overthrowing divers
old buildings and peeces of Churches Sure vergo

* Reprinted from 'Three proper and a little fami-
liar Letters lately passed between two Universitie
men touching the Earthquake in April last, and
our English reformed Versifying — With the Pre-
face of a well-willer to them both — Imprinted at
London by H Byrnenman, dwelling in Thames-
streete neere unto Bayardes Castell Anno Do-
mini 1640 — Cum gratia et privilegio Regio Majes-
tatis

strange to be heard of in these Countries, and yet I heare some saye (I knowe not howe truly) that they have knowne the like before in their dayes *Sed quid vobis culem magnus Philosophus?* I like your late English Hexameters so exceedingly well that I also enure my Poeme sometime in that kinde wherby I fynd indeede as I have heard you often defende in worde, neither so hard nor so hardy that it will easly and fairely yeelde it selfe to our Moorish tongue For the onely, or chiefest hardnesse, which cometh, is in the Accente whiche sometime gapeth, and, as it were, yawneth unfavourably comming shorthe of that it should and sometime exceeding the measure of the Number, as in *carpenter* the middle sillable being used shorthe in space, when it shall be read long in Verse, cometh like a lame *Gastula* that draweth one legge after her and *Heaven* being used shorthe as one sillable when it is in verse stretched out with a Dittole is like a lame dogge that holdes up one legge. But it is to be wonne with Custome and such wits must be subdued with Use For, why a Gods name, may not we, as the Greekes, have the kingdom of our owne Language and measure our Accentes by the sounde, serving the Quantitie to the Verse? Lo, here I let you see my olde use of toying in Rymes turned into your artificial straightnesse of Verse by this *Tetradicon* I beseech you tell me your fancies without parcialitie

See yee the blindfolded prettie God, that feareth Lovers Archer,

Of Lovers Mercie, which maketh his bloodie name?

Wot ye why, his Mother with a Veile hath covered his face?

Tru't me, lest he my Love happily chauce to beholde

Seeme they comparable to those two, which I translated you *ex tempore* in bed, the last time we lay together in Westminster?

That which I este did I joy, and that which I gree lily forgoed,

As for those many goodly matters least I for others

I could hardly wish, you would either send me the Rules and Precepts of Arte, which you observe in Quantities, or else followe mine, that M. Philip Sidney gave me being the very same which M. Drant devised but enlarged with M. Sidneys own judgement and augmented with my Observations, that we might both accorde and agree in one kinde we overthrowe one another, and be overthrowen of the rest Trust me, you will hardly believe what greite good liking and estimation Maister Dier had of your *Satyricall Verses*, and I since the view thereof having before of my selfe had special liking of *English Verse*, am even now aboute to give you some token, what and howe well therein I am able to doe for, to tell you truely, I minde shortly at convenient leisure to sette forth a Booke in this kinde, which I entitle *Epithalamon Thamesis* whiche Booke, I dare undertake will be very profitable for the knowledge, and rare for the Invention and manner of handling For in setting forth the marriage of the Thames I shewe his first beginning, and offspring, and all

the Countrey, that he passeth thorough, and also describe all the Rivers throughout Englande, whiche came to this Wedding, and their right names, and right passage, &c A worke beleewe me, of much labour, wherein notwithstanding Master Holinshed hath much furthered and advantaged me, who therein hath bestowed singular paines, in searching out their first heades and sources and also in tracing and dogging oute all their Course, til they fall into the Sea

O Tite, siquid, ego
Equm erit pretij?

But of that more hereafter Nowe, my *Dreames* and *Dung Pellicane*, being fully finished (as I partlye signified in my laste Letters) and presently to bee imprinted I wil in hande forthwith with my *Faery Queene*, whiche I praye you hartly send me with all expedition and your friendly Letters, and long expected Judgement wrthall, whiche let not be shorthe, but in all pointes suche, as you ordinarie use, and I extraordinarily desire *Multum rali Westminster Quarto Nonas Aprilis 1580*
Sed, amabo te, meum Corculum tibi se ex animo commendat plurimum jandui murata, te nihil ad literas suas responsi dedisse Vide quæso, ne id tibi Capitale sit Mihi certe quidem est, neque tibi hercle impunt, ut opinor, iterum vale, & quam voles sepe

Yours alwayes to commaunde,

INDIGNITO

Postscripte

I take best my *Dreames* shoulde come forth alone, being groven by meanes of the Glosse (running continually in manner of a Paraphrase) full as great as my *Calendar* Therein be some things excellently, and many things wittily set coured of L K and the pictures so singularly set forth and portrayed, as if Michael Angelo were there, he could (I think) not amende the beste, nor reprehendo the worst I know you would like them passing wel Of my *Stemmata Dudleiana*, and especially of the sundry Apostrophes therein, addressed you knowe to whome, must more advise-ment be had, than so lightly to sende them abroad howbeit, trust me (though I doe never very well) yet, in my owne fancie, I never dyd better *Teruntamen te sequor solum nunquam verbū assequar*

EXTRACT FROM HARVEY'S REPLY *

But Master Collin Cloute is not every body, and albeit his olde Companions, Master Cuddie and Master Hobbinoll be as little beholding to their *Mistresse Poetrie*, as ever you writ yet he per- adventure by the meanes of hir special favour, and some personall priviledge, may happily live by *Dung Pellicane*, and purchase great landes, and lordshippes, with the money, which his *Calendar* and *Dreames* have, and will afforde him *Extra socum*, I like your *Dreames* passingly well and the rather, because they savour of that singular extraordinary veine and invention, which I ever fancied moste, and in a manner admired onely in *Iucian*, *Petrarche*, *Aseline*, *Passuill*, and all the most deli-

* Reprinted from 'Three Proper and wittie fami- liar Letters &c'

cato, and fine conceited Grecians and Italians (for the Romanes to speake of, are but verie ciphers in this kinde) whose chieftest endeavour, and drift was, to have nothing vulgare, but in some respects or other, and especially in *their hyperbolical amplifications*, rare, quaint, and oddie in every pointe, and as a man would saye, a degree or two at the leaste above the reach, and compasse of a common schoollers capacitie. In which respects notwithstanding, as well for the singularitie of the manner, as the Divinitie of the matter, I hearde once a Divine, preferre *Saint Johns Revelation* before all the veriest *Metaphysicall Visions*, and jollyest conceited *Dreames or Extraneous*, that ever were devised by one or other, howe admirable, or super excellent soever they seemed otherwise to the worlde. And truly I am so confirmed in this opinion, that when I bothinke me of the verie notablest, and most wonderful Prophetically, or Poeticall Vision, that ever I read, or hearde me seemeth the proportion is so unequall, that there hardly appeareth any semblance of Comparison no more in a manner (especially for Poets) then doth betwene the incomprehensible Wisdome of God, and the sensible Wit of man.

But what needeth this digression between you and me? I dare save you wyl holde yourselfe reasonably well satisfied if youre *Dreamer* be but as well esteemed of in Englande, as *Petrarches Visions* be in Italy which I assure you, is the very worst I wish you. But, eee, how I have the *Arts Memorative* at commandment. In good faith I had once againe nigh forgotten your *Faerie Queene* how delt by good channace, I have nowe sent hir home at the laste,

neither in better nor worse case then I founde hir. And must you of necessity have my judgement of hir indeede? To be plaine, I am voyde of all judgement, if your *Aine Comedies* whereunto in imitation of *Hesiodus*, you give the names of the *Aine Muses* (and in one mans fancy not unworthy) come not neerer *Aristotles Comedies* eyther for the finenesse of plausible Plocution, or the rarenesse of Poeticall Invention, then that *Irish Queene* doth to his *Orlando Furioso*, which notwithstanding you will neede seeme to emulate and hope to overgo as you flatly profes-ed yourself in one of your last Letters.

Besides that you know, it hath bene the usual practise of the most exquisite and odde wittes in all nations, and specially in *Italy*, rather to shewe, and advaunce themselves that way, then any other, as namely the three notorious dyscoursing herds *Dibena*, *Machiavel*, and *Aretine* (to let *Bembo* and *Ariosto* passe) with the great admiration and wonderment of the whole country being in deepe reputed matchable in all points, both for conceit of Witte and eloquent deciphering of matters either with *Aristophanes* and *Alexander* in Greeke or with *Plautus* and *Terence* in Latin, or with any other in any other tong. But I will not stand greatly with you in your owne matters. If so be the *Faerie Queene* be fairer in your eie than the *Aine Muses*, and *Hobgoblin* runne away with the Garland from *Apollo*. Marke what I saye, and yet I will not say that I thought, but there an End for this once, and fare you well till God or some good Angell putte you in a better minde.

GLOSSARY.

The numbers refer to the pages.

- A*, in 'A God's name,' 442, 474
Abace abase, to lower, to hang down, 82, 257, 397
Abard, to abandon 138
Abasment, fear, 202, 203
Abear to behave, conduct, 306 406
Abet, abet, to aid, support maintain, 364, 383,
 asserting falsely, 212
Abid, abode, remained, 178
Abie abv, abay, to pay the penalty of, to atone for
 suffer for, 101, 122, 179, 212, 205, 258, 305, abide
 by 308
Abiet, to throw or cast down 219, 358
Abide remained, 227, a delay, stay, 155, 202
Abolish, to wipe out 101
Abord, *abord*, from the bank, astray, at a loss,
 515 *Aborde*, harbour, 418
Abou's, about, 58
Abrade, to rouse, wake up, 218
Abraw (pret. *abrawde*), to start up suddenly, to
 awake, 162, 207, 261, to quake with sudden fear,
 261
Atusier, abuse, deceit, fraud, 141, 230, 309
Acclov, a clove, to clog up, choke, encumber, hinder,
 113 449, 565
Accoast'ing, skimming along near the ground, 569
Accompt, *account*, account 444, 515
Accorage, to encourage, 90, 203
Accord, to grant, to agree, to reconcile, 255, 278,
 418, an agreement, 99, 115
Accordingly, agreeably to, according to, 65, 77, 99,
 141, accordingly, 179
Accoste, to go side by side, to adjoin border, 352
Accourting, entertaining (courteously), 88
Accoutrement, garb, 519
Accov, accois, to subdue, daunt, tame, 448
Accov, to coy, caress, 274
Accov, to assemble, gather together, 129
Accov, to increase, 259, 317
Achates (*Acakas*), purchased provisions, cates 128
Acquight acquit, acquite, to deliver, release, 49, 145,
 acquitted, free 314
Adannants, chrystals, 208
Adair, to adaint, tame, moderate, 195, 260, 341,
 449
Adaves, daily, 452
Addeme to adjudge, 307
Addoom, to adjudge, 435
Address to prepare, adjust, direct, clothe, arm, 176,
 192, 215 *Address*, ready, 247
Adjoine, to approach, join, 198
Admiraunce, admiration, 347
Admire to wonder at, 206, 266, 399
Adore, to adorn, 290
Adornie, ornament, 226
Adourne, down, 49
Adrad, adred, adredde, afraid, terrified, 162, 244,
 272, 507
Adrad, to be frightened, 299
Adraunce, to extol, 34, impel, 81
Aden'ure, chance, 257, opportunity, 243, to at-
 tempt, 314
Adrier, to view 308
Adrice, adrise, to consider, perceive, take thought
 of, bethink, 79, 129, 294 419
Adricement, consideration 103, 126
Adward, an award 250, to award, 294
Emuling emulating, rivalling, 550 (emuled, 550)
Aycard, afraid, 217, 235
Afear, to frighten 93, 96
Afret, affection 367, sorrow 566, imitation, 594
Affection passion, 100 19 168 386
Afide, afide, betrothed 273, 306, intrusted, 322
Affliced, low, humble, 11
Afford, to consent, 103
Affrap, to strike, to strike down, to encounter, to
 assault, 82, 163
Affray, to terrify, fray, 184, terror, 340, 345
Affinde, to make friends 246
Affret, encounter, 207, 242
Affront, to confront, encounter, oppose, 50, 176,
 244
Affu, to betroth, espouse, 372, 376, entrust, 322
Affvaunce betrothal, 99
Afore, in front, before, 97, 170
Aggrace, favour, kindness, goodwill, 125, to make
 gracious, 151
Agorale, to please, delight, charm, treat politely,
 105, 128, 193, 204 208, 349, 410
Aalet, point, tag, 94, 366
Agree, to settle, to cause to agree, 97
Agreeablv, alike, in a manner to agree, 391
Aguse, agric, aorse, agrunt, to cause to shudder,
 to terrify, to make disgusted, 111, 165, 346, 430
Agur-d, having a terrible look, disfigured, 269
Aguse, agurze, to deck adorn, fashion, accoutre,
 82, 83, 165, 306, 519, to disguise, 107
Alabaster, alabaster, 167
Albe, albee, although, 37, 455
Alcegaunce, alleviation, 186
Aleir, howling, 323
Aligate *aligate*, altogether, wholly, by all means, in
 all ways, at all events, 161, 201, 259, nevertheless,
 480
All, although, 155, 'all as' as if, 448

- Allegge*, to lessen, allay, 452
Almes, a free allowance alms, 230
Alone (only), without compulsion, 235
Alow, downwards, 337
Alow, praise, 5
Als also, 80, 84, 123, 232
Amaine, violently, by force, 235, 256, 384
Amate to daunt subdue, to stupefy, terrify, 16, 87, 178, 187, 220, to keep company with, 128
Amaze, amazement, 194, 237
Ambassage, embassy, 517
Amearst, amerced, punished, 583
Amenage, to manage, handle, 97
Amenance, carriage, behaviour, 160, 121, 242, 520
Amis, amice, a priestly vestment, 29
Amount, to mount up, ascend, 60
Amore, to move, remove, 31, 56, 219
Anvile, anvil, 72
Annon, annoyance, grief, hurt, 40, 91, 129
Antiques, antiques, ancient, or fantastic figures, 94, 112, 223
Apace, fast, copiously, 288
Appail, to falter, 260, to weaken 160
Appau, *apau* (pret and p p *appaid* *appaid*), to please, satisfy, pay, 129, 148, 354, 470, 543
Appeach, to impeach, accuse, 123, 144, 320, 342
Appease, to cease from, 25
Appele, to accuse, 341, to offer, 168
Appellation, appeal, 427
Apply, to attend to, 65, to bend one's steps to, 106
Approven, to put to the proof, to prove, 492
Approuance, approval 153
Arborell, little grove, 107
Areed, *areed* (p p *ared*), to tell, say, declare, describe, inform, teach, interpret, explain, 56, 57, 93, 164, 220, 238, 258, 309, 390, appoint, 355, detect, 254
Arear, *areare*, *arere*, *arreare*, to the rear, backward, aback, 143, 196, 214, 377, 509
Arer, *arret*, to allot, entrust, adjudge, 120, 140, 254
Areu, in a row, in order, 77
Arguments, signs, indications, 391
Arighis, rightly 343
Arle, box, chest, 248
Arras, tapestry of Arras, 28
Arraught (pret of *arreach*), seized forcibly, 135
As, as if, 51, 70, 126, 197
Aslaunce, sideways, 112, 160
Aslake, to slake, abate, appease, 26
Aslope, on the slope aside, 180
Assay, to try attempt, assail attack 20, 28, 97, 183, 277, an attempt, trial, 83, 92, 93, value, 19, 177
Assayde, affected, 470
Assage, to besiege, 141
Assignment, design 140
Assize, measure, 538
Assol, *assoyl*, to absolve, determine, set free let loose, renew 61, 104, 160, 203, 243, 397, 533, to pay, 548, remove 255, 260
Assolt, to be fool, to beguile bewilder, 132, 202, 462
Assure, to promise, assert confidently, 132
Assuage, to grow mild, 23
Assyn, to mark or point out, 46
Asstart, to start up suddenly, 166
Asstart, befall, come upon suddenly, 482
Asound, *astound*, *astoned*, astounded, stunned, 269, 468
Astonish, to stun, 272
Astonning, confounding, 305
Attach, to seize, take prisoner (*attack*, 203), 142, 276, 318
Attaine, *attaine*, to find, reach, fall in with, 265
Attaint, to stain obscure, 47
Attempt, to tempt 334
Attendement intent 338
Attent, attention, 211, 406
Attone (*atone*) at one, together, reconciled 8, 128, 264, 277. *Attone*, *attons*, at once, together, 84, 182, 206
Attrapt, dressed, 251
Attreen, *attreen*, between, 185, 351, 390
Attwixt, between, at intervals, 224
Aumayl, to enamel, 94
Arale, *arale*, to fall, sink, lower, descend, bow down, 126, 393, 447, 448
Araunt, depart, 388
Arauntage, advantage, 103
Araunting, advancing (boastfully), 92
Avenge, revenge, 258
Avengement, revenge, 30, 184
Aventred, thrust forward (at a venture), 168, 242
Aventring, pushing forward, 258
Avize, *arpe*, to perceive consider, regard, view, take note of, reflect bethink, 37, 109, 157, 165, 169, 174, 248, 275, 419, advise, 273
Avizefull, observant, 260
Avoid, to depart, go out, 161
Avoure, 'to make avoure' = to justify maintain, 376
Avurned made, was made aware, 216
Awake, to wait for, 157, watch, 280
Achape, to terrify, frighten, 263, 351, 613
Augulets (*anlets*), tags, points of gold, 94
Aym, direction, 107
Babe, doll, 460
Bace, low, 36, 168
Bace, the game of prisoner's base, 476, 'bad bace' = challenged, 218
Baffuld, disgraced (as a recreant knight), 391, 394
Baile, to deliver, 275 custody, 423
Bains, banns (of marriage), 77
Bale, grief, sorrow, affliction, trouble, 13, 46, 91, 114, *bale*, ruins, 407, *baleful*, full of bale, destructive, deadly, 169, 241, *balefulness*, ruin, 154
Balle, to disappoint to deal at cross purposes, 164, 281, a ridge between two furrows, 413
Balliards, billiards 520
Ban, *banne*, to curse (*band*, cursed), 197, 275, 302, 349, 368, 601
Band, forbid, banish, 167, assemble, 31
Bandog, mastiff, 474
Bane, death destruction 142
Banquet, banquet 190, 264
Bannerall, a standard (shaped like a swallow's tail), 393
Barbe, equipments of a horse, horse armour, 87
Barbican, a watch-tower, 128
Bard, ornamented with *bais* (ornaments of a grille), 94
Base, low, 18, the lower part, 339
Basenesse, a low humble condition, 371
Basen wide, widely extended, 519
Base, armour for the legs, 318
Bash, to be abashed, 100

- Bastard*, base, lowborn, 41, 96
Basted, sewed slightly, 316
Bate, did bite, 102, fed, 473
Bate, to bait, attack, 422
Batt, stick, 506, 514
Battalious, ready for battle, in order for battle, 33, 173
Battelant, embattled, fortified, 537
Battill (properly *to fallen*), to be of good flavour, 400
Batton, stick, club, 395
Bauldrick, belt, 94, 297, 607
Bavene, a hill, 642
Bay, a standstill, a position in which one is kept at bay, 362
Baye, to bathe, 44
Bayes (*baies*), laurels, 234, 386
Bawt, bait, artifice, 103, 404, to bait (a bull), 123, to cause to abate, to let rest, 148
Beades, prayers, 14
Beadrill, a list, 239
Beare, burden, 661, bier, 371
Beastthead, 'your beastlyhead,' 'a greeting to the person of a beast,' 461
Beath'd, plunged, 263
Beauperes, fair companions, 159
Beckes, beaks, 140
Become, to come to, go to, to suit, to happen, 62, 67, 88, 121, 209
Bed, bad, 69
Bedight, dressed, equipped, decked, adorned, 81, 111, 192, 251, 382, 'ill-bedight,' disfigured, 112
Beduck, to dive, dip, 110
Befell, was fitting, proper, 127
Beginne, beginning, 171
Begord, stained with gore, 285
Behare, to employ, use, 95
Behast, *behest*, command, 90, 178
Behight, call, name, address, pronounce, promise, command, 67, 91, 198, 238, 244, 286, 317, 455, or dained, 574, adjudged, entrusted, 65, 120, 253, 383
Behoofe, profit, 260
Behole, to promise, 251, call, 484, *beholl*, promised, 72
Belaccoule, kind salutation or greeting, 260
Belamoure, *belamy*, a lover, 108, 117
Belau, to beset, encompass, 575, adorn, 366
Belame, fair lady, 167
Belgard, fair (or kind) looks, 94, 211, 598
Bellbone, a beautiful and good woman, 455
Belyde, counterfeited, 212
Ben (*bene*, *been*), are, 293
Bend, band, 94, 114, 316
Beneficall, a benefice, 517
Bent, long stalks of (*bent*) grass, 377
Beraft, bereft, 236
Bere, to bear, 292, bier, 148
Besecke, beseech, 246
Beseeme, 'well beseen,' of good appearance, comely, 74
Beseeme, *beseeme*, to be seemly, to seem fit, to suit, fit, become, appear, 128, 129, 159, 161, 276, 320, 470
Besitting, besitting, 237
Bespeake, to address, 316
Bespredd, adorned, 216
Besprent, besprinkled, 481, 485
Bestad (*bested*, *bestedded*), situated, placed, placed in
 porl, 14, 87, 217, 267, treated, 88, attended, 210, beset, 184, 244, 'ill bested' = in a bad plight, 83
Bestaine, to stain, 265
Betow, to place, 128
Bestrad, bestrided, 301
Be, did beat, 89
Betake (*pret betoole*), to take (into), to deliver, bestow, betake oneself, 34, 59, 191, 417
Beteeme, to deliver, give, 121
Bethinke, to make up one's mind, 40
Bethi all, to take captive, 32
Betide, *betide*, to befall, to happen to, 83, 110, 187, 189
Betid, *betydct* *betight*, befall, befallen, 307, 482, 652
Bett, better, 477
Beier, the front part of a helmet (covering the mouth), 102
Bery, company (of ladies), 128
Betraile, to choose, select, 38
Benrau, to reveal, betray, accuse, 31, 36, 168, 244, signify, 642
Bickerment, bickering, strife, 111
Bid, to pray, 14
Bide, to bid, offer, 202
Biggen, cup, 460
Bilve, *bylve*, *blive*, forthwith, quickly, 36, 47
Bils, battle axes, 313
Blame, to blemish, 120, injury, hurt, 156
Blanc't, confounded, put out of countenance, 170
Blas't, to wither, 187
Blatter, to bluster (in note), 704
Blaze, to blazon forth, proclaim, 63
Blemishment, a blemish, 239
Blend (*pret* and *p part blent*), to mix, confuse, confound, defile, blemish, stain, obscure, 42, 89, 113, 206, 359, 525 *Blent*, blinded, obscured, blotted, 97, 227, 310
Blere, to blear (one's eyes), deceive, 466
Bless, to preserve, deliver, 19, 41, 57, 259, to brandish, 33, 61
Blesse, bliss, 281
Blin, to cease, 184
Blincked, dummed, 206
Blind, dark, 285
Blis't, wounded, struck, 397
Blis't, blessed, 267
Blonckel, liveries, grey coats, 458
Blont, blunt, unpolished, 474
Bloome, blossom, bloom, 268, 446
Blot, *blotten*, to defame, blemish, 270, 275
Blubbed, wet or stained with tears, 39, 298
Boad, 'bootles boad' = lived uselessly, pointless, 516
Boads, bodes, portends, 427
Bode, abode, 354, 416
Boley (or *buala*) 630, 'a place (situated in a grassy hollow) enclosed by man in which to put cattle in the spring and summer months, while on the mountain pastures—a place that ensures safety' (HENRY KINAHAN in *The Athenaeum*, No. 2167, May 8, 1869)
Bollet, bullet, 45
Boll, arrow, 452
Bond, bound, 108, 269
Boone, prayer, petition, 241, 241
Boord bord to accost to address, talk with, 67, 99, 127, 170, conversation, 212, 404, by 212, 289

- Cover*, to avail, profit, 81, 102, booty, gain, 338, 443
Coveing, availing, 293
Cove, borne, 247
Coyde, coast, 418
Cydraging (pl. *bordrags*), border ravaging, border
Cyfaid, 138, 552
Cyroue, borrowe, pledge, surety, 459, 460, 520
Correll, rustic, 467
Osse, middle of shield, 353
Bouget, budget, 21
Bough, fold, 13, 69, 507
Boult, to sift, bolt, 99
Bounse, to beat, 220
Bountie, bountu, goodness, 92, 206 *Bounteous*,
 generous, good, 100, 164, 219 *Bountyhed*, gene-
 rosity, 145, 160, 178
Bourdon, burden (of a song), 567
Bourne, boundary, 107
Boul, about, 170
Bouzing-can, a drinking-can, 29
Bourd, to lead (by a direct course) 67
Boure, chamber, inner room, 161, to lodge, shelter,
 360, 407
Bours, muscles (of the shoulder), 53
Boy, a term of reproach, 103
Boystrous, rough, rude (as applied to a club), 50
Brace, to embrace, encompass, 474
Brag, proudly, 449 *Bragly*, proudly, 452 *Brag*
ging, proud, 449
Brame, sharp passion (cf O E *breme*, severe,
 sharp), 168
Bransles, dances, brawls, 212
Brast, burst, 36, 49, 198, 242
Brave, fair, beautiful, 91, 153
Braverie, finery, 521
Bravely, gallantly, splendidly, 107
Brauned, muscular, brawny, 53
Bray (b ale), to cry out suddenly, cry aloud, utter
 aloud, 350, gasp out, 81
Bravnepan, skull, 839
Breaded, braided, embroidered, 88, 168
Breare, brere, briar 61, 160, 213
Breech, breeches, 338
Breede, work, produce, 159
Breem, breme, bolsterous, rough, sharp, 433, 448,
 485
Brenne, to burn, 246
Brent, burnt, 55, 71, 160
Brickle, brittle, 283, 494
Brigandine, a kind of light vessel, 533
Brim, margin of the horizon, 341
Brize, bry-e, giddy, 363, 537
Broccage, pumping, 441, 520
Broch, to commence, broach, 162
Brode, abroad, 247
Brond, sword, 121, 226
Brondiron, sword, 250
Bronds, embers, brands, 115
Brood, a brooding place (? an error for *bood*=O E
bood or *abood*, an abode, resting place, cf *bode*,
 p 354), 112
Broole, to endure bear brool, 179, 240
Brouzer, twigs, 216
Brunt, assault, 123
Brust, burst, 160, 202, 251
Bruted, renowned, bruited, 514
Brutenesse, brutishnesse, brutality, brute-like state,
 120, 267
Buckle to, make ready, 348
Buff (pl. *buffes*), a blow, 89
Bug, apparition, bugbear, goblin, 93, 147
Buegle, wild ox, 49
Bugle, bead, 448
Bullion, pure gold, 159
Burdenous, heavy, 356
Burganet, headpiece, helmet, 124, 572
Burgain, burgeon land, 434
Bushets, bushes, 478
Busse, kiss, 216
But yf, unless, 271
Buzom, obedient, yielding, tractable, 71, 165, 213,
 474
By-and-by, one by one, singly, 472, 523
Byde, abide, 87 *Buding*, abiding, remaining, 108,
 232
Bylire, quickly, also active, 55, 183, 212 See *Blire*,
belire
Bynempt, named, appointed, 86, 468, bequeathed,
 480
Cabinet, cottage, little cabin, 154, 547
Cer ule, azure, 506
Caultre, cayltre, subject, captive, 45, 55, vile, base,
 menial, rascal, 80, 97, 123, 195
Call, caul, cow, cap, 54
Camus, camus a light loose robe of some light ma-
 terial (as silk, &c.), chemise, 94, 316
Can or Gan (an auxiliary of the past tense), did,
 32, 348
Can, knows, 452, 453
Cancered, cankered, corrupt, 80, 206
Canon bit, a smooth round bit (for horses), 47
Capitayn, captain, 141
Capryfote, woodbine, 192
Capturaunce, captivity, 198
Captived, taken captive, enslaved, 98, 160
Capuccio hood (of a cloak), capuchin, 225
Card, chart, 112
Care, sorrow, grief, injury, 268, 349 *Careful*, sor-
 rowful, 39, 111, 544 *Careless*, free from care,
 22, 544, uncared for, 251
Carle, care, sorrow, grief, 16, 481
Carl, carle, an old man, 206, churl, 60, 277
Carriage, burden, 375
Cast, to consider, plot, resolve, purpose, 71, 478,
 197, time, period, opportunity, 402, 'nere thei
utmost cast = almost dead, 378, a couple, 392
Castore, colour (red or pink), 128
Caudron caldron, 169
Cauwen, to assign a cause or reason, explain, 208
Cautelous, wary, 619
Cared, made hollow, 256
Centonel, a sentinel, 59, 239
Certes, certainly, 164
Cesse, to cease, 274
Cessure, a breaking off, stop, 138
Chaffar, to chaffer, exchange, 102, 473
Challenge, to claim, 122, 233, 238, 254, to track,
 follow, 81, accusation, 278
Chamelot water camlet watered, 290
Chamfied, wrinkled, furrowed, 448
Champaign, champion, champion, open country,
 plain, 301, 379, 429
Championesse, a female warrior, 228
Character, image, 322
Charge, assault, attack, 277

- Conceal*, concealed, 79
Cover, to cover, covering, shelter, 466
Covise, covelize, covetousness, 30, 176
Cowardice, cowardice, 522
Cracknell, a thin hard-baked biscuit, 417
Crack, cracked, 553
Crag, cragge, neck, 449, 473
Craggy, knotty, 265
Craze, to boast, 307, boast, boasting, 140, 474
Crane, a winding, 435
Crane, vigorously, 473
Crapples, crapples, claws, 336
Crased helth, impaired health, 208
Cratch, rack, crib, 601
Crackle, indented with cracks, 539
Creasted, crested, tufted, 291
Crete, cattle, live stock, 622
Cremosin, *cremsin*, crimson, 140, 449, 456
Crece (priestess *crete*) = *crecel*, *cruse*, vessel, 450
Crime, accusation, reproach, fault, 153, 449
Crisped, curly (hair), 94
Croole (cross) gibbet, 718
Croset, a little cross, 42
Cross-cut, to pierce or cut across, 217
Croud a fiddle 588
Cruddle, to curdle, 448 *Cruddy* curdled, 41, 178
Crumenall par-e, 474
Cud, not the thing chewed, but the stomach where the food is received before rumination, 603
Cuffing (or *cuffing*), striking, 250
Culler, a ploughshare, 561
Culter, dove, 115, 600
Cultering, *culcerin*, a sort of cannon, 347
Cumbrous, troublesome, 14
Curals, *curiels*, cuirasses, 118 182
Curelesse, hard to be cured, incurable, 217, 386, 471
Curlaxe, cutlass, 240
Cut, fashion, 514

Dadde, skilful, 155, fertile, 287
Daint, *damit*, dainty, 60, 157, 234 (superl *dayntest*, 149) *Dainty*, rare, valuable, 20
Dallie, to trifle, 233 *Dalliance*, idle talk, trifling, 90
Dame, lady, 108
Damnyfy, to injure, damage, 73, 110
Damozel, damsel, 82
Danisk, Danish, 282
Dapper, neat, pretty, 477
Darwayne, to prepare, get ready, for battle, 31, 44, 167
Darred, dazzled, frightened ('a *darred* lark' is generally explained as a lark caught (? frightened) by means of a looking-glass), 428
Dayesman, a judge, arbitrator, 122
Daze to dazzle, dim, 13 51, 673, to confound, 194
Dead doing, death dealing, 92
Deaded, deadened, 293
Death, bestows, 230
Deare, valuable, precious, 177
Deare, hurt, injury 48, sore, sad, 143, sorely, 106
Dearling, darling 273
Dearnelie, sorrowfully, mournfully (literally *secretly*, hence *lonely*, *sadly*, &c.), 544
Deaw, to bedew, 87, 366
Debate, to contend, strive, 207, 380, battle, strife, 123, 397 *Debatement*, debate, 110

Debonaire, gracious, courteous, 20, 158, 182
Decau, to destroy, perish, relax, 124, 144, 363, de struction, ruin, death, 22, 43, 198, 223, 400
Decard taken by deceit, 309
Deceit, deceit, 411
Decease, deccase, 314
Decreed, determined on, 258
Decreied, decreased 259
Deeme (pret *demps*), to judge, deem, 121, 200, 250, 253 471, 'deeme his payne' = adjudge his punishment, 292
Deering-doers, doers of daring deeds, 239
Deface, to defeat, 121
Defame, disgrace, dishonour, 310 156, 299, 387
Defaste, defaced, destroyed, 98, 122, 165
Defeatuna defeat to
Defecture, desert, 259
Defend, to keep or ward off, 151, 245
Defly, dofly, gracefully, 475
Define, to settle, decide, 242
Deforme, shapeless deformed 147
Defray, to avert (by a proper settlement), 37, appease, 255
Degendered, degenerated, 297
Delaw, to temper, stop remove, 100 124, 228
Delice (*Deluce*), flower de luce (= *flos deliciarum*), the iris, 456
Delices, delights, 107, 279, 310 *Delightsome*, delight ful
Dell, hole, 452
Delce dell, hole cave, 112, 119, 169, 232
Demayne, *demean*, *demeauure*, demeanour bearing, treatment, 121, 129, 208, 388 *Demeand*, treated, 556
Demisse, submissive, 600
Dempt See *Deeme*
Denan, to deny, 199 219, 291, 413
Dent, dint, blow, 259
Deow, dew, 561
Depainted, depicted 103
Depart to divide, separate remove, 133, 176, departure, 195
Depaint, *depeinten*, to paint, 455
Depend, to hang down, 145, 416
Deprace, to defame, 730
Dernful, mournful, 564 See *Dearnelie*
Dernly, secretly, 227, grievously, severely, 167
Der-doing = performance of daring deeds, 113
Derring-doe, daring deeds, warlike deeds, 101, 335, 477
Derth, scarcity, 20
Deryge, to draw away, transfer, 22
Describe, *desery*, to perceive, discover, 94, 100, 233, reveal, 392
Describe, to describe 94, 420
Deune, to denote, 215
Despairefull dryft, hopeless cause, 146
Desperate, despairing, 244
Despight, anger, malice, 17, 81, 162, a scornful defiance, 309
Despightful, spiteous, malicious, 81, 118
Despoyl, to unrobe, undress, 145
Desse, dais, 264
Desynde, directed 285
Detaine, detention, 324
Deuicfull full of devices (as *masques*, triumphs, &c.), 306
Devise, *devize*, to guess at, 129, purpose, 405, to

- Larne*, to yearn, 12, 41, 291, 452, to be grieved, 213
Farst, erst, first, foremost previously, 51, 70, 8*, 167, 477, *at erst*, at length, 297, *at present* 483
Easterlings, men of the East (Norwegians, Danes, &c.), 138
Eath, e'he, east, 97 290, 575
Eage, to sharpen, 207
Eafge, to build, inhabit, 15, 157, 495
Fede, cle, to increase, 37, 166, 197, 241, also, 459
Effered, made fierce inflamed, 220
Efforce, to oppose, 164
Effered, effort forced, constrained, compelled (to yield), 119, 228
Efraid, scared, 13
Eft, afterwards, again, forthwith, moreover, 62 98, 127, 245, 462
Eftsooner, soon after, forthwith, 13, 169
Eide, seen, 248
Eine, eyes, 568
Eid, age, old age, 61, 97, 239, 288
Fife fairy, 112
Fis (elles), else, elsewhere, otherwise 37 122, 189
Embase embase, to bring or cast down humiliate, 195, 361, 388, 574 *Embaste*, debased, dishonoured, 167, 209
Embar, to guard confine 21, 48, 219
Embassade, ambassador, 793
Embassage, embassy, message, 268
Embatteit, to arm for battle, 102
Embaulin, to anoint, 266
Embau, to bathe, 56, 61, 84, 124, 151, bask, 344
Embayl, to bind up, 94
Embellish, adorned (with flowers), 419
Embosom, to foster, 99
Emboss, to overhelm, press hard, 57, 156, 227 to surround, enclose, 2, 70, 381
Embosse, to adorn, ornament, array 158 162, 218
Emboir, to arch over, to curve, bend, 76, 537
Embowell to take out the bowels, 196
Embower, to take shelter, 597
Emboyl, to boil (with anger), 97 *Embouled*, heated 71
Embrace, to brace, to fasten, or bind, 361, to protect, 203
Embracement, an embrace, 98, 201
Embrase, to decorate, 86, 481
Embreale, embroider, to embroider, 189, 227
Embreure to stain with blood, 189, 407
Embused, occipit, 265
Eme, uncle, 146
Emerauld, emerald, 150
Emmore, to move 85, 117
Among, among, 146 *Amongst* amongst, 159, 173
Empale, to enclose, fringe, 535
Empare, impair, to diminish, impair, hurt, 67, 131, 311, 352
Emparlanee, treaty, 277, 316
Emparl, assign, 261
Empassioned, *empassionate*, moved or touched with passion, feeling 22, 210 219, 312, 596
Empreach, to hinder, prevent, 57, 174, 219, hinderance, 113, disfigurement, 151
Empeuple, dwell, 66
Empere, *empierce*, to pierce through (pret *empeist* *empierced*), 86, 124 181, 210
Emperill, to endanger, 248
Empirish to perish decay 118
Empight, fixed, settled, 101, 184, 242 420
En plunged, plunged, 213
Empoyard, poisoned, 187, 189
Emprise, *emprise*, enterprise, attempt, 98, 116, 307, 310
Impurpled purple-faced, 150, 195, 227
Enaurer, lost, 40, 459
Enbosome to fix firmly, 148
Enchace, *enchase*, to adorn embellish, 76, 127, 240, 718, to honour with a fitting term, 203, (in grave 380), dirt, 317
Encheason, reason, cause, occasion, 87, 461
Encomberment, hindrance, 160
Encreche to come on, 450
Endamage, to damage do harm, 123
Endangerment, danger, 392
Endecourment, endeavour, labour 717
Endere, to endow, 32
Endite, to censure, 422
Endlong, from end to end, continue, 211, 213
Endoss, write on the back endorse, 374, 673
Endure, to harden, 270
Enre, once, 485
Enfion d made fell or fierce, 397
Enfected See *Infect*
Enferce, to make fierce, 97
Enforme, to fashion 386
Enfoldred, hurried out like thunder and lightning 72
Engin, wiles, deceit, contrivance, 99, 161, 212
Engirt surrounded, 692
Englut, to glut, fill 89
Engore to gore wound, 19 185 277, 392
Engorge, to devour glut, 145
Engrafted, *engraft*, implanted, fixed, 164, 236
Engrained, dyed, 419
Engrasp, to grasp, 101
Engrate to bury, 61 86, 104, to cut pierce, 197
Engreave, *engreave*, to grieve, to be vexed 99, 161, 199
Engross, to buy up in large quantities, to regrave, 681, to write a large letter 555
Engroste, made thick 111, 176 681
Enhaunce, to lift up raise 11 169, 260
Enlargen, *enlarge*, to set at large, deliver, 53, 104 271
Enlumine, to illumine, 296
Enmore, to move See *Emmore*
Enrace, to implant, 187 163
Enragement, rapture 602
Enraunge to range 367
Enranged, ranged in order, 191, 603
Enrold, encircled, 91 117
Ensamers, encloses 289
Entee, *ensue* to follow after, pursue, 151, 160, 219
Ensuing, following, 275
Ensurie, to ensnare entangle, 388
Enlaye, to carve, inlay, 94, 109, 112, (sb) carving, 112
Enterdeale, negotiation 714, 520
Enterpris, to undertake, 82
Enterpris, to entertain, 88 take in hand, 294
Entertain, take, receive (pay) 126, 370 *Entertyme*, entertainment, hospitality, 90, 341, 523
Entertake, to entertain 441
Enture, toward, internal, 160 167 195 270 *Entureth*, earnestly, 71, 99, entirely, 120
Entraile, *entrayl*, to twist, entwine, interlace, 94, 192, 222, 246, 470
Entraile, twisting, entwilement, 17

- Entrail*, the lowest part, depth (bowels), 147
Entrat, to treat of, treat, 213, 280, 296, 365
Enure, to use, practise, 206 *Enured*, accustomed, 337, committed habitually, 311
Envy, to be angry, indignant, 251, to emulate, 157
Envalloire, roll about, 178, 319
Encombed, pregnant, 85
Enwrap, to wrap up, 70
Equall, impartial, 427
Equipage, array, equipment, 68, to array, equip, 127
Ermelin, an ermine, 165
Ermine, skin of the ermine, 161
Erne, to return, 26
Errant, wandering, 201
Errour, wandering, 182, 210
Esc, 477 See *Larst*
Escheir, escape, 401
Escome, to withdraw, 29
Esquall, slight, appearance, observation, 280, 312
Esoune, to excise, 29
Estate, estate, rank, 369
Etern, eternal, 193 *Eternize*, to make eternal, 66, 103
Eternize, to immortalize, 503
Ethe case, 467
Eugh, yow, 12 *Eughen*, *evghen*, of yow, 70, 519
Evangelu, gospel, 137
Evill, poor, unskilful 416
Exanimale, lifeless, 146
Excheat, gain, profit, escheat, 35, 202
Expert, to experience, 482
Expire, breathe out, 72, to fulfil a term, put an end to, 44, 275
Erpress, to press out, 144
Extruse, surprise, 425
Extent, stretched out, 118
Exturpe, to root out, 63
Extort, extorted, 300
Extact, descended, 210
Extreair, extraction, 343
Exules, exiles, 558
Facts, acts, 345
Fagus, newly fledged young, 71, 599
Eyne, eyes, 29, 194

Face, to carry a false appearance, 338
Faci, feat, deed, 216
Fail, *fail*, to deceive, 222, 293, to cause to fail, 103
Fain, *gayne*, glad, eager, 12, 261, 378, *gaynd*, desired, 205, *gaynes*, delights, 378
Fain, *gayne*, to feign, dissemble, 34, 93, to mis take, 264, imagine, 420, '*fained* dreadful' = apparently dreadful, 228
Faitour, *fatour*, cheat, deceiver, vagabond, villain, 32, 234, 363, 459
Fallen, befall, 409
Falsed, falsified, deceived, 20, 160, insecure, weak, 73 *Falses*, falsehoods, 305 *Falsen*, a liar, 461
Faltring, faltering, 219
Fantaw, fantasy, fancy, 149, apprehension, 403
Fare, to go, proceed, act, deal, 80, 87, 201, 277
Farforth, very far, 211
Faste, having a face 111
Fatnesse, stronghold 515
Fate, destined term of life, 200 *Fatal*, ordained by fate, 168, 210

Fault, to offend, be in error, 140, 444
Favour, feature, 331
Favourlesse, not showing favour, 126
Fav, a fairy, 241, faith, 334, 474
Fear, *seare*, companion, 399, to *seare*, together, 138
Fear, *searen*, to frighten, 147, 176, '*seared* — of,' alarmed by, 401
Fearfull, timid, 421
Fearfull, festival, 409
Featiously, neatly, 606
Feature, fashion, form, character, 54, 240
Fee, tenure, 88, pay, service, 409, 553, property, 233, 276
Feeble, enfeebled, 51 *Feblesse*, feebleness, 271
Feeld (golden), an emblazoned field (of a knight's shield), 433
Feend, fiend, devil, 70
Feld, let fall, thrown down, 109, 233
Fell, befall, 249, gall, 218
Fell, fierce, cruel, 172, 220, 337 *Fellu*, cruelly, 36, 142, 242, 417 *Fellonest*, most fell, 249 *Fellon*ous, wicked, fell, 162 *Felnesse*, cruelty, fierceness, 123, 270, 276
Feminitee, womanhood 193
Feod, feud, enmity, 232
Fensible, fit for defence, defensible 127, 212
Fere, companion, husband, 60, 247, 308, 418
Ferne, lodging, 184
Ferry, a ferry boat, 108
Fell, to fetch, 131, fetched (re-cued), 307
Fleur-de luce, the iris See *Delice*
Feute, *feutre*, to place the spear in the rest, to prepare for battle, 202, 258
Fiaunt, commission, fiat, 523
File, to defile, 162, 266
File, to polish, smoothe, 15, 556
Fine, end, 151, 245
Firm, to fix firmly, 112
Fit, to be fitting, 87, '*Of loves were filled*' = were suited, furnished with lovers, 231
Fit, *fit* emotion, passion, grief, 229, 260, 314, 350, a musical strain, 68
Flaggy, loose 69, 178
Flat, plain, 474
Flake, a flash, 163
Flamed, inflamed 107
Flasket, a basket, 606
Flatling, *flathrise*, with the flat side (of the sword), 318
Flaxe, a gust of wind,
Flaxe, to mock, 519
Fleet, to sail float, 146, 278, 552, to fit, 206
Flex, flax, 160
Fli, fleet, swift, 100, 222, changing, 161, unsubstantial light, 217
Fli, *stille*, to move change flee, 19, 222 *Fliung*, fleeting, 70, yielding, 119, 161
Flong, flung, 503
Flore, ground, spot 143, 370
Flout, to mock, deride, 397, 428
Flower, little flowers, 450
Flushing, rapidly flowing, 260
Fodder, grass, 222
Foen, foci, 93
Foile, a leaf (of metal), 27
Foison, abundance, plenty, 64
Folkmoie, a meeting, assembly 217
Fon, a fool, 449, 456, 552 *Fonlu*, foolishly 409
Fond, foolish, doting, 58, 167, *fondling*, fool, 93

- Fondly*, foolishly, 313, 628 *Fondness*, folly, 439, 578
Fond, found, 151, tried, 186
Font, fons, 20, 172, 358
Food feed, 50, 80
Foolhappie, undesigned, 38
Foolhardie, foolhardiness, folly, 88, 528
Foi, notwithstanding, 177, for fear of, what for = what sort of? 431
Fordo, to destroy, 355 *Fordonne*, utterly undone, ruined, overcome, 37, 172, 250, 277
Foreby, *foibu*, hard by, near, 42, 43, 183, with, 349, past, 157
Forecast, previously determined, 227
Foredamned, utterly damned, 217
Forelay, to lay before, or over, 91
Forelent, given up entirely, 242
Forelysting, lifting up in front, 69
Forepast, gone by, 212
Fore-red, foretold, 532
Foreshewed, previously instructed, 431
Foi eude, the side to the fore, external covering, 310
Foi espent, *forspent*, utterly wasted, 256
Foi estall, to take previous possession of, to hinder, obstruct, 126, 461, 611
Foretaught, previously taught, 45
Foi event, gone before, 467
Forged, false, 21
Forgery, fiction, deceit, 161, a counterfeit or assumed character, 310
Forgive, to give up, 404
Forhaile, to overtake, 475
Forhent, overtaken, 180
Forlent, gave up, 180
Forlore, forlorn, utterly lost, abandoned, 45, 53, 94, 150, 173, 178, 187, *forlore* (pret.), deserted, 211, lost (to sense of propriety), 354
Formally, expressly, 153
Formerlie, beforehand, 365
Forpas, to pass over, 517
Forpassed, past by or through, 213, 310
Forpined, pined away, 217
Forray, to ravage, prey on, 416, a raid, 174
Forsake, to avoid, 70, renounce, 108
Foi say, forsake, 459
Forsayd, denied residence, banished, 467
Forslacke, *forslow*, *forstow*, to delay, waste in sloth, 280, 335, neglect, omit, 425, impede, 465
Forstall, *forstallen*, to prevent, 475 See *Forestall*
Foi suat, spent with heat, 455
Forseconck, tired with over work, 456
Forthink, to repent, be sorry for, 380, to give up, 292
Foi th ight, straight way, 115
Forth, therefore, because, 120, 452
Fortilage, a little fortress, 149, 681
Fortune, to happen, 165, 183, 392
Foi tunize, to make happy, 405
Fortuneless, unfortunate, 270
Foi wandre, to stray away, 42, 220
Forwasted, utterly wasted, 68, 186
Forwearie (*forwearied*), utterly wearie, worn out, 15, 56, 72
Forcent, left, 183, 273, did forgo, 561
Forworne, much worn, 42
Foster, forester, 157
Fouldring, thundering, 88
Found, established, 136
Foundring, toppling, falling, 250
Foy, allegiance, faith, 135
Foyie, repulse, defeat, 93, to defeat, ruin, overthrow, 136, 351
Foyne, to thrust, push, 103, 124, 244, 317
Foyson, abundance, 564
Fraight, fraught, 473
Frame, to make, form, support, prepare, direct, 20, 52, 56, 157, 158, 159, to put in shape for motion, 355
Franchisement, deliverance, 351
Franck, free, forward, 90
Francklin, freeman, freeholder, 61
Franson, a loose woman, 90, 308
Fray, to frighten, terrify, alarm, 15, 17, 24, 75, 121, 149, 170, affray, 234
Frenne, a stranger, 455
Fret, ornamental border, 288 *Fretted*, ornamented with fret-work, 129, 174
Frett, to consume, 90
Friend, to befriend, 236, 285
Frigot, a little boat, 107
Frisles, gambols, 283
Frieze, to freeze, 410
Fro, from, 114, 403
Froliche, 'fained her to froliche' = desired her to be cheerful, 372
Fronis, foreheads, 19
Fronne, frozen, 450
Froxy, frosty, frozen, 203, 204
Frounce, to fold, plait, 28
Forward = fromward, at a distance from, 109
Frowie, musty, 467
Fruet, fruit, 449
Fru, swarms (of young children), 74
Fruic, to foam, 149
Fulmined, fulminated, 163
Fume, to pass away like smoke, 556
Funerall, death, 104
Furniment, furnishing, 245
Furniture, gear, equipment, 157
Fulde, felt, 420
Fyle, to polish, 164
Fyled, kept in files, registered, 304
Gage, pledge, 31, 72, 93
Gan, against (as in *gainstive*, 264), 98
Gainsau, denial, 164
Galage (galoch), a wooden shoe, 450
Galingale, sweet cyperus, 534
Gail, bile, 13
Gallimaufry, hotch potch, 442
Gamesome, pleasant, 428
Gan (can) began, did, 18, 48, 110, 120
Gang, to go, 452, 474
Gard, safeguard, protection, 165
Garran, a kind of horse, 681
Garre, to cause, make, 104, 455
Gaspig, gaping, 454
Gasfull, fearful, dreary, 471
Gale, a goat, 460
Gale, way, procession, 147, 178
Gaudy green, a robe of a light green, 458
Gazement, gaze, 307
Gealosi, *gelosi*, jealousy, 78, 100
Geare, *gere*, *gear*, dress, equipment, 99, 305, 398, 421, matter, affair, 372

- Geare*, to jeer, scoff, 108
Gravon, rare, uncommon, 381, 512, 536
Gelly, clotted, 179
Gell, gold, 449, bribed with gold, 186
Gell This word has been variously explained—by some as a gelding, by others as a *quilt* person Professor Child explains it as a wild Irishman, *Cell*, 264
Gell, castrated, 428
Gent, gentle kind, accomplished, 55, 57, 83, 160
Geie See *Geare*
German, brother 33, 84, 124
Gerne, to grin, 346
Gesse, to deem, think, *guess*, 39, 230
Gest, deed of arms, 60, 124, 378, gesture, deportment, bearing, 128, 165, 201
Ghas'tu, terrible, 162, 166 *Ghas'tlinesse*, terrible-ness, 86
Ghes, to guess, deem, 39
Ghost, spirit, soul, 46
Giambeur, leggings, gresves, 109
Gin, engine (of torture), 86, plot, contrivance, snare, 93, 194
Gin, *guine*, to begin, 13, 40, 70, 207
Gipen, a gipsy, 61
Gust, tournaments, tilts, 11, 477, to joust, tilt, 230
Glade, valler, dale, 159
Glade, to gladden, 411
Glave, *glare*, *alavre*, a sword, 265, 281, 358
Glee, pleasure? see property, 58
Glennie, countr'y hamlet, 455
Glib, a thick bush of hair overhanging the eyes, 269, 630
Glims, glimpse indistinct light, 401, 604
Glinne, glen, 616
Gliterand, glittering, 141, 468
Glister, to glitter, shine, 13, 160, 223
Glude, glided, 249
Glory, vainglory, boasting, 92
Glozing, deceitful, 201
Glutted, filled, 474
Gnari c, growl, snarl, 36
Gobbeline, goblin, 179
Gobbel, morsel, piece, 13, 69
Godded, deified, 657
Goe, gone, 467
Gondelay, gondola, 106
Goodlihed, *goodlihead*, goodness, 95, 369, 460, goodly appearance, 167
Gooldes, marigolds, 652
Gore, to pierce, wound, 162
Gore-blood, clotted blood, 84
Gorge, throat, 13, 69, 242
Gorget, armour for the throat, 242
Goshawle, a large kind of hawk, 816
Gossib, kinsman, 75
Gourmandize, greediness, 410
Governall, government, 150
Governaunce, government, 83,
Government, control, 254
Grace favour, kindness, 118, to give favour to, 67
Grafted, grafted, 450
Graile, gravel, 44
Graine, dye (scarlet), 43
Grammercy, many thanks, 117
Grange, dwelling, place, 431
Graple, to tug, 260
Graplement, grasp, clutch, 142
Graste, graced, favoured, 419
Grate, to scorn, 86
Grawle, gravel, 339, 540
Grawle, the holy vessel said to have been used at Our Saviour's Last Supper, 137
Greave, grove, 216, 370
Gree, degree, rank, 468 (st 15)
Gree, favour, goodwill, 34, 92
Greete, to congratulate, praise, 307, 349, mournful, 470, to assign with promise (st 14), 307, to weep, 454
Gien, to grin, snarl, 269, 420
Grenning, grinning, 89
Gride, pierce, 507
Griefull, grievous, 231, 400
Gresie, thick, sluggish 108, gray, 58
Grieslie, *griselie*, horrible, 36, 145, 157
Grieded, hurt, 49
Gimmes, severity, savageness (Embl), 451
Grim, to gnash the teeth, 314
Gripe, to gasp, 70, 350
Gripe, gripe, grasp, grasping, greedy, 30, 801, 377
Gronfull, full of groans, 144
Groomie, man, a young man, a servant, 297, 376
Grosse, heavy, 70, the whole, 474
Groundhold, ground tackle (as cables, anchors), 377
Groveling, with face flat to the ground, 84, 159, 184
Ground, growled, 420
Grudge, *grutch*, to murmur, growl, 19, 84, 90, 167
Gryde, cut, pierce through, 128, 162, 209
Gryesye, *grusie*, squallid, 141, 226, foggy, moist, 162
Gryphon, *gruphon*, griffin (a fabulous animal), perhaps used for vulture, eagle, 33
Grypt, 'through grypt' = through gyrd, pierced through, 374
Guarish, to heal, 186, 244
Guerdon, reward, 66, 243
Gulien, to beguile, 206
Gulier, *gulier*, deceiver, 215
Gull, guiled, 482
Guize, manner, mode (of life), custom, 349, 366
Gulfe, throat, 474
Gulphing, flowing (like a gulf), 510
Gust, taste, 438
Gybe, gibe (Embl), 452
Gyeld, guild, courthouse, 116
Gynst, beginnest, 477
Gyre, circle, course, 102, 158
Gyrd, fettered, 314
Habergeon, *haberyeon*, a small coat of mail, armour for the neck and breast, 109, 174
Habiliment, clothing, 74, 82
Habitaunce, habitation, 112
Hable, able, fit, 56, 70
Hacqueton, a jacket worn under armour, 123
Hagard, wild, untamed 70
Haile, *hayl*, to drug, hant, 97, 98, 203
Hale, health, welfare, 660
Halvendale, half part, 211
Halven eye=half ordinary sight i.e. one eye 212
Halldome, 'by my *halidom*'=by my faith as a Christian 517
Han (pl.), have, 452, 478
Hand, 'out of hand'=at once, 182, 314, 'nigh hand'=near, 401
Handsell, price, reward, 413
3 A

- Hansomly*, neatly, 513
Hap, to happen, fortune, lot, 101, 380
Happily, haply, by chance, 79
Happu, successful, 156
Harbrough, *harbiouah*, shelter, 464
Harid, heart, 165
Hardiment, hardihood, boldness, 56, 82, 156, 183, 211
Hardnesse, rudeness, 274
Harduhead, hardihood, 31, 440
Harnesse, weapons, 514
Harrow, an exclamation of distress, a call for help, 124
Harten, to encourage, incite, 529, *hainted*, encouraged, 278
Hawlesse, timid, 87
Haskie, a wicker basket for fish, 480
Haubergh, *haubekel*, *haubet que*, *hauberk*, a coat of mail, 177, 223, 277
Haught, high, august, 41
Hault, haughty, 168
Haulst, embraced, 246
Haulen, to frequent, 467
Havencour, *haviour*, deportment, behaviour, 193, 224, 455
Hayle, to drag, 302, 362
Hazardize, danger, 147
Hazardry, hazard, risk, 103, gaming, 161
Headlesse hood, *heedlessehood*, heedlessness, 449
Heame, home, 481
Heard, herd, 448, a keeper of cattle, 403 *Heard* groomes, herdsman, 448
Heare hair, 21, 126 *Hearie*, hairy, 157
Heast, *hest*, command, behest, 45, 245, 318, name, 290, office (of one who had *taken roies*), 420
Heben, ebony, 117, of ebony wood, 11
Heidstall, that part of the bridle which is put on the horse's head, 309
Heednesse, heedfulness, 326
Heedu, wary, 474
Heeling, heel, 514
Heffe, raised, 72, threw, 242
Hell, to cover, 282
Helme, helmet, 277
Hem, them, 459
Hend, to seize, grasp, 350
Henge, hinge, 70
Hent, took, seized, 111, 141
Her, their, 460
Herbars, herbs, 130
Herneshaue, heron, 392
Herry, *hery*, to praise, worship, honour, 146, 160, 448, 478
Hersall, rehearsal, 219
Heise, ceremonial, 168
Heither, hither, 401, 455
Hew, shape, form, 16
Hew, hacking, 401
Heydeguyes, dances, 464
Hide, hastened See *Hye*
Hidder (if not an error for *hider*=hither)=be-deer, animals of the male kind, 474
Hie, to hasten, 286
Hight, called, named 58 158, entrusted, 28, directed, 348, pronounce worthy, hence determine, choose, 394, appointed, 264, purports, 474
Hight, on *hight*=aloud, 388
Hild, held, 287
Hippodames, sea horses, 180, 222
Hoary frost, hoarfrost, 446
Hole, whole, 186
Holpen (pp) helped, 399
Hond, hand, 225
Hong, hung, 189, 190
Honeycock, pot of honey, 303
Hood, state, manner, 329
Hoored, hovered, abode, 556
Hopelesse, unexpected, 185
Hoie, hoary, 27
Horrid, rough, 47
Hospitage, hospitality, 212
Hospitale, a place of rest, 126
Hoste, to entertain, lodge, 270, 402, 506
Hostlesse, inhospitable, 218
Hostry, lodging, 545
Hot, hote, was called, 71, 251, 475, mentioned, 467
Housing, sacramental, 77
Howe, rise, float, 21, 196, hover, 213
Howre, time, 95, 'good howre'=good fortune, 406
Howres, devotional exercises, 385
Hoye, ves-el, ship, 138
Hububs, shouts, din, 216
Hugger nugger, in secret, secretly, 514
Humbleste, humility, humbleness, 19, 25, 74
Hurlyburly, noise of battle, 309
Hurle, to rush, dash, hurl, attack, 29, 31, 51, brandish, 116, crowd, 250
Hurtlesse, innocent, 41
Husband, farmer, 244
Hycane, hyacinth, 150
Hye, to hasten, 91, 393, on *hye*, hastily, 606
Hyliding, base, vile, 384
Hynde, a servant, 397
Idle, causeless, 193
Idole, image, 91, 254
Ill faste, having an ill look, 149 *Ill-hedded*, disturbed in the head, 230
Imbrast, embraced, 274
Immeasured, unmeasured, 147
Imp, child, scion, shoot, 11, 187, 286, 349
Imp, to engrave, insert, 603
Impacable, unappeasable, 277, 493
Imperceable, not able to be pierced, 69
Imploie, entreaty, 108
Imply, to entangle, entangle, 30, 70, 191
Importable, intolerable, 122
Importune, violent, savage, 73, 123; full of trouble, 173, to threaten, 157, to solicit, 342
Importunely, with importunity, 119
Impresse, to make an impression, 140
Improrided, unprovided, unlooked for, 77
In, inne, dwelling, lodging, 15, 148, 171, 547
In, 'in *lyle*=fall upon, 168
Incontinent, forthwith, immediately, 39
Indew, to put on, 191, 212
Indifferent, impartial, 163, 341 *Indiferentli*, impartially, 431, 492
Indignance, indignation, 219
Indigne, unworthy, 233
Indignify, to treat with indignity, 364
Inferd, offered, 399
Infest, to make fierce or hostile, hostile, 377, 390
Influence, the power of the stars 53
Informed, formed imperfectly, 188

- or sorry* = willing or unwilling = *hef* or *loth*, 365,
 424 (comp) *liefer*, 58, 99, 158, (superl) *liefest*,
 213, '*liefest liefe*' = dearest loved one, 160
Liege, lord, master—one to whom faith has been
 pledged, 393 *Laegeman*, a vassal, one who owes
 homage to a liege lord, 92
Lifut, living, full of life, 417, 588
Lig, *higgen*, to lie, 381, 459, 460
Light, easy, ready, 161, to lighten, 185, befall, 353
Lightly, quickly, 761
Lignage, *lunage*, lineage, 40
Like, to please, 114
Like as, as if, 316
Likely, similar, 598
Likelynesse, likeness, 331
Lill, to put out the tongue, 36
Limbeck, retort, 432
Limhound, a bloodhound, limer, 302
Lin, to cease, 14, 36, 171, 202, 547
List, to desire, like, 125, (impers) please, 164, 278
Listful, attentive, 299
Lite, *lute*, alight, befall, 387, 395
Liveld, *livehood*, livelihood, 311, 372
Lively, lifelike, living, 125, 159, 200
Livelyhed, *liveyhead* livelihood, 86, living original,
 125, motion of a living being, 393
Liver ey, delivery, 381
Loathly, loathsome, 202, 351
Loft, height, 16
Lomic, clay, loam, 403
Lomplish, dull, slow, 16, 181, 225
Long, to belong, 32, 174, 367
Loord, lout, 195, 446
Loos, fame, 419
Loose, to solve, 350
Lope, leapt, 453
Lopp, branch, 448
Loie, learning, teaching, fashion, 91, 246, 287,
 speech, 354
Lore, *loru*, left, deserted, 27, 228, lost sight of, 347
Loring, learning, 381
Lori el, *losell*, *lozell*, a loose idle fellow, 92, 378, 467
Lose, to loosen, 224
Lusen, to set loose, 193 *Los te* = loosed, dissolved, 176
Lot, fate, 365, share, 250
Lothfull, unwilling, unpleasant, loathsome, 180
Loup, loop, 126
Lout, *lovel*, to bow, to do obeisance, 65, 97, 214, 218
Lovely, loving, 25, 238, 246, lovingly, 246, *lovein*,
 of love, 261, 394
Lover, an opening in the roof to let out the smoke,
 411
Lug, a perch or rod of land, 132
Lumine, to illumine, 602
Luskishnesse, sluggishness, 364
Lust, pleasure, desire, 251, 280, 480, to desire,
 please, 113
Luster, a glittering, sheen, 353
Lustlesse, feeble, listless, 29, 181, 364
Lusty, pleasant, 449
Lustihede, *lustyhed*, *lusty head*, pleasure, 216, 459,
 532, pleasure (of youth), 460
Lymster, a friar licensed to beg within a certain
 district, 513
Lunage, lineage, 12
Lune, linen, 535
Lute, to alight, light, befall, 387
Lythe, pliant, 449, 507
Mace, sceptre, 132
Macerate, to tear, 605
Madding, foolish, 465
Mage, magician, 170
Magnes-stone, the magnet, 145
Mait, *mayl*, *mate*, armour, 237
Maine, *mayne*, force, 44, 50, 141, ocean, 197.
Mainely, *maynly*, strongly, violently, 40, 158
Mainsheet, mainsail, 356
Maintenance, condition, 199
Maisterdome, *maistry*, mastery, superiority, 106,
 158, 234
Maistryng, superior, controlling, 194, 274, 604
Make, to write poetry, 441
Make, companion, mate, 44, 218, 238
Malefice, evil deed, 523
Malengue, ill intent, deceit, guile, 161
Malice (pret *malis*), regarded with malice, bore
 ill will to, 406, 634, 601
Maligye, to grudge, 179
Mall, club, mallet, 49, 257, to maul, 348
Mallalent, ill-will, 181
Mand, blocked up with men, 417
Manye, many company, multitude, 75, 292, 353
Manner, kind of, 279
Manille, to rest with outspread wings, 369
Mard, spoilt, injured, dishonoured, 159, 214
Marge, margin, bank, 102, 274
Margent, margin, 178
Marle, ground, soil, 143
Marishes, marshes, 345
Martelled, hammered, 198
Martyr, to afflict, torment, 267
Martyrize, to devote as a martyr, 554
Mask, to conceal oneself by means of a mask (as
 at a masquerade), 49, 174
Masse, wealth, 206, maternal, 283
Massy, massive, 214
Mate, to stupefy, confound, amate, 55
Matchlesse, not to be matched, 212
Maugre, *maugre*, in spite of, a curse on' 103, 179,
 220, 294, unwillingly, 299
Maris, thrush, 588
Maintenance, behaviour, 474
Maistrydome, superiority, 301
Mazed, amazed, confounded, 234, 261
Mazeful = *amazeful*, wonderful, 689
Maper, a kind of hard wood (probably the maple),
 150, a bowl made of maple, and richly orna-
 mented, 470
Me, 'he cast me down' (1 244), 260
Melith, melteth, 57
Mean, middle, moderate, moderation, 113, 159, 410,
 means, 228, 'by *meanes*' because, 399
Meaneesse, humble birth, 372
Meany, moderately, 513
Meare, pure, 143, boundary, 210
Meard, divided, shared, 520
Measure, moderation, 401
Medewart, meadow-wort, 121
Measurd, sang, 148
Measurelesse, boundless, 503
Meddle, *medle*, to mix, 86, 445
Meed, reward, 515
Meere, absolute, entire, 608
Meint, mingled, 482
Melampode, black hellebore, 467
Mell, to intermeddle, 14, 430

- Welling*, meddling, 738, 468
Memento, services for the dead, 517
Memento, to commemorate, 502
Memento, to manage guide (a horse), 47, to wield (arms), 128, management, 226
Mend, amend, 82
Mere, means, 312, 387
Mere purpose, meant 227
Mere, joined, united 18, 317
Merciful, merciful, 474
Mercy, mercy thanks favour, 103, thank you, 82
Mercy, to pity, 794
Merriment, merry-making, sport, 108, 161, 409, 458
Merry, pleasant, cheerful, 105
Mespris, *à esprit* contempt, insolence, 116, 207, 248, mistake, 147
Mis, to confine, secrete, 25, 206, 226, prison, 105, 114, 585, den, 309
Mis, mingled, united, 467
Mickle much, great, 97, 177, 211
Middle, middle, 211, midmost, 28
Miere, to move, 293
Miscary, affected, 90
Mind, to call to mind, 87
Mindless unmindful, 269
Musical, a trifling song, but properly a musical note, 410
Miscellaneous trifles, toys, 268
Mineon, a favourite, 90
Mis, diminished, 72
Mis, dark, 'to murk' = very obscure, 474
Mis, dark, 35
Mis, to sin, err 25, 206
Mis, ill advised, misinformed, 164
Mis, ill used, 59
Miscall, to abuse 155, 270
Mischance, false challenge, 212
Misconceit, mistake, 257
Miscounselled, ill-advised, 513
Miscreant, unbeliever, 31
Miscra'd, ill formed, 116
Miscreance, false faith, misbelief, 124, 459
Misdeem, to deem amiss misjudge, 73, 360 *Vis* deeming, misleading, 18 *Misdempt*, misjudged, misweened, 214
Misdemeanor, crime 362
Mis, failed, 250
Mis, over-eating, 29
Mis, ill-dressed, 331
Mis, to misdo, 206
Misdoubling, fearing sadly, 376
Miser, wretch 90
Mis, to feign wrongfully, 26
Mis, misfortune, 352
Mis, evil doing, 556, misfortune, 268, 270
Mis, gone astray, 468
Mis, misrule, 459
Mis, trespass, 376, 600
Mis, amiss, 21
Mishappen, happen amiss, 196
Mishap, mishap, 196
Mislike, dislike, 305, 460
Mis, misconstruction, 270
Mis, to say to no purpose, uselessly, 418, abuse, speak ill of, 260, 474
Mis, to be unseemly, to misbecome, 203
Mis, wrong, 67, 90, deceit, 40
Mis, deformity, 357
Mishappen, deformed, 140
Mis, sort of, manner of, 57, 182, 468
Misthought, mistake, 273
Mistook, suspected, 219
Mistake, to mislead, 353
Mistake, signifies, matters, 199
Mis, abuse, 468
Mis, to think amiss, 79
Mis, to go wrong 513
Mis, to rain in little drops, 462
Mo, more, 59, 222
Much, much 449, 470
Mole, mole, spot, 418
Moldwarp, mole 506
Molt, melted, 102
Mome, blockhead, 428
Monument, mark, stamp, 112, record, 131
Monoceros, sea unicorn (? sword fish), 147
Moorish, marshy, 288, 507
Moralize, to cause to be moral, 153
More, root plant, 430
Morion, helmet, 432, 535
Morrow, morning, 306
Mortal deadly, 89
Mortality the estate of mortal man, 60
Most, greatest, 286
Most, generally, 556
Mot, mole (pl moten), may, must, might, 191, 236, 267
Mot, measured, 553
Mought, might, 452
Mould, to moulder, 96, shape, form, 27
Mountenance, space, distance, 202, 220
Moves, insulting grimaces, mouths, 396
Moyty, half, 148
Moule, to defile, 601
Much, much, great, 32, 40, 197, 214
Muck, wealth, 113, 214
Mucky, sordid, vile, 113, 206, 405
Mumming, masking, 520
Munificence (munificence), fortification, defence, 133
Mured, walled, enclosed, 421
Mure, to wonder, 82, wonderment, 77
Musical, music, 458
Must, new wine, 433
Mundes, resolves, 101
Mystic, profession, trade, 514
Namely, especially, 451
Napron, apron, 318
Narre, never, 467
Nas, has not, 459
Nature, natural, 325
Nathless, *nathless*, none the less, never the less, 161, 254
Nathemore, *nathemore*, none the more, never the more, 57, 97, 102, 184, 421
Ne, nor, 14
Neat, cattle 402
Necessaries, necessities, 551
Nempe, named, 214
Nephew, descendants, grandchildren, 35, 122, 177
Net, net, pure, clean, 226, 401
Netherless, nevertheless, 442, 444
Necell, a new thing, 461
Niggardise, niggardiness, miserliness, 269
Nigh, to approach, 452
Nighly, nearly, 467

Nill, will not, 183, 219, *will or nill*, willing or unwilling, 27, '*nilled*,' unwilling, 264
Nimble, nimbleness, 340
Nip, to slander, 619
Noblesse, nobleness, nobility, 52, 441, 465
Nominate, to name, affirm, 67
Nonce, nonce, occasion, 539
Nurture, nurture, bringing up, 91
Norwegian, 172
Not, note, not not, know not, I now not. (It sometimes seems to stand for *ne* *mote* = could not), 173, 192, 226, 293, 306
Nothing, not at all, 107
Notisye, to proclaim, 228
Nought, not, of no value, 128
Would, would not, 40, 174, 391
Noule, the head, pate, 413
Nourice, nurse, 491
Nourish, *nourish*, to nurse, foster, rear, 41, 297, 360
Nourish, nestling, burrowing, 288, 576
Nocell, news, 419
Nouance, *nouance*, annoyance, 224
Noyd, *noued*, annoyed, 61, 72, 160
Noise, noise, 245
Noxious, annoying disagreeable, injurious, 87, 77
Noysome, hurtful, 407
Nycely, carefully, 225
Nye, to draw near, 461
Nys, is not, 460

Ochre, ochre, 191
Obliquid, oblique, 435
Obsequy, funeral rite, 86
Odde, advantage, 368
Of, off, 460, upon, 247, by, 112, 118, 285, of all, above all, 407
Ofal, that which falls off, 82
Offend, to harm, hurt, 151, 379
Ofnew, recently, 416
Ofspring, origin, 118
On, one, 489
Onely, chief, especial, 80
Ope, open, 246
Opprest, taken captive, 157
Or, ere, before, 517
Ordain, to set (the battle) in order, 138
Ordel, to arrange, 128, rank (of army), 127
Ordinaunce, arrangement, 128, ordinance, artillery, 141
Oricalche, a kind of brass, 532
Origane, bastard marjoram, 21
Other, left, 97, 358
Otherwhere, elsewhere, 160
Otherwhiles, sometimes, 212, 230
Ought, owned, 31, 123, 521, owed, 160
Outbarre, to arrest, 188
Outgo, to surpass, 233
Outin, let out for hire, 295
Outlaunched, outlaunched, 533
Out learn, to learn from, 270
Outrage, violence, outburst, 90
Outstained, outstretched, 507
Outheave, wear out, 239, pass, spend, 227
Outwell, to gush or well out, 15, (pret.) *outwilde*, 509
Outwent, surpassed, 454
Outwin, to get out, 232
Outwind (= outwin), to get out, 307
Outwrest, wrest out, discover, 99

Outwrought, completed, passed, 118
Overall, every here, 72, all over, 69
Overbare, overthrew, 271
Overcame, overcame, 194
Overcaught, overtook, 266
Overcame, to cross over, inquit, 59, 449
Overdight, decked over, covered over, overspread, 117, 271, 574
Overgo, to overpower, surpass, 300, 471
Overgure, to give over, 173, 515
Overgrast, grown over with grass, 474
Overhale, to draw over, 417
Overhent, overtook, 113, 307, overtaken, 184, 193
Overkest, overcast, 189, 491
Overlade, to overwhelm, 356
Overplait, overhanging, 82
Over-raught, overtook, 376
Over-red, read over, 221
Overpass, pass over, alle-into, 373
Overrun, to over run, oppre a 302
Oversee, to overlook, 129, 515
Over-sight, escape (through having overlooked a danger), 78
Oversum, to swim over, 172
Overthore, overthrow, 271
Overthwart, opposite, 284
Overture, an open place, 466
Overwent, overcome, 462
Owe, to own See *Ought*
Ouch, a socket of gold to hold precious stones, a jewel, 18, 63, 177
Otre, ore, 112, 177
Ozzell, blackbird, 588
Oustrage, ostrich, 141

Pace, paw, step, pass, passage, 27, 157
Pacle, to pack off, 421, a burden, 768
Paddock, toad, 184
Paine, *payne*, labour, pains, 111, punishment, 114
'did him paine' = took pains, exerted himself, 355
Pare, to impair, 48
Paled 'pinct upon gold and paled part per part, 366 = adorned with golden points or eyelets, and regularly intersected with stripes. In heraldry a shield is said to be *paled* when it is longitudinally divided by a pale or broad bar'
Paled, fenced off, 77
Pall, to subdue, moderate, 311
Pall, a cloak of rich material, 318, 467
Pannacea, pannacea, 85
Pannikell, skull, crown, 184
Paragon, *paragone*, companion, equal, 233, 253, 253, rivalry, 174
Paramour, a lover, 466
Parasaut, first, beforehand, 161, 558, in front, 408
Parbreale, vomit, 13
Pardale, panther, 41
Parentage, parent, 134
Pargel, plaster, 518
Part, party, 249, depart, 24
Partale, to share, 98
Parture, departure, 205
Pass, *pass* (*passing*, surpassing), to surpass, exceed, 28, 63, 108, 177, 235, 108
Passion, suffering, 20, 268 *Passioned*, affected

- Prou*, brave, (superl) *Prouest*, 31, 34, 171 *Proves*, prowess, 56
Prune, 95 See *Proine*
Pryse, to pay for, 285 See *Price*
Puddle, a small stream, 500
Puissant, powerful, 286
Pumie, pumy stones, pumico stones, 116, 453
Purchase, to obtain, to get, win (honestly or otherwise), 93, 456
Purchase, purchase, property, booty, robbery, 24, 93, 418
Purfed, embroidered on the edge, 19, 94
Purpoi, disguise, 161
Purpos, purpose, conversation, discourse, 20, 75, 93, 163, 201, 230, 'to purpose,' to the purpose, 101, to speak as 'purpose diversly' = to speak of various things, 146
Pursuant, a pursuer, 618
Purway, to provide, 93, 365
Purveyance, provision, management, 75, 156, function, 159, 228
Pullocke, a kite, 317
Pyne, pain (of hunger), 318, torment, 65
Pyoning, diggings, work of pioneers, 138
- Quale*, to cast down, defeat, conquer, 98, 165, 203, perish, 481
Quaint, nice, fastidious, 194, 230
Qualify, to ease, soothe, 111
Quarle, quarrel, a square headed arrow, 142, 143
Quarrie, quarry, prey, game, 144, 197, 315
Quart, quarter, 183
Quayd, quailed, quelled, subdued, 50
Queane, a worthless woman, 270
Queint, quaint, 478, 'queint elect,' oddly chosen, 196
Queint, quenched, 103
Quell, to kill, to subdue, 116, 411, to perish, 434, to abate, 452, to disconcert, frighten, 307, 356
Queme, to please, 468
Quest, expedition pursuit, 199, 262
Quich, quince, to stir, move, 341, 670
Quick, alive, 84, 'some quicke' = something alive, 452
Quietage, quietness, 246
Quight, to set free, 50, to requite, 186
Quilled, padded, 102
Quip, a jeer, taunt, 519, to sneer at, taunt, 395
Quire, company, 401
Quirk, a quip, 618
Quit, quit, quile, to set free, to requite, repay, 19, 556, to return (a salute), 14, 62, freed removed, 33, 67, 231, 'quite clame,' to release, 367
Quooke, quaked, 214
- Rablement*, a rabble, troop, 36, 75, 141, 525
Race, to raze, 154, 172, to cut, 317, *raced*, erased, 340
Rad, rode, 301
Rad perceived, 206, 361 See *Read*
Raft, bereft, 14, 470
Ragged, rugged, 86
Raile, rayle, to flow, pour down, 43, 123, 181, 222, 237
Rain, rayne, to reign, 37, kingdom, 114, 180, 244
Rakehell, loose, worthless, 352
Ramp, tear, attack, 26, 35, leap, 421
Ranck, fiercely, 92, vigorous growing, 466
- Randon*, random, 202, 458
Ranckorous, sharp, 450
Ranle, fiercely, 256
Rape, rapine, 263
Rascal, raskall, low, base, worthless, 141, 222, 353
Rase (pret *ras*), to erase, 157, 232
Rash, to tear violently, hack, 237, 307 *Rashly*, hastily, suddenly, 162, 227, 237 *Rash*, quick, 132
Rate, to scold, 207
Rate, allowance, 269, order, state, 284
Rath, early, soon, 171, 467 *Rather*, early-born, 449
Rath, mound, 642
Raugh, reached, extended, took, 41, 156, 249
Raunch, to wrench, 471
Ravin, ravine, plunder, prey, 32, 69, 263
Ravishment, ecstasy, 404
Ray, to defile, soil, 84, 203, 379, 540
Ray, array 305, 351
Rayle, to flow, 287, 540 See *Raile*
Rayle, abuse, 234
Rayne, kingdom, 367
Ravons, rays, beams, 538
Read, reede, advice, 296, 369, motto, 280, proverb, 466, prophecy, 298
Read, reed (pret *rad*, *red*), to know, declare, explain or advise, discover, perceive, suppose, 13, 14, 42, 62, 67, 107, 117, 164, 171, regard, 113, 374
Reedyffe, to rebuild, 186
Reallie, to reform, 425
Reames, realms, 187
Reare, to raise, take up or away steal, 108, 202, 212, 217, excite, 156, to rouse, 233
Reason, proportion, 88
Reave (pret *ref*, *raft*), to bereave, take away (forcibly), 26, 120, 141, 201
Rebuke, conduct deserving of reproof, rudeness, 161
Rebute, to cause to recoil, 19, 73
Recklesse, reckless, 521
Reclayne, to call back, 355 (sb), 213
Recorde, to remember, to call to mind, 298, 435
Recoure, recover, recure, to recover, 243, 251
Recourse, to recur, return, 4, 'had recourse' - 11d recur, 300, return, 208, 260
Recoyle, to retire, retreat, 62
Reculle, recule, to recoil, 372, 363
Red, redd, declared, described, perceived, saw, 40, 67, 107, 117, 190, 216, 282, 429, 589 See *Read*
Redibourse, to repay, 244
Redoubted, doughty, 206
Redound, to overflow, flow, be redundant, 23, 41, 279
Redress, to reunite, remake, 36, to rest, 256
Reed, to deem, 112 *Reede*, read, to advise, 13, 86
Reek, to smoke, 474
Reele, to roll, 198
Refecion, refreshment, 294
Reft, bereft, taken violently away, 152, 179, 236 See *Reave*
Regalthe, rights of royalty, 86
Regarde, a subject demanding consideration or attention, 115, value, 413
Regiment government, command, 131, 172, 551
Rele, to care, reck, 466
Relate, to bring back, 205
Release, to break loose from, 86, to give up, 237
Relent, to give way, to slacken, relax, soften, 190, 194, 237
Relide, to ally, join, 277

- Recover*, to recover, revive life again, 60, 178, 200, 414, 481
Recurve, to retrace 195
Reverence, without hope of rescue, 36
Reverery, to thank 141
Reverie, pite, 193
Reverie, to encounter, meet in battle, 31
Reverie (revere) made more fierce or reinforced
 = reinforced, 124
Revere, reinforced, enforced, made fresh effort, 136
Reverse to run 455, 470
Reverse to reverse overturn, 31, 310
Revere, repentance, 226 to grieve, 205
Reverie, a failing (of courage), 19
Revere, a law term signifying to take possession of goods claimed, giving security at the same time to submit the question of property to a legal tribunal within a given time, 291
Revere, to carry off, 93, 123
Revere, reproof, shame, 77, 169, 176
Revere to deprive of, take away, 85
Revere reprove, 294
Revere, to retake, 144, 248
Revere, to require demand, 41
Revere, demand, 90
Revere, requited, returned 246
Revere, to reinstate, to be repossessed of, 136
Revere, to compare, 213
Revere lance, look, regard, 195
Revere, resident, 288
Revere, care, caution, 956
Revere, correspondence, reply (in music), 152
Revere, to breathe again, 98
Revere, restless, 346
Revere, restitution, 181
Revere, restive, 336
Revere, to turn (the eye) back, 93
Revere, picture, portrait, 94, 125
Revere, a retreat, 94, 211, 284
Revere, retirement, 405
Revere, a feast, 179
Revere, revenge, 274
Revere, to return, to come to return, 168, 175
Revere, to reclothe 82
Revere, a reviling, abuse 98
Revere, to recall, withdraw, 220
Revere, to roll back, 220
Revere, rue, to pity, to be sorry for, to lament over, repent, 77, 172, 185
Revere, row, 189, 'in rue,' in order, 499
Revere, ribald, a loose impure person, ribald, 81
Revere, riches, 115
Revere, skill, skill in explaining riddles, 223
Revere, rife, abundant, abundant, much frequent, 166, 185, 242, 249
Revere, rife, abundantly, 485
Revere, split, broken, 114, gap, fissure, fragment, 20, 145, 243
Rigor, force, 194 *Rigorous*, violent, 926
Rine, rind, 419
Rine, to encircle, 361
Riotous riotize, riot, extravagance, 159, 226
Riote, bank, 249
Rire, to split tear, 196, 308
Rize, to come to 131
Rocke, distaff 240
Rode, raid, incursion, 400
Rode, roadstead, anchorage for ships, 78
Rong, rang, 162
Routes, young bullocks, 448
Rood, a cross, crucifix, 385
Rosier, a rose tree, 127
Rosmarie, a sea monster that was supposed to feed on the dew on the tops of the sea rocks, 147, rocamary, 564
Rote, a lute, harp, 132, 275
Routes, rolls, records, 394
Roundle, a roundel, a kind of song, 471
Rout, crowd, troop, 127, 305
Ror, to shoot (with a sort of arrow called a rover), 11, 161, 320, 471
Rouel, the ring of a bit—any small moveable ring, 47
Roume, place, space, 59, 183
Rounded, whispered, 214
Rouendell, a round bubble (of foam), 178
Rouze, rouse, to shake up, 69, 95
Royme, to mutter, 341
Rubin, Rubine, the ruby, 94, 150
Ruddock, redbreast, 588
Rue, to grieve, 20, 343
Ruffed, ruffled, 165, 501 *Rufin*, disordered, 30
Ruffing, ruffling, 213
Ruinale, to ruin, 146, 346, ruined, 522
Ruing, pitying, 343
Rulesse, lawless, 609
Ruth, pity, 17, 182, *Ruthfull*, piteous, 465
Rutiv, rooty, 605
Rufe, frequent, common, 466
Rure, to pierce, 185
Sacrament, oath of purgation taken by an accused party, 295
Sacred, accursed, 53, 149, 354
Sad, firm, heavy, grave, 23, 61, 84, 89, 122
Saine, sayne, to say (pl say), 475, 460, 481
Sale, cause, 34
Sale, a wicker net (made of willows or willows), 484
Salat, to salute, 260
Saltaunce, onslaught, 83
Salied, leapt, sallied, 392
Saltours, willows, 256
Saltaue, savage, wild, 23, 133, 173, 215, 251, 341
Salut, to salute, 121
Salut, to heal, save, remedy, 133, 250, 320
Salving, salvation, restoration, 82
Sam, together, 66, 460
Samite, silk stuff, 225
Sample, example, 467
Sanguine, blood colour, 201
Sardonian, sardonic, 839
Sansgard, guard, defence, 102 *Saregard*, to protect, 205
Saulce, sage, 574
Saw, word, saying, proverb, sentence, 508
Say, a thin stuff (for cloaks), 30, 224
Say, assay, proof, 417
Scald, scabby, 51
Scand, climbed, 424
Scarabee, a beetle, 597
Scarmoge, skirmishes 109
Scap hurt, harm, damage, run, 77, 159, 212, 465, 577
Scatter, to let drop 86
Scatterling, a vagrant, 159, 624

- Scerne*, to discern, 385
Schuchin, scutchin, escutcheon, shield, device on a shield, 177, 233, 242, 353
Scolopendra, a fish resembling a centipede, 147
Scope, aim, 482, dimension, 210, 'aymed scope,' a mark aimed at, 372
Score, to exchange, 131, 207
Score, to chase, 402
Scould, scowled, 90
Scrivene, scrine, scribe, skreene, a cabinet for papers, a writing desk, 11, 131, entrance of a hall, 340
Scrike, shriek, 379
Scruze, to squeeze, crush, 144, 151, 185
Scryde, desecrated, 358
Sidaigne, to disdain, 160, 161
Sea shouldring, having shoulders that displace the sea, 147
Sear, to burn, 70, burning, 69
Sease, to fasten on, seize, 72
See, seat, 282
Seelde, seldom, rare, 69, 570
Seely, simple, innocent, 39, 92, 192, 466
Seem, 'nought seemeth' = it is not seemly, 460
Seeming, apparently, 226
Seemlesse, unseemly, 302
Seemly in a seemly manner, 123, comely, 148, apparent, 226
Seemlyhed, a seemly appearance, 269
Seene, skilled, experienced, 239, 442
Serve, to pursue, 209
Seised, taken possession of, 76
Seisin, possession, 381
Selcouth, seldom known, rare, strange, 269
Sell, seat, saddle, 87, 92, 156, 175, 250
Semblaunce, semblaunt, semblant, likeness, appearance, phantom, 82, 150, 167, 168, 181, 195, 282, cheer, entertainment, 378
Sence, feeling, 239
Seneshall, governor, steward, 231, 343
Sens, since, 254
Sensefull, sensible, 381
Sent, scent, perception, 16, 180, 196, 257
Sere, sear, 446
Serve to bring to bear upon, 137
Set by, to esteem, 262
Sereral, diverse, 24
Seve, to follow, 83, 118, 180, 186, 402, to solicit, 294
Seyne, to say See *Sayne*
Shade to shadow represent, 327
Shallop, sloop, 197
Shame, to feel shame, to be ashamed, 147
Shamefast, modest, 318
Shamefastnesse, modesty, 308
Shard, division, boundary, 110, cat, 297
Share, portion, piece, 19, to cut, 237, 297, 317
Shayres, shires, 135
Sheare, to cut, divide, 109, 178, 256
Sheare, shere, bright, clear, 218
Sheares, wings, 119
Shed, to spill life blood to kill, 115
Sheene, shene, bright, shining, clear, 81, 90, 162, 180
Shend (pret *shent*), to disgrace, defile, abuse, reproach, shame, 17, 81, 102, 120, 181, 206, 235, 457, 607
Shere, to cleave, divide, 106
Shere bright clear, 167, 200
Shere mark, track, 23
Shudder (generally explained as *she*), but if not a corruption of *thuder* (thuther) must mean *she-deer*, she animals, 475
Shield, 'God shield,' God forbid, 466
Shine, shyne, a bright light, 67, bright, 242
Shirer, to quiver, 235, 237
Shole, shallow, 427
Shonne, to shun, 161
Shope, shaped, framed, 320
Shot, advanced (in years), 324
Shriche-owle, shriek owl, 491
Shriech, shriek, 379
Shriere, to question (shrive), 293
Shrifts, confessions, 517
Shright, a shriek, 118, 377, to shriek, 203
Shrile, shriek, 494
Shrill, to give out a ringing, shrill sound, 401, 481, a shrill sound, 495
Shrilling, shrill, 33, 203, 239
Shriving, confession, 517
Shroude, to take shelter, 449
Sib, sidde, akin, related, 395
Sich, such, 196, 171
Sicker, sure, 452
Sicknesse, security, safety, 223
Siege, seat, 90, 116
Sield, cieled, 318
Sient, scion, 296
Sight, sighed, 85
Sign, watchword, representation, picture, 232
Sike, such, 460
Silly, simple, innocent, 42, 194, 216
Simplesse, simplicity, 467
Sin, since, 417
Singulis, sighs, 219, 500
Sinke, hoard, deposit, 14
Sited, placed, situated, 191
Sith, sihe, syhe, time, since, 37, 124, 215, 534, 549
Sithens, since, since that time, 32, 37, 55, 111, 573
Sithes, times, 447, 191
Sits, is becoming, 14, 459
Slean, a dagger, 631
Skill, to signify, to be a matter of importance, 312
Stippel, a little boat, 146
Slacke, slow, 190
Slake, to slack, 169, 332
Slacer, slobber, 357
Slight, sleight, device, trick, 46, 234, 339
Slipper, slippery, 482
Slombra, sleepy, 190
Slug, to live idle, 82
Sly, subtle, clever, 124
Smirle, neat, trim, 449
Smot, smote, 19, 348, smitten, 166, 231
Smot, smote, 158, smitten, 167
Smouldru, smouldring, suffocating, 102, 220
Snag, a knot, 142, 263
Snaggn, knotted, covered with knots, 44
Snags, knots, 263
Snaky-ureathed = (?) *snake yureathed*, snake-entwined, 425
Snar, to snarl, 420
Snaried, twisted, 225
Snedde, to reprove, snub, 449
Snib, to reprove, 516
Snub, knob (of a club), 50
Soare falcon, a falcon of the first year, 602
Sold, pay, remuneration, 126
Solein, sad, 460

- Yard, a wide, trunk, stock, 452, shrub bush, 305*
Sly, to be sly, end, mount, 70, 117
Subject, lying beneath, 70, 191
Submiss, submissive, 281
Subtle, fine-spun, 163
Subvert, subverted, 228
Success, to approach, 477
Succession, succession, 136
Sue solicit See S. 10
Sufferance, patience, endurance, 235
Suffraunce, abundance, 534
Sufficed, satisfied, 22
Sugred, sweet, 105
Supple, to make supple, 165
Suppress, to overcome, keep down, 308
Surbate, to batter, 178
Surber, bruised, wearied, 89
Surcease, to leave off, utterly to cease, 159, 178, 237, 304
Surcharge, to attack with renewed vigour, 277
Surcharged, heavily laden, 266
Surplusage, excess, 114
Sui prve, to seize suddenly, 410
Surmount, to surpass, 131
Surquedry, pride, insolence, pre-emption, 148, 157, 211, 303
Survieue surrey, to overlook, survey, 419
Suspect suspicion, 39
Sweyn, swayn, a labourer, youth, person, 391, 453
Swart, black, 173
Swear, to swear retreat, 62, 96, 156
Sweat, did sweat, 305
Sway, to swing, brandish, wield (arms), 136, 162, force, 317, a rapid motion, 147
Sward, sword, 244, 552
Sweath-bands, swaddling bands, 379
Swelt, fainted, swooned, 263, burnt, 44, (? swelled, 220)
Swinc, labour, toll, 112, 174
Swinge, to singe, 70
Swote, sweetly See Soote
Swound, swoon, 263
Sybbe, akin, related, 461
Suler, truly, 467
Syrlye, surely, 468
Table, a picture, 59
Tablere, one playing on a tabour, 458
Tackle (pl. tackles), rigging, 78
Tadvaunce, to advance, 449
Taking, sickness, 456
Talaunts, talons, 72
Tarburins, small drums, 461
Tane, taken, 546
Tapets, tapestry, figured work, 535
Tare, tore, 197
Targe, target, 102
Terras, terrace, 340
Tassat gent, the tiersel, or male go-shawl, 180
Tassage, to assuage, 448
Taudi is lace, a lace (girdle) bought at the fair of St. Audrey or St. Ethelred, 456
Teade, a torch, 78, 535, 587
Teene (tene), grief, sorrow, pain, 58, 76, 86, 213, 543, affliction 348 See Time
Teene (? teene, lend, give), to bestow, 186
Tell, to count, 114 Teld, told, 365
Temed, yoked in a team, 178
Timeuse, like a team, 222
Temper, to govern, control, 525
Tempring, controlling, governing, 109
Tend, to wait on, 310
Tender, to tend attend to 191, 372
Terebinth, the turpentine tree, 467
Termessee, unlimited, 600
Thee, to prosper, thrive, 83
Theeteryes, thefts, 222
Thelement, the elements, 449
Thelf, the elf, 152
Then, than, 45, 166
Thereto, besides, 168
Thelch, thatch, 516
Thether, thither 307
Thrued, behaved, mannered, 109, 537
Therces, qualities, manners, 57, 60, 83, 137
Thick, a thicket, 81, 451
Thik, thike, thit same, this, 417, 450, 456
Tho, thoe, then, 13, 17, 158, 459 Tho, the, pl. those, 474
Thone, the one, the first, 415
Thorough, through, 216, 174
Thoroughly, thoroughly, 118, 707, 783
Thother, that other, the other, 115, 416
Thous=thou es, thou art, 466, 553
Thrall, to take captive, enslave 85, 219, bring into subjection, constrain, 319, a slave, 38, enslaved, 417
Threat, to threaten, 179, 227 Threatfull, threaten- ing, 227
Thresher, a flail, 525
Thrette, thirti, 418
Thrid, a thread, 210
Thrill, to pierce 153, 166, 184, 213, 266 Thrillant, piercing, 70, 101
Thrist, to thirst, 42, a thirst, 103
Thristu, thirsty 61, 105
Throu, time, while, 180
Throu, throu, pang, 61, thrust, attack, 103, 123, 181, 244, 245
Thrust, to thirst, 89, thirst, 199
Thwart, athwart, 198
Tickle, uncertain, in-cure, 178, 431, 542
Tide, tyde time, season, opportunity, 20, 190, 209
Tight, tied, 421
Timbered, massive (like timbers), 305
Timelisse, untimely, 570
Timely, seasonable beautiful, 416
Tinct, coloured, 481
Tine, affliction, 291
Time, to light, kindle, inflame, 14, 120, 195, 213, 236
Tine or ten, sorrow, grief, pain, 218, 245, 294
Tire, rank, train, 80
Tire, ture, attire, dress, 54, 63, 86, 430
Tilmote, hedge sparrow, 480
To=for (as in to friend), 14
Toddie, a thick bush 452
Tofore, before, 248, 387
Too, vary, 449, 460
Toole, weapon, 95
Tootina, looking about, 452
Topy head, 46
Toien heare, torn hair, 563
To-rent, rent asunder, 263
Tort, wrong, injury, 74, 103, 161, 271
Tortious, injurious, wrongful, 88, 276, 337
Tossen, to brandish, toss, 163

- Tiltie, tott*, tottering unsteady, 437, 449
To-terne, torn to pieces 312
Tilt, to tilt, joust, 80 (sb.), 164
Tenue, to tease, worry, 143
Totant, favourable, 49, approaching, near at hand, 147
To-orne worn out, 338
Tot, pastime, sport, 110, 131, to play, 629
To-ic, net, 569
Tra-c, to walk, track, tract 196, 271, 374
Trace, trace 420, to trace, 110
Trade footstep, tread, 110, occupation, 148, conduct 162
Trade, transfer, 243
Traire, traîne, to drag along trail, to allure, 390, wife, deceit, snare, trap, 38, 57, 169, 212, 271, track 791 as-embly, 303
Tramell, a net for the hair, traces, 88, 208
Trausard, transformed, 221
Transer, to tran mute, transform, 47, 95, 159
Transpose, to transpose, 222
Trap, to adorn (with trappings), 120, 527
Travelled toiled, 120, 527
Travel, toil, 303
Tra-let, a mirror, adorned, 316
Treacheur, treache our, a traitor, 31, 81, 99, 136, 397, 524
Treque, trace, 90
Treat, to dis-cour, hold parley with, 202 (sb.), 231
Treen of trees, 46
Trenchant, trenchant, cutting, 70, 317
Trevels, services of 29 masses, which were usually celebrated upon as many different days, for the dead, 517
Trie, to experience, 492, prove, a *clair trie* = prove a jackdaw or fool, 521
Tri-d, flowered, 153
Trin, neat well formed, 159, pleasing, 160
Trinill, threefold, 78
Tripl, quality of being threefold, 78
Troal trode path footstep, 211, 476, 471
Trocheon, a headless spear, 123, 242
Tro's truth, 81
Trou'our restless, 92
Trou, to believe, 303
Trunked truncated having the head cut off, 102
Truve, to pack up, 216, carry off, 70, 261, a bundle, 460
Tryde proved, essayed, 87
Trie tried punished, 302
Turnoid troubled 278, 341
Turner, an encounter 278, 278
Turribari, turban, 288
Trau twin two 109
Twright, to twist 323
Trofoid, twofold, 95
Tunde, kindled 267, 508
Tyne, grief, pain, 56 See *Tine, Teen*
Tone, to come to grief to perish, 289
Toranne, a tyrant 478
Toranness a female tyrant 37
Tyranning, acting like a tyrant, 262
Tyre to dress, attire, 282
Tyrling weary, 157, 395
Ugly horrible, 59
Umbriere, the visor of a helmet, 160, 251
Unacquainted, unusual, strange, 63
Unbid, without a prayer, 60
Unblest, unwounded, 301
Unbrace, to unfasten, 97
Unbride, wild, uncivilised 112
Unbouth, unusual, strange, 10, 163, 215, 267
Unbrided, uncurdled, 589
Underfide, unchallenged, 122
Underfong, to surprise circumvent, 300, 465
Underhand secretly, 289
Underlaw, to diminish, 605
Underlaw, to affirm in contradiction to anyone, 474
Under-song, burden (of a song), 471
Understand, to learn the cause of (or perhaps to take in hand for purpose of arbitration), 24
Undertake, to perceive, hear 309
Undertime, time of the mid-day meal, 195
Undight, to undress, take off ornaments, unloose, 23, 146 185, 190, 392
Uneasy, disturbed, 159
Unearth, unneath, unneathes, uneth scarcely, with difficulty uneasily, 58, 68, 106, 183, 211, 473
Unespad, unseen, 159
Unfilde, unpolished, 196
Ungentle, uncourteous, 162
Ungentleness, base conduct, 182
Unquilt, not conscious of guilt, 165
Unkable, incapable, 29
Unhappie paine, unsuccessful labours (because there was no heir to reap the benefit of their pains), 380
Unhappy, unfortunate, 111
Unhaste, slow, 23
Unheale, unhele, to expose, uncover, 152, 253
Unheedy, unwary, 152 *Unheedly*, unheedingly, 250
Unherst, 'took from the herse or temporary monument where the knights' arms were hung, 310
Unkempt, uncombed, rude, 214, 480
Unkend, unkent, unknown, 286, 440
Unkind, unnatural 167
Unkindly unnatural, 152, 446
Unlaid, unlaced 365
Unlike, unlike, 35
Unlike, not likely, 320
Unmannurd not cultivated, 132
Unmard, uninjured, 407
Unmeet, unfit, 180, 232
Unnethe, scarcely, 446
Unnoble, ignoble 502
Unpurvide of, unprovided with, 424
Unred, untold, 291
Unredrest, without redress, unrescued, 272
Unreproved blameless, 113
Unrestfulness uneasiness, 454
Unshed unparted, 266
Unsoote, unsweet, 485
Unspide, unseen 188
Unstayd, unsteady, 363
Unthrift, wicked, 30
Unthrifthead unthrift, 147, 226
Untill, unto 69 482
Unimeln, unfortunately, 319
Unluc, unbound 566
Unvalud, invaluable, 584
Unwar, unwary, unexpected, 76
Unware, unware, unware, unexpected, 74, 159, unknown, 230, 452, 461

Unwringing, not knowing, unconscious, 21, 22, 174
Unwieldy, unwieldy, 51
Unwist, unknown, 165, 250, 297
Unwont, unaccustomed, 448
Unworth, undeserved, 389
Unwreaked, unrevered, 210
Upbraid, upbraiding, reproach, abuse, 277, 352,
 512
Upbraid, burst open, 416
Upbraid, to upbraid, 101, 279, an upbraiding, 163
Upbraid, upheld, 414
Upboarded, upboarded, 603
Upbraid, to raise up, 83, 173, 235
Upbraid, upbraid, 452
Upbraid, to stand up erect, 149, 217
Upbraid, start up, 57, 121
Upbraid, to support, 226
Upbraid, tied up, 86
Upbraid, knotted, 13
Upbraid, hedgehog, 141
Upbraid, behaviour, 267
Upbraid, usage, 112
Upbraid, to practise, 252, habits, 101, 218
Upbraid, uttermost, outmost, last, 90, 147, 220, 379,
 420, 603
Utter, to put out or forth, 452, outer, 90, 280

Utter, to go, 101, to vanish, 208, 529
Utter, to lay down, 208
Utter, trail, 240
Utter, the poetic vein, 477
Utter, vanity, 538
Utter, valor, valour, courage, 109
Utter, valour, 91, 171
Utter, various, 182
Utter, advancing, 249
Utter, to display, 161
Utter, advantage, opportunity, 199
Utter, a vault, 115, 128
Utter, to leap, 619
Utter, vaulted, 179, 555
Utter, a vault, 609, 624
Utter, a veil, 12, 161
Utter, village, slavery, 139
Utter, velvet, 460
Utter, hunting, 40
Utter, revengeful, deserving of revenge, 19, 99
Utter, revenge, 265
Utter, avenger, 21
Utter, the place of the helmet, 165, 209
Utter, lifted up the visor, 160
Utter, snuff, 449
Utter, to venture, 265
Utter, ventures, bold, adventurous, 149, 239
Utter, to veer, 36
Utter, vermell, vermell, vermell, vermilion, 134,
 160, 201, 277
Utter, possessing virtue or power, 154
Utter, vestment, 227
Utter, consisting of the straw of the reth (tare),
 475
Utter, vile, 38, 319
Utter, vilely, 14, 27
Utter, base born, low, 142
Utter, light songs, 480, 546
Utter, pertaining to a virgin, 127
Utter, visage, 311, 535
Utter, life-giving, 81

Utter, to avoid, turn aside, to remove, 278, 395
Utter, cleared, 315, 297
Utter, to walk, 50, 17
Utter, voc, 477
Utter, to move (the limb), 299
Utter, a pledge, 11, to pledge, 114
Utter, quarrel, 474
Utter, wished, proved, 278
Utter, a waif, an article found and not claimed by,
 an owner, 291
Utter, to watch, 220, (ab) 470
Utter, watchful, 16, 206
Utter, to roll, wag, 97, 227
Utter, travelling, 218
Utter, gained, 58, took, 110
Utter, male, saint 110
Utter, branch of a tree, 279
Utter, wild, 199
Utter, worse, 474
Utter, to guard, 710, 466
Utter, wary, cautious, 41, 208
Utter, unaware, 230, unexpected, 299; heedless,
 318
Utter, fit for war, 159
Utter, caution, 243
Utter, work, 63
Utter, monger, a mercenary warrior, 214
Utter, warrior, to make war on, to lay waste, 37,
 123, 136
Utter, worse, 271
Utter, a monster in shape like a man, 147
Utter, to desolate, lay waste, 234, waste, 416
Utter, barren, uninhabited, wild, 22, 112, 223,
 devastating 416
Utter, wilderness, 22
Utter, springle waterpot, 225, 241
Utter, waves, 115
Utter, to grow, 207, 241
Utter, to weigh, esteem, 429
Utter, went on their way, 237, weighed, deter
 mined, 230
Utter, lamentable, 170, 419
Utter, to lament, 81, 601, lamentation, 178, 497
Utter, a weeping, lamb or kid, 475
Utter, to pass spend (the time), 17
Utter, mischievous, evil disposed, 206
Utter, pipe, windpipe 242
Utter, to expose to the weather, 315
Utter, waved, floated 311
Utter, clothes, 11, 45, 94, 120
Utter, wick, 174
Utter, unwieldy, 243
Utter, (pret second), to suppose, expect, think, 14,
 17, 68, 99, 261
Utter, to know, learn, understand, perceive,
 23, 92, 157, 165, 185
Utter, knowledge, 347
Utter, knowingly, 372
Utter, unconscious, ignorant, 106, 165, 210
Utter, a waif, 309
Utter, was wafted, 108, avoided, 179, a waif, a
 thing cast adrift, 215
Utter, the shute, alas the time! 473
Utter, to yield, govern, 229, 338
Utter, to wane, 14, 207, 447
Utter, sky, heavens, 25

- Well* weal 22, very (*well* affectionate), 175
Well, to pour, 174 *Well* head, fountain head, 113
Well-wear, an exclamation of great sorrow, alas! 121, 471
Well seen, experienced, 306
Well-theyrd, abounding in moral wisdom, 449
Welter, to roll, 418
Wend, to turn, go 273
Went, journey course, 277, 758
Wesend, westward, vindictive 301
Wex, to grow, increase, become, 120, 196, 207
Wex, wax, 201
Whallo, marked with streaks, 29
What, a thing—homely, what homely fare, 402
What for a what sort of a, 415
Where, where, place, 66, 177
Whelk, shell, 505
Whet, to overhelm, 91, 95
Whet, which of two, 21, 301
While, time, 'Alas the while' = woe worth the time! 416
Whilery, *whilere*=erewhile, formerly, lately, 57, 191, 253
Whites, *whit*, white, 292
Whit plod, covered with a wimple, 430
Whurpool, a kind of whale, 147
Whis, silenced, 475
Whot, hot, 80, 128, 199
Whylome, formerly, 28
Wicked, vile (chains), 230
Wide round about 414
Wider, wider, 475
Worth = *wile*, blame, 'worthy right' = merited blame, 464
Wright, person, being, 129, 140
Wright, active 475
Wrightly, quickly, 473
Wilding, a wild apple, 197
Wimble, nimble 453
Wimple, to gather, plait, fold, 12, a covering for the neck, veil, 76
Win (out), get (out), 232, come up to, 363
Wizard, wizard wise man, 28, 296
Wise, *wice*, mode, manner, guise, 161, 165, 179
Wist *wiste*, knew 165
Witch, to bewitch
Wiche, a reel, 464
Wite *witen*, *wote*, to blame, twit, reprove, 147, 180, 229, 460
Witless, blameless 471
With *hault*, withheld, 140
Withouth, without 359
Witless, senseless foolish, 466
With, mind, intelligence, 149 *Witlily*, wisely, sensibly, 130
Wo, woe, sad, 124, 233
Womanhood, womanly feeling, 402
Won (did won), be wont, 209
Won *wonne* (woning), dwelling-place, abode, 114, 166, 270, 375, 378, to dwell, 42, 117, 184, 369
Wondrous, marvellous, 149
Wounded, were wont, 449
Wont, to be accustomed 226
Wod, mad, frantic, furious, 30, 35, 95, 277
Wodnes, madness, 220
Woon, to dwell, 504, 657
Word, motto 251
Wore, passed or spent the time, 276
Worshippe, honour, reverence, 12, 163
Worth, to be, 109
Wot, *wote*, know, knows, 7, 59, 206, 449
Wote, knows, 206 *Wote*, knowest, 93
Woundless, unwounded, 477
Wowed, wooded, 412
Waze, *wazen*, become, grown, 30, 180, 271
Wreck, wreck, destruction, violence, 38, 448, to take vengeance, 261 *Wreckfull*, avenging, 405
Wrest, to wrest, 357
Wrote, did write, 227
Wrawling, mewling like a cat, 420
Wreak, vengeance, 53, 75, ruin, 198, to avenge take vengeance on, 93, 164
Wreakfull, avenging, 297
Wreath, to turn, 86
Wreck, destruction 21
Wrest, to wrench twist, 153, a wrenching, overturning, 144, 153
Wrest, the wrist, 33, 194
Wrethe, to twist, 13
Wriggle wriggling, 448
Writ (pl *writes*), writing, a written paper, 76, 163
Wroke, *wroten*, avenged, 104, 235, 265, 453
Wrore, awry, crooked, 448
Will, will, 590
Wode, turned away (cf *wide* of the mark), 123
Wote, *wroten*, to blame, 353, 516, 555
- J*, as a prefix of the past participle, is frequently employed by Spenser, as *J* *clad*, clothed, 12, 14
J *fraught*, filled, 20, &c
Gate, gate 460
J *bent*, turned, gone, 180
J *bet*, beaten, 248
J *blent*, blinded, dazzled, 18, 456
J *boore*, born, 177
J *cond*, learnt, 461
J *clad*, clad, 14
J *ceep*, to call, 550
J *cleped*, called, named, 182
J *de*, empty, 33
J *desse*, idleness, 369
J *drad*, *vdred*, dreaded, feared, 11
J *cad*, *ude*, *yeed*, to go (properly a preterite tense), 68, 96
J *earne*, to earn, 365, 392
J *earn*, give in, 455
J *ere*, together, in company with, 54, 455
J *fretted*, adorned, 165
J *oo*, *voor*, gone, ago, 19, 189
J *alaunt*, glanced, glided, 198
J *side*, yield, 188
J *irks*, jerks, lashes, 395
J *like*, alike, 30
J *ll*, same, 471
J *molt*, melted, 220
J *mp*, youth, 224 *Sec* *Imp*
J *mp*, joined 275
J *nd*, India, 38
J *nn*, abode, inn, 460
J *od*, *yode*, went, 60, 112, 202
J *oded*, did go, 567
J *old*, yielded, 219
J *ond*, yonder, 420
J *ond*, outrageous terrible, 196
J *onathly*, youthful, 536
J *oungling*, young of man or beast, 66

Youngth, yongth youth, 480, 512
Yowler, a youth, 231
Youthly, youthful 95
Ypent pent up, 446
Yplight, plighted, 91
Yrapt in spright, rapt in spirit, 655
Yries, wearies, 201
Yron braced, sinewed like iron (of the arm), 102

Ysame, together, 433
Yshrilled, did sound shrill, 550
Ytost, harassed, 467
Ytis, certainly, truly, 82, 199
Yvist, 'had I vist' vain after regret; literally 'had I known' (how it would have turned out), 21
Yvreak microke, yvroken, avenged, revenged, 269, 283, 285

